

Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVII.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1865.

NUMBER 12.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The undersigned have agreed on the following rates for advertising, which will be strictly adhered to:

One square one insertion	1 00
One square two insertions	1 50
One square three insertions	2 00
One square one month	3 00
One square two months	3 25
One square three months	4 00
One square six months	6 00
One square one year	10 00
Two squares one month	3 50
Two squares two months	4 25
Two squares three months	5 00
Two squares six months	7 00
Two squares one year	11 00

For lines of less than a square, the above rates will be charged according to the above rates, and the party desiring the same will be held responsible for the payment thereof.

Use fourth of a column, three months \$10 00
Use fourth of a column, six months 15 00
Use fourth of a column, twelve months 20 00
Half of a column, three months 15 00
Half of a column, six months 20 00
Half of a column, twelve months 25 00
One column, three months 20 00
One column, six months 25 00
One column, twelve months 30 00

Persons carrying on business within the city of Cumberland will be charged as follows, including the paper:

Use fourth of a column, per year	\$15 00
One half of a column, per year	25 00
One column, per year	35 00

They will be the privilege of changing their advertisements for two dollars additional to the above rates. The advertisements must be strictly limited to their immediate business.

Present contracts will be faithfully complied with. Business Cards, including paper, 5¢; 6 months, \$5; 12 months, \$8.

Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription: \$2.50 Per Annum, in advance. All subscription must invariably be paid in advance, otherwise THREE DOLLARS will be charged if not paid.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDAR FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
FEB.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
MAR.	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
APR.	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
MAY.	29	30	31	1	2	3	4
JUN.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
JUL.	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
AUG.	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
SEP.	26	27	28	29	30	1	2
OCT.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
NOV.	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
DEC.	17	18	19	20	21	22	23

HANDBILLS.
One eighth of a sheet, 25 copies, \$1 50; 50 copies, \$2 00; 100 copies, \$2 50; every additional 100, 75 cents.

One quarter of a sheet, 25 copies, \$3 50; 50 copies, \$4 50; 100 copies, \$5 50; every additional 100, \$1 50.

Half sheet, 25 copies, \$5 50; 50 copies, \$6 50; 100 copies, \$7 50; every additional 100, \$1 50.

Geo. T. KNORR, Union, Civilian and Telegraph, THE ALLEGANIAN, Cumberland, June 20, 1864.

BOOK STORE.

AT THE OLD STAND
BALTIMORE STREET, 3 DOORS EAST OF THE POST OFFICE.

The Subscriber is constantly receiving "NEW BOOKS," AND ALL THE LATEST POPULAR WORK AND CHOOL BOOKS.

ALSO, EVERY KIND OF STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Call and see for yourselves.

HAVING A COMPLETE BOOK BINDERY.

Establishment connected with the Store, I am prepared to make up all kinds of WORK of every description, and will bind MAGAZINES, OLD BOOKS and PERIODICALS, to order.

WM. ANDREWS, 0420153-17

CHEAP PASSAGE FROM OR TO IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

CUNARD LINE OF STEAMSHIPS, FROM OR TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL, BY THE "BLACK STAR LINE" OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, SAILING EVERY WEEK.

WILLIAMS & GUNN'S OLD "BLACK STAR LINE" OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, SAILING EVERY WEEK.

REMITTANCES To England, Ireland and Scotland, payable on demand.

For further particulars apply to A. J. CLARK, At Termy's Grocery, next door to the Civilian and Telegraph office, Cumberland, Md. Feb. 25 '64-y.

GOLD AT PAR.

PRICES AT THE OLD CHEAP STORE. The subscriber has just received from the best Establishments in the United States a VERY EXTENSIVE STOCK OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WATCHES.

And one of the FINEST AND BEST STATED STOCKS OF THE LATEST STYLES OF JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS, EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

Citizens and strangers are invited to examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing. We defy competition. One price.

TERMS CASH.

All goods sold by us as guaranteed.

SAMUEL T. LITTLE, Baltimore Street, Cumberland, Md. November 12, 1864.

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

The subscriber is again in the "COAL FIELD," ready to attend to any business that may be entrusted to his care. Will

OPEN COAL MINES, and put the same in thorough working order; FURNISH PLANS, AND MAKE ESTIMATES AND PLATS OR MAPS, as the parties may require.

WM. BRACE, Address, Post Office, Cumberland, Md. Residence on Columbia street, a few doors above Peck. Jan 26-17

CALL AND PURCHASE PUTNAM'S NO. 1 EXTRA CLOTHES WRINGER.

BIRD CAGES, HOOPS AND CAGES, SKATES, Also, PATENT "HAIR CRIMPER," for waving or crimping ladies' hair, from

THOMAS JOHNS, corner Centre & Balto. sts. Jr. 19.

JOSEPH SPRIGG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Poetry.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world hath done
Since my eyes grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!

For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to have, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust,
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with pure things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin-chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
Let deeds with language dwell;
And soothe where'er we can,
Fair speech should bind the human mind;
And love like man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities straying birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
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Miscellaneous.

THE CORAL BRACELETS.

It was the coldest day of the season. "Put on more coal, Hawkins," said Nina Pelham, querulously, as she sat in front of a blazing coal grate, robed in a blue cashmere morning dress, lined with quilted satin of the same color, and her small feet comfortably enshrouded in blue velvet slippers, edged with snowy swansdown.

Hawkins, a solemn and somewhat consequential-looking servant in sober black, obeyed his young mistress's rather petulant behest, but paused a moment after he had heaped the blazing coal upon the red hot bars of the grate.

"If you please, Miss Nina, there's a young person down stairs would like to see you."

"What kind of person, Hawkins?" questioned Nina, languidly lifting her eyes from her work, with some slight appearance of interest.

"Well, Miss," said Hawkins, hesitating a little, "she's very genteel spoken—a real lady, you'd think, if it wasn't that she is dressed so shabbily and scant."

"No, Miss Nina, certainly not?"

"Nor anybody that comes after the lady's maid's situation?"

"No, Miss, I should say not—she doesn't look like a lady's maid."

"Well—show her up!"

And Nina's head settled back among the cushions of her chair with returning indolence. But the instant her eye fell on the sweet, though pale face of the slender-looking girl who advanced timidly into the room, ushered by the stately Hawkins, she sat upright with genuine surprise depicted on her countenance.

"Anna Wharton! is it possible that this is you?"

"Then you recognize me, Nina?" said the stranger, slightly crimsoning. "It is so long since we were schoolmates together at Madame Sauriat's that I feared you would scarcely remember me."

"Sit down," said Nina, rather ungraciously motioning with her heavily ringed finger toward a chair. "What can I do for you?"

Miss Wharton did not sit down, however—it might have been that she was repelled by the extreme coldness of Nina's manner—but went on speaking, in a hesitating, uncertain voice.

"Of course you have heard of our misfortunes, Nina—my poor father's failure and death, and my mother's subsequent disease?"

"I had not heard of it," said Nina, contemplating her dainty slippers. "People in company have so many things to think and talk about."

"There's no use," said Anna, "in trying to conceal the fact that I am compelled to earn my daily bread by the daily labor of my hands. And she added, with a slight flush on her cheeks, "heretofore I have experienced no difficulty in comfortably supporting both myself and my little brother. But since he has fallen ill—"

"I am sorry that I have no fine sewing to give you," and really my allowance of pocket-money is so very small that—"

Anna Wharton colored scarlet.

"You entirely misunderstand me Nina—I do not come here to beg."

Dr. Hummelshime, DENTIST, Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Read's oyster Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store. Jan. 1, 1864.

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But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure you pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
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For if ye give not heart for heart,
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You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
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But place not all your hope and trust,
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"No, Miss Nina, certainly not?"

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TALLEGRAND'S APHORISMS.

Our welcome to a stranger depends upon the name he bears—upon the coat he wears; our farewell upon the spirit he has displayed in the interview.

There is so great a charm in friendship, that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging ourselves duped by the sentimentalist who inspires.

Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unadvised vanity; the too humble obedience is sometimes a disguised impertinence.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow, gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportion when it follows.

Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere book without the bait.

He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself.

The Count de Coigny possesses wit and talent, but his conversation is fatiguing, because his memory is equally exact in quoting the death of the Princess de Guemene's poodle.

To contradict and argue with a total stranger, is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contentment of it creates a great man.

The errors of great men, and the good deeds of reprobrates, should not be reckoned in our estimates of their respective characters.

It is something quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of that which he knows to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.

Both erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by government; wit and manufactures will come of themselves.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

It is an attribute of true philosophy never to force the progress of truth and reason, but to wait till the dawn of light; meanwhile, the philosopher may wander into hidden paths, but he will never depart from the main track.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet—those he receives nearest his heart.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ART OF GLASS BLOWING.

All writers on the subject of glass manufacture fail to show anything decisive upon the precise period of its invention. Some suppose it to have been invented before the flood. Neri traces its antiquity to the yet problematical time to Job.

The first glass-houses, well authenticated, were erected in the city of Tyre. Modern writers upon the subject generally refer to Pliny in establishing the fact that the Phoenicians were the inventors of the art of glass-making. The tradition is that the art was originally brought to light under the following circumstances. A vessel being driven by a storm to seek shelter at the mouth of the river Belus, the crew were obliged to remain there some length of time. In the process of cooking, a fire was made upon the ground, whereon was abundance of the herb 'kale.

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THE LITTLE ONES.

Do you ever think how much work a child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter round—to us aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling, reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied.

A busy creature is a little child. To be looked upon with awe as well as delight, as its clear eye looks trustingly into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask as it sits down in its little chair to ponder preciously over the white lie, you thought it "funny" to tell it. As rising and leaning on your knees, it says, thoughtfully in a tone that should provoke a tear, not a smile—"If I don't believe it." A lovely and yet a fearful, thing is that little child.

The New Ration for Soldiers.

Professor Horsford, of Harvard University, has been engaged for some time upon an investigation of the army ration. The attention of this able scientific gentleman was directed to this important subject under the auspices of the medical bureau, by which he has been heartily sustained. His examination resulted in a recommendation to substitute roasted wheat for hard bread, meat sausages in the place of salt beef, pork, &c., and self-raising flour in the place of soft bread, for a subsisting ration. General Grant has been so favorably impressed with the great importance of the proposed change that he requested the Secretary of War to order a half million of the rations to be prepared and issued for trial, and the secretary has given on order for the immediate execution of the suggestion of the lieutenant general. The value and importance of the professor's marching ration may be easily appreciated when it is stated that thirty days' rations can be carried by troops with less difficulty than eight of the present ration.

The Boston Advertiser quotes from "Poor Richard" to show that our government taxes are not the heaviest we pay. He says: "We are taxed twice as much by our illnesses, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement."

The London Standard has an article on American war ships and guns, and says that it is now the duty of England to secure the manufacture of a weapon that shall pierce and sink the heaviest iron-clad afloat. Until this is done, England is not the "mistress of the seas."

A Lisbon Journal states that in one of the masked balls at the Court this carnival, the Queen is to appear in a costume of her own choice, with which she will wear the largest diamond ever used by a crowned head in this article of dress.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ART OF GLASS BLOWING.

All writers on the subject of glass manufacture fail to show anything decisive upon the precise period of its invention. Some suppose it to have been invented before the flood. Neri traces its antiquity to the yet problematical time to Job.

The first glass-houses, well authenticated, were erected in the city of Tyre. Modern writers upon the subject generally refer to Pliny in establishing the fact that the Phoenicians were the inventors of the art of glass-making. The tradition is that the art was originally brought to light under the following circumstances. A vessel being driven by a storm to seek shelter at the mouth of the river Belus, the crew were obliged to remain there some length of time. In the process of cooking, a fire was made upon the ground, whereon was abundance of the herb 'kale.

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THE LITTLE ONES.

Do you ever think how much work a child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter round—to us aimlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling, reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over its curly head, it prepares for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till that time comes, as the maternal love that so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied.

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