

# Civilian and Telegraph.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1861.

NUMBER 45.

VOLUME XXXIV.

**Civilian and 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, \$2.50 if not so paid, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year.  
Near 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.  
NOTICE: ONE TWO THREE SIX TWELVE. One square, 1 25 2 25 3 50 4 75 5 00 6 00 7 00 8 00 9 00 10 00 11 00 12 00 13 00 14 00 15 00 16 00 17 00 18 00 19 00 20 00 21 00 22 00 23 00 24 00 25 00 26 00 27 00 28 00 29 00 30 00 31 00 32 00 33 00 34 00 35 00 36 00 37 00 38 00 39 00 40 00 41 00 42 00 43 00 44 00 45 00 46 00 47 00 48 00 49 00 50 00 51 00 52 00 53 00 54 00 55 00 56 00 57 00 58 00 59 00 60 00 61 00 62 00 63 00 64 00 65 00 66 00 67 00 68 00 69 00 70 00 71 00 72 00 73 00 74 00 75 00 76 00 77 00 78 00 79 00 80 00 81 00 82 00 83 00 84 00 85 00 86 00 87 00 88 00 89 00 90 00 91 00 92 00 93 00 94 00 95 00 96 00 97 00 98 00 99 00 100 00

Advertisements before Marriages and Deaths 10 cts. 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 advertisements 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.

INSOLVENCY NOTICES, cash in advance.  
PATENT MONUMENTS, one half in advance and the balance in six months.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, JOHN W. WORK, CASH.  
The losses we have sustained compel us to discontinue 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.  
Surgeon—DENTON D. BROWN.  
Clerk to County Comm'rs—WM. KILGOUR.  
Judges of the Orphan Court—  
JOSEPH HAWKINS,  
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 Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

ANDREWS & WATZELDER,  
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in  
Books and Stationery, Periodicals,  
Useful and Fancy Articles, Baltimore Street, in the room under the Museum. Also, Book & Bindery and Blank Work Manufacturers at city prices.

M. RIZER & BRO.  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,  
30th Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM E. BEALL & CO.,  
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in  
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.,  
near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
44 Cal's Alley, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of men's and boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON,  
Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,  
Respectfully asks a share of public patronage.  
Chestnut Street—Iron work always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore.

**WATCHES AND JEWELRY.**  
CHEAP FOR CASH.  
Repairing of every description done with neatness and dispatch.  
CAMEL AT

J. H. KELENBECK'S,  
Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street,  
July 19, 1856.

**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, and Belts, Grates, Mill-Irons, Pumps, Agricultural Implements, &c.  
March 17, 1859-7.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,  
WHOLESALE  
**DRUGGISTS,**  
and dealers in  
Paints, Glass & Oil.  
No. 320 Balto. St.,  
Baltimore.

BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID  
on hand. All Orders filled with great care, and at the lowest rates. April 11, '61-7.

**Tobacco and Segars.**  
JUST received and for sale a full assortment of Tobacco and Segars.  
June 9. W. M. BEALL & CO.

A FEW barrels left of Baker's Old Eye Whisky. For sale by W. M. BEALL & CO.

WAGNER'S PLANKS  
Manufactured at Baltimore.

**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 houses, 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 waste of money, but also, by enabling 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 advances of this truly trifling disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When ulceration and discolored blotches with racking pains, betray to the unhappy victim the deadly poison creeping upon his vitals, then, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," 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, driven into the system by mercury or copious and therefore seem to be well but break out in its most violent and difficult forms, producing ulcers in the throat, nose or roof of the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pains or swellings of bones, &c. On account of the numerous cases of this nature 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 public, particularly the young, 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, or neglect or improper treatment, the patient is often reduced to a state which makes the case extremely difficult to cure. Therefore be extremely careful to be aware of the importance of consulting a full physician in the early stages of the disease.

**CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.**  
Young men beware of the pernicious indulgence of the late and injurious you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the world influence of the passions.

How many young persons do we daily behold, slight, emaciated and debilitated constitutions, depict disease arising from that horrid and devastating vice.  
It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, pallidation of the face, 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 satisfy your consciences by the use of a medicine which makes 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 avoidable.

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 sending a few lines to receive a medicine which is 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 send a letter to the numerous Societies advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up to sell and do not 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.  
The letters will be answered, unless they contain remittance or Postage Stamp to pay postage on the answer.  
Jan. 1st, 1861-7.

**Attention Builders!**

as Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings and Venetian Blinds,  
MANUFACTURED and for sale at R. D. Johnson's Steam Planing Machine, on Center Street.  
Orders received either at the Shop, or at Dr. John Bruce's Lumber Yard.  
Jan. 19, 1859-7. H. DAMM.

**AMES S. ROBINSON,**  
Paer Warehouse,  
No. 4 South Charles St.,  
New doors below German-st.,  
BALTIMORE.

Orders and has made to order all kinds of PAPER.  
Parches, Bags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock.  
Sept. 1, 1859-7.

**High Gas Burning**

**Cooling Stoves!**  
THE undersigned has just received an assortment of the latest stoves, which he offers to the public at moderate prices. There is a great saving in fuel by the use of these stoves.  
Sept. 15, 1861. JOHN JOHNSON.

**Poetical.**  
**A War-Song of the Revolution.**  
BY JOHN NEAL.

Men of the North! look up!  
There's tumult in your sky;  
A troubled glory surging out,  
Great shadows hurrying by.

Your strength—where is it now?  
Your quivers—are they spent?  
Your arrows in the rust of death?  
Your fathers' bows unbent?

Men of the North! awake!  
Ye're called to from the deep;  
Trumpets in every breeze—  
Yet there ye lie asleep.

A stir in every tree;  
A shout from every wave;  
A challenge on every side;  
A moan from every grave:

A battle in the sky;  
Ships thundering through the air—  
Jehovah on His march—  
Men of the North! to prayer!

Now, now—in all your strength;  
There's that before your way,  
Above, about you, and below,  
Like armies in array.

Lift up your eyes, and see  
The changes overhead;  
Now hold your breath, and hear  
The mustering of the dead.

See how the midnight air  
With bright commotion burns,  
Thronging with giant shape,  
Banner and spear by turns.

The sea-fog driving in,  
Solemnly and swift;  
The moon afraid—stars dropping out—  
The very skies adrift:

The Everlasting God,  
Our Father—Lord of Love—  
With cherubim and seraphim,  
All gathering above.

The stormy plumage lighted up,  
As forth to war they go;  
The shadow of the Universe  
Upon our haughty foe.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**Providence Prospers Honesty.**  
BY MRS. S. T. SIMON.

A poor boy, about ten years of age entered the warehouse of a rich merchant, Samuel Ritcher, in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms.

"You will get nothing here," grumbled the man, "so be off."

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, and at that moment Herr Ritcher entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning towards the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer, and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile Herr Ritcher glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground.

"Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried. The weeping boy turned and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer. "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Ritcher was pleased with the reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face.

"But you are not ashamed," he said, in a kind, though serious tone, "you, so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how, and I am too little yet to thrash or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and little brother have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for alms. But alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread; since then I have not eaten a morsel!"

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this, and thus harden many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said: "There is half a dollar, go to the bakers and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother and brother, but bring the other half to me."

The boy took the money and ran joyfully away.

"Well, said the surly book-keeper, 'he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again.'"

"There, good sir," he cried almost breathless, "there is the rest of the money." Then being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to bite upon it. But suddenly bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family at home, and learned that his father had lived in a village, about four miles from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm. But his house had burned to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbor, but before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil.

And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched.—He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.

"Listen, my son," have you then really a wish to learn?"

"Oh, yes; I have, indeed!" cried the boy. "I have read the catechism already, and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my brother to carry, for my mother was sick in bed."

Herr Ritcher suddenly formed his resolution.

"Well, then," he said, "as you are good, honest and industrious, I will take good care of you. You shall learn, have meat and drink, and clothing, and in time earn something more. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, "My mother all this while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Ritcher's house.—The man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb and food and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr Ritcher directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum for the poor family, and promising future assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Ritcher at once dismissed the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plan he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the matter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster father took him into his counting room, in order to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at the writing desk as on the school bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but by the aid of the noble Ritcher and her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love for him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village considerable quantities of hemp and flax, which was very good and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well, that in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars.

Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time, and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Ritcher as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease caught Herr Ritcher upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, Herr Ritcher closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years, in that of his beloved foster son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other, and in silence yet affectionately and earnestly, solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Ritcher's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Ritcher, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North, and the care of Providence seemed to watch over the interest of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until in her two and seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of honesty, industry and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalms, xxxiii.

**Why Men ought to Enlist.**  
The New York Tribune gives the following as some of the inducements that should impel loyal men to promptly enroll themselves in the army of the Union:

1. The cause. We fight for the life of the Nation, the maintenance of free institutions, and the protection of our homes and property. Patriotism, love of liberty and self-preservation, call to arms.

2. Our common soldiers, under the recent act of Congress, are better paid than those of any other nation.

3. The rations provided for troops have been recently increased. They are now more liberal than those given to any other army in the world.

4. The clothing furnished, we hope, will from this time onward, be an excellent quality. The reign of "shoddy" is over.

5. Camp equipage and hospital furnishings are being placed upon the very best footing. All the modern improvements to secure the health and comfort of the men are being adopted.

6. The weapons now being supplied to all arms of the service are of the most desirable and effective patterns.

7. For all these expenditures the Government has ample means to pay. Its treasury is full, and its credit firm and unquestioned.

8. Special care is being taken to place none but competent officers in command of regiments, brigades and divisions. Imbecility and ignorance are either resigning, or being forced out of service.

9. The Autumn, with its healthy sun and bracing breezes has arrived. The Summer solstice deterred tens of thousands of Northern citizens from following their flag into the sultry rebel States.

10. The harvest being over, and the hard times upon us, swarms of men can find no employment so profitable, viewed

as mere work for hire, as going into the army. This is true of traders and mechanics, as well as farmers, and applies with great force to the redundant population of our large cities.

11. Hereafter, our troops along the frontier lines will not be compelled to fight against such an overwhelming superiority of numbers as heretofore. It is plain that henceforth the Navy is to give the traitors plenty of employment upon the Atlantic coast. The rebels will be compelled to withdraw large masses of their soldiers now in the Border States, in order to defend their menaced and harassed harbors and inlets.

**Napoleon Manufacturing Gold.**

The following sounds very much like the stories of the Arabian Nights, or Sinbad the Sailor, but as it comes from a respectable source we give it for what it is worth. It has been a great mystery to English bankers, and to the Directors of the Bank of England, how the bullion of the Bank of France could be so greatly increased within the last three years, while the institution has been constantly sending gold to England, to Germany, and to America. Not long since the Bank of France drew some fifteen million francs in silver from the Bank of England, which it paid for in gold bars, with the French Mint stamp on them. At its last report it showed a balance of one hundred and seventeen million francs in gold, while the amount one year ago was under eighty million—nearly one-third increase. It is whispered that this abundance in gold is the result of a scientific discovery, which the Emperor Napoleon has secured the monopoly of. Gold is at the present moment manufactured in Paris in a secret manner. The principal articles used are lead and arsenic; and, though not known how extensively the precious metal is produced, yet several hundred weight of the material are taken to a certain place on the first of each month. Every thing is conducted with the utmost secrecy. None of the workmen are allowed to leave, and nothing definite can be known; but the fact that gold is produced in beyond peradventure. How long Napoleon III will be able to keep this wonderful secret remains to be seen.

**A New Kind of Artillery.**

The Chicago Post mentions the organization in that city of a novel artillery battalion, upon the same plan as the one now organizing at Richmond, Indiana. The battalion is to consist of six hundred and fifty men, with one hundred guns—the guns to have the capacity of carrying a two-pound ball two and a half miles. A portion of the guns required by the battalion will be made in Richmond. They will have steel barrels, rifled, and of very superior workmanship. A battalion of this description must be one of the most efficient in battle of any in the world. They are light of metal, but of long range, and are to be mounted on light two-wheeled carriages, each carriage carrying its own ammunition box. Instead of horses, with the trouble and time of hitching and unhitching, the men draw their own gun carriages, which, considering their extreme lightness, is less toiling than carrying a musket and knapsack. There are six men to each gun, who, in addition, of course, carry pistols and other small arms. It is easy to perceive, that in a battle guns of this description could be handled with wonderful facility and with most deadly effect. Used against infantry or cavalry, a battalion of this description would be almost as effective as a dozen full batteries of light artillery, the equipment and outfit of which would cost ten times as much as the equipment and outfit of this novel battalion.

**Did You Ever?**

Did you ever hear one of those men who talk of the expenses of war, blame the Confederates for bringing the war upon us?

Did you ever hear one of them, when talking of Lincoln's unconstitutional act in calling out troops, say anything about the unconstitutionality of raising an army of rebels at the South?

Did you ever hear any one of them say Jeff Davis was trampling the Constitution under foot?

Did you ever hear one of them say that the North was anything but what the Southerners call it—a nest of cowards?

Did you ever hear one of them say the Union cause would triumph, or even hope it would?

In short, did you ever hear one of them express a patriotic thought, except when forced to?

**Immense Armies.**

There is little doubt that the armies now on the line of the Potomac and its vicinity amount to the immense aggregate of near 200,000 men on each side, or 400,000 combatants. Whenever a general battle shall occur, it will not only have no parallel on the Western Continent in the forces engaged, but hardly one in the history of modern Europe will vie with it. The great battles of Napoleon were generally fought with numbers far inferior to those now under the walls of Washington.

For instance, at Ansterlitz, where Napoleon defeated the combined armies of Russia and Austria, he had but 80,000 troops; the allies had 100,000. At Jena and Austerlitz, where he broke the power of Prussia, his forces were not over 130,000 strong. At the great battle of Wagram, fought with the Austrians on the banks of the Danube, in 1809, he had but 160,000 men. At Borodino, under the walls of Moscow, he had but 120,000 to oppose the Russians. At Waterloo he did not have to exceed 80,000 troops.

The only battle-field we now recollect of, where the combatants were as numerous as those around Washington, was Leipzig, in 1812, where Napoleon had 175,000, and the allies—Russians, Austrians, Swedes, Prussians and Germans—numbered 260,000. Nearly half a million of men took part in this tremendous battle, which was known as the Combat of the Giants.

It lasted three days, and ended in a complete overthrow of Napoleon, who was driven into France, where a series of disasters commenced that did not end until Napoleon abdicated his crown and was exiled to the Island of Elba, in 1814. No battle was ever fought on the soil of the United States where 60,000 combatants took part in it on both sides.

From these figures we can judge of what a battle we have reason to expect when the hosts of McClellan and Beauregard, more than twice the number of those of Napoleon and Wellington at Waterloo, come into collision on the banks of the Potomac. It will be an event that will be the great military feature, probably for ages to come, of martial progress in America.

Washington never had thirty thousand men in one army under his command; Jackson never had fifteen thousand men, and Scott, never before the present war, had seen twenty thousand troops under his orders. Great is the ability required to manoeuvre and handle such a large body of men and bring them into action at the proper time and place. The late battle at Bull Run extended over seven miles from one end of our line to another. To know what is going on in such an amphitheatre, and to be prepared to order up reserves and strengthen every exposed point, requires the highest degree of intellect.—*Ch. Eng.*

**Beauty of the Sea.**

There is a charm in the sea. The freedom there is in its sweep, the grandeur there is in its billows, the music there is in its roar; its round horizon beaded with white foam, red with the wine of morning light; the ruby sun, that descends into its waters and dissolves; the ship, so like a bird, that spreads its white wings and skirts the sea-encircled world; the wild tale of strange lands and strange adventures; the gems and gold that strew its coral groves touched with eternal sunshine; the bubbles that have broken upon its surface and released the parting souls; all these have shrouded the sea with a mysterious charm.

And then to think that the sea is the cemetery of the world, that an angel's voice shall summon it, and it shall surrender its dead to air and light again; that the lower half of heaven is hidden like a jewelled cup in its bosom, and the ever-going sun had worn no path thence, and the long caravan of ages left no footprints as it went.

**Getting a Wedding Coat.**

Among the anecdotes related by Dr. Bushnell, in his sermon at Honesdale, illustrative of the age of Homespun, was this:—One of the aged divines of that country, still living, was married during the Revolution under singular difficulties. There was an obstacle to the wedding which seemed insurmountable. He had no wedding coat, nor was wool to be had to make one, and it was in the dead of winter. Yet all parties were ready, and he was anxious to be married without delay. At last the mother of the intended bride, discovered the difficulty, and promptly had some of her sheep shorn and sewed up in blankets! to keep them warm, and of the