

TERMS—One copy, one year, \$2—variably in advance. TO THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC: This paper affords every advantage, as it is read by 4000 Families. As it has a more extensive circulation than any other journal published in the country, advertisements would consequently reach a greater number of readers than of any other publication of the kind.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears 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 are notified by bill and order that they are discontinued.

THE COURTS HAVE DECIDED THAT REFUSING TO TAKE NEWSPAPERS FROM THE OFFICE, OR REMOVING THEM FROM THE OFFICE FOR ANY OTHER REASON, IS A VIOLATION OF THE LAW, AND IS SUBJECT TO PENALTY.

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ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Merchants and others, advertising by the year, will be charged \$12 00.

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Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV.

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 15, 1861.

NUMBER 33.

Religious Services.

Presbyterian—Liberty Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. J. H. Symonds. English Lutheran—Corner of Baltimore and Centre Streets. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. J. Weddell. Methodist Episcopal—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Barnhart. Methodist Protestant—Belmont St. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. G. W. Burns. Episcopalian—Washington Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Barnhart. Baptist—Belmont Street. No Pastor. German Lutheran—Belmont 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 in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. F. Vassler. St. Peter and St. Paul—Fayette Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. F. Vassler. Jewish Synagogue—Baltimore Street. Services in the morning at 8 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. A. J. Weddell. Second German Lutheran Church—Centre Street. Services in the morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Pastor—Rev. F. Vassler.

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 these 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 either the patient or his friends, were disappointed at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above kind, who are desirous to be cured, should stand 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 the physician who is the regular physician advertising, has for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of diseases, and is not a quack, as many of the others are, who are only interested in gain, and who will do nothing but to injure the patient, and who will do nothing but to injure the patient, and who will do nothing but to injure the patient.

Poetical.

The Soldier's Tear.

Upon the hill he turned To take the last fond look Of the valley and the village church, And the cottage by the brook; He listened to the sounds So familiar to his ear, And the soldier leant upon his sword And wiped away a tear.

The Coolest Thing On Record.

As Gen. Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the city of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on the eminence at the right, and advanced with slow and measured tread until they met the army at right angles. The guide or leader of the procession was a venerable priest whose hair was whitened with the frost of many winters. He held in both hands a contribution box, upon which there was a lighted candle, and when within a few feet of the army the procession halted. As the army proceeded, many a true believer in St. Patrick dropped some small coin into the old priest's box. And, when it was searched that one of the soldiers was searching for something to buy. The old priest would step forward and hold his box to receive the donation. Ultimately there came along, a tall, gaunt, gander-looking, lumbered Yankee, who, on seeing the poor priest, thrust his hands into the very depths of his britches pocket, and in a few minutes, he drew forth a clay pipe, which, with the utmost deliberation, he proceeded to fill, by pinching off all particles of the tobacco when this was done, having placed his tobacco in his britches pocket, he stooped forward and lighted his pipe by the old priest's candle, and making an awkward inclination of the head, (intended perhaps for a bow,) he said much obliged to you, "Squire," and proceeded on.

Delinquent Subscribers.

A poetical editor addresses his delinquent subscribers in the following musical and touching numbers: How happy are they Whom the editors pay, And have squared up for one year or more. Tongue cannot express The great joy of the press, When delinquents have paid the old score. Printers all the day long Labor hard for a song—A fate that is hard, all agree— They have worked night and day, And of course want their pay. To buy sugar, coffee, and tea. One would hardly believe For the paper address to each name; But the price is so small, That the good people all, WILL PAY UP FOR FEAR OF THE SHAME!

Miscellaneous.

History of the Stars and Stripes.

The most interesting incident connected with the battle of Saratoga was the unfolding for the first time the Stars and Stripes at the surrender of Burgoyne. Bunker Hill was fought under a red flag bearing the motto, "Come, if you dare." But on the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation. This was made public on the third of September following. Previous to this our national banner was the Union Flag, combining the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. (taken from the English banner, with thirteen stripes alternate red and white. The banner of St. Patrick (Ireland's emblem) was not combined with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the Standard of Great Britain until 1801, the year of the Union with Ireland. The stars of the new flag represented the new constellation of the States, the idea taken from the constellation Lyra, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters' banner in Scotland likewise significant of the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the circle being the sign of eternity. The thirteen stripes showed, with the stars, the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to and their equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the various flags previous to the Union flag, viz: the red flags of the army and the white ones of the floating batteries—the germ of our navy. The red color, which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoted daring and the white purity. What eloquence do the stars and stripes breathe when their full significance is known? A new constellation: Union, Perpetuity; a Covenant against Oppression; Justice; Equality, Subordination, Courage, Purity. By the United States Law of January 13, 1794, it was enacted "that from and after the 1st of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field." This was our national flag during the war of 1812. On the 4th of April, 1818, Congress altered the flag by directing a return to the thirteen stripes, as follows: "Be it enacted, &c. That from and after the fourth of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field. Be it further enacted, That on the admission of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the Union flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July next succeeding such admission." The return to the thirteen stripes was by reason of the anticipation that the addition of a stripe on the admission of each State would make the flag too unwieldy. The old number of stripes also perpetuated the original number of States of the Union, while the addition of the stars showed the Union in its existing state. The flag planted by our troops in the city of Mexico, at the conclusion of the Mexican war, bore thirty stars. The size of the flag for the army is six feet six inches in length by four feet four inches in width, with seven red and six white stripes. The first seven stripes (four red and three white) bound the square of the blue field for the stars, the stripes extending from the extremity of the field to the end of the flag. The eighth stripe is white, extending partly at the base of the field. The number of the stars is thirty-four. (That is to say, will be after the coming Fourth of July.)

As young ones, the difference is only in price.

If a man could have his wishes he would double his trouble. Christianity commands us to pass by injuries; policy to let them pass by us. If you would keep your secret from an enemy tell it not to a friend.

Dead, Yet Living.

The cedar is the most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in the grain and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of an insect would touch it, and time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chamber which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the wood which it protects, nor the moth eat up the garments which it guards, all but immortal itself, it transfers its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedar is the most useful afterwards. Luther is dead but the reformation lives. Knox, Melville and Henderson are dead but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parsonage. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its "Pilgrim's Progress." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Onley Hymns. Elliott is dead, but the missionary work is young. Henry Martin is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who, Phoenix like, have started from the funeral pile? Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead but the Sabbath schools go on.

A Chapter Upon Circumlocution.

A day or two since, an unsophisticated duncy waited upon a certain military quartermaster with a bill of \$1.15 for washing done at the camp hospital, which after undergoing the rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity. "This bill," said the gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster-general at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant-General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War for his approval. The Adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the Auditor of State, who will approve of it and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will send it to the United States Treasury, who will at once dispatch an order to the Collector of this port to pay the bill." The duncy received himself of a long drawn sigh. "Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gentlemen you spoke of pays for de washing, does he?" "No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the Quartermaster; but there is no such officer here at present, so your proper person must be appointed for the purpose, who must be selected by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the Collector, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him—he will examine your bill, and if correct, he will pay it, and you give your receipt." The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said, "I guess dis nigger 'll hab to let dis washin slide, but dis am do last job I does for Uncle Sam, sah!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Glorious Epitaph.

On a grave stone in New London, Connecticut, appears the following inscription—the records of ancient Greece or Rome do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotic heroism: "On the 6th of October, 1781, 4,000 English troops fell on the town with fire and sword. A line of powder was laid by them from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted—thus to blow the fort into the air. Wm. Holman who lay not far distant, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends, who was still alive: 'We will endeavor to crawl to this line. We will wet the powder with our blood. Thus will we save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirtieth year he died on the powder he had overflown with his blood. His friends and seven of his wounded companions, by that means had their lives preserved." After this simple narrative are the following words in large characters: "Here Rests William Holman."

Played Out Characters.

Since the return of some of the regiments which took part in the Bull Run engagement, our exchanges, particularly in New England, began to be rich in interesting anecdotes of personal adventure and escape. It would be well enough to avoid the following conventional characters who turn up after every noteworthy battle, viz: 1. The conventional pious soldier, whose little Bible carried in his breast pocket, received the bullet and saved his heart. 2. The wicked militiaman, with a gin flask in one pocket & a pack of cards in the other, and le with a bad wound in the groin between the two; for of course no "well dressed" bullet would consent to act as a "special providence" in such a case. 3. The very old soldier of letters, who comes out of action with a bullet in his watch, the fortunate interposition of time having prevented the soldier's entrance upon eternity. One or two of these stock actors appear in a New Haven paper of yesterday, and it is understood that they are engaged for the season in the rural districts.—Post.

Fighting on Equal Terms.

I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duelist, who had lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Col. D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D., was asked if he was ready. "No, sir," he replied. "What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T's second. "Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gun to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!" The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation. "Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can!" "But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you?" "Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than fill a coffin!" No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

Swearing for a Family.

Rev. R. S. Macay, for thirteen years a missionary in China, has written a book, in which he relates the following anecdote.—During one of our examinations for candidates for baptism at Nanking, I observed that one woman and some three or four young people had the same surname. This circumstance led to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men: "I observe you all have the same surname. Are you members of the same family?" "I required." "Yes," one replied, "this is mother, and these are my brothers." "Where is your father?" I continued. "He is at home attending to business." "Does he approve of your embracing Christianity?" "He is entirely willing." "Why does not your father himself become a Christian?" "He says it would not answer for all the family to embrace Christianity." "And why?" I asked, with some curiosity, "do he think so?" "He says that if we all become Christians our heathen neighbors will take advantage of the circumstance to impose upon us." "How will they do that?" I inquired. "Christians are not allowed to swear or fight, and father says that when our wicked neighbors ascertain we have embraced Christianity they will proceed at once to curse and maltreat us. Hence father says to us, 'You may all become Christians, but I must remain a heathen so as retaliation on our bad neighbors. You can go to meeting and worship, but I must stay at home to do the cursing and fighting for the family!'"

Beautiful Extract.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be our life is a floating bubble by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it, the high and glorious aspirants, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their loveliness? Why is it that the stars (which hold their festival around the midnight throne) are set above the grasp of our limited faculties; mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us; leaving the thousands of life flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts.—We are born of a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like the Islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful things which are before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

Wellington's way with Non-combatants.

Wellington's plan would be a good one to enforce against those whose curiosity to see is stronger than their patriotism to fight.—When impounded at Brussels by a number of amusement seekers among his own countrymen to let them be spectators at the approaching battle at Waterloo, he at once apprehended, and ordered them immediately to be armed, equipped and to take their place in the ranks with the soldiers. General Scott should issue an order that every civilian who attempts to cross the lines on the eve of a battle should be at once placed in the ranks, where his curiosity can be satisfied and his presence made useful.

Gold Discovered on Lake Superior.

Some gentlemen were out exploring in Ontonagon County, Wis., about twenty-five miles from Ontonagon, recently, and discovered gold, which, upon examination, yielded about one hundred and thirty dollars to the ton of rock.

Tomato and Onion Pickles.

Tomato and Onion Pickles.—To one quart of vinegar, add half a pound of brown sugar, half an ounce of cloves, and one ounce of cinnamon buds. Select small onions, boil in the vinegar three minutes, skim them off; when cool, lay them down in a crock—first a layer of onions, and then tomatoes, (the small plum tomato is the best,) and when the vinegar is cool pour it over them, and set in a cool place. Pickled Cucumbers.—Wash and cover them with a cloth; turn them over a weak brine, boiling hot; cover closely. Let them remain a few days, then rinse the brine from them, and remove to cold vinegar, with horse radish and spices to taste; keep covered closely. Ripen Tomatoes.—Pick them before ripe enough to be soft; wash and prick them; make a brine so strong it will not dissolve all of the salt; boil and skim, and when cold pour it on the tomatoes. Let them stand eight days, pour off, and put on a weak vinegar, which let remain the same length of time, then remove, put on strong vinegar, and whatever spices suit your taste; it will pickle and stay. You will have nice pickles, and these will keep.

Green Tomatoes.

Green Tomatoes.—Take tomatoes after they have grown to their full size, and slice them thin; send them an instant in salted water; then lay them in a jar with vinegar, cloves and cinnamon. Potato Custard.—Ten potatoes boiled soft, six or eight eggs, sugar to your taste, one cup of milk, quarter of a pound of butter, essence of lemon, brandy and wine to your taste.

Attention Builders!

Advertisement for building materials and services, including sash, doors, shutters, window and door frames, mouldings, and venetian blinds.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY, TAYLOR & CO.

Advertisement for a steam engine, boiler, and railroad engine, manufactured by Taylor & Co.

JAMES S. ROBINSON, Paper Warehouse.

Advertisement for a paper warehouse located at 221 South Charles St., Baltimore.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A Good Watch, Clock, or Jewelry, etc?

Advertisement for a watch and jewelry store, featuring S. T. Little's watches and jewelry.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.

Advertisement for silver and plated ware, including a fine assortment of silver and plated ware.

J. H. KELENBECK'S, Next to Post Office, Baltimore St.

Advertisement for J. H. Kelenbeck's store, located next to the post office on Baltimore Street.

Patent Lamp.

Advertisement for a patent lamp, highlighting its features and availability.

Notice to Teachers.

Advertisement for a notice to teachers regarding the examination of teachers for the Public Schools in Allegany County.

Have you seen the Prince of Wales?

Advertisement for a jewelry store, asking if the customer has seen the Prince of Wales.

Almanacs! Almanacs!

Advertisement for almanacs, including English and German Hagerstown Almanacs.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT, Wholesale Druggists.

Advertisement for Clotworthy & Flint, wholesale druggists, located in Baltimore.

BEST COAL OIL AND BURNING FLUID

Advertisement for coal oil and burning fluid, highlighting the quality and availability.

A GENERAL assortment of Queensware

Advertisement for a general assortment of queensware, including various types of pottery and glassware.

FEW barrels of BEALL'S Old Rye Whisky

Advertisement for Beall's Old Rye Whisky, available in a few barrels.

Book & Job Printing

Advertisement for book and job printing services, including books, pamphlets, manifests, bill-heads, pay-rolls, check-rolls, blank forms, business cards, ball tickets, and more.

Wit and Humor.

Advertisement for wit and humor, featuring various jokes and anecdotes.

Swearing for a Family.

Advertisement for swearing for a family, featuring a humorous anecdote about a man's family.

A Chapter Upon Circumlocution.

Advertisement for a chapter upon circumlocution, featuring a humorous anecdote about a man's circumlocution.

Beautiful Extract.

Advertisement for a beautiful extract, featuring a humorous anecdote about a man's beautiful extract.

Wellington's way with Non-combatants.

Advertisement for Wellington's way with non-combatants, featuring a humorous anecdote about Wellington's way with non-combatants.

Tomato and Onion Pickles.

Advertisement for tomato and onion pickles, featuring a humorous anecdote about tomato and onion pickles.

Green Tomatoes.

Advertisement for green tomatoes, featuring a humorous anecdote about green tomatoes.

Potato Custard.

Advertisement for potato custard, featuring a humorous anecdote about potato custard.

Green Tomatoes.

Advertisement for green tomatoes, featuring a humorous anecdote about green tomatoes.