

Civilian and Telegraph.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1862.

NUMBER 10.

VOLUME XXXV.

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

For many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of private complaints, to all their varied and complicated forms, and to all their attendant 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 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 diagnosis were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable time, without effecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, gentlemen 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, and for many years devoted his whole attention to the treatment of this class of Diseases. His medicines are free from Mercury and all other 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, but avoid mortification through exposure and other great constitutional injury, but enable their medical assistance to be moderate in his charges, because he would justly be, where symptoms have been neglected, the disease more widely diffused. The rapid advance of this truly terrifying disease, is sufficient to alarm the boldest heart. When mortification and discoloration of the face, and the unhappy victim, the deadly poison preying upon his vitals, and "an ill 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 by other means, 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 form, peevish ulcers in the throat, nose or roof of the mouth, eruptions of the skin, pain of the chest, or of the bowels. On account of the numbing effect 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 disease may cause, Dr. Smith thinks it his duty to advise the unfortunate, particularly strangers, to be careful that they are not deceived by false advertisements of boasting quacks who make promises which could not be fulfilled, or by the most ignorant and unskillful physicians. By doing so, the patient is often led 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 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 the passions.

How many young persons do not behold, whose constitutions are debilitated, constitutions depict disease arising from that horrible and devastating vice.

It could be shown how attenuation of the frame, palpitating 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 cure, by a timely attempt to cure yourselves, instead of making immediate application to a skillful physician, who in a short time, would restore you to perfect health and save you from expiring which the fatal consequences render it inevitable.

Dr. Smith gives his special attention to the treatment of this destructive malady. Patients are cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Smith, describing symptoms, and receiving a medicine expressly packed from observation and prepared by himself or otherwise by any part of the country.

Persons afflicted with any of the above symptoms will do well to avoid boasting a quack, whether foreign or native, as the certain cure is advertised as a certain cure for every disease. These preparations are put up in bottles and sealed, 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—ly.

Attention Builders!
Sash, Doors, Shutters,
Window and Door
Frames, Mouldings and
Venetian Blinds,
MANUFACTURED and for sale at R. D. Johnson's Steam Planning Machine, on Centre Street.
Orders received either at the Shop, or at Dr. John J. Bruce's Lumber Yard.
Jan. 30, 1859—ly. H. DAMM.

James S. Robinson,
Paper Warehouse,
No. 21 South Charles St.,
A few doors below German-st,
BALTIMORE.
Kept on hand and made to order all kinds of
Purchases Rags, Rope, Canvas and other Mill
Stock.
Sept. 1, 1859—ly.
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. 1, 1859—ly. 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 exceeding 12 lines charged as a square.

Business Cards in the Directory, per annum, including subscription, \$5.
Mortgage notices, THREE SIX TWELVE.
One square, 1 25 2 25 2 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
Large 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.
SOLVENCY NOTICES, cash in advance.
PATENT MEDICINES, one half in advance and the balance in six months.
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. D. WEISSE.
Clerk of Circuit Court—THOMAS HENLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN R. WIDENER.
Scriber—THOS. G. McCULLOH.
State's Attorney—C. B. THURSTON.
Surgeon—WILLIAM BRACE.
Deputy County Comm'r.—JACOB BROWN.
Judge 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.
D. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Reed'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 E. BEALL & CO.,
Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.
near the Depot, Balto. Street.

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

JOHN JOHNSON,
Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker,
Respectfully asks a share of public patronage. Finest Sheet-Iron was 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
DRUGGISTS,
and Dealers in
Paints, Glass & Oil.
No. 859 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.
Wells! Wells!
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF NAILS on hand
and for sale by
WM. E. BEALL & CO.
Nov. 21
Flour! Flour!
A LOT of Family and Extra FLOUR just received and for sale by
WM. E. BEALL & CO.
Nov. 21
MAGNETS' BLANKS
For sale at this Office

Poetical.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.
An American National Song.

BY CAPT. G. W. CUTLER.

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty
there,

Like a rainbow adorning the world,
Their lights are unsmiled as those in the sky
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they're leagued in as true and holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly
flung
That banner of star-light abroad,
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they
clung

As they clung to the promise of God;
By the bayonet track'd at the midnight of war,
On the fields where our glory was won;
Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
Our motto of "Many in One."

Mid the smoke of the contest—the cannon's
deep roar—
How oft it hath gathered renown!
While those stars were reflected in rivers of
 gore,

When the cross and the lion went down;
And though few were their lights in the
 gloom of that hour,
Yet the hearts that were striking below
Had God for their bulwark, and truth for
 their power,
And they stopped not to number the foe.

From where our green mountain-tops blend
with the sky,
And the giant St. Lawrence is roll'd,
To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie
Like the dream of some prophet of old,
They conquer'd—and dying, bequeath'd to
 our care—

Not this boundless dominion alone,—
But that banner, whose loveliness hallows
 the air,
And their motto of "Many in One."

We are many in one while there glitters a
 star
In the blue of the heavens above;
And tyrants shall quail 'mid their dungeons
 afar

When they gaze on that motto of love,
It shall gleam o'er the sea, 'mid the bolts of
 the storm,
Over tempest, and battle and wreck;
And flame where our guns with their thun-
 der grow warm,
'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

The oppress'd of the earth to that standard
 shall fly
Wherever its folds shall be spread;
And the exile shall feel 'tis his own native sky
Where its stars shall float over his head;
And those stars shall increase, till the fullness
 of time

Its millions of cycles has run—
Till the world shall have welcomed its mis-
 sion sublime
And the nations of earth shall be one.

Though the old Alleghany may tower to
 heaven,
And the Father of Waters divide,
The links of our destiny cannot be riven
 While the truth of these words shall
 abide.

Then, oh! let them glow on each helmet
 and brand,
Though our blood like our rivers shall run;
Dissent as we may in our own native land;
To the rest of the world we are one.

Then, up with our flag—let it stream on the
 air;
Though our fathers are cold in their graves
 They had hands that could strike, they had
 souls that could dare,
And their sons were not born to be slaves.
Up! Up! with that banner, where ere it
 may call,
Our millions shall rally around;
A nation of freemen that moment shall fall
 When its stars shall be trail'd on the
 ground.

Miscellaneous.

Doesticks Respectfully Inquireth:
What do the Women want us to
 do about the War?

One reason why it is so difficult to please
 a woman is that she seldom knows herself
 what she wants. In most cases it is hard to
 satisfy a woman as it would be to content a
 captain who would set you to steer his ship
 and wouldn't tell you whether he wanted to
 go to Jersey or Japan. They wouldn't be
 satisfied, whatever you do. Especially in the
 matter of war. Particularly in the matter
 of the present war. Your wife, or mother,
 or sister, or whoever may be the woman
 that owns you, refuses to be content, no
 matter what you do. If you don't join a
 military company, she sulks, insinuates
 that you are a coward, turns up her nose,
 and "wishes she was a man." If you do
 join said company, she scolds about the ex-
 pense, grumbles about the loss of time, and
 grows whenever you go to drill though in
 spite of her growling she always saves the
 choicest part of the dinner for you when
 you do come.

Then she laughs at you and calls you a
 "dressed up monkey," the first time she sees
 you in uniform; and as soon as you are
 gone out of the house, she rushes over to
 Mrs. Jones to tell what a "splendid officer"
 her husband is, and how "magnificent" he
 looks in his new military dress. Then, if
 your regiment is ordered away, and you in-
 sinate that "business affairs" will keep you
 at home all her fire is blazing in an instant,
 and she uprises you for "backing out" at
 the critical moment and insinuates that you
 are a "play boy soldier;" and then she
 wishes she were a man—she'd show folks
 how to fight. Then, when you make up
 your mind to go to the seat of war, she
 bursts into wet tears, which spots your new
 uniform and tarnish the gold lace on your
 sleeves, and thinks "you ought to be ashamed
 to go off and leave your family."—
 She vows "she don't believe you care a
 straw for your wife, or a cent for your sweet
 children;" she "knows you would rather be
 anywhere than at home," and "wishes she
 were a man, she'd teach the President better
 than to send men away from their families."

Then when the day comes for you to start
 she vows that she "will never speak to you
 again if you persist in going." Then, when
 you take a paper out of your pocket and
 pretend to read a furlough from the com-
 mandant excusing you, and giving you leave
 to stand at home, she throws her apron over
 her head, sits down on the floor and howls
 aloud, "To think she would have a coward
 for her husband!"—that her 'husband should
 be afraid to go to the wars." And then when
 you tell her it is all a mistake, and that
 you are going because she 'knows you will
 be killed,' or she feels it in her bones that
 you will come home with two wooden legs,
 and then how can you take her to the acad-
 emy on opera nights. Then she resorts in
 turn to every one of the female tactics to
 keep you at home. She weeps, she banters,
 she pokes fun at you—she wishes she was a
 man—she gets mad—she sulks—she threat-
 ens to go home to her mother—she coaxes—
 she won't live with you another day—she
 scolds, she entreats and last of all she faints
—in this she always falls into your arms, if
 you make an offer to catch her; if you
 don't offer, and if it's early in the morning
 and she hasn't made her bed yet she'll fall
 on the bed; but if the bed is nicely made
 she'll fall on the carpet so as to not muss the
 bed; if the fainting dodge don't work and
 you are still resolved to go, she vows she
 'hates you, and that she'll never speak to you
 again,' and then, in order to prove the bit-
 terness of her hate, she goes off and packs
 your haversack full of the dainties and deli-
 cacies of the season; and then after all at
 the very last moment she comes and throws
 her arms around your neck, and whispers
 that she 'loves you best of all in the world,'
 and that she'll 'be such a good girl until
 you come back,' and that she'll 'take such
 good care of the children,' and that you
 mustn't fret about her, and that she will
 write every blessed day, and that you must
 write as often as you can, and that she 'loves
 you best, best,' and a thousand other little
 messages for you, but all kind and loving,
 and all told without a tear—for she does not
 cry now until you are out of the house; then
 when you are gone she weeps like a shower
 bath for half an hour; then suddenly stops
 short, wipes her eyes, and doesn't waste an-
 other tear till she sees you again.

'Tis the way they all do; and talk as
 peacefully as you can, she is never satisfied
 in her heart till she sees you in uniform.

"I Want to be an Angel."
She sang like a little seraph—dear blue-eyed
 Nellie May. Her pretty hands were
 folded with unconscious grace upon her
 bosom.

Everybody in the room was still. Men
 and women had been singing, but this faint,
 though bird-like voice, was sweeter than their
 harsher tones, and commanded breath-
 less attention.

Weeks after, one lady met another, and
 said:
'Do you remember how little Nellie May
 sung 'I want to be an angel'? Well, I ex-
 pect she will be an angel before the sun rises
 to-morrow. Go and see her.'

In a darkened chamber, the friend found
 little Nellie. The child was sweetly patient,
 though every breath was pain.

What do you think, dear children, were
 the words with which the little one greeted
 her?

With gasping breath, with shining eyes,
 and a heavenly smile flashed over her face,
 she exclaimed triumphantly:
'Oh, dear Mrs. H., I am going to be an
 angel!'

That was the way death looked to her.

They could hardly weep when she was
 gone. They bent over her white brow, and
 the summer roses that encircled it, and said
 gently:
'She has gone to be an angel.'

So when they think of her, it is not in
 connection with the coffin and the shroud,
 but they think of that night when, with
 hands folded, and calm eyes lifted heaven-
 ward, she sang:
'I want to be an angel.'

A correspondent of the American
 Agriculturist writes that bleeding from a
 wound in man or beast may be stopped by
 a mixture of wheat flour and common salt
 in two parts, bound on with a cloth. If the
 bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say
 from one to three pints. It may be left on for
 hours, or even days, if necessary.

Popular Retrenchment.

Children are often sagely told, that "they
 don't know what is good for them." The
 saying is as true when applied to large folks,
 and the conduct proves the fairness of the
 application. When hard times, or a fear of
 them, come over a land, on what do they
 begin retrenchment and economy. On the
 back?—No, madam; you clothe your-
 self with the finest and rarest still. With
 the stomach?—No, sir; you pamper it with
 every delicate meat as usual. On luxuries?—
 No, Mr. Sybarite; you drink the choicest
 and smoke the most exquisite in wonted pro-
 fuseness. No, no, deluded big children!
 you begin with the printer; you cut off
 books as if they were a pest, and you either
 stop your paper or refuse to pay for it. You
 seem to imagine that you are merely ani-
 mal, without a soul or intellect. Your action
 indicates this anyhow.

Verily, the public has been spoiled.—
Books and papers have been furnished at so
 low a rate, and with so little recompense to
 author and printer, that they are lightly es-
 teemed, when they should be held above all
 price; and the consequence is, that the
 printer, who makes but a scanty living at
 the best of times, is left to crumbs or star-
 vation when a real or fancied necessity for
 retrenchment exists. Out upon such re-
 trenchment! Wear less costly gear—eat
 plainer food—drink less and smoke less, or
 none at all, rather than cheat your soul and
 mind of their due portion. Buy good books,
 and take and pay for an honest and decent
 newspaper; and as upright, God-created be-
 ings, you will be the better and richer for it.

The Doom of the World.

What this change is to be we dare not
 even conjecture, but we see in the heavens
 themselves some traces of destructive ele-
 ments and some indications of their power.
 The fragments of broken planets—the de-
 scent of meteoric stones upon our globe—
 and the whirling comets welding their loose
 material at the solar surface—the volcanic
 eruption in our own satellite—the appear-
 ance of new stars, and the disappearance of
 others—are all fore-shadows of that im-
 pending convulsion to which the system of
 the world is doomed. Thus placed on a
 planet which is to be burned up, and under
 heavens which is to pass away; thus read-
 ing, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwell-
 ing upon the museums of the former
 worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility
 and wisdom, if we have not already been
 taught in the school of revelation.

ERONE the days of chloroform there was
 a quack who advertised tooth-drawing with-
 out pain. The patient was placed in a
 chair, and the instrument applied to his
 tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar
 from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer.

"Stop," cried the dentist "compose your-
 self. I told you I would give you no pain,
 but I only just gave you that twinge as a
 specimen to show you Cartwright's method
 of operating!"

Again the instrument was applied, another
 tug, another roar.

"Now don't be impatient, that is Du-
 merge's way; be seated and calm; you will
 soon be sensible of the superiority of my
 method."

Another application, another tug, another
 roar.

"Now, pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's
 mode, and you don't like it, and no wonder."
 By this time the tooth hung by a thread;
 and whipping it out, the operator exultingly
 exclaimed:

"That is my mode of tooth-drawing with-
 out pain, and you are now able to compare
 it with the operations of Cartwright, Du-
 merge and Parkinson."

AN exchange gets off the following very
 reasonable inquiries. We are not respon-
 sible for them. We only copy for the amuse-
 ment of our readers.

Does it cost anything to print a news-
 paper?
 How long can a printer afford to furnish
 a paper without pay?
 Do printers eat, drink, and wear cloth-
 ing?
 If they do how do they get them?
 Do I owe for my paper?
 Is it not a good time to call at the Cap-
 tain's office and pay up? So do.

AN EGG IN A BOTTLE.—To accomplish
 this seemingly incredible act requires the
 following preparation: You must take an
 egg and soak it in vinegar, and, in process
 of time, its shell will become quite soft, so
 that it may be extended lengthwise without
 breaking; then insert it into the neck of a
 small bottle, and upon pouring cold water
 upon it will assume its former figure and
 hardness. This is really a curiosity, and will
 baffle those who are not in the secret to find
 out how it is accomplished.

QUIET PEOPLE.—We agree with an ex-
 change that the more quietly and peaceably
 we get on the better—the better for our-
 selves, the better for our neighbors. In nine
 cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a
 man cheat you, to cease dealing with him,
 if he is abusive, quit his company; if he
 slanders you take care to live so that no-
 body will believe him.

In the march of life, don't heed the order
 of "right about" when you know you are
 about right.

The Horse Hair.

In Professor Agassiz's interesting paper on
 "Methods of Study in Natural History," the
 second of the series, we find this anecdote
 of an animal known to all country boys:

A gentleman from Detroit had the kind-
 ness to send me one of those long thread-like
 worms (Gordius) found often in brooks, and
 called Horse-Hairs by the common people.
 When I first received it, it was coiled up in
 a close roll at the bottom of the bottle, filled
 with fresh water, that contained it, and
 looked more like a little tangle of black sew-
 ing silk than anything else. Wishing to un-
 wind it that I might examine its entire
 length, I placed it in a large china basin
 filled with water, and proceeded very gently
 to disentangle its coils, when I perceived
 that the animal had twisted itself around a
 bundle of its eggs, holding them fast in a
 close embrace. In the process of unwind-
 ing, the eggs dropped away and floated to
 a little distance. Having finally stretched
 it out to its full length, perhaps half a
 yard, I sat watching to see this singular be-
 ing that looked like a long black thread in
 the water would give any signs of life.

Almost immediately it moved toward the
 bundle of eggs, and, having reached it, be-
 gan to sew itself through and through the
 little white mass, passing one end of its body
 through it, and then returning to make an-
 other stitch, as it were, till the eggs were at
 last completely entangled again in an intri-
 cate network of coils. It seemed to me
 almost impossible that this care of offspring
 could be the result of any instinct of affec-
 tion in a creature of so low an organization,
 and I again separated it from the eggs, and
 I placed them at a greater distance, when
 the same action was repeated.

On trying the experiment a third time,
 the bundle of eggs had become loosened,
 and a few of them dropped off singly into
 the water. The efforts which the animal
 then made to recover the missing ones, wind-
 ing itself around and around them, but fail-
 ing to bring them back into the fold with
 the rest, because they were too small, and
 evaded all efforts to secure them, when once
 parted from the first little compact mass,
 convinced me that there was a definite pur-
 pose in its attempts, and that even a being
 so low in the scale of animal existence has
 some dim consciousness of relation to its
 offspring. I afterwards unwound also the
 mass of eggs, which, when coiled up as I
 first saw it, made a roll of white substance
 about the size of a coffee bean, and found
 that it consisted of a string of eggs, measur-
 ing more than twelve feet in length, the
 eggs being held together by some gelatine-
 ous substance that cemented them and pre-
 vented them from falling apart. Cutting
 this string across and placing a small section
 under the microscope, I counted on the sur-
 face of such a cut from seventy to seventy-
 five eggs; and estimating the entire number
 of eggs according to the number contained
 on such a surface, I found that there were
 not less than eight millions of eggs in the
 whole string.

WHO IS A REBEL?—This is a pertinent
 inquiry just now—who is a rebel? On this
 point the New York Times says:

"Whoever is against the Constitution of
 the United States, in whole or in part, in
 spirit or in letter, is a rebel. Whoever is
 against any of the laws of our government,
 whether they relate to fugitive slaves or of
 freemen, is a rebel. Whoever insists that a
 law of Congress can be violated any more
 in New York or Massachusetts than in South
 Carolina or Alabama, is a rebel.

AN ACCOUNT WITH GOD.—The other
 day we saw a gentleman stop and give a
 poor woman a kind word, and of shoes
 sufficient to purchase a pair of shoes to
 protect her feet. We saw the same
 man on the cars about two weeks ago,
 and have not met him since till last
 week. About two years since we were
 on the train, and there was also on board
 a poor woman with not money enough
 to pay her fare. The conductor was
 about to put her off the cars between the
 stations, when the gentleman alluded
 to ordered the conductor to desist, in-
 quired the amount she wanted, and paid
 the woman's fare. She tried to thank
 him, but he begged her not to think of
 it, for said he, I charge all such ac-
 counts with God. He and I have a
 long standing account.

Poverty is a less evil than dishonor;
 and a peaceful conscience is chiefly pur-
 chased with the loss of every worldly
 advantage.

Men are often ruined by the weight
 of their greatness, as a tree, heavily
 laden with fruit, breaks its own boughs.

Books are embalmed minds. Fame
 is a flower upon a dead man's heart.

Children always turn toward the
 light. O that grown up people in this
 world would become like little children!

Surely half the world must be blind;
 they can see nothing unless it glitters.

Why is the rebellion down South
 like the game of eucher? Because it
 gives a "Kuave" more power than a
 King or Queen.

Wit and Humor.

The Judge and His Son.

A good joke is told of Judge Lewis
 of New Hampshire. He always kept a
 demijohn of good Jamaica in his pri-
 vate office for his particular friends.
 The judge had noticed for some time
 past that on Monday morning his Ja-
 maica was considerably lighter than he
 had left it on Saturday night. Another
 fact had established itself in his mind.
 His son Sam was missing from his pa-
 ternal pew in church on Sundays. One
 Sunday afternoon Sam came in and went
 up stairs rather heavily, when the judge
 called him:

"Sam, where have you been?"
 "To church, sir," was the prompt re-
 ply.

"What church, Sam?"
 "Second Methodist, Sir."
 "Had a good sermon, Sam?"
 "Very powerful, sir, it quite staggered
 me."

"Ah! I see," said the judge, "quite
 powerful, eh, Sam?"

The next Sunday the son came home
 rather earlier than usual, and apparent-
 ly not so much "under the weather."
 His father hailed him with:

"Well, Sam, been to the Second Meth-
 odist, again to-day?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Good sermon, my boy?"
 "Fact was, father, that I couldn't get
 in; the church was shut up and a ticket
 on the door."

"Sorry, Sam, keep going—you may
 get good by it yet."

Sam says on going to the office for his
 usual spiritual refreshment, he found the
 "John" empty, and bearing the follow-
 ing label:

"There will be no service here to-day
—this church closed for repairs."

PRINTERS' JOKE.—It is a practice a-
 mong waggish printers when a "green
 un" enters the office, to play a joke on
 him by sending him on an errand to a
 neighboring office for something that he
 will be sure not to find, and he returns
 with some strange article or other, think-