

Civilian and Telegraph.

CUMBERLAND, MD. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1863.

NUMBER 14

VOLUME XXXVI.

Friends and Relatives
OF THE
BRAVE SOLDIERS & SAILORS



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
AND OINTMENT.

All who have Friends and Relatives in the Army or Navy, should take special care, that they be amply supplied with these Pills and Ointment; and where the brave Soldiers and Sailors have neglected to provide themselves with them, no better present can be sent them by their friends. They have been proved to be the Soldier's never-failing friend in the hour of need.

Coughs and Colds affecting Troops.
Will be speedily relieved and effectually cured by using these admirable medicines, and by paying proper attention to the Directions which are attached to each Pot or Box.

Sick Headaches and Want of Appetite, usually arising from indigestion, or from the effects of perspiration, or eating and drinking whatever is unwholesome, thus disturbing the healthy action of the liver and stomach. These organs may be relieved, if you desire to be well. The Pills, taken according to the printed instructions, will quickly produce a healthy action in both liver and stomach, and as a natural consequence a clear head and good appetite.

Weakness or Debility Induced by over Fatigue.
Will soon disappear by the use of these invaluable Pills, and the Soldier will quickly acquire additional strength. Never let the Bowels be either confined or relaxed. It may seem strange that Holloway's Pills should be recommended for Dysentery and Flux, many persons supposing that they would increase the relaxation. This is a great mistake, for these Pills will correct the liver and stomach, and thus remove all the acrid humors from the system—this medicine will give tone and vigor to the whole organic system however deranged, while health and strength follow as a natural consequence. Nothing will stop the relaxation of the Bowels so sure as this famous medicine.

Voluntarily Attention! Indispositions of Youth.
Sores and Ulcers, Blisters and Swellings, can with certainty be radically cured if the Pills are taken night and morning, and the Ointment is freely used as stated in the printed directions. If treated in any other manner they dry up on one part to break out in another. Whereas this Ointment will remove the humors from the system, and leave the Patient a vigorous and healthy man. It will require a little perseverance in bad cases to insure a lasting cure.

For Wounds either occasioned by the Bayonet, Sabre or the Bullet, Sores or Bruises,
To which every Soldier and Sailor are liable, there is no medicine so beneficial as the Ointment as Holloway's Pills and Ointment. The poor wounded and almost dying sufferer might have his wounds dressed immediately, if he would only provide himself with this matchless Ointment, which should be thrust into the wound and smeared all round it, then covered with a piece of linen from his Knapsack and compressed with a handkerchief. Taking night and morning 6 or 8 Pills, to cool the system and prevent inflammation.

Every Soldier's Knapsack and Seaman's Chest should be provided with these valuable Remedies.

CAUTION!—None are genuine unless the words "HOLLOWAY, NEW YORK AND LONDON," are discernible as a Water-mark in every leaf of the book of directions around each pot or box; the same is plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the name of the proprietor, and thus depriving the poor and healthy man. It will require a little perseverance in bad cases to insure a lasting cure.

Sold at the Manufacture of Professor Holloway, 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine, throughout the civilized world, in boxes at 25 cents, 62 cents, and \$1 each.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

Jan 15, 1863—1y.

NEW BOOK, STATIONARY PERIODICAL, AND NOTION STORE.

The subscriber begs leave to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has opened a first-class

BOOK STORES, At the Old Stands, under the St. Nicholas Hotel and 4 doors below the Post Office.

The subscriber is constantly receiving NEW BOOKS, and all the latest popular works and School Books. Also, every kind of

STATIONERY AND Fancy Goods, Musical Instruments, &c.

Call and see for yourselves. Having a complete Book Binding Establishment connected with these Stores, I am prepared to make up Blank Work of every description, and will bind Magazines, old books or Periodicals to order.

Formerly Andrews & Swartzwelder. Jan. 29, 1863.

Advertisements Notice.
Patrick Kane, ORDERED, this 25th day of March, 1863, that Patrick Kane, His Creditors, 1862, that Patrick Kane, give notice to his creditors, endorsers and sureties, that the second Monday of April next is fixed for the said Patrick Kane to appear in the Circuit Court for Allegany county, to answer such interrogatories as his creditors, endorsers and sureties may propose or allege against him; and that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in the city of Cumberland, once a week for three successive months prior to the second Monday of April next, as such notice.

Test—J. BESLEY, Clerk. Jan. 1, 1863—3m.

Catawba Wine
WHICH I will warrant to be the pure juice of the Grape—it being the product of my own vineyard, Invalids needing a mild stimulant will find it very beneficial. For sale by ROBERT READ, Feb. 5, 1863, 3m.

Civilian & Telegraph
IS PUBLISHED
Every Thursday Morning.

W. EVANS, Editor and Proprietor.
GEO. W. HOOPER, Publisher.
Office in Second Story of Brooks' Block, Balto. St., near the Bazaar.

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
First insertion 25 cents each. All subsequent insertions 12 lines charged 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 advertisements in their advertising to their own business.
ALL TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS, 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.

LEGAL 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—D. WEISSEL.
Clerk of Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—JOHN B. WIDENER.
Sheriff—THOS. G. McCULLOH.
State's Attorney—C. B. THURSTON.
Sergeant—WILLIAM RACE.
Clerk to County Comm'rs—JACOB BROWN.
Judge of the Orphan's Court—JOSEPH RAWLINS.
ALEXANDER KING.
FRANCIS MATHLIELY.

Business Directory,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

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

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.

H. D. CARLETON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
46 Kaig'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 ware always on hand and for sale low. McCleary's Row, Baltimore St.

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, Plovers, Agricultural Implements, &c.
March 17, 1863—y.

CLOTWORTHY & FLINT,
WHOLESALE
DRUGGISTS,
and Dealers in
Paints, Glass & Oil.
No. 839 Bal. St.

Baltimore.
BEST COAL OIL and BURNING FLUID
on hand and for sale at the lowest rates,
and at the lowest rates. Address—
JOSEPH SPRIGG
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Jan. 1, 63. Cumberland, Md.

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 in fuel by the use of these stoves.
Sept. 15, 1862
JOHN JOHNSON

THE P. B. L. C. The undersigned, being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all requiring LITHOGRAPHY. He will furnish Addresses, Ordinances, Reports, Presentations, Speeches, Replies, and Lines for Albums, Acrostics—prepares matter for the Press—Obituaries; and writes Poetry upon any subject.—Address—FIRELEY JOHNSON,
No. 28, 1862, Baltimore, Md.

BANJOB Just received at
W. M. ANDREWS'
Under St. Nicholas Hotel.
Jan. 29.

NEW MUSIC
Just received at
W. M. ANDREWS'
Under St. Nicholas Hotel.
Jan. 29.

A FEW barrels left of Baker's Old Rye & Whisky. For sale by W. M. E. DEALL & CO

Poetical.

The Soldier to His Mother.

Kiss my little brother and my sisters and
tell them I died for my country.
On the field of battle mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me mother,
Till the breaking of the day
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving one at home.
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again I seem'd to come.

He to whom you taught me, mother,
How to kneel and pray,
Kept my heart from fainting mother,
When the vision pass'd away.
In the gray of morning mother,
Comrades bore me to the town;
From my bosom tender fingers
Wash'd the blood that trickled down.

I must soon be going mother,
Going to the home of rest,
Kiss me as of old, my mother,
Press me nearer to your breast
Would I could repay you, mother,
For your faithful love and care;
God uphold and bless you mother,
In this bitter wee you bear.

Kiss for me my little brother,
And my sisters, loved so well;
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell.
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country
All from love to her and God.

Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the ONE who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom mother,
Hark! I hear the angels call!
Don't you hear them singing, mother,
Listen to the music's swell!
Now I have you, loving mother—
God be with you—fare you well.

Impromptu Lines on the Copper-heads.

When the sweet roses blushing red,
In Eden their first fragrance shed,
A traitor and a copperhead
Came to disguise.

Diffusing knowledge, and he said,
"Man and to wife,
And wisdom shall anoint thine eyes.

And when the Woman saw the tree,
So pleasant for the eyes to see,
She ate the forbidden fruit. Thus she
Hath man misled.

Now 'neath the tree of liberty,
This copperhead
Appears in blue and white and red.

Under the silent grass he hides,
Among the weeds and flowers he glides,
Down by the brooks he most abides—
A treacherous thistle.

The stars and stripes that deck his sides
Conceal a sting
Venom and death are in his spring.

Satan seceded, and he fell,
In chains and darkness doomed to dwell.
With other traitors who rebel,
Because he'd rather grin in hell.

Than serve the Lord,
Who guards us with his flaming sword,

Miscellaneous.

THE GLUT OF SILVER IN CANADA.—It would do a hard money man good to go to Canada. The currency consists almost exclusively of American silver. Silver abounds everywhere. Everybody tries to get rid of it, as people do of doubtful funds. The taxes are paid in silver, and the collectors take it by the bushel. The city treasurer of Toronto has half a ton of it. The merchants have bags of it in their safes. The banks won't receive it. The Great Western Railway has issued printed notices that only five per cent. of silver will be received for fare on freight. Only think of a country where you cannot pay your fare on the cars in silver coin! At Toronto, London and elsewhere, business men and firms have united in a general resolution to receive silver only at a discount of five per cent. for Canada bank paper. This of course applies to American silver, as the Canadian and English coinage is a legal tender. Think again of a region, within one mile of Detroit, in which the "dirty rags" issued by the bank, are worth five cents on the dollar more than the shining coin!—Detroit Advertiser.

LEARNING FAST.—A Brooklyn doctor vouches for the facts in the following: An anxious father not long since discovered his "only son and heir," engaged in pitching pennies with a number of ragged urchins, who had just initiated him in the mysteries of the all-absorbing game. He gave the little gamester a long lecture on the sin of gambling, etc., and finished by telling him that if he ever caught him in the naughty work of pitching pennies again, or gambling in any way, he would give him a severe whipping. The youngster stood with his hands in his pockets, coolly jingling the half-dozen coppers he had won; and at the conclusion of his father's remarks, little Bob drew a cent from his pocket, and balancing it on the thumb and index finger of his right hand, said,

"Dad, I'll go you head or tail for two ticks or none!"

CONVERSATIONAL POWER.—The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation.

"Authors ought to be read and not heard; and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing room, and their wit was like comedy and farce of a second hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure confirms this opinion. Some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow men. They had golden ingots, which in the privacy of their own minds they could have melted into an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthing current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; LaFontaine, celebrated for his witty tales; and Buffon, the greatest naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview, 'I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him.'—Chambers' Journal.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE.—The Bible describes the years of man to be threescore-and-ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and we may not live a day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts like the dial of a clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; when he arrives at fourteen years, it will be two o'clock; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare his life. In this manner we may always know the time of our life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind us of it. At what hour you and I shall die, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.

I know not what o'clock it may be with the reader, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in the world which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it.—Look about you. I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourselves what o'clock it is with you.

HIT 'EM AGAIN.—Every publisher of a country newspaper who appreciates the force of the following extract from a somewhat brilliant article which appears in the Oregon Times:

Men will come to the office and solicit a place in the columns for advertisements and desire the editor to furnish the brains to write out the "ad," and stand by the printer, and constantly annoy him with directions about the style of type he must use, and the amount of display; and when the advertisement appears in print, they have some fault to find about some font of letter, or some very unimportant particular, which they imagine is not just to their taste. But when pay-day comes they will tell you that they can't pay money for advertising; they can't pay you such rates; they can get the same amount in Boston, New York or San Francisco for half the money; printers' bills are always a bore, advertising does them no good, and threaten to stop the paper and the advertisement, and give their patronage to another, if the amount of the bill is insisted upon, &c., until the publisher is weary and disgusted with his patron, and concludes to take half the value of his labor, and thus be done hearing his heartless excuses.

A HAPPY HIT.—A few days since while at Springfield, I heard a conversation between several members of the Legislature, in which a couple of leading Democrats were boasting that they were to strong for the Union side of the House. A dispatch had just been received there that the rebels had been defeated at Murfreesboro.—Col. Coler, a war Democrat from Champaign (since voted out), and his place given to Bossy, contentant, spoke up very quickly, saying: "Yes, you are too strong for us here, but we are giving you the devil's quality of freedom."

A COURTEY EDITOR denounces these afflictions upon him who neglects to pay the printer.—May 23rd nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and fishing-lines break. May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank, and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of cats caterwall under his window each night. May the fame-stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers, and hiss "Murder" in his dreaming ears. In short, may his daughter marry a one-eyed editor, and his business go to ruin, and he go to—the Legislature.

"What is that puppy barking at?" asked a fox, whose boots were more polished than his top. "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

Did you ever know a tobacco chewing Christian to feel any compunction for desecrating the house of God with the vile juice of the weed.

Was it a windy orator like a whale?—Because he often rises to spout.

Love and law are things we had better keep out of if we can.

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick it to yourself.

Imitate a good man, but don't counterfeit him.

Ashamed of her Father.

Little Sallie was the daughter of an honest blacksmith, and was a very frank warm-hearted child. A new house had been erected on a high hill near, by a fine gentleman from the city; and Sallie was quite delighted to see in his carriage, drawn by two bay horses, a sweet little girl about her own age. Once when she was in the shop, they stopped to say something to Giles about shoeing the horses, and Sallie smiled at Lucy who in return threw her a nice red apple. She caught it so nicely that they both laughed heartily and became friends; for little children have none of that mean pride which we sometimes see among older people, till they are taught it.

One day, when Sallie was dressed very neatly, she asked leave to take a walk, and bent her steps toward the mansion on the hill. She did not know how to go round by the road, so she climbed over the fence and wall till she reached the grounds. There, to her delight, she saw Lucy on a little gray pony which the coachman was leading carefully by the bridle. She drove up to the wall and asked in a kind voice, 'have you berries to sell, little girl?'

She laughed, and said, 'No I'm Sallie; don't you remember me, I came to play with you a little while. May that man open the iron gate for me? It is very heavy.'

'I would like to play with you and let you ride on my pony,' replied pleasant little Lucy, 'but I know mamma would not allow me to play with you.'

'Why not?' asked Sallie in wonder. 'I never say naughty words, and I'm all dressed clean this afternoon.'

'Oh,' said Lucy, 'it is because your father works with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and has a smutty face and hands.'

'Oh, the smut washes off!' replied the innocent child. 'He is always clean in the evening! and when he has his Sunday clothes on, he's the handsomest man in the world. Mother is pretty all the time.'

'Oh, but—mamma would not let you in I know, because your father shoes horses,' added Lucy.

'That is no harm, is it? Don't your father want his horses shod?' asked the wonder struck Sallie.

'Yes; but he won't let me play with poor people's children,' answered Lucy.

'We're not poor, we're very rich,' replied Sallie. 'Father owns the house and the shop and we've got a cow and a calf, and twenty chickens, and the darlings!'

'But after all this argument little Lucy shook her head sadly and said, 'I wouldn't dare to ask you in; but I'll give you some flowers.'

So Sallie went back over fence and wall wondering much at what had passed. Then for the first time in her life she wished her father would wear his Sunday clothes every day just as the minister, and the doctor and Lucy's father did. She felt almost ashamed of him—so noble, and kind and good—as she entered the shop to wait for him.

She stood by the forge trying to enjoy the sight of the sparks as they danced and fought each other after stroke of the hammer. But her thoughts were so troubled that she could not see them, nor the beautiful pictures which she always found before the blazing fire;—mountains, castles, churches, angels all were gone, and there was nothing left in the shop but a coal fire, hot sparks, and smutty man! Tears came into Sallie's eyes, but she crowded them back because she could not tell why she shed them.

The fire was out; the blacksmith pulled off his apron, laid aside his hammer, and took the soft hand of Sallie in his own hand and smutty one. For the first time in her life she withdrew it to see if the black came off. Just then the cars came in cracking and whizzing; and to her joy she saw little Lucy on the platform waiting for her father.—The conductor helped him from the steps, and he called out to Lucy, 'Take my hand, child; but she put both her hands up to her face to hide it, and sprung back into the carriage, alone; while the coachman, with a blushing face, almost lifted the finely dressed gentleman into it. Oh, what a sad sight! He had been drinking wine till his reason was gone, and he could not walk, so his own sweet child was ashamed of him!'

Then Sallie grasped the hand of Giles, not caring now whether the smut rubbed off or not, and told him all that was in her heart. 'Oh father,' she cried, 'I was so wicked that I was just beginning to be ashamed of you because your face was black, and you did not dress up like a gentleman all the time! I am so glad you are a blacksmith instead of a drunken man! Poor, poor little Lucy! She is ashamed of her father although he has on a fine coat and gold buttons on his shirt!'

THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.—The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides or Fidelity—a goddess of 'faith and honesty,' to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined; or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their attention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

Be not afraid of a good man, but don't counterfeit him.

A Touching Incident.

The war has given birth to many gems of poetry patriotic, humorous, and pathetic, illustrative of the spirit and varied impressions of the time. A volume compiled from the newspapers of the day would prove a rich contribution to the military literature of the country.—I send below a touching morceau from an unknown pen, copied from the Philadelphia Bulletin, suggested by an affecting scene in one of the army hospitals. A brave lad of 16 years, belonging to a New England regiment, mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, and sent to the Patent Office Hospital in Washington, was anxiously looking for the coming of his mother. As his last hour approached and sight grew dim, he mistook a sympathetic lady who was wiping the cold calmy perspiration from his forehead, for the expected one and with a smile of joy lighting up his pale face, whispered tenderly, 'Is that mother?'

'Then,' says the writer, 'drawing her towards him with all his feeble strength, he nestled his head in her arms like a sleeping infant, and thus died, with the sweet word 'mother' on his quivering lips.'

"IS THAT MOTHER?"
Is that mother bending o'er me,
As she sang my woe hymn—
Kneeling there in tears before me,
Say?—my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home to-day,
Out among the Northern hills,
To her pet boy dying slowly
Of war's battle wounds and ills!

Mother! oh woe bravely battled—
Battled till the day was done;
While the leaden hail-storm rattled—
Man to man and gun to gun.

But we failed—and I am dying—
Dying in my boyhood's years—
There—no weeping—self-denying,
Noble deaths demand no tears!

Fold your arms again around me;
Press again my aching head;
Sing the lullaby you sang me—
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

There is pathos in this incident—one only of hundreds similar—to inspire the artist's pencil.—Correspondence of the Providence Journal.

A Charming Little Story.

In the tribe of Negdeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daber, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, 'I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and Heaven will reward you.' The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, 'I cannot rise; I have no strength left.' Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daber feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out, as he did so, 'It is I, Daber; I have got the horse, and am off with it.' Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. 'You have taken my horse,' said the latter. 'Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it.' 'And why not?' said Daber. 'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been.' Struck with shame at these words, Daber was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

A Fragment.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the pictures we once knew, the scenes in which we once were actors,—they appear before the mind like phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety of his soul—the wheels of time cannot move so rapidly for him—the light of hope dances in his eye—the smile of expectation plays upon his lips—he looks forward to long years of joy to come—his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men, and mighty deeds—he wants to be a man—longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shout of applause.—Look at him again—he is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped its wrinkle upon his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown a gloom over his countenance—he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their fulfilment—each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers that the season of youth—when the pulse of anticipation beats high—is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of the aged looks? His form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb—he looks back upon the past—his days appear to have been few, and he confesses they were evil—the magnificence of the great is to him vanity—the hilarity of youth, folly;—he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other; the world presents little to attract, and nothing to delight him; still, however, he would linger in it, still he would lengthen out his days; though, of 'beauty's bloom,' of 'fancy's flesh,' of 'music's breath,' he is forced to exclaim, 'I have no pleasure in them.'

A few years of infirmity, imity, and sorrow, and he is ready to bid adieu to the grave—yet this was the gay, the generous, the high souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewed with flowers without a thorn. Such is human life—but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyments must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearsthesides, it will be sought at other and, perhaps, less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home most delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and freight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle.

Life Illustrated.

A Most Extravagant Woman.

The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor. M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of Finance, threatened to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it is as much as many of them can do to pay the interest on the large debts which following the imperial fashion has caused them to incur. The world owes Grinolette to the fair Eugenie; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means grateful to her for the introduction of the article.

She has made her apartments in the Tuilleries as magnificent as the palaces one reads about in Oriental fables. The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold. The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory, and pearl, and is upholstered with pale red silk. Smyrnan carpeting of the heavy texture covers the floor, and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portfolios are of tortoise shell arabesqued with gold, and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls. The beautiful woman who has thus surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare laces and all the most expensive articles of female costume, besides subscribing unheard of sums in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is withal an intriguing politician.

The Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the heyday of her youth and beauty. The Queen of Louis XVI. was as extravagant, and as fond