Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV. CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1861. NUMBER 24

Civilian & Telegraph.

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning.

WILLIAM EVANS, Proprietor.

OFFICE in Second Story of McKaig's Row, Baltimore Street.

TERMS—One copy, one year, $2—invariably in advance.

TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC this paper affords unrivaled advantages, as it is read by **1000 Families.** As it has a more extended circulation than any other journal published in the county, advertisements would consequently reach a greater number of readers an object worthy of consideration by those wishing to advertise.

Terms of the Civilian & Telegraph.

TWO DOLLARS per annum, strictly in advance—$2.50 if not so paid, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.

Those who expect to receive the CIVILIAN & TELEGRAPH for $2.00 must pay invariably in advance.

☞ Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing, and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Rates of Advertising.

One square of 12 lines, 50 cents for one insertion—subsequent insertions 25 cents each. All advertisements under 12 lines charged as a square.

Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, $5.

MONTHS.	ONE	TWO	THREE	SIX	TWELVE.
One square,	1 25	2 25	3 50	6 00	10 00
Two squares	2 25	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 10
Three squares,	3 50	5 00	7 50	12 00	18 00
Four squares,	4 50	6 00	8 00	14 00	20 00
Quarter col.,	6 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	30 00

Larger space for short periods, as per agreement.

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents per line for first insertion—sucsequent insertions, 5 cents per line. Nine words are counted as a line in advertising.

Merchants and others, advertising by the year, will be charged $12 00.

Proceedings of meetings not of a general character, charged at 4 cents per line for each insertion.

Yearly advertisers must confine their advertising to their own business.

ADL TRANSIENT ADVERTISING, outside the city of Cumberland, cash in advance.

Persons ordering the insertion of legal advertisements will be held responsible for payment for the same when the time for which they were ordered to be inserted shall have expired.

INSOLVENT NOTICES, cash in advance.

PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.

ADL JOB WORK, cash.

The losses we have sustained compel us to adopt this course. It will be strictly adhered to in all cases, and no advertisement from a distance will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. THOS. PERRY.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—HENRY R. ATKINSON.
State's Attorney—C. B. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—DENTON D. BROWN.
Clerk to County Comm'ners—WM. KILGOUR.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

Geo. B. Fundenburg, M.D.

DENTIST.

☞ Dr. F. pays special attention to diseases of the

EYES and EARS

and to Surgical cases generally.

OFFICE and residence, on Centre St., a few doors above Butler's Steam Cabinet Factory, CUMBERLAND, MD. a29-ly.

K. H. BUTLER'S

Steam Chair and Cabinet Factory,

Centre Street, near the Lutheran Church.—Turning and Sawing of all descriptions done to order. Coffins and hearse furnished at short notice.

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Books and Stationery, Periodicals,

Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book Binders and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

M. RIZER & BRO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,

South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM R. BEALL, & CO.,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gent's and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,

Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,

Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Tin and Sheet-Iron ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

A. RUSSELL & SON,

Carriage Manufacturers,

Centre street, below Harrison stree,

Keep constantly on hand, *Carriages, Rockaways, Phetons, and Buggies*, of the latest style and finish, and all other kinds of VEHICLES, to suit city or country trade. Carriage Harness of every description. REPAIRING done at short notice.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Repairing of every description done with Neatness and Dispatch.

CALL AT

J. H. KELENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street

July 19, 1860.

JOSIAH WITT,

MANUFACTURER

AND

Dealer in Lumber,

West side of Mechanic Street, near the Rail Road Viaduct,

Aug30 y. CUMBERLAND, MD.

WINDSOR PLASTER.

300 TONS superior Soft Windsor Plaster, just received and for sale by J. N. HARPER & CO.,

July 7, 1859.

PLASTER.

500 Tons Windsor Plaster For sale by J. N. HARPER & Co. Alexandria, ju 2—tf. King St. Dock

Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

Religious Services.

Presbyterian—Liberty Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and evening at 7½. Pastor—Rev. J. H. Symmes.

English Lutheran—Corner of Baltimore and Centre Streets. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. J. Weddell.

Methodist Episcopal—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Barnhart.

Methodist Protestant—Bedford St. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 7½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. G. W. Burns.

Episcopalian—Washington Street. Services in the morning at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening at 8. Rev. Dr. Spear, Pastor.

Baptist—Bedford Street. No Pastor.

German Lutheran—Bedford Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. F. Vassler.

St. Patrick's—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at 4. Pastor—Rev. Edward Brennan.

St. Peter and St. Paul—Fayette Street.—Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and vespers at ½. Pastor—Father Seelos.

Jewish Synagogue—Baltimore Street. Services Saturday morning at 8 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. Laser.

Second German Lutheran Church—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and afternoon at 2½ o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Louis Biltz.

Attention Builders!

Sash, Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings and Venitian Blinds,

MANUFACTURED and for sale at R. D. Johnson's Steam Planing Machine, on Centre Street.

Orders received either at the Shop, or at Dr John J. Bruce's Lumber Yard.

June 30, 1859—1y. H. DAMM.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,

TAYLOR & CO.,

Iron and Brass Founders,

George's street, CUMBERLAND, MD,

Manufacturers of

Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery, Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.

March 17, 1859—y.

JAMES S. ROBINSON,

Paper Warehouse,

No. 21 South Charles St.,

A few doors below German-st,

BALTIMORE.

Keep on hand and has made to order all kinds of PAPER.

Purchases Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock. Sept. 1, 1859—1y.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY

A Good Watch, Clock, or Jewelry, etc?

YES!

WELL THEN GO TO

S. T. LITTLE'S.

HAVE been often deceived in buying an inferior article elsewhere?—If so, go to S. T. LITTLE'S. Are you afraid it is no use?—Then once more I say, go to S. T. LITTLE'S. Why go to S. T. LITTLE'S? If you will keep it a secret I will tell you. S. T. LITTLE is to be relied upon. All goods sold by him are just what he says they are. If it is soft solder plated Jewelry he will tell you. If the goods are filled he will tell you. If you want to buy a good Watch, you can rely upon his judgment as well as his word. If you want a good Clock, he has some of the very best make, especially those of Seth Thomas'. The beauty of his business is, he sells

CHEAP FOR CASH.

If you want your Watch or Clock put in good order, go to S. T. LITTLE, as he warrants all his work. His place of business is on the West Side of

BALTIMORE STREET,

BETWEEN THE

St. Nicholas Hotel & Revere House.

July 19-tf S. T. LITTLE.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

SILVER and PLATED WARE,

ON HAND AND WILL BE SOLD AS

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST

CALL AT

J. H. KELENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore St.

July 19, 1860.

RICHARDSON'S

IRISH LINENS,

Damasks, Diapers, &c.,

CONSUMERS of RICHARDSON'S LINENS, and those desirous of obtaining the Genuine GOODS, should see that the articles they purchase are sealed with the full name of the firm,

J. N. RICHARDSON, SONS & OWEN,

as a guarantee of the soundness and durability of the Goods.

This caution is rendered essentially necessary as large quantities of inferior and defective Linens are prepared, season after season and sealed with the name of RICHARDSON, by Irish Houses, who, regardless of the injury thus inflicted alike on the American consumer and the manufacturers of the genuine Goods, will not readily abandon a business so profitable, while purchasers can be imposed on with Goods of a worthless character.

J. BULLOCHE & J. B. LOCKE, Ag'ts, Sept 37, '60—1y. 34 Reade St., N. York.

INSOLVENT'S NOTICE.

Abner Somerville vs. His Creditors. } ORDERED, this 20th day of Dec. 1860, that Abner Somerville give notice to his creditors, endorsers and sureties, that the second Monday of April next is fixed for the said Abner Somervillle to appear in the Circuit Court for Allegany County, to answer such interrogatories as his creditors, endorsers and sureties may propose or allege against him; and that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in the city of Cumberland, once a week for three successive months prior to the said second Monday of April next, as such notice.

Test—H. RESLEY, Dec. 20, 1860—3m.* Clerk.

Patent Lard Lamp.

THE subscriber is now manufacturing a Patent Lard Lamp, which he offers for sale. It will also burn any kind of dirty greese. Call and examine it. m19. JOHN JOHNSON.

MEDICAL HOUSE,

11 South Frederick St.,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Established in order to afford Sound and Scientific Medical Aid, and for the suppression of Quackery.

DOCTOR SMITH

HAS for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, in all their varied and complicated forms. His great success in those long standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received. Within the last eight years, Dr. S. has treated more than 29,000 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages: a practice which no doubt exceeds that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, "no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be, would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

The afflicted should bear in mind that *Dr. S.* who is the only regular physician advertising, has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of Diseases.

His medicines are free from Mercury and all mineral poisons; put up in neat and compact form, and may be taken in public or private house, or while travelling, without exposure or hindrance from business, and except in cases of violent inflammation, no change of diet is necessary.

Let the unfortunate bear in mind when affliction overtakes them, that no time should be lost in making application to a competent physician, as they would not only obtain relief from pain, avoid mortification through exposure and elude great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistant to be moderate in his charges than he could justly be, where symptoms have become confirmed or the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advance of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored Plotches with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, then, "and not till then," do many awake to a full sense of their danger.

We are called upon every few days to cure Chronic Diseases, which were supposed to have been cured years ago, but instead of which, were only checked, driven into the system by mercury or copaiva and therefore seems to be well but in a longer or shorter time, by some slight cause, break out in its worst and most difficult forms, producing ulcers in the throat, nose or roof of the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pains or swelling of bones, etc. On account of the number of such which have lately come under my care, and the immense suffering which a little neglect or improper treatment in the first stages of the disease may cause, Dr. Smith thinks it his duty to advise the unfortunate, *particularly strangers*, to be careful that they are not deceived by *false advertisements of boasting quacks* who make promises which could not be fulfilled even by the most experienced physicians. By neglect or improper treatment, the patient is often reduced to a state which makes the case extremely difficult to cure. Therefore he should be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early stage of the disease.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILLITY.

Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and lmost fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the morbid influence of the passions.

How many young persons do we daily behold, whose countenances and debilitated constitutions depict disease arising from that horrible and devastating vice.

It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, cough, indigestion and a train of symptoms, indicative of consumption, are often ascribed to wrong causes, when in reality, they are the consequences of an alluring and pernicious practice alike destructive to the mind and body.

You who have brought this affliction upon yourselves, why embrace the secret to your hearts and vainly attempt to cure yourselves, instead of making immediate application to a skillfull physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it enviable.

☞ Dr. Smith gives his special attention to the treatment of this destructive malady. Patients can be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receive medicine securely packed from observation forwarded by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

N. B.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to avoid *boasting impostors* whether foreign or native, as also the numerous Societies advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up to sell and not to cure, and often do more harm than good, therefore avoid them.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Address, DR. J. B. SMITH.

No. 11, S. Frederick Street., Baltimore, Md.

☞ No letters will be answered unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.

Jan. 1st. 1861.—1y.

Lehigh Gas Burning

Cooking Stoves!

THE undersigned has just received an assortment of the above stoves, which he offers to the public at moderate prices. There is a great saving of fuel by the use of these Stoves

Sept. 15, 1859. JOHN JOHNSON.

Notice to Teachers.

THE undersigned, Examiners of Teachers for the Public Schools in Allegany County, will continue to hold meetings for the examination of Teachers, on the last FRIDAY of each month, at the Court House, in Cumberland, commencing at 9 o'clock, A.M., until further notice.

Cumberland, Jan. 8, 1861

JAMES SMITH,
THOMAS F. WHITE,
A. J. WEDDELL,

Jan. 10, 1861.—[A, B, F G] Examiners.

Have you seen the Prince of Wales?

If not, call at S. T. LITTLE'S JEWELRY Store and see his Photograph at the same time do not forget to examine his extensive stock as he has just returned from the Eastern and Northern factories with a full assortment in his line of business and is able to sell exceedly low for cash.

Sign of the big watch north side of Baltimore st near the railroad.

S. T. LITTLE,

N. B.— the American watches at factory prices, Nov. 6.

Almanacs! Almanacs!

ENGLISH and German Hagerstown Almanacs for 1861, just received and for sale by the dozen or gross at

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER'S

Under St. Nicholas Hotel, Balto St

Cumberland Nov 22

Wheeler & Wilson's

Sewing Machine

AGENCY.

New Style: - - $50.

MRS. O. C. GEPHART is prepared to furnish all styles of these

Unrivalled Machines,

at manufacturers prices. Full instructions in use of the machine given to all purchasers.

Feb. 9, 1860.

Tobacco and Segars.

JUST received and for sale a full assortment of Tobacco and Segars.

June 9. WM. R. BEALL & CO.

Miscellaneous.

From life Illustrated.

THE TIMELY WITNESS.

BY MRS. A. M. DENNISON.

'You are very tired, Mrs. Hall.'

'Very, was the low reply, and the stitching went on.

It was the room of a poor woman who sewed for a living. There was not much light, for the shade made what little there was fall upon the work in the pale hands that flew hither and thither. A bedstead stood in one corner, and from beneath a crib was drawn, and three beautiful childish faces smiled in serene slumber.

Another form lay on the high bed—it was that of a poor spine-broken boy of ten, whose large eyes were open, even at that hour, whose brow shone fearfully white in the midst of the dim, floating shadows. As a matter of course the furniture was shabby and mean, and the pale sewer had not much time to devote to her household duties, while she toiled to give bread to her children

It was Saturday night, past the hour of nine. She had been hindered on account of three or four hours of sudden illness which had prostrated her in the morning, and now she was hurrying, while, her brain reeled and side ached, to get through with her sad tasks.

One of these was the finishing of a small dress, upon which she was setting the last stitch. Mrs. Graves had called in, and at first felt nervous and unpleasant to find that the work was not done; but when she saw the heavy eyes lifted, a tear trembling on their lashes, she had not the heart to say anything in blame, but sat quietly down, as she noticed the stooping form and frequent sighing she said in her kind, sympathizing voice, the words which begin our story.

'You have not been in our neighborhood long?' asked Mrs. Graves.

'Only a few months,' was the answer; 'I could not get enough to do where I moved from, but I have done much better since I came to this place.'

'And have you always been a dressmaker?' asked Mrs. Graves kindly.

'That's my trade, madam. When I learned it I little thought I should toil at it like a slave,' she continued, her lips trembling. 'My father was doing a very good business then, and I, because I did not wish to ask him for money to entirely support myself, applied myself to this kind of work. I soon after was married, so I did not sew a great while, but now—' her voice trembled falteringly—'I am obliged to sew'

'How long has your husband been dead?'

From any other lips this might have sounded harsh and unfeeling, but evidently there was a deep chord of sympathy in the kind heart of Mrs. Graves, and her voice breathed its music.

'My husband has been dead three years,' was the unsteady reply, and the eyes were hastily touched with the finger tips. 'Jenny, my youngest, was born on the day he lay a corpse,' she added a moment after. 'It is a dreary world for the widow and the fatherless, she added very softly, but sadly.

'Indeed it must be,' Mrs. Graves responded earnestly, watching the seamstress fold up the dress. 'And must you sew more to-night?' she asked seeing the widow commence anew on another dress that did not appear quite finished.

'Oh, yes; I expect Mrs. May is disappointed, for I promised her this dress should be done by dark, but illness prevented.'

'Then give me a needle and thimble,' said Mrs. Graves.

The dressmaker looked up in utter astonishment.

'Stop, I have my own thimble—give me your needles; I will take this one,' she added, helping herself from a needle case. 'I am going to sew for you, I am much more able to do the whole of it than you are to set a stitch.'

'Oh, my dear madam!' exclaimed the seamstress; 'no! no! your sweet, kind words have done more toward aiding me than your needle could. Bless you! there are some hearts that can feel for us;' and she dashed away tears, still intent upon her work.

At this moment the frail little bell received such a wrench that it struck violently against the wall. The dressmaker nervously arose and hurried to the door.

'Have you that dress done?' demanded a coarse voice.

'Almost;' she tried to speak cheerfully. 'Won't you come in?'

'Yes—I suppose necessity will compel me to, but let me tell you it is the last piece of work that you will ever do for me.'

Mrs. Graves was shocked. She had noticed the delicacy and retiring manner of the poor seamstress, and the harsh voice smote very painfully on her ear.

'I tried very hard, very hard, Mrs. May,' said the poor woman, catching up the dress before the other was scarcely inside the room

'Oh, yes, that's always the excuse.—You have done so two or three times, and I've put up with it because you're poor and I wish to help you, but I really cannot submit to be imposed upon in this way'

The pale sewer bit her lip but made no reply.

'I suppose I shall have to stay here for an hour?' exclaimed Mrs. May, pettishly, still not seeing the face of the other customer, who sat in the dark shadow.

'Oh, no, I think I can get through in less time than that—much less,' replied Mrs. Hall. 'I was taken quite ill today,' she added gently, or I should not have disappointed you

'It is not the first time,' said Mrs. May, unfeelingly.

'Are you going to let me sew?' asked Mrs. Graves.

'Thank you a thousand times, Mrs. Graves, but it will not be convenient for two,' replied the seamstress, while Mrs. May exclaimed in tones of deepest mortification:

'Why, Mrs. Dr. Graves, I did not know you were here.'

'Yes. I have been urging Mrs. Hall to let me assist her,' replied Mrs. Graves, with a cold inclination of the head 'It really makes my heart ache to see her sitting here so late and tired. I wish I could help her.'

'Really—I—,' exclaimed Mrs. May, terribly embarrassed, for Mrs. Graves was socially as well as in ellectually her superior.

'Let me send you some jellies for your sick boy won't you?' continued the doctor's wife, preparing to go. 'I'll call again on Monday,' said she, and slipping a dollar into the hand of Mrs. Hall as she turned to go.

'Here's more than my pay Mrs. Graves.'

'No matter—I will have plenty for you to do: don't stop to give me change. Good night!'

Mrs. May sat silent and uneasily while the stitching went on.

'Why did you not tell me that somebody was here?' she asked almost crossly.

'Why should I?' asked Mrs Hall, gently. Ladies are here quite often, you know and Mrs. Graves is a true lady.' The cheek of Mrs. May flushed.

'Your dress is finished,' said the seamstress,' folding it up.

'I really did not intend to pay you tonight said Mrs. May, half angrily. 'I am very punctual myself, and it annoys me when others are not. What is the bill?'

'It is two dollars and fifty cents,' replied Mrs Hall.

'Extravagant prices,' exclaimed Mrs. May. 'You did not charge Mrs. Graves half that.'

'Her's was a child's dress,' she replied.

'Oh, there is always a favoritism,' responded Mrs. May 'Here I shall have to owe you a dollar now; you can send for it in a week.'

She too was gone and the weary woman bowed her head upon her clasped hands, and wept bitterly. A soft voice like a rich flute note came from the bed, *Don't* cry mother.

Why, Jimmy are you awake? asked the mother.

Yes, I heard that kind woman and the ugly woman too. Don't cry mother; come here and I will kiss you. I love you mother.

God bless you, sobbed the weary one as she touched the white forehead of the sick child with her burning lips.

Who did you say it was for? asked the fashionable Mrs. *Merrivale*.

Mrs. Hall the dressmaker. She is just up from a severe fever, and not one to help her and her four children. *I* have already collected over forty dollars.

Is she a member of our church? queried the speaker, lounging gracefully.

I'm sure *I* don't know whether she is a church member at all, replied *Mrs* Graves, and her voice trembled as she spoke, *I* never asked her, for *I* seemed to feel that she was one of the Lord's poor. At any rate if she is not a christian, we will show her what Christians can do.

We have so much to do for our own church poor? said the lady in a little querulous voice.

I must have a free offering, said *Mrs* Graves rising.

'Oh, well, *I* will see—don't go; yes, here is a five-dollar gold piece in my port-monnaie. Of course *I* have your word for it that she is a decent and good woman.

If she were better off she would be called a very refined, lady like woman, said *Mrs.* Graves significantly.

A faint color came to the cheeks of her friend—adieus were exchanged, and the ladies departed.

Meantime, in the home of the dressmaker, the widow and mother sat disconsolate, and with a sinking heart.—How languid she was! The little girls had been busily at work since the morning. They would not let her stir, as she sat so listless, wishing she were quite well. One had swept the floor, another had made the bed more comfortable for the little invalid boy—every moment their little feet, hands and tongues were going. The boy was busy with slate and pencil trying, he said to make the face of dear Dr. Graves, who had made his poor mother almost well again.

Mrs. Hall sat by the scant fire thinking.—True, she was getting better, but the cold winter was coming, and she feared it would be many months before she was quite strong. Suddenly little Susy cried out 'Oh, mother! they are bringing something here.' Presently a gentleman entered and asked if Mrs. Hall lived there. The widow answered that she did. 'Then here is a sewing machine for you, which I was requested to leave here.'

'It must be another Mrs. Hall, sir, for, I have not ordered anything of the kind.'

'This is where the ladies sent me, madam. Mrs. Dr. Graves is one of them. They said No. 50, Pine street; I am sure it is for you.'

'For me!' cried the widow, clasping her hands, while a rose color flushed either cheek—'a sewing machine for me!'

'Oh, mother, isn't it beautiful?' cried little Susy.

'Why, mother, what are you crying for?' inquired little Anna, the eldest, 'I should think you would be perfectly happy.'

'God knows how happy I am!' murmured the widow through her tears. 'Oh, my God, visit with Thy choicest blessings the dear Christian hearts who have done this good deed. Bless them! for their visit to the widow and the fatherless in the time of their affliction. Oh, my God! bless them here and hereafter!'

None can tell, save those who have unexpectedly received some great boon in time of great depression, how the poor widow felt.—It seemed that health came to her wasted frame almost miraculously. The kind glorious hearted doctor's wife came in on the same day, not to receive thanks, but to be made happy by the sight of genuine joy,

Donation to Col. Wilson.

A patriotic New York gentleman sent to Col. Wilson $300, for the use of his regiment of Zouaves, when the messenger put his hand into his pocket to get out the money and hand it to the Col. it was gone, he then told the Col. his pocket had been picked and the money stolen. The Col. replied, 'it's all right, I saw the boys in their tent, counting and dividing the money.

Southern Climate and Northern Soldiers.

The Southern rebels count strongly upon the effect of the hot weather upon our Northern troops. In this they will find themselves mistaken. Mr. Russell, their great friend and historian, in one of his letters from India, stated that its climate was best endured by the Europeans for several years after their arrival; and other authorities have stated the same thing. Our own experience during the revolutionary war shows that the New England troops operated in the South during the summer heats of 1708 and 1781 without difficulty. Many glorious battles were fought by them during the hotest months, and no one heard of their relaxing in courage or conduct during July, August, and September, of those years. If the climate is to do harm to any, it will be those enervated, broken down, bilious nabobs who run away every summer from the fevers of their own localities, and get what health they may by hurrying to the pure air and healthy mineral waters of the North. If any one's afraid of 'Captain Jack,' it is 'Captain Bobadil.'—*New York Evening Post.*

[In the Mexican war, it was the Northern troops, which best endured the heats.

Military Character of General Scott.

The New York 'World' pays the following just and discriminating tribute to the qualities which characterize the veteran General-in Chief of the United States forces' who, it will be remembered, has never lost a battle:

'Our actual Commander-in-Chief, the Lieutenant General of our Army, though as brave as Achilles, is as serene as Agamemnon and as prudent as Ulysses.—From his youth he has been a soldier, and a victorious one. He has seen more service than any man under his command, and was never known to be even disconcerted by danger. A strict disciplinarian, and something of a martinet, it was jocosely said of him, in his younger days, that he would drill a battalion under fire. Yet General *Scott* is as chary of men's lives as a miser of his gold; and so was the Duke of Wellington. He never moves, if he can avoid it, until he sees not only that he can accomplish a good purpose, but until he can accomplish it at the least possible risk of his men. It is his avowed belief that an officer who exposes troops to needless peril is guilty of a degree of manslaughter. And he not only thus regards himself as responsible for the lives of men under his command, but he looks after their health and comfort.—He will not accept regiments unless he can see clearly the means to feed, clothe and shelter them. The consequence of this prudence on his part (joined, as it is known to be, with the most daring spirit and great military sagacity) is that, after a little experience, men fight under him with entire confidence. They come to believe that if he gives an order it is not one which will expose them to needless risk, or to chances of defeat, if in battle they justify his confidence in their bravery. Through all the excitement of the past few weeks at Washington he has remained undisturbed. The announcement of the approach of twenty, thirty, fifty thousand men, he has received with impurturbable incredulity. He knows better. He knew that Gen Davis could no more march fifty thousand men upon Washington than fifty thousand witches. He knows exactly what provision is required for the transportation of even a thousand men five hundred miles. He knows when to be alarmed and when to repose in confidence, when to repress ardor and when to give it way. He knows that it is one of the first duties of a military leader to restrain and direct his own enthusiasm as well as that of the men under his command. He is prudent. Nay, he is prudence incarnate, and so all other efficacious qualities attend him.'

The Fighting Quaker.

Illustrative of the universality of the Union sentiment in these parts, we learn of an incident yesterday which shows that the race of fighting Quakers is not yet extinct. A well-known member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia—one of the few Quakers holding public office—has a son who has done him credid. Some months ago, after a course of dissipation which scattered ashes upon the heads of his family, the youngster withdrew from his father's house, and took up his home at the engine house where he had already spent most of his time. Prayers and entreaties to return were alike unavailing, and after a time he was almost given up to his fate.—Last Friday he presented himself at his father's house, wearing the uniform of a popular volunteer company. He was welcomed as a prodical son, and, after receiving the embraces of his mother and sisters the father asked him;

'What is thee doing, my son, in this dress?'

'This dress, father, is the uniform of the———Grays.'

'Did thee borrow it from one of the Grays.'

'No, sir; it belongs to me'

''What is thee doing with it.''

'I have enlisted, father. On Monday I expect to be ordered to Little York.—I have come to say how sorry I am that I ever grieved you and mother, and that if I ever return alive, you shall never more have cause to blush for me.'

The old Friend was much affected.—'Does the think thee has done thy duty?' was his simple question.

'I do. The Union was imperiled, and I am going to its rescue.'

'Then, my boy, I have only one word to say to the; If thee is brought home to me shot, don't let it be a shot in the back.'

Having said this, the old gentleman drew out a last century wallet, plethoric with bank notes, and placed in the hands of the young volunteer a liberal allowance. The youngster is likely to be heard from.

The Stars and Stripes.

There is not a point of any prominence in the State of Pennsylvania, scarcely a hill or public house top, that has not flung from it the gorgeous folds of the flag of the stars and and stripes. It has suddenly become the glory of the young, the pride of the brave, and the endearing object of old men and dear old woman's veneration. It has been blended with our dress, beautifies our dreams, and stirs alike our emotions of love, patriotism and religion. It envelopes our altars in a sheen of almost hallowed beauty. It covers our shrines with invincible inspiration. It is the theme of our songs, the subject of our eloquence, and the emblem of our majesty, strength and freedom. Never before has banner or flag elicited such devotion, commanded such respect, or yielded such a magical influence over the hearts and hands of men. Peter the Hermit rallied Europe to arms under the banner of the Cross. Salladin led his followers to gory graves beneath the Crescent. St. George on Britain's banner has aroused many an Englishman's heart in the hour of battle. The Eagles of France, reared above her advancing legions, have pelted armies to glory and almost millions of men to death. The triple-heads of Austria command, but do not win devotion. And thus with all the banners of the nations of the world, men cling to them because they are compelled to do so by stern necessity—we rally to our flag, and support it, because we love and cherish it as the emblem of that freedom which points man to a higher faith, a nobler existence, a citizenship in Heaven.

The flag of the glorious stars and stripes, will never be trailed in the dust, either at the summons of a foreign army or the command of traitors. It may be lowered in battle, but it will never cease to float in defeat. It will be recognized and respected while there is a freeman left to stand erect in the presence of his God, and when it ceases to float in glory, it will be above the conflagration and wreck of the destroyed universe!

Col. Anderson's Address to a Sunday School.

Col. Anderson, made the following neet little speech to the schollars of the German Mission Sabbath School in Cincinnati:

'I did not expect, my dear children and friends, when I came here, to be asked to address you, but it is well, perhaps, for me to say a few words. I have been placed, providentially, in a position that has attracted the attention of our country to me and to my little band. But I would not have you misunderstand me or my position, and the causes which have led me safely through the dangers by which I have been surrounded.—No mortal assistance, no individual aid, would have sufficed to that end. I am willing, and I am not ashamed frankly to tell you, my young friends, that no event, no transaction, took place there, in any day, of any interest or importance to our cause, without my first appealing to God in the morning, to give me a spirit of wisdom to understand, that I might comprehend His will, to give me strength of purpose and resolution to know my duty to Him and my country. Therefore the credit of whatever was done does not belong to me. Before I left Fort Sumter I received letters telling me that I should be in more danger from my friends than I was from my enemies—that I must be careful not to be spoiled by flattery.

'The advice was well timed; but I trust God that He has saved me from the dangers in which I was placed. Feeling, believing and hoping thus, I confess I have not believed in my own mind that I was entitled to the least credit for what I have done, because God put it into my heart to do that which I did. Therefore, my young friends, I would call upon all of you in the transactions of life that you will be called upon to perform, and each individual has transactions to perform as momentous to him as what I have performed is to me, his eternal happiness depends upon it—I would have you all put your trust in God. Do that with an humble heart, and you will be blest in this life and prepared for everlasting happiness in that which is to come. I can say no more.'

Ellsworth's Farewell to his Parents.

He was their only child living. At the time of his departure from N. Y. with his regiment, his parents were stopping at the Astor House. At his last interview with them his mother said: 'I hope God will take care of you Elmer.' 'He will take care of me, mother,' he replied. 'He has led me in this work, and He will take care of me.'—The following letter to his parents, was written by him the night preceeding the visit to Alexandria, which resulted in his death:

Headquarters First Zouaves,
Camp Lincoln, Washington, May 23.

'My Dear Father and Mother: The regiment is to move across the river to night.—We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner.

'Whatever may happen cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

'My darling and ever-loved parents, good-bye. God-bless, protect, and care for you.

ELMER."

WEALTH.

Wealth is in applications of mind to nature, and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs, another sees by the course of streams, and growth of markets, where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago; but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam-pipe to the wheat-crop. Puff, now, oh, Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the Flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a *half-ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile*, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.—*Emerson.*

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Wit and Humor.

A dandy negro entered a stationers shop, and with a very consequential air inquired:

Hab you a few quires of letter paper de very best rate, for a gemman to write lub letters on?

Yes, was the reply. How many will you have?

I'spose, said he my stay at de spring may be about two or three weeks. Give me 'n