Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXV. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1862. NUMBER 42

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 case 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 copaiva 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 reduced to a state which makes the case extremely difficult to cure. Therefore he should be aware of the importance of consulting a skillful physician in the early 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 inducence 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, tough, 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 anyof 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."

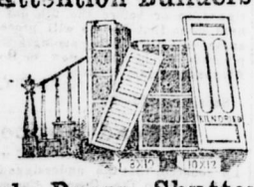
Address, DR. J. B. SMITH.

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 LumberYard.

June 30, 1859—1y. H. DAMM.

H. D. CARLETON,

Merchant Tailor,

Cumberland, Md.

The subscriber has just received a large and and well selected stock of

Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings,

also, a complete assortment of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, comprising the latest and most choice styles in market.

From a long experience in the manufacturing of Gentlemen's Wear, he flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction to his friends and customers who may favor him with a call.

All goods warranted as represented and goods fits guarantied.

A full assortment of goods will be kept constantly on hand all of which will be sold for Cash, or punctual time customers at the lowest rates.

H. D. CARLETON,

McKaig's New Block, Baltimore Street

Nov. 22, 1860.—y

Civilian & Telegraph

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning.

W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.

Office in Second Story of Brooks' Block, Balto. St., near the Bridge,

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.

Personsordering 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. D. WEISEL.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—THOS. G. McCULLOH.
State's Attorney—C. B. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—WILLIAM BEACE.
Clerk to County Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—
MOSES RAWLINGS,
ALEXANDER KING,
FRANCIS MATTINGLY.

Business Directory,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

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.
Manufacturersand 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.

Dr. GEO. B. FUNDENBERG
HAS resumed the practice of Medicine. OFFICE and residence on Center Street, Shriver's Row, in the house lately occupied by James Schley, Esq. May 1, '62.

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 Stove
Sept. 15, 1859 JOHN JOHNSON

A GENERAL assortment of Queensware of every description, just received at
June 9. WM. R. BEALL & CO'S.

Poetical.

FREDERICK.

Said an elderly lady to me, the other day,
"If I could have been in Frederick when McClellan rode in, I should have said, 'Now Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

They marched into Frederick, that great rebel band,
To deliver from tyranny *my* Maryland!
All hungry and dirty the *Chivalry* came,
But with cannon and rifles to make good their claim.

The new flag went up, and the old flag went down,
Amid rebel shout and patriot frown!
They trailed our great banner in dust in our sight!
Oh, brothers, remember it in the next fight!

The men shut their teeth, and the women their doors
To close from their view the host that on pours.
And so on for days did they stoutly behave them,
And call on their God and McClellan to save them!

They marched into Frederick, McClellan rode by,
And that town seemed but one heart, one thought and one eye,
All fixed with proud love on the man who had come
With his brave-hearted army to rescue their home.

The Old Flag came out! Its defender was there,
He on whom they had called in their desperate prayer:
Who would make that great rebel host glad to retreat—
And to shake off "my Maryland's" dust from its feet!

The men staid no effort till each one was fed,
The women brought flowers, the children brought bread;
The young, what was dearest—their smiles and strong cheers;
The old, what was nearest—their eloquent tears.

Right, right, then, oh woman! Those old Bible words
Are the fitting expression for feelings that stirred
Those hearts, that went out, their best homage to pay,
To each man that marched out with McClellan that day.

To General George B. McClellan.

McClellan! Stand firm! Though forced at once to fight
Rebels in front, and rancorous foes in rear,
Be calm! Take courage! For the God you fear,
Hears prayers of fathers, mothers, day and night—
Their sons are with you—patriot sons, and brave:
Offered, where duty calls, to stand or die,
And win with you a crowning victory.
By thee, o'er Richmond shall the old flag wave.
Thou hast no voice now for the coward crew
Who, safely housed, thy honor do assail:
Be heedless of them, they shall not prevail;
The People's heart beats for thee, strong and true.
On, then! Thy Country's heaviest thunders wield,
And crush rebellion on its boasted field.

Miscellaneous.

Homage to Woman's Beauty.

We like to echo the plan to this charm of our life, and we cheerfully give some sweet thoughts on this subject from the pen of James G. Everhart, Esq.:

In her beauty lies a source of power. It is external, and therefore is an instant recommendation. It acts like incantation; reaches the roughest heart that throbs, dazzles, fascinates, and gives immediate wounds. It has been mightier than the sword or the sceptre, or the gifts of the mind. It has ruled States and heroes; foiled philosophy in the school; won the prize from genius; wrung mercy from the judge; made the tyrant gentle, the miser liberal, the bandit honest. It was beauty which controlled the policy of Athens in the splendid period of Pericles. It saved the life of Phryne, when the reason of Socrates failed. It five times triumphed over the hymns and pæans of Pindee, when Corinna was his rival. It drew out in prodigal profusion the treasure of the French monarch, when the starving populace begged in vain. It stayed the blow of death, when the daughter of a savage chief interceded for a stranger. It obtained protection from the robber for an outlawed English queen. It turned away the wrath of David, when it pleaded in the countenance of Abigail. It saved the scattered Jews from massacre, when Esther besought the king. It carried the poll for Fox, when the Dutchess of Devonshire reached the hustings. Yet this female beauty is as common as sight. It is peculiar to no nation, and is claimed by no class. It glows in the goddess and in the peasant girl, and in the Indian squaw. It reigns in the parlor, in the pantry, and in the fish market. It drinks nectar on Olympus, schnapps in Holland, and wine in Castile; and signs the temperance pledge in Kennett square. It dances on the stage, prays in the church, swears on the wharf, and smokes in Matamoras. It sings like a nightingale, and screams like a peacock. It scolds on washing day, and gossips at the tea party. It sews, spins, rubs, scrubs, cooks, thumps on the piano, and keeps no secrets. It is difficult to define the source of that beauty of the face which men are prone to worship. Is it in any cast of complexion? There have been beauties colorless as air, pale as cream, yellow as gold, or red like crimson, or brown as autumn leaves. "Match me," says the bard,

"With Spain's dark, glancing daughters."

While Helen, whose charms caused strife among the gods, had the complexion of smoke. Is it in the glossy appearance of the hair? Venus has been represented with a head as scarlet as fire. Is it in regularity of features? The beauties of ancient Persia were remarkable for a nose like an eagle. Is it in

"The eyes which are the books, the academies,
From whence do spring the true Promothean fire?"

Homer considered that they were only beautiful as they were large, and made Juno's the size of an ox's. And the goat-feeted belles of China have them no bigger than their heads. The standard of taste varies. It requires teeth to be gilded in Japan, painted red in India, blackened in Guzart. The skin must be as blue as the sky in Greenland, jet as ebony in Monomotapa. In Peru, the nostrils are hung with heavy jewelry, and goitres ornament the necks of Alpine girls. Beauty seems, therefore, dependent for its impression on caprice of fashion. It is, however, the element of that attraction and sympathetic desire of hearts which the world calls love. And let us renew, also, the reader's memory of what Keat says with exquisite inspiration on the same subject:

"Whence that completed form of all completeness!
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat sheaves drooping in the western sun!
Not—thy soft hand fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordianed up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orbed brow:
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That when speak thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighborhood environ all.
Upon what power shall I call?
To what high fame? Ah! ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely veined, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea born Venus when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind outblows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion:
'Tis blue, and overspangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed
O'er the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfulls of daisies."

COMFORTING A WIFE.—A good thing came off on Tuesday when the Corn Exchange's last corps left Philadelphia for Harrisburg. Among the men was one who had a young wife. While they were waiting at Second and Dock streets for the order to march, the young wife was taking leave of her husband in accents broken and eyes that lay bedewed in tears, like violets in a summer shower. The man caressed her, but the tears still started; he told her of the patriotism and munificence of the Corn Exchange Association, yet the liquid crystals continued to fall; he told her of the country's danger, but her anguish remained unsoothed. At last he appeared weary of his endeavors and tried another tack. 'Sally,' said he, 'Sally, quit crying. You see what the Corn Exchange has done. They've paid you my bounty, fitted me out, and everything.'

'Yes,' the girl sobbed, 'but——

'But what?'

'But if you get killed, what then?'

'Why'— The man hesitated for a moment until a lucky thought struck him. 'Why then the Corn Exchange will find you another husband!'

The ludicrousness of this idea changed the current of the girl's feelings, and a smile wreathed her pretty mouth and dimples in a manner that was pleasant to behold. The last tear rolled away, and as the word 'forward' was given she gave the young recruit a last kiss, and departed in good cheer.

—Vulgarity of manners may co-exist with a polished mind, and urbanity with a vulgar one; the union of both constitutes the gentleman, whatever may be the grade in which it is found.

—The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive-branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of a first attempt.

A Picture of Home.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

I recall a home long since left behind in the journey of life, and its memory floats back over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts towards whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains, humble and homely, but priceless in its associations. The waterfall again sings in my ears, as it used to through those dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the path of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings, the wood pile at the door, the ghostly birches on the hill, and the dim, blue haze on the retiring mountains, all these come back to me with an appeal that touches my heart and moistens my eyes. I sit again in the doorway at summer nightfall, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys on the hill-side calling or driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious ways of the nighthawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge towards the earth.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams in the hay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open doors, open to the soft south wind of spring, and watch the cattle as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate, while drop by drop the melting snow on the roof drills holes through the wasting drifts beneath the eaves. The first little lambs of the season tottle by the side of their dams and utter their feeble bleatings, while the flock nibble at the hayrick, or a pair of rival weathers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The old proud rooster crows upon the dunghill throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest and tells to her mates and to me that there is one more egg in the world. The old horse whinnies in his stall and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof and think of last years' swallows soon to return again, and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond shaped opening that gave them ingress and egress. How, I know not and care not, but that old barn is a part of myself, it has entered into my life and given me growth and health.

But I look into the house again where the life abides, which has appropriated these things, and find among them its home. The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and the good man in middle life (though very old he seems to me) takes down the bible and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side with my sleepy head upon her knees, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around me. I do not understand the words, but I have been told they are the words of God, and I believe it. The chapter ends and we all kneel down, and the good man prays. I fall asleep with my head in the chair, and the next morning I remember nothing how I went to bed. After breakfast the bible is taken down, and the good man prays again, and again is the worship repeated through all the days of many golden years. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement, as I bend over my school task, the kiss as I lay down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproofs and approval, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amidst the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven and straying had lost my way.

Well, the good man grew old and weary and fell asleep at last with blessings on his lips for me. Some of those who called him father lie side by side in the same calm sleep. The others are scattered and dwell in new homes, and the old house and orchard have passed into the hands of strangers, who have learned or are learning to look upon them as I do now. Lost, ruined, forever left behind, that home is mine to-day as truly as ever it was, for have I not brought it away with me and shown it to you? It was the home of my boyhood. In it I found my first mental food, and by it was my young soul fashioned. To me through weary years and many sorrows it has been a perennial fountain of delight and purifying influences, simply because it was my home, and was and is a part of me. The rose at the gate blooms for me now. The landscape comes when I summon it, and I hear the voices that call me from lips which memory makes immortal.

"FATHER'S CHIMNEY."—A few days since, a number of prisoners of war, who had been released on parole, passed over the P. S. and P. railroad, (Maine,) on their way to their homes. Among the number was a blue eyed, pale faced boy, not more than seventeen, whose shoulders seemed scarcely equal to carrying a forty pound knapsack. For some time he had been looking intently out of the car window, and suddenly, when the train was approaching Biddeford, he jumped up, and, with face all aglow and eyes sparkling with delight, exclaimed, "Boys, there's my father's chimney." As if by a simultaneous inspiration, the soldiers all arose and sang Sweet Home, with the effect that is sometimes produced by those simple notes and simple lines. More than one bearded man looked out of the window as an excuse to conceal his tears.

QUALIFIED TO ENLIST.—Adam Mudsill says that a lad in Medford, Massachusetts, after asking his father if he might enlist as a drummer boy, was told that he was not old enough.

'Pooh,' said Young America, 'Bill Jones 'listed.'

'Well,' said the father, 'Bill is eighteen years of age, and you are only twelve years old.'

'I should like to know what that's got to do with it,' replied the lad; if he is older than I be, I've licked him three times, and can do it again, and not half try. Now mayn't I go?'

INTERESTING LINES.—While sitting at his desk in the National House of Representatives, the late John Quincy Adams wrote down the following lines, and handed them to Mr. Brinkerhoff of Ohio:

"Master and mind, mysterious one,
Is man till threescore years and ten.
Where! ere the thread of life was spun;
Where! when reduced to dust again!

"Almighty God, the doubt suppress—
The doubt Thou only canst relieve;
Let me, to solace my distress,
Fly to the Gospel, and believe!"

THRILLING NARRATIVE.—'Twas a fearful night; the storm king, out of humor, let loose the howling wind and pelting rain, and clothed the earth with a pall of darkness as dense and impenetrable as an Egyptian sepulchre. All instinctive life was hushed, save the tempest bird, whose shrill screams mingled with the crashing blast, and made it more terrible in its mighty frenzy.

'Twas dark as midnight; the trees, moaning and sighing piteously, were rudely tossed about, and over and anon huge masses of mutilated timber fell to the ground. Before an open window stood a beautiful girl: her glossy ringlets waved like streamers in the passing wind; her exquisite form, which bore the impress of nobleness innate, was splendidly erect, and her flashing eyes, full of excited lustre, shone brighter still through the impenetrable darkness. Proudly she stood there defying the tempest and its wrath. See her rosy lips separate, like the leaflet of the morning rose, and with one tremendous effort she screams out at the top of her voice:

'Jim, if you don't let go that pig's tail, mam will thrash you like thunder!'

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.—'When I was a boy,' said an old man, 'we had a school master who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us:

'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another idle boy, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

'I saw him,' said I.

'You did; and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again.

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

☞ Somebody who writes more truthfully than poetically, says: 'An angel' now-a-days without money is not thought so much of as a devil with a bag full of guineas. That's true as gospel.

☞ Time is money.

A Secesh Sermon.

A Tennessee secession "Hard Shell," about the time our gunboats were making their movements down the Mississippi river, was called on to deliver a sermon, and he spoke as follows:

Beloved brethren and sisters, you are assembled to-day to discharge the most important duty of your lives. The Yankees in 'chariots of fire' are caverting and charging like the beasts with seven heads and ten horns, spoken of by St. John—(Brother McNairy, make that bloodhound of yours quit his improprieties, or I'll expel him from the church, even as Judas was cast out of the synagogue)—the uncircumcised sons of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Aminadab, and my soul waxeth 'fearfully and wonderfully mad.' Oh! brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, did, when he arose and went after his sling. (Stop, my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave. I don't mean a gin sling, but the sling of the 'just made perfect,' which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren, let us see if we can't perforate into the meaning of my text, ah! Curse ye Me-rez ah! My text suggests two points: the cowardice of a cuss, and the cuss of cowardice.

Firstly, then, there is always cowardice in a low onery cuss. A cuss is always as full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which, you know, my brethren, is an extensively religious concern, and publishes among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy, called Armageddon. Price one dollar and fifty cents, ah!

Secondly. The cuss of cowardice. Who my brethren and sisters is a cuss of cowardice? A cuss of cowardice is one who bellows like a 'bull of Bashan,' in time of safety, and then runs like a 'fatted calf' in time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris, who issued a proclamation a few days ago talking about defending the sanctity of our homes and wives, and daughters, and dying in the 'last ditch.' Yea, he cavorted mightily, and shouted as he smelt the battle afar off, but to-day he roameth like a disconsolate Wangdoodle on the dark mountains of Hepsidam, roaring for her first born, and 'will not be comforted because they are not.' Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren, he is a cuss, and a cuss of cowardice.

Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that 'last ditch,' of which you have heard so much. I am afraid that the 'feathers will fly' whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip. The 'sword of the Lord' isn't the 'sword of Gideon Pillow,' I am certain, so I shall not bolster him up any longer. Gideon is a cuss of cowardice.

There is Wash Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars, and staying cozily at home while 'lewd fellows of the baser sort' do the fighting. I believe that this Barrow belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the Testament, of whom the devil took possession. Why don't he bristle up at the Yankees? Does he want to 'save his bacon' mor'n he wants to save the South? If he does, he ought to be well smoked. He, too, is a cuss, and a cuss of cowardice.

Then there is the vigilance committee of Nashville, vigilant about what, I'd like to know? As 'vigilant as a cat to steal cream' I guess, as the apostle Falstaff says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are all cusses, and cusses of cowardice.

My brethren and sisters, I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, the author of Armageddon, Dr. McFarrin, author of the Confederate Primmer, Dr. Summers, author of the Confederate Almanac, and brother Huston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not cusses of cowardice. No sir-ee!

My brethren, just get the Almanac, and look for that confederate 'eclipse of the sun,' and then get down brother Mc's Primer, and read that heavenly story about the Smart Dixie Boy, then buy a copy of my Armageddon, for one dollar and fifty cents, and you'll fight like——

Enter messenger, wildly exclaiming, 'Fort Donelson's taken, and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!'

'Oh, Jerusalem, my brethren—oh, Jerusalem! Let us skedaddle!'

And they did, without waiting for a formal closing of the service.

☞ Boys, study your books.