

# Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXIV.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1861.

NUMBER 51.

### 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, he has treated more than 25,000 cases of the most difficult and long standing 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 disease 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. is the only regular physician advertising, who 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 moderate in his charges than he could justly be, whose 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 blotches with itching 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 opium, and therefore seem 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. An account of the number of such which have lately come under my care, and the immense suffering which a little neglect or improper treatment, which is the case 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 can never 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. The patient should be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early stage of the disease.

### CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.

Young men! beware of the pernicious indulgence and most fatal injury you inflict upon your constitutions, by evil examples and the morbid influence of dissipated 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 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 the 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 is worth a hundred." 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.

### Attention Builders!

Sash, Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings and Venetian 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.

### JAMES S. ROBINSON,

### Paper Warehouse,

No. 21 South Charles St., Baltimore.

Keo on hand and has made to order all kinds of PAPER. Purchases Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock. Sept. 1, 1859—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.

## 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, \$2.50 if not so paid, and \$3.00 if not paid within the year. Hear 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.

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

Largerspace for short periods, as per agreement.

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 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.

INSOLVENCY 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—HORACE RESLEY. Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.

Sheriff—HENRY A. ATKINSON. State's Attorney—C. B. THURSTON. Surveyor—DENTON D. BROWN. Street & County Commissioners—WM. KILGOUR.

Judges of the Orphan's Court—JOSEPH 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. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Read's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

ANDREWS & SWANTZELDER, 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 Deall's Foundry.

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

H. B. CARLETON, MERCHANT TAILOR, McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street, keeps on hand and makes to order all kinds of Gents' and Boys' wearing apparel.

JOHN JOHNSON, Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker, Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Find and Sheet-Iron work 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. CALL AT 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. Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery, Furnaces, Stoves, Grates, Mill-Irons, Pumps, Agricultural Implements, &c. March 17, 1859—y.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT, WHOLESALE and dealers in Paints, Glass & Oil. No. 839 Balt. St., Baltimore.

BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID on hand. See Orders filled with great care, and at the lowest rates. April 11, '61—y.

### Auditor's Notice.

THE creditors of Dr. George Lynn, deceased, who are entitled to the benefit of the provisions of Article I, Sec. 99, &c., of the Public Local Laws of Maryland, (known as the Mined and Manufacturers Lien Law) are hereby notified to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the undersigned, on or before the 1st day of December next, as on that day, I will proceed, under the decree of the Court, to ascertain the names of the claimants and the amounts due to each respectively. J. J. McHENRY, Auditor. Nov. 14, '61—3t.

### Poetical.

#### The Star of the Union.

BY GEORGE W. WILSON.

The sky is dark: save one fair star,  
All take their flight in still despair;  
But one still lives and burns afar,  
'Tis cherished by a nation's prayer;  
It dwells serenely 'midst the night,  
More brightly burns with danger nigh,  
Loved emblem of a nation's might,  
The Star of Union cannot die.

Though storms assail, they can but scar;  
The lightning's flash a moment quells;  
Columbia in her fiery car,  
Above each conflict safely dwells.  
Forever sparkle in thy sphere,  
Unharm'd by passing meteor's glare;  
Thou art the star that all revere,  
The brightest gem of earth and air.

Shine on forever, silver star!  
Shed lustre o'er each soldier's grave;  
And nations watch thee from afar—  
The hope and beacon of the brave:  
A moment's war thy face may cloud,  
But brighter, dearer shall thou be  
When hurled from the sable shroud  
We hail thee—star of victory.

#### Black Eyes and Blue.

Black eyes most dazzle at a ball;  
Blue eyes most please at evening fall.  
Black a conquest soonest gain;  
The blue a conquest most retain;  
The black bespeak a lively heart,  
Whose soft emotions soon depart:  
The blue a staidier life betray,  
That burns and lives beyond a day;  
The black may features best disclose,  
In blue may feelings all repose,  
Then let each reign without control,  
The black all mind—the blue all soul.

### The Romance of War.

How Capt. Wilkes got Even with John Slidell.

The Brooklyn Times is responsible for the following:  
"Capt. Wilkes, the bold and responsible assuming commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their Secretaries, is now about 56 years of age. Consequently, as Jack Humby would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor and not often given to the melting mood, the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough sou'wester, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The blow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was 'a lass who loved a sailor,'—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tallow chandler well-to-do, called Slidell, and young Slidell feeling considerably cut up by being out, refused to accept 'the mitten,' and not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with 'poisoning' the mind of the 'stern parent' of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which after many protestations and the customary amount of tears and hysterics, she did, and became Mrs. John Slidell. The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to his duty and sustaining the honor of his nation's flag, never seeing his 'lady lass' again, or meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart, until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country and a rebel against the flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war. We congratulate the bold Charles upon having at last 'got more than even.'"

### Miscellaneous.

#### For the Civilian & Telegraph.

#### What is Life?

It is even as a vapor, says the "Good Book," and poet Keat says,  
Stop and consider; Life is but a day,  
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way;  
From a tree's summit a poor Indian's sleep,  
As his boat hastens to the monstrous steep,  
What is life?—aye what is life is sadly echoed back upon my anxious ear—but hark!—my heart speaks—let me hear what answer it gives. Life is a smile, a laugh, and again a smile;—a sigh, a tear, a groan, and all is over. Life in its different aspects has been presented to my view, and as one picture after another of the shadowy varied past arises before my mind's eye, and I perceive ardent, stern, painful reality, impressed upon each, my heart is compelled to admit that all is not fancy. The end of life with some is as the beginning—bright, glad, joyful and hopeful, even until the solemn hour when the things of Time are exchanged for those of Eternity. But how far from the beginning is the end of such? Truly, the length of such lives is but a span; but O, what a long, delightful eternity awaits their happy spirits.

Some see the end of these glad days, not when they are about to enter into the land of bliss, but when the dark clouds which hover about most of Earth's children are creeping towards them—when the sorrows of this world steal into their hearts, then shadows are cast over those sunny days, and the joys of earth are blighted. But an end cometh to all these shadows, which is the beginning of Eternal light, and joys that never pass away. Oh! who would not bear all these things patiently, for the sake of the rich reward provided upon whom it may.

Again, there are those upon whom it may be said the bright sun has never shone—whose spirits have been crushed, whose joys have been blighted from the earliest period of the comprehension of the things which produce joy and sorrow. But for these too, a happy issue is in store, and if faithful in performing their duty, patient in enduring affliction, will most certainly reach that long wished for goal.

Take courage, then, thou child of grief and sorrow, and forget not that thy path is strewn by the hand of Wisdom. Be not affrighted at the apparent ruggedness of the way, for all these difficulties are necessary, and though you may now be "seeing through a glass darkly," a day is drawing near when light will take the place of darkness, and the mysteries which now surround you will be perfectly understood.

Truly it has been said, "Life is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers, lightsome at commencement but darkening to its end in a distant massy path." R. Cumberland, Dec. 9th.

### A Celestial Reverie.

There comes, to the thoughtful and contemplative man, a peculiar sense of serene majesty, when twilight falls upon the earth in spring time. The heart is then a devout worshipper in the great cathedral of nature. Low, deep toned harmonies seem to vibrate in the still and solemn air, and faint mellow beams fading every moment, steal from the stained window of the west, as one by one the evening lights "go upon the watch."—But when twilight deepens into night, the wide overarching firmament—"the majestic roof fretted with golden fires," in its bright and countless hosts of worlds overwhelms the wrapt gazer with awe, at the power and majesty of the Great Architect—

"Are these bright orbs," he exclaims, "inhabitable worlds like this of ours?" Lo! even when we gaze, one falls far down the dark blue vault, and vanishes away. Was a world in the inscrutable providence of the Supreme, then blotted from being? Is our universe but a star, to the dwellers of these suspended spheres, and will be seen ages hence, from yon gleaming orb, suddenly to fall and fade, like a transient meteor in the sky? He alone knoweth, who spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain, and hangeth the earth on nothing. Faint glimpses are indeed afforded to the searcher after the unseen—dim perceptions of Nature's sublime mysteries. We wonder and admire, when at a moment of years foretold, one celestial system clips with its mighty shadow a fellow system, as far in space they sweep their awful circles. We marvel, when commissioned by the all powerful, a wan and misty orb, predicted for a century, streams its horrid flare upon the mighty sky. But of even these phenomena, how limited is our knowledge! Our best philosophical system is none other than a dream—theorem, a netquoting, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown.—Knickerbocker.

### HERRMANN, THE CONJUROR.

Some of His Astonishing Tricks before a New York Audience.

Herrmann borrows a hat from some gentleman in the audience, who, through all the vicissitudes of the crisis, still retains his triumphant tick at Amidon's. The hat is irreplaceable. Also empty. Ah! is it, indeed? Out of that hat, without retiring from his station upon the gang-plank laid over the orchestra, between the stage and the parquette, he produces two milk-white rabbits, literally alive and kicking. The audience feel of them, and discover, congruently with Herrmann's delightful idiom, that "there are no preparations" in them. The magician receives them back—quietly observes that for convenience of carriage one rabbit is better than two—compresses the four milk-white rabbits of the little quadrupeds in one hand—makes a pass over them—and drops a single rabbit on the gang plank! Single—yet large enough to prove that a mutual absorption of rabbits has really taken place.

### The Romance of War.

How Capt. Wilkes got Even with John Slidell.

The Brooklyn Times is responsible for the following:  
"Capt. Wilkes, the bold and responsible assuming commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their Secretaries, is now about 56 years of age. Consequently, as Jack Humby would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor and not often given to the melting mood, the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough sou'wester, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The blow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was 'a lass who loved a sailor,'—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tallow chandler well-to-do, called Slidell, and young Slidell feeling considerably cut up by being out, refused to accept 'the mitten,' and not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with 'poisoning' the mind of the 'stern parent' of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which after many protestations and the customary amount of tears and hysterics, she did, and became Mrs. John Slidell. The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to his duty and sustaining the honor of his nation's flag, never seeing his 'lady lass' again, or meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart, until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country and a rebel against the flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war. We congratulate the bold Charles upon having at last 'got more than even.'"

### A Daring Exploit.

Among the many instances where the bravery of our officers and men has shown conspicuous, the one we are about to relate is almost unequalled:

Captain Spencer, Aid to General Wool, received information from two ladies who went from Norfolk to Fortress Monroe with a flag of truce, that near midnight a six-oared boat was to leave Norfolk for Richmond with money for the payment of the rebel soldiers. He requested permission of General Wool to attempt their capture, and was told not to place too much confidence in the information received. Nevertheless, permission was given, and selecting two good oarsmen on whom he could rely, with their oars muffled, he started at dark, and awaited the coming of the enemy's boat. He had previously given direction to his men to pull directly for the boat, and on the moment of striking to "back water" instantly.

About midnight the boat was heard approaching, and taking his station in the bows, with a nine-inch shell in his hands, he gave the order to "give way." The moment his bows struck the rebel boat he threw the shell into the middle of it, and was himself drawn back, luckily receiving no injury from the explosion. Not so the boat and occupants, however, the former of which was broken in two, and the latter were scattered in all directions in the water, not, however, before discharging their pistols at him, two balls going through his cap and three perforating his coat. The men were then told that if they submitted quietly they would be saved, otherwise he would leave them to their fate.

They preferred the former, and arming himself with his pistol in one hand and a dirk (taken by him at the battle of Bull Run) in his other, he took them as they were pulled in. In addition to which from the stern of the enemy's boat which floated, he took eleven hundred dollars in gold, and five thousand dollars in their worthless paper money. It was with some difficulty that he reached the fort, the gunwale of the boat being almost level with the water with its increased freight.

### HERRMANN, THE CONJUROR.

Some of His Astonishing Tricks before a New York Audience.

Herrmann borrows a hat from some gentleman in the audience, who, through all the vicissitudes of the crisis, still retains his triumphant tick at Amidon's. The hat is irreplaceable. Also empty. Ah! is it, indeed? Out of that hat, without retiring from his station upon the gang-plank laid over the orchestra, between the stage and the parquette, he produces two milk-white rabbits, literally alive and kicking. The audience feel of them, and discover, congruently with Herrmann's delightful idiom, that "there are no preparations" in them. The magician receives them back—quietly observes that for convenience of carriage one rabbit is better than two—compresses the four milk-white rabbits of the little quadrupeds in one hand—makes a pass over them—and drops a single rabbit on the gang plank! Single—yet large enough to prove that a mutual absorption of rabbits has really taken place.

### The Romance of War.

How Capt. Wilkes got Even with John Slidell.

The Brooklyn Times is responsible for the following:  
"Capt. Wilkes, the bold and responsible assuming commander of the San Jacinto, who caused a gun to be fired across the bows of the British steamer Trent, brought her to and relieved her of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their Secretaries, is now about 56 years of age. Consequently, as Jack Humby would say, he was once younger than he is now. Though every inch a sailor and not often given to the melting mood, the blind god once succeeded in sending one of his shafts clear through his rough sou'wester, which found a lodgment in his honest heart. The blow from which the shaft was sped hung in the eyes of a fair girl, and straightway the jolly tar fell head over ears in love. He prosecuted his suit with vigor. The girl was 'a lass who loved a sailor,'—and so smiled upon him, and consented to become his wife. But the young sailor had a rival in the son of a respectable tallow chandler well-to-do, called Slidell, and young Slidell feeling considerably cut up by being out, refused to accept 'the mitten,' and not having spunk enough to throw down the glove to his sailor rival, contented himself with 'poisoning' the mind of the 'stern parent' of the fair one, until he refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with the bold Charlie Wilkes, and insisted upon her giving her hand to young Slidell, which after many protestations and the customary amount of tears and hysterics, she did, and became Mrs. John Slidell. The bold Charlie Wilkes did not peak and pine, or let his melancholy feed on his weather-beaten cheeks, but went to sea and smothered his grief in attending to his duty and sustaining the honor of his nation's flag, never seeing his 'lady lass' again, or meeting his successful rival for her hand and heart, until he saw him standing a prisoner on board his ship, a traitor to his country and a rebel against the flag the honest tar had spent his life in defending. Such is the romance of war. We congratulate the bold Charles upon having at last 'got more than even.'"

### A Daring Exploit.

Among the many instances where the bravery of our officers and men has shown conspicuous, the one we are about to relate is almost unequalled:

Captain Spencer, Aid to General Wool, received information from two ladies who went from Norfolk to Fortress Monroe with a flag of truce, that near midnight a six-oared boat was to leave Norfolk for Richmond with money for the payment of the rebel soldiers. He requested permission of General Wool to attempt their capture, and was told not to place too much confidence in the information received. Nevertheless, permission was given, and selecting two good oarsmen on whom he could rely, with their oars muffled, he started at dark, and awaited the coming of the enemy's boat. He had previously given direction to his men to pull directly for the boat, and on the moment of striking to "back water" instantly.

About midnight the boat was heard approaching, and taking his station in the bows, with a nine-inch shell in his hands, he gave the order to "give way." The moment his bows struck the rebel boat he threw the shell into the middle of it, and was himself drawn back, luckily receiving no injury from the explosion. Not so the boat and occupants, however, the former of which was broken in two, and the latter were scattered in all directions in the water, not, however, before discharging their pistols at him, two balls going through his cap and three perforating his coat. The men were then told that if they submitted quietly they would be saved, otherwise he would leave them to their fate.

They preferred the former, and arming himself with his pistol in one hand and a dirk (taken by him at the battle of Bull Run) in his other, he took them as they were pulled in. In addition to which from the stern of the enemy's boat which floated, he took eleven hundred dollars in gold, and five thousand dollars in their worthless paper money. It was with some difficulty that he reached the fort, the gunwale of the boat being almost level with the water with its increased freight.

### Evening Thoughts.

Who does not love to gaze on a scene like this glowing sunset? The western sky is all ablaze and gleams like burnished gold, and all objects beneath its gilded rays are bathed in a golden light. Even that small, fleecy cloud floating near seems tinged with gold. After all, this is a beautiful world, and contains many bright spots among the clouds.—Oh, that we could make our lives so beautiful that, when bowed down with grief, we could rise above the gloomy thoughts that oppress us and see the star of hope still bright and be led to believe that the darkest cloud has a silver lining and that "Behind a frowning providence God hides a smiling face."

This beautiful sunset reminds me of another of which this seems the counterpart. Years have passed since then, but the incidents of that evening are as bright to my mental eye as those of this morning. Time cannot obliterate them while life lasts or season holds her throne.

Again I seem to stand in the darkened chamber where weeping friends stood around the death-bed of the dearest friend I have ever lost. Again I gaze upon the marble brow where death had set its seal, and the half-closed eyelids, as she would lie in gentle slumber, or the glassy gaze in her wakeful moments, all presents a picture on which I had never gazed before that well-remembered evening. I was then quite young, and she, our dying one, was young. But little more than twenty years of sunshine and shade had passed over her head. When a child she had known what it was to lose the dearest of all earthly friends, a mother, and was left with no sympathizing heart to share her joy or sorrow. She lived in her father's house surrounded by every comfort wealth could procure. Teachers were employed, and, being of a thoughtful turn, she bent her mind to study. Her father's library became her favorite resort, and there she would sit for hours among the great and noble minds which there held sway. They seemed inviting her from every shelf to come and partake of the rich feast, and she did partake most freely. She would sit for hours gleaning rich gems of thought from her favorite authors, and the knowledge she thus obtained was destined to be of great benefit to her in after years, when she moved in the literary world. In her seventeenth year she wedded, against her father's will, a poor but worthy young man. I shall say but little of this one act of disobedience that mars the otherwise beautiful story of her life. Let any one who would cast blame upon her, remember that her youthful days were spent without a mother's watchful care, and that of all who have ever lived upon this earth there was but one altogether perfect.

### A Cheerful Heart.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual: "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry, cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world, as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious, lest what they have should escape from their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good. That is not religion—religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by places where it is not. There is enough in this world to content about and find fault with if men have the disposition.

We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey with peace.

### Gen. McClellan's Selection of Winter Quarters.

A letter from a member of the Rhode Island Second to the Phoenix Journal, contains the following expressive passage, after describing Gen. McClellan, and related the pointed compliment paid by him to the regiment at the close of a review:

Just as the General was about to mount his horse to leave, Col. Wheaton asked him when we were to return to our old quarters at Camp Sprague. He modestly replied: "Do you know of a place called —, between Mobile and Richmond?" (I have now forgotten the name of the place he mentioned.)

"Yes," replied the Colonel.

"Well, that is the place I intend having your regiment quartered this Winter."

### Sleigh-Riding.

The sleigh-riding time may soon be expected in this quarter (if sleigh-riding is to be at all vouchsafed us this year); and though money is not so abundant as it is sometimes, who will not indulge, to a small extent, in the enjoyment? To be sure, we relish sleigh-riding pretty much as we do oysters—not so much for the thing itself as for the "trimmings."—To be packed in a box; to be trotted, half frozen, up and down the streets; to have the sharp wind taking all manner of liberty with your nose and ears; to have your feet as numb as a dead man's, and be asked to christen the whole thing "fun," is not so delightful. But then the "trimmings" are something; for, to have plenty of feminine dry-goods to lean against; to have two little bonnets squeezed up against your cap, or two rosy cheeks pressed like three-ply velvet against your own, is capital.

MACBETH says:—"Time was when the brains were out men would die," but a case which occurred lately in Liverpool disproves it to a certain extent. A woman in that city being accidentally struck on the head with a poker, in a street row, was found to have received a compound fracture of the skull, and the surgeon was compelled to remove about half an ounce of her brain,