

Civilian and Telegraph.

NUMBER 42.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1861.

VOLUME XXXIV.

Civilian & Telegraph

IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Morning.
W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.
Office in Second Story of McKaig's Commercial Block, Balto. St.

TERMS:
Two Dollars per annum, strictly in advance.
If not so paid, \$2.50 if not paid within the year.
Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Rates of Advertising.

One square of 12 lines, \$1 for three insertions—subsequent insertions 25 cents each. All advertisements under 12 lines charged as a square.
Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, \$5.
Squares: One square 12 lines, 25¢; 25 lines, 50¢; 50 lines, 75¢; 75 lines, 1.00; 100 lines, 1.25; 125 lines, 1.50; 150 lines, 1.75; 175 lines, 2.00; 200 lines, 2.25; 225 lines, 2.50; 250 lines, 2.75; 275 lines, 3.00; 300 lines, 3.25; 325 lines, 3.50; 350 lines, 3.75; 375 lines, 4.00; 400 lines, 4.25; 425 lines, 4.50; 450 lines, 4.75; 475 lines, 5.00; 500 lines, 5.25; 525 lines, 5.50; 550 lines, 5.75; 575 lines, 6.00; 600 lines, 6.25; 625 lines, 6.50; 650 lines, 6.75; 675 lines, 7.00; 700 lines, 7.25; 725 lines, 7.50; 750 lines, 7.75; 775 lines, 8.00; 800 lines, 8.25; 825 lines, 8.50; 850 lines, 8.75; 875 lines, 9.00; 900 lines, 9.25; 925 lines, 9.50; 950 lines, 9.75; 975 lines, 10.00; 1000 lines, 10.25.

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths to etc. per line for first insertion—subsequent 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.

All transient advertising, 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.

All 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 will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of Circuit Court—Hon. THOS. PERRY.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HARRISON RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—HENRY R. ATKINSON.
State's Attorney—C. B. THURSTON.
Sergeant—DENTON D. BROWN.
Direct to County Comm'rs—WM. KILGOUR.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY.

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

DR. GEO. B. FUNDENBERG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence on the corner of Baltimore and George's Streets, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, Cumberland.

DENTISTRY.

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

ANDREWS & SWARTZWELDER,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers 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. Finest Sheet-Iron ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

CHEAP FOR CASH.
Repairing of every description done with neatness and dispatch.

J. H. KELENBECK'S,

Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street July 19, 1860.

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY,

TAYLOR & CO.,
Iron and Brass Founders,
George's street, CUMBERLAND, MD.

CLOTHWORTHY & FLINT,

Wholesale

DRUGGISTS,

and Dealers in

Paints, Glass & Oil.

No. 839 Balt. St., Baltimore.

BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID

on hand. Orders filled with great care, and at the lowest rates. April 11, '61-y.

Patent Lard Lamp.

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

If you want a Fine Watch or a nice set of Jewelry, call at
J. H. KELENBECK

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 a sufficient proof of the efficacy of the system he has received. Within the last eight years, Dr. S. has treated more than 20,000 cases of the various forms of venereal disease, and has effected a permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, who may be unwilling to call on Dr. SMITH, may be willing 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 life, or while traveling, 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, but avoid mortification through exposure and disease, 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 terrible disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest and most courageous, and to induce the most skillful physician, who in most difficult cases, when racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison present in his vitals, and to exclaim, "do nothing 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 copavia and therefore seem to be well but in a longer or shorter time, by some slight cause, break out in its most dangerous form, and attack the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pains or swelling of bones, etc. On account of the number of such which will be cured under my treatment, I have been obliged to publish a little tract, which I have distributed 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 physician. By the use of my medicine, the patient is relieved of the most distressing symptoms, and the disease is 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 stages of the disease.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.

Young men beware of the pernicious influence of venereal disease, which is the cause of the most fatal injury upon your constitution, by its evil examples and the morbid influence of the passions.

How many young persons do we daily behold, whose countenances and debilitated and dejected, 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 other symptoms, which 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 skillful physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from exposure which the fatal consequences render it inevitable.

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 receiving medicine securely packed from observation by express or otherwise to any part of the country.

N. B.—Persons afflicted with any of the above complaints will do well to visit my office, where I will be answered, unless they contain a remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.

Jan. 1st, 1861.—ly.

Attention Builders!

Looking upward full of grace,
Prayed till from a happy place,
God's glory smote him on the face."

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his 'far seeing' gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he had caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet in hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her, and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lip quivered, her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and wailed, and sighed, and clamored.

'By my faith,' whispered the king to his daughter, 'this organist has a master

Poetical.

Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death.

[The language of Patrick Henry.]

In these things our throats were hoarse,
While scarce a breath was heard,
For in those mute, impassioned souls,
The deepest fount was stirred.

And fiercely dark grew many a brow,
And fire flashed from many an eye,
As hill and valley echoed 'round—
'To arms! To arms!' they cry.

Then closed the flashing steel with steel,
The rattling death-shots fell.
And how they conquered on that day,
Their children proudly tell.

We, who for four-score years have shared,
With grateful patriot pride,
The prize for which they bravely dared,
For which they freely died.

And now again the cry "To arms!"
Rings through this vast domain—
And wilder, where their recreant sons
Would rend their gift in twain.

Not now across Atlantic's tide,
Opposing armies come;
They gather on Potomac's side,
And 'round that sacred tomb.

Then shall we trail our Stars in dust,
And bravely dare to fall?
No! firmly placed in Heaven our trust
No! right shall yet prevail.

Our watchword—Liberty for those
Who hate the tyrant's rod,
And death to those who scourge and bind
The noblest work of God.

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A Legend of the Rhine.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Years and years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the King to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright, Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale, but strikingly handsome face, great black melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of music can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed and clamored, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said—

"Pray, who are you sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied; "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and came here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, your surpassing him that's dead and gone sir?"

"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand peon, and the mysterious organist—

"Looking upward full of grace,
Prayed till from a happy place,
God's glory smote him on the face."

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his 'far seeing' gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he had caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet in hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her, and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lip quivered, her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and wailed, and sighed, and clamored.

'By my faith,' whispered the king to his daughter, 'this organist has a master

hand. Hark ye, child, he shall play at your wedding!"

The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft, and then commenced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained until the worshippers had dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said—

"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shadowy niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician.

"Bertram," she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling upon her, stood the Princess who had granted the royal pew that day.

The court-dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tirc, the necklace, the bracelets had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish face.

"Oh! Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sank at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess.

"I came to bid you farewell, and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was his only answer, and he continued—

"You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take vows upon me which will doom me to living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist.

"Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up!"

"It is like rending soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, and God bless you!"

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had strength to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half-smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame colored flowers nodded by the way-side, flame colored leaves came rushing down from the trees and lay in bright heaps upon the ground; the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace-gates were unclosed, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess mounted on a snow-white palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ-music, which though jubilant in sound, struck on her ears like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterward she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinae stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen.

But her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow to the King, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar-stone—mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered—

"Elizabeth, my Queen, my wife, look up!"

Trembling in every limb she obeyed. Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow to her cheek? Ah! though the King wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittering on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach her organ-music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one! Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag you to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made Queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

A Revolutionary Incident.

One of the most thrilling reminiscences in the American Revolution is related of Gen Peter Muhlenburg, whose ashes repose in the burying ground of the Old Trappe Church, in Montgomery County, Va. When the war broke out, Muhlenburg was rector of a Protestant Episcopal Church in Dunmore county. On a Sunday morning he administered the communion of the Lord's Supper to his charge, stating that in the afternoon of that day he would preach a sermon on "The duties men owe to their country." At the appointed time the building was crowded with anxious listeners. The discourse was founded on a text from Solomon—"There is a time for every purpose and for every work." The sermon burned with patriotic fire; every sentence and intonation told the speaker's deep earnestness in what he was saying. Pausing a moment at the close of his discourse, he repeated the words of the text, and then, in tones of thunder, exclaimed: "The time to preach is past; the time to fight has come!" and, suiting the action to the word, he threw from his shoulders his robes, and stood before his congregation in military uniform. Drumming for recruits was commenced on the spot, and it is said that almost every male of a suitable age in the congregation enlisted forthwith.

A Fighting Clergyman.

Rev. B. C. Ward, pastor of a Congregational Church in the village of Gannessco, Illinois, considers it his duty to forsake the pulpit for the field. He has received authority to raise a company of infantry, but proposes to enlist clerjymen only. An appeal to his clerical brethren, published over his own signature, calling upon "the fighting stock of the church militant" to prove to the world their willingness to "seal with their blood what they have talked in their pulpits," and closes with this extraordinary passage:

"Much as we have said and done to prove our loyalty, we have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin. Shall we now, at the call of Christ, come out from behind our velvet-cushioned barracks, whence we have so often hurled bold, indignant words at the giant iniquity of the age, and meet it face to face with the hot shot of rifled artillery with the gleaming bayonet, or with clashing sabres in a hand to hand encounter?"

Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, has hitherto borne the title of the 'fighting parson,' but he has never gone so far as this Illinois clerjyman, and Mr. Ward is clearly entitled to wear the honors.

Another Catholic Voice.

The New York Tablet, a Roman Catholic journal, utters these patriotic sentiments:

"In common with, perhaps, a large majority of the people of the North, we wished to live in peace and harmony with the South, and we believed that the best way to promote and maintain that peace was to let our Southern neighbors manage their own business, provided they did not interfere with ours. If this course had been taken, in all probability affairs had never come to this crisis, but now that the harm is

done and the Southerners have seen fit to have recourse to war for a settlement of differences which might have been arranged on more amicable terms, we deem it the duty of every good citizen to stand by the Government of the country in defence of the Union. It matters not to us what political party holds the reins, the Tablet is committed to no party in the State, and speaks for none, but it will ever support the Government of the United States without regard to the name of the chief magistrate or the peculiar shade of his politics."

The Secret Out.

What the Maryland Legislature Intended to Do.

The Washington National Intelligencer of yesterday says:

One of our editorial corps, who has just returned from Maryland, says that on Saturday last there was a Union meeting at Pumphrey's Mills, in Anne Arundel county, Md., upon which occasion one of the speakers read a letter from a secession member of the Legislature to a former secessionist, with whom he had acted in concert, but who is now a loyal Union man. The letter of the traitorous legislator informed his supposed friend that the Legislature would meet, organize, and adjourn on the first day, and that on the morning of the second day the ordinance of secession, which had been prepared with great care, would be passed, and on that day the secessionists throughout the State were to meet in their respective precincts, where they were to remain until they received orders from Annapolis how to proceed.

The gentleman to whom this letter was addressed was requested to rally his secession neighbors, and to meet at a certain designated place, where they would be met by the writer of the letter, who would take command and act in accordance with the preconcerted plan.

It is now evident that the prompt and energetic action of the Administration, in arresting the leading members of the Legislature, not only prevented the passage of the ordinance of secession, but frustrated all the matured plans of the rebel conspirators.

How a Man Feels when He is Shot.

We take the following from a letter written by one of the Iowa volunteers, who fought in the battle near Springfield, Missouri:

I was standing, or rather kneeling, behind a little bush, reloading my musket, just before the rebels engaged in this close work retreated. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in the shoulder, and fell to the ground. Jumping up one of our boys asked me if I was hurt? I replied that I thought not, and drew up my musket to fire when he said: 'Yes, you are shot right through the shoulder.' I think it was the remark, more than the wound, which caused the field, all at once, to commence whirling around me in a very strange manner. I started to leave it, with a half-ounce musket-ball in my shoulder, and once or twice fell down with dizziness; but in a short time recovered sufficiently to be able to walk back to Springfield, nine miles where the ball was taken out.

This Wicked War.

It appears from the following paragraph, which we extract from an able communication to the St. Louis Republican, that the current phrase, 'this wicked war,' is not understood in Missouri as it is by the 'Peace Party' in Maryland:

"Fellow-citizens, why should we join this wicked war upon the Union? The Convention of the people declared that Missouri saw no good reason for revolution and destruction of the Government that our fathers founded, and that Convention was backed by a majority of the people of more than three to one. That was the decision of Missouri; and now by what authority did Claiborne F. Jackson and his band attempt to force this State out of the Union and into civil war? Where were 'States Rights' men then? Is it true States Rights means Southern Claims? and that the State is indeed nothing but a convenient title by which fools are guiled?"

Lots of Game.

A few days ago, a steamboat stopped at a landing somewhere in Arkansas, to wood. A customer on board the boat took his gun and stepped on shore, hoping that during the hour they were likely to stop, he might bag a few birds. After traveling a few rods, he came across a

rough-looking fellow, and the following dialogue ensued:

"How are ye?"

"How are ye, stranger?" replied the Arkansas man.

"Have you any game in these parts?"

"Oh, yes, plenty on 'em."

"What sorts of game?"

"Well, most any sort, but principally brag and poker."

The Famous Black-Horse Cavalry.

The famous black-horse cavalry, The terrible black-horse cavalry; I never knew such a terrible crew, As this famous black-horse cavalry. They ride so gallantly—Beware, ye Yankees all; Beware, ye Yankees all; Beware, ye Yankees all; Fear neither shell nor ball, Do this famous black-horse cavalry. Now, they come down on us, Every mother's son of us, Engulf, at one dashing swoop; Scare, with a yell and whoop, Our bonated Yankee braves, Our bold Fire Zouaves, How they thunder along, Fully six hundred strong; True sons of chivalry, Fall of their deity, Each one an E. F. V., All of the B. H. C. Now, boys, we feel the shock; See how the riders rock, Coolly our pieces cock, Volley on volley pour Into this famous corps, Madded with pain, Over the plain, Flying from the drended foe, See how their horses go, Wildly for their masters neigh, Ah, no more ties have they—All of them sundered, At least, with four hundred Of the famous black-horse cavalry.

While the remaining two Didn't know what to do, All, in confusion, Thought 'twas delusion; Gazed on their fellows, dead, Then wildly turned and fled. This is all can be said Of the famous black-horse cavalry.