Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXV. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1862. NUMBER 2.

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 29,500 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which no doubt exceeds that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case is known, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with diseases of the above nature, "no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be, would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

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

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

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

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

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILLITY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Address, DR. J. B. SMITH.

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

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

Jan. 1st. 1861.—1y.

Attention Builders!

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

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

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

June 30, 1859—1y. H. DAMM.

JAMES S. ROBINSON,

Paper Warehouse,

No. 24 South Charles St.,

A few doors below German-st,

BALTIMORE.

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

Purchases Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill Stock. Sept. 1 1861—y.

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.

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.

MONTHS.	ONE	TWO	THREE	SIX	TWELVE.
One square,	1 25	2 25	3 50	6 00	10 00
Two squares	2 25	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 10
Three "	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

Larger space 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.

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—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—HENRY R ATKINSON.
State's Attorney—C. B. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—DENTON D. BROWN.
Clerk to County Commr'ners—WM: KILGOUR.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
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 & SWARTZWELDER,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Books and Stationery, Periodicals,

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

M. RIZER & BRO.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Cabinet Furniture of all kinds,

South Liberty St., near Beall's Foundry.

WILLIAM R. BEALL, & CO.,

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

near the Depot, Balto. Street.

H. D. CARLETON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

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

JOHN JOHNSON,

Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,

Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Tinand 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.

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, Plows, Agricultural Implements, &c.

March 17, 1859—y.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,

WHOLESALE

DRUGGISTS,

and dealers in

Paints, Glass & Oil.

No. 339 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.

Estate of Elisha Willison.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Allegany Co., Letters of Administration on the estate of Elisha Willison, late of said county, dec'd. All persons having claims against said dec'd are hereby warned to exhibit the same properly authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of June, 1862, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted are requested to make immediate payment. Given under our hands this 19th day of December, 1861. JONATHAN WILSON,

Dec. 19, 1861—3t. Administrator.

Poetical.

[THE annexed beautiful and touching poem, which we take from the Methodist Protestant, of Nov. 3, 1860, is from the pen of the lamented Dr. E. Y. Reese, written upon the death of his wife. It will be read with melancholy interest by his many friends and admirers, now that he has gone to meet her whom he so dearly loved. G. W. B.]

ALONE, (a Midnight Reverie.)

I am alone to night,
Nay not alone,
For thou, beloved, art with me.
Did I dream?
Methought thy warm breath kissed my fevered brow,
Methought thou stood'st reclining at my side,
Thy circling arm reposing on my own,
As when, into my hungry ear, thy whisper
Poured its rich tribute of confiding love.
The pen wherewith I fashioned vagrant thought
Dropped from my fingers. All unconsciously
I turned to meet the soul-light of thine eyes,
To feel the warmth of thy endearing smile,
To grasp the hand whose touch, in answering touch,
Signaled whole volumes of unfaltering Trust!
Ah me! 'twas but a dream! Thou art not here!
No eyes, like stars, meet my imploring glance,
No smile, like sunshine, bathes me in its beauty
No touch responsive thrills. I am alone!
Alone! how sorrowful to be alone!
I never knew, beloved, till thou wast taken,
The meaning of that bitter word, alone!
I *feel* it now in all its bitter desolation!
What time I stood beside thine open grave
And heard the clods fall jarringly and heavy,
Upon thy coffin-lid, my Beautiful,
Oh, then my heart within, with sudden bound,
Seemed to leap from my body and stretch out
Its yearning arms toward thy enshrouded form,
And take its place beside thee. There it lay,
Clasping thee in its grasp of passionate grief:
It would not be divorced, not e'en by Death!
For when I turned me with the parting crowd
It nestled closer to thy cold, cold clay,
The living with the dead. *It lies there still!*
Leaving me desolate in the world,—*Alone!*
Nay, let me chide this sudden burst of sorrow,
It is not well to be betrayed by passion
Into this wild forgetfulness of reason,
'Twas but what *seemed* thyself that day we buried,
And 'tis not wise to speak thus of the dead
Whom Christ has taken. Thou art *living* still;
Oh, my own Love, art thou not with me now?
Looking upon my midnight hour of grief
With eyes compassionate?—it may be, wondering
That this poor heart will not be comforted,
And longing to uplift the darkened curtain
That veils thee from my vision? I, alone?
Thy spirit still holds fellowship with mine;
I talk with thee, and find my woe assuaged;
Find something soothing in these hours of silence,
When thou and I sit talking thus together
In sweet soul-converse, while the world is dark.
For thou, mine own, art a perpetual presence
About my pathway. In my restless dreams
Thou comest to soothe the weary hours of night;
And when the cheerful Sun looks through my curtains,
His first beams light my soul to thoughts of thee
And of thy Home, where Day all glorious reigns
And Night holds no dominion. Nor alone!
Nay, *thou art with me. I am not alone.*
I have no picture of thee, dear departed,
I have no picture of thee—it is well!
No artist skill could paint thee. Not the Sun
Himself could catch the life of thy sweet face,
And it would mar my joy to look upon
A blank, expressionless, and fading toy,
And call it by *thy name.* Yes, I have pictures
Hung in the deathless Hall of Memory,
Which Time can never dim. In rarest framework
These pictures all stand out before my vision,
And bless me with their beauty. Girlhood's smile,
Which won my love, and woman's gentle bearing,
Which left its impress on my ruder nature,
And fashioned me to sweet companionship
With thee, whose heart was full of tender grace,
As flowers of Spring are full of sweet perfume.
Oh, these are pictures which can never fade!—
I look upon them till my tears are kindled
Into a blaze of joy, and I forget
The 'wildering sorrow of our separation
In blissful recollection that to me
Was given a love so rare and excellent.
Still *other* pictures linger round my path,
Thine eyes—are they not glancing upward daily,
Set 'neath the sunny curls of a sweet face!
Fair as its mother's. Thy expressive smile—
Is it not left upon thy children's features
Still to illumine my soul in hours of sadness,
And bathe me in the warmth of my sweet love?
Oh yes,—at morn, at noon, at eve, at night,
Some trait, some semblance, of the dear departed,
Breaks into life before me. *They* are here
Standing beside me,—motherless, alas!
Claiming intenser love since thou art gone!
Each motion speaks of *thee* and of *thy* beauty,
With these, I must not say I am ALONE!
Good-night, sweet spirit,—peaceful be thy rest,
Now disembodied,—till the welcome voice,
"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE,"
Shall summon thee to join the radiant host
Of God's elect, and stand, in form Immortal,
A bright transfiguration!
In my dreams
Still come to me, beloved; and let me feel
That I am not ALONE.
With these communings,
I bend me to the Father's will, and wait
With patience and submission that glad hour
When we shall meet again, and death no more
Dissolve the tie that binds us. Now, good-night!
I sleep to dream of thee. E. Y. R.

Miscellaneous.

Prison Life of Federal Prisoners at Richmond.

The following sketch of life in the military prisons of Richmond is taken from a letter written by a Federal prisoner confined there, and dated the 1st of December:

"At an early hour in the morning we are aroused from our slumbers by the cry of "milk" resounding through the warehouse, and a stampede of stewards to the door takes place, the bevy being armed with tin cups and five cent pieces. At the door they receive from a piebald negro the necessary fluid. This negro, by-the-by, is one of our outside prison associations. Surely I shall never forget the eagerness with which he seizes a half dime, and the terseness of manner with which he refuses to barter his commodity for a five cent shinplaster, by which he is often tempted.

In a few moments the milk pilgrims are joined by a more eager, yet thirsty crowd, who seek to cull from the morning papers balm for the past or hope for the future. A few heads may now be seen peering out from cotton comfortables and overcoats, and husky voices exclaiming, 'I say, Wabash, any news about our exchange.' The magic word 'exchange' is like a morning bath, refreshing and reviving, for the dullard of sleep at once gives place to an animate and expectant soul.

Slowly the scene becomes imbued with active life; Indiana robes herself; Wisconsin, half recumbent, gazes dreamily around; Ohio arises, drawing around her the only 'robe de chambre' in the building, whilst California awakes from golden dreams, donning her shabby habiliments of woe. The scene is full of life and animation, as each representative appears upon the floor wending his way, soap in hand, towel over shoulder, to the 'wash closet.'

Our ablutions ended, an early morning walk as an appetizer commences; up and down, to and fro, at quick time, we march, avoiding tenderly a few representatives of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, who still lie in a dormant state. The steward's cry of 'bread' soon warns us that breakfast is nearly prepared; the succeeding cry of 'meat' gathers us around the respective mess tables. In those two monosyllabic cries you have the bill of fare for breakfast, dinner and supper; yet many messes who are in possession of funds, and can support the dignity of a treasurer, indulge in luxuries, such as coffee, sugar, molasses, milk and potatoes. Ours (the mess) only occasionally luxuriates in a pint of molasses, or a quarter of a peck of potatoes. 'Poverty hath its contentment, of which riches knoweth not!' (Tupper, I believe;) yet surely the poet never imagined poverty and a prisoner of war sojourning together!

We have in all ten messes, each independent of the other, yet drawing their respective rations of bread and meat from the "Confederate" government. To each mess is assigned a steward, who is generally a non-commissioned officer or private held as prisoner of war, and whose duties are to receive the allotment of food for each mess, prepare the table for meals, and attend to such duties as may be assigned them by the sanitary committee. As we gather around our mess table many are the remarks made of home and friends; how earnestly we wish such and such loved ones could look upon our board, could partake with us our simple meal. If there is a period of our lives when friends are distant and the heart is sad, or when memory has the power of recalling vividly past associations, it is when we are gathered at the social board.

Breakfast over, some lounge on the promenade, others resort to letter-writing, whilst the majority cluster around the stove, silently engrossed in the morning papers. A few diligent officers have already abstracted the news, and are discussing the *pros* and *cons* of a speedy *exchange*—and if a thoughtless editor should have unfortunately inserted in his paper a news item concerning exchange, he at once inflicts upon our 'confederacy' both delight and torture: delight at seeing the word printed, but torture at the indefinite nature of the item.

So the morning passes on, in its routine but seldom varied; occasionally letters arrive from home, and then the excitement is almost painful to witness. The 'penny-post' is surrounded by an eager crowd, jostling shoulders even for a glimpse of the letters; name after name is called, repeated and re-echoed through the room, and the fortunate receiver is looked upon as a 'Cræsus;' the list is finished, and sober, disappointed faces are left to gaze wistfully into each other. Often as the letter carrier is leaving the room, an earnest, anxious voice may be heard exclaiming, 'Are you sure there is none for me?' 'None for you, sir,' is the reply, and the sad inquirer moves away, feeling still that there is yet a link left between him and home, the consolation of affection in his own strong heart. Those who receive letters are often surrounded by the disappointed, who gladly receive news from the North through any domestic channel which reminds them of their own firesides."

Meerschaum.

The value of the meerschaum pipes and cigar tubes imported into the United States in 1858, it is stated, amounted to $200,000. A great sum to be wasted on a *mere sham.* This is really getting to be a serious business. It is bad enough to waste time and money—say nothing of breath—in the consumption of the evil weed, but when to this is added the mania for coloring expensive pipes, thus increasing the habit of smoking, the folly of it all is really too preposterous.

We were amused the other day, at hearing a young but ambitious smoker, gravely asserting that meerschaum was made of the foam of the sea! This impression has probably arisen from the German word used to designate the material—*meerschaum* meaning *sea foam*—a poetical figure of speech, alluding to its lightness and whitish appearance. It is properly magnesite, a mineral of soft earthy texture somewhat resembling chalk, found in Spain and other countries at the head of the Mediterranean. To produce the yellow and brown colors so much admired in the pipes, and which are brought out only after long smoking, the blocks from which the pipes aae made are kept for some time in a mixture of wax and fatty matters. A portion of these is absorbed, and being subsequently acted upon by the heat and the tobacco fumes, assumes various shades of color. Thus the smoker in coloring his pipe, is employed in the dignified business of mingling tobacco smoke with a mixture of wax and grease!

Here we are reminded of a little incident which recently took place within our knowledge, and which amusingly illustrates the folly of meerschaum coloring. A gentleman had an expensive meerschaum, which he doted upon, but which, notwithstanding all his smoking he could not color as fast as he desired. In fact, after long puffing, it only showed one little spot of brown. Some of his friends told him they did not believe it would ever color, and the indefatigable smoker grew quite despondent. One evening his wife, who naturally sympathized with him in his trouble, took up the pipe during his absence, and while examining it brought it over the flame of a lamp. Immediately a strong color was brought out by the heat, much to the surprise of the lady. Laying the pipe away, however, she said nothing about the matter. On the following morning, when the gentleman made his usual inspection of his beloved pipe, his delight and amazement knew no bounds. His meerschaum had colored splendidly, and all owing to his indefatigable puffing! He displayed it in triumph to his friends, and became a more firm believer than ever in the virtues of tobacco smoke. Meantime his good lady said nothing, but she has imparted the secret to her female friends that they may be able to assist their husbands in their arduous endeavors to color their meerschaums. She is a very benevolent lady, and wants to do all the good she can in the world.—*Portland Trans.*

"He Lived to Do Good."

I read it on a tombstone—not upon a marble monument, surrounded by the glowing creation of the sculptor's genius, but on a plain brown stone, which perhaps had never felt the hammer and chisel of the polisher.

"He lived to do good." I sat down beside the grave, now sunken by the storms and frost of many winters, and my thoughts dwelt upon the epitaph. It pleased me. I was glad that I had found it. It satisfied me of the final destiny of the calm sleeper beneath. Its grand, simple truth was beyond the shadow of a questioning doubt.

There is a sublimity in the thought that, though a man dies and his body goes back to dust—though his face is seen no more in the old familiar places, and his voice is silent in the councils of men—*yet he lives,* and will continue to live in the hearts of generations to come.

The influence of a good man is an everlasting blessing. The deeds of his kindness fall upon the heart imperceptible, like the gentle dews of a summer night; but fruits and flowers spring up in waste places, to show us that the celestial visitant has passed that way.—*Exchange.*

A PUZZLE.—Here is something worth studying. If any of our readers can solve it, and feel the point, they are at perfect liberty to do so:

I
FY
OUO
WEFO
RYOUR
PAPE
RPA
YU
P

SENTIMENT BY A PIRATE OF THE "SAVANNAH."—"Cheer up, my hearties! as long as we can rig up a Jury Mast like that 'ere, there ain't no fear of our runnin' foul of Gibbet Island.

WE hope that, after this war is over, "C. S. A." will be the motto of the South—"Can't Secede Again."

Writing Compositions.

A schoolmaster told one of his smaller boys that he wanted him to write a composition.

"O, I can't sir. I don't know how," said the boy, in the greatest trouble.

"But you can *think,* can't you?" said the master.

"O, yes, sir."

"And you can *write* words, can't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, just think about something, and write down what you think, and bring it to me."

"Is that all?"

"Yes; that will be a composition. Now I will excuse you a little while, and you may take your slate and go out, and the first thing that you find that *interests* you, you write about it—what it is there for, what will become of it, &c., and write it down and bring it to me."

The little boy went out, and after looking about sometime, he at last came across a large turnip, behind the barn, growing among some weeds. He stood and looked at it a few moments, and, although he never dreamed he was to become a distinguished poet, his thoughts began to come to him in a simple rhyme and he wrote them down thus:

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew behind the barn;
And it grew, and it grew,
But it ne'er did any harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney pulled it up,
And put it in the cellar.

And it lay, and it lay,
Till it there began to rot,
And his daughter Susy washed it,
And she put it in the pot.

And it boiled, and it boiled,
As long as it was able,
Then his daughter Lizzie took it up,
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife,
They both sat down to sup;
And they eat, and they eat,
Till they eat the turnip up.

The little boy brought in his composition, and when the master came to read it, and saw the evidence of talent in the boy, it is said that he could not refrain from tears.

Now, then, boys and girls, don't get frightened at the thought of a composition; but find something that interests you and write down what you think about it, and that will be a composition. You need not try to write in rhyme unless you have a talent for it, for poor verses are a great deal poorer than poor prose.

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men without nothing in the pocket, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and land.

It is better than a landed estate, to have the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds exist among men as really as they do among herd and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develope good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. That man is rich who has a good disposition; who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, desponding and complaining fellow—a timid, care-burdened man—these have all been deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp but their thoughts do.

Eight Directions.

"How shall we order the child and how shall we do unto him?"—Judges xiii: 12.

When a child is born into the world the parents should ponder this question. And we answer it thus:

I. Regard the child as having entered upon an immortal existence.

II. Heartily dedicate him unto God, as Hannah did Samuel.

III. Pray for him and teach him how to pray.

IV. Store his mind with the truths of God's Word.

V. Set him a christian example.

VI. Train him to habits of obedience, order, generosity, industry and economy.

VII. Check the first buddings of evil, and cherish the first indications of right feeling.

VIII. Rest not until his heart is given to Christ, and you have good evidence that Christ has been formed in his heart, the hope of glory.

A Wooden Mother.

We have heard of wooden nutmegs, wooden hams, horn gun-flints, wooden oats, and wooden clocks—but what infusion of the Yankee ever tinctured a John Bull to invent a wooden *mother!* The following by a correspondent of the "Mark Lane Express," describes the new invention:

"A fine sow, having twelve sucking pigs, belonging to a pork merchant in Monkwearmouth, was taken ill, and died suddenly.—The proprietor, who is an ingenious character, set to work and formed a rough model of a sow in wood, being hollow in the centre, the abdomen being furnished with twelve teats, cleverly formed of raw hide. The interior of the model is kept filled with milk, and the whole of the young pigs suck from the teats of this singular wooden sow, and all are thriving well."

Wit and Humor.

DIDN'T WANT TO STAND ON HER HEAD.—Jane Eliza—a very pretty and intelligent young lady of eighteen summers and seventeen winters—from the wilds of Perry co., stepped into a Market street daguerreotype gallery a few days since, to get a photograph taken. She was accompanied by a male cousin who "knows the ropes." After being posed the urbane operator took a look at her through the instrument, when Jane Eliza blushed, patted her dress down so as to make it touch the floor all around, and hurriedly beckoned her escort to approach.

"Don't let that horrid looking man stare at me through that thing; please make him stop."

"Why not?" whispered he.

"I don't like to tell you," she blushingly answered.

"Oh, I must insist on knowing," said he.

"Well, answered she, "if I must tell you, (lowering her voice artfully,) it will turn me upside down."

Our city friend, the cousin, smiled; he couldn't help it; and told her he thought she must be mistaken.

"Oh no," she said; "Mr. E— is an engineer, and when he surveyed the railroad last summer he stopped at pa's ever so long, and he told us that if you looked through one of those glasses, the object (that's what he said) was turned upside down. He is a very scientific man and ought to know, you know."

Our friend assured her he would not have her upset, if he could help it, and told Mr. Photograph, who had been watching the mysterious conference with some interest, that the young lady thought he might proceed to "take her," without any further preparation, and she was accordingly "took." The joke leaked out somehow, and Jane Eliza's lady friends quiz her often about her fear of a "reverse."—*Harrisburg Tel.*

A CHEAP BREAKFAST.—A son of Erin, at Schenectady, heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat just starting out for Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go on board.

"Sure, captain, dear, (said he,) and what'll ye ax a man for travelin' on yer illegand swand of a boat?"

"Only a cent and a half a mile, and found," replied the captain.

"An' is it the vitals ye mean to find sure?"

"Yes, and if you are going along go down to breakfast."

Pat didn't wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal he came on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

"What do you want to stop for?" inquired the captain.

"How far have we come?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents, and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any further with him, as Judy would wait the breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted out.

The joke was so good that the captain took the two cents, ordered the boat stopped, put Pat ashore, and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he would be most happy to carry him.

RHYMES IN MEETING.—Old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so; as when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said:

"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you step this way,
And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate any thing of the same sort:

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme,
At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added:

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good men would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: "I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled itself!"

A MAIDEN LADY, not remarkable for either youth, or beauty, or good temper, came for advice to Mr. Arnold, as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor.

"Oh, marry him—marry him," he said.

"Nay, I would see him hanged first."

"No, madam, marry him as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will not be long before he hangs himself."

"HUSBAND, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you, indeed! Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"

"Yes, love."

"When was it, husband?"

"When I married you, my dear."

A SORRY MAN.—They tell a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man replied:

"I am sorry, very sorry that I can't pay it."

"Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be very sorry, but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll quit."