

Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVI.

MEDICAL HOUSE,
11 South Frederick St.,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Established in order to afford sound and scientific Medical Advice and for the prescription 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 the long standing and difficult cases, such as were formerly considered incurable, is sufficient to commend him to the public as worthy of the extensive patronage which he has received. Within the last eight years he has treated more than 20,000 cases of Private Complaints in their different forms and stages; a practice which does not exceed that of all the physicians now advertising in Baltimore, and not a single case in which, where directions were strictly followed, and medicine taken at reasonable times, without affecting a radical and permanent cure; therefore, persons afflicted with disease of the above nature, no matter how difficult or long standing the case may be, would do well to call on Dr. SMITH, at his office, No. 11, South Frederick Street.

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 Directory,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

DR. HEMMELSHAM, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets, over Head's Grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store, Cumberland, Md.

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

JOHN JOHNSON, Tin and Sheet-Iron Worker, (formerly) as a dealer of public patronage. Fixed Sheet-Iron works always on hand and for sale low. Machinery's Row, Baltimore St.

J. H. KELENBECK'S, Next to Post Office, Baltimore Street July 19, 1863.

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Every Thursday Morning.
W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.

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

600,000 MALE OR FEMALE AGENTS TO SELL
LLOYD'S NEW STREET PLATE COUNTY COLORED MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

Collection of Claims Against the United States.
HAVING secured the cooperation of a large and very successful Agency, in Washington City, for the adjustment and collection of claims against the United States Government, whose long experience in the office of the Paymaster General and Quartermaster General have familiarized them with the proceedings and details of business in the proper Departments, and for whose responsibility and promptness I am willing to vouch, and being provided with the most necessary forms and instructions from the Auditor's Office, I am now prepared to prosecute and collect, with all possible facility and dispatch, all lawful claims against the Government of the United States, on the usual and reasonable terms—

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Poetical.

Our Idol.
Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel,
Is talking with death;
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her,
He bears her away!
Music comes floating
Down from the dome;
Angles are chanting,
The sweet welcome home.

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A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire.
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The following chicken story we are scarcely willing to credit:
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Fact, Fancy and Philosophy.

Another Program.—The Greek epigrams that have come down to us are not remarkable for wit or humor. They are simply contentious aphorisms or poetical conceits in verse. The Roman epigrams are more facetious, but most of them are pointed and caustic without being especially funny—at least to a modern fancy. French epigrams are abundant, and many are excellent—those of Voltaire are very keen and sparkling; but perhaps the most trenchant of the French epigrams is that of Piron on the Royal Academy—to which he was denied admission. He revenged himself by writing his own epiphonem in the following immortal couplet:
C'est Piron qui fut le furien,
Pas une Académicien!

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