

Business Directory, CUMBERLAND, MD.

HUMBERT & LONG WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Foreign & Domestic Hardware

DENTISTRY, DR. HUMBERT, DENTIST, Corner of Baltimore and Liberty Streets

WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO., Wholesale & Retail Dealers in GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

JOSEPH SPRIGG ATTORNEY AT LAW, Jan. 1864, Cumberland, Md.

Lumber! Lumber! JOSIAH WITT, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN LUMBER

Dr. G. J. BEACHY, DENTIST, Office (up stairs) on Baltimore street

A. J. BOOSE, DEALER IN SALT, FISH, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN

J. W. RICHARDSON, MINING ENGINEER AND INSPECTOR OF MINES, Lonaconing, Md.

R. I. MORRIS, BAKER AND CONFECTIONER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign and American Fruit

CUMBERLAND FOUNDRY, TAYLOR & CO., Iron and Brass Founders

Steam Engines, Boilers, Railroad and Mine Cars, Mining Machinery, Furnaces, etc.

Civil and Mining Engineer and Surveyor, THE SUBSCRIBER IS AGAIN IN THE 'COAL FIELD'

Open Coal Mines, and put the same in thorough working order

FURNISH PLANS, AND MAKE ESTIMATES AND PLATS OR MAPS, the parties may require.

Fresco Painting!! FREDERICK MD.

H. P. DEBRING respectfully informs the citizens of Cumberland and vicinity

HOME AWAY! Dr. J. W. EWING respectfully informs his old friends and the public

GOLD AT PAR, Prices at the old Cheap Rates.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST received from the Best Established Manufacturers and Importers

25, South Charles St. Baltimore, Rail Road Spiker, Hook Head and Counter-sinker

Wright Iron Chairs, all patterns, Ropes—Soller and Tank—all assortment.

Best and Ship Spikes, Horse and Mule Shoes, Boat and Ship Spikes

Bridge and Car and Truss Tools, Best 3, 1503—17

Civilian and Telegraph

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXVII.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1864.

NUMBER 29.

DYSPEPSIA AND DISEASE RESULTING FROM DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS

HOEFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, THE GREAT STRENGTHENING TONIC.

These Bitters have performed more Cures! HAVE AND DO GIVE BETTER SATISFACTION!

Have More Testimony! HAVE MORE RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE TO VOUCH FOR THEM!

AND WILL PAY \$1000 To any one that will produce a Certificate published by us, that is not Genuine.

HOEFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach.

Observe the following SYMPTOMS: Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Bloating, Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Headache, and Bilious Breathing.

Sensations when in a lying Position, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Indigestion, or Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Swelling of the Feet, Burning in the Throat, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and great Depressions of Spirits.

REMEMBER, THAT THIS BITTERS IS NOT ALCOHOLIC, CONTAINS NO RUM OR WHISKEY, And can't make Drunkards.

IS THE BEST TONIC In the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO: From the Rev. L. U. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

I have known Hoeftland's German Bitters for nearly twenty years. I have used them in my own family, and have seen them used by many others, and know that they have operated in a strikingly beneficial manner.

I take great pleasure in this public proclamation, and in recommending to those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended, to try this Bitters, knowing from experience that they will be benefited by its use.

I do this more cheerfully as Hoeftland's Bitters is intended to benefit the afflicted and is "not a rum tonic."

LEVI G. BECK, From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Eclectic Medical Knowledge, and Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend any medicine in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefits he has derived from it, and hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoeftland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against it for many years, and the impression that they were cheap and of no value, and that they were doing me no good, and that I was indebted to my friend, Robert Stoenmaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and encouragement to try them, and suffering from great and long continued debility.

The use of three bottles of these Bitters at the beginning of the present year, has followed by evident relief and restoration to a degree of bodily mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining, and which I have not since lost.

I am, therefore, glad to see that you are endeavoring to direct me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN, Philadelphia.

From the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Pastor of the 19th Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson's German Bitters has been frequently resorted to in connection with me with commendations of different kinds of medicines, and particularly in my family, of the usefulness of Dr. Jackson's German Bitters, I am proud to say that I have been benefited by it, and that I have been able to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system and especially for those cases in which the system is debilitated, it is a safe and reliable remedy, and which I have no doubt, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cases.

Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth below Castles Street, Philadelphia.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Germantown, Penna.

Dr. C. M. Jackson's German Bitters, I have frequently resorted to in connection with me with commendations of different kinds of medicines, and particularly in my family, of the usefulness of Dr. Jackson's German Bitters, I am proud to say that I have been benefited by it, and that I have been able to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system and especially for those cases in which the system is debilitated, it is a safe and reliable remedy, and which I have no doubt, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cases.

Yours, very respectfully, WARREN RANDOLPH, Germantown, Pa.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Helling M. E. Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson's German Bitters in my family frequently, I am prepared to say that it has been of great service. I believe that in most cases of general debility of the system it is the safest and most valuable remedy which I have any knowledge of.

Yours, respectfully, J. H. TURNER, No. 726 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

From Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa.

Dr. C. M. Jackson's German Bitters, I have been troubled with Dyspepsia nearly twenty years and have never used any medicine that did me as much good as Hoeftland's Bitters, I am very much indebted to you, after having known five bottles.

Yours with respect, J. S. HERMAN.

Large Size (holding nearly double quantity.) \$1.00—Small Size (holding half doz.) \$5.00—Small Size—75 cents per Bottle—half doz. \$4.00.

Beware of Counterfeits! Be that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article do not put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed by express.

Principal office and Manufactory, No. 631 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA.

JONES & EVANS, Successors to C. M. Jackson, & Co. PROPRIETORS.

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers every town in the United States Feb 4 1864—17.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any state or municipal authority.

Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period not less than ten nor more than forty years from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the books of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the owner's order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are more convenient for commercial use.

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1st, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. premium,) or receive their drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit. As these Bonds are

Exempt from Municipal or State Taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levied in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay Over Eight Per Cent Interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is held to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from \$50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

It may be useful to state in this connection that the total Funded Debt of the United States on which the interest is payable in gold, on the 30th day of March, 1864, was \$768,965,000. The interest on this debt for the coming fiscal year will be \$15,537,125, while the national revenue in gold for the current fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1864, has been so far at the rate of over \$100,000,000 per annum.

It will be seen that even the present gold revenues of the Government are largely in excess of the wants of the Treasury for the payment of gold interest, while the recent increase of the tariff will doubtless raise the annual receipts from the customs on the same amount of importations, to \$150,000,000 per annum.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the United States Treasury until March 26, but in the first three weeks of April the subscriptions averaged more than TEN MILLIONS A WEEK.

Subscriptions will be received by the FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BALTIMORE, MD. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WASHINGTON, D. C. FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CARLISLE, PA.

And by all National Banks, which are depositaries of Public money, and RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country, (acting as agents of the National Depository Banks, will furnish further information on application and AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS. May 12—3m

LE FEVRE'S PURE GLYCERINE BALM: A Fine Remedy for Chapped Hands or Face.

DIRECTIONS: Wash the hands clean and wipe them dry and apply the Balm, rubbing it well in.

PREPARED BY H. LE FEVRE & Co. June—7 Druggists, Cumb'd Md.

LE FEVRE'S CAMP ITCH LOTION. A NEVER FAILING REMEDY For the Cure of Camp Itch, Tetter, Pox, and all Skin Diseases.

Soldiers should not be without it, as there is no danger in using it whether in or out of the field.

DIRECTIONS: Apply the Lotion to the parts affected, night and morning, by means of a rag or sponge.

PREPARED ONLY BY H. LE FEVRE & Co. June—7 Druggists, Cumb'd Md.

PUMP CHAINS & FIXTURES, for RUMFORD & LONG.

POETRY.

"AM I FOR PEACE? YES!"

HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, that grand old Democrat of New York, being written to by a lady, and the inquiry made of him if he was for peace, returned this striking reply:

For the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat, And the station of shot and shell, Till rebellion's spirit is trampled down To the depths of its kindred hell.

For the peace which shall follow the squadron's tramp, Where the brazen trumpets Bray, And drunk with the fury of storm and strife, The blood-red chargers neigh.

For the peace which shall wash out the leprous stain Of our country—foul and grim— And shall surmount the fetters which creak and clank On the down-trodden black man's limb.

I will curse him as traitor and false of heart, Who would shrink from conflict now, And will stamp it with blistering, burning brand, On his hideous, Catiline brow.

Out! out of the way! with your spurious peace; Which would make us rebellion's slaves; We will rescue our land from the traitorous grasp Or cover it o'er with graves.

Out! out of the way! with your knavish schemes, Which would make us rebellion's slaves; Crouch away in the dark like a sneaking hound, That its master has beaten back.

You would barter the fruits of your father's blood, And sell out the Stripes and Stars, To purchase a place with rebellion's votes, Or escape from rebellion's scars.

By the widow's wail, by the mother's tears, By the orphan who cry for bread, By our sons who fall, we will never yield Till rebellion's soul is dead!

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR FATHER'S HONOR.

BY T. S. ANTHONY.

"So much gone! I might have known how it would be," said Mr. Stirling, looking up from the morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

"What is gone?" asked his wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Stirling fretfully.

"What money?"

"That money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Stirling, coldly.

"Dead?" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overwhelmed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients away to die?"

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Stirling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him," was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over-persuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during the winter.

"It's been more of a burden than a support to them those two years."

"Oh, Harvey! How can you speak so!" reproached Mrs. Stirling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heart-broken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Stirling. "He would have been of more use to his family if he had clothed an orphan better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars, I wouldn't."

But he checked for shame—not for any better feeling—the almost brutal words he sent up to his tongue.

Not many hundred yards from Mr. Stirling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box-bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honey-suckle, twined with a running rose-bush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows giving living beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere—not lavish, but discriminate taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C—. Now the shadow of death was upon it.

Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans! Well might Mrs. Stirling pity them. While her mercenary husband was signing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little ones weeping over her in child-like terror. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said. "I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away two or three months before his loved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best

felt most anxious about her. "She has no mental stamina," they said. "She can not stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor make the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Stirling read the news of the young ministers' death he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was able to go South in hope of regaining his health through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Stirling, with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman! What a fine sense of honor she has!' But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Mr. Stirling's surprise and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered three months afterwards, he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile, little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with his dear familiar writing and made thereon with considerable formality, an indorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Stirling's hands. It seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Temple to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which this first payment was made. Mr. Stirling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied the mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child; "but then she's so queer."

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to day. I almost laughed out; but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bonfield, and I, were walking round the square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came along and taking out three bright ten cent pieces, he said, 'Here's a dime for each of you, girls, to buy sugar plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and starting away for the candy shops in an instant; but Katie stood still with her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along!' I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. 'Ain't you going to buy candy with it?' I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words)—'It's for father's honor; and leaving us, went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange!'"

"Her mother is very poor, you know," replied Mrs. Stirling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

"She must be," said Flora. "For Katie's worn the same frock to school every day for 'most three months."

Mr. Stirling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark. "It's for father's honor; the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months and then Mrs. Granger called again on Mr. Stirling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale, thin face made a stronger impression on him. It troubled him to lift the money her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, had counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, "Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidly whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, and so he kept silent.

"No dear it's for father's honor; I can't spend it."

Mr. Stirling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking at the window, when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl of five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister away from the window.

"Don't look at them any more—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie," pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Stirling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a cent! but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum

total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children and added them to his already burning coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Stirling.

"Here, little ones!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew out her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come!" repeated Mr. Stirling speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Stirling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr. Stirling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant for he loved money. But the vision of sober child faces before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears.

Through overtaxing toil, and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands—to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half-absent way the edges of a little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him; he would never take anything more from the widow.

The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her children in order to pay the husband's and father's debt, in order to keep pure his honor; and they ask naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Stirling took from his desk a large pocket-book, and selected from one of the compartments a note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures the sum of \$300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well, to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation, but a sad pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence: "No, dear, it's for father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Stirling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "Cancelled," and handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Stirling, "that I hold no obligations against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied as she reached back the note:

"Thank you for your generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Stirling, speaking through emotions that were new to him. "It is as white as snow."

Then he thrust back upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

"No, Mr. Stirling," the widow said. "It shall be as I will!" was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals."

"But keep the last payment," urged the widow. "I shall feel better."

"No, Madame! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men know him to be pure and upright. When God took him, He assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But he left upon you another and most sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children; whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving their meat to cancel an obligation which death had paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. 'Ah, Madam! Mr. Stirling's voice softened very much, 'if we could all see right at the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true hearted self-devotion; but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time."

Under Providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidly which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

HERBERT AND I.

BY DAISY HOWARD.

[From the New York Mercury.]

We had quarreled, Herbert and I, or rather we were estranged—and yet we loved each other better than the life God had given us.

The rest of the household had gone to a concert, and I sat by the library-fire, lonely and despairing.

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