

# Civilian and Telegraph.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1865.

NUMBER 15.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

The undersigned has 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	2 50
One square two months	3 50
One square three months	4 50
One square six months	6 00
One square twelve months	8 00
Two squares one month	4 00
Two squares two months	5 50
Two squares three months	7 00
Two squares six months	9 00
Two squares twelve months	11 00

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

One fourth of a column, three months	\$10 00
One fourth of a column, six months	18 00
One fourth of a column, twelve months	20 00
Half of a column, three months	15 00
Half of a column, six months	25 00
Half of a column, twelve months	30 00
One column, three months	20 00
One column, six months	30 00
One column, twelve months	40 00

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

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

They will have 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, 3 months, \$4; 6 months, \$6; 12 months, \$8.

## Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription: \$2.50 Per Annum, in advance.

All subscriptions must invariably be paid in advance, otherwise THREE DOLLARS WILL BE CHARGED IN ALL CASES.

## COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
FEB.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
MAR.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
APR.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
MAY.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
JUN.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
JUL.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
AUG.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
SEP.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
OCT.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
NOV.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
DEC.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15

## GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

FOR THE EAST.

Express Train, arrives, 11.10 P. M.

Mail Train, arrives, 11.20 P. M.

FOR THE WEST.

Mail Train, arrives, 7.15 P. M.

Express Train, arrives, 7.25 P. M.

CLOSING OF MAILS.

Mail East, closes daily, (except Sunday,) 8.50 A. M.

Mail West, through mail closes 6 P. M.; through and way mail, closes 9 P. M.

Stages for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday,) at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 8 A. M.

Stage for Frontsburg, arrives 6.30 P. M.; leaves, 9 P. M.; Mail closes, 8.30 P. M.

Stage for Somerset, arrives, 5 P. M.; leaves, 7 A. M.

Stage for New Market, leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12.30 P. M.

### City Government.

Mayor—DR. CHAS. H. OHR.

Councilmen—J. B. CAMPBELL, DOUGLAS PERCY, JOHN KOLB, GEORGE M. RIZER, WILLIAM ARMBURSTER, JOSHUA ENGLISH.

Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.

Collector—FRANCIS MADORE.

Boards meet on the first Monday in each month.

### County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. JAMES SMITH.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—JOHANNES RESLEY.

Register of Wills—GEO. W. HOOPER.

Sheriff—BASIL T. GARLITZ.

State Attorney—G. M. THURSTON.

Surgeon—JAMES CHISHOLM, JR.

Judges of the Orphan's Court—J. B. CAMPBELL, DOUGLAS PERCY, A. M. L. BUSH.

County Commissioners—CHARLES RIDGELY, ELIJAH FRISBY, JOHN BELL, J. H. STALLINGS, L. T. WYNSHEND.

Tax Collector—S. L. TOWNSHEND.

Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

### AND NAIL WORKS.

J. HOPKINSON SMITH,

25 South Charles Street, Baltimore.

Railroad Spikes, Hook-head and Countersunk. Wrought Iron Chairs, all patterns. Rivets—Bolter and Tank—a full assortment. Horse and Mule Shoes. Boots and Ship Spikes. Bridge and Car and Truss Bolts.

Jan. 1, 1864.

### WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

Baltimore street, near the Depot.

### DR. G. J. BEACHY,

DENTIST.

Office on South Centre street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty,) a few doors below Baltimore street.

Jan. 1, 1864.

### A. J. BOOSE,

Dealer in

Salt, Fish, Groceries, Provisions, MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN, &c.

Canal Basin.

### DENTISTRY.

Dr. HUMPHREYS, DENTIST,

Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Read's grocery Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store.

### HUMBIRD & LONG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Hardware.

Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.

### CHAS. F. SOMERKAMP,

UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER

and Dealer in

PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, &c.

Baltimore Street, opposite McKim's 3 Story Block, Cumberland, Md.

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

He has just returned from the eastern cities with a large and handsome stock of Binders, Wall Paper, Electrotype Pictures, &c. in English variety.

March 2, 1865—ly.

## Poetry.

### THE FIRST DEATH OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY AMELIA.

Oh many a mournful year hath flown  
Since first amid our family-band  
Death came and stole our loved one,  
And bore her to the spirit-land.

Yet shrined with many a sweet and thought  
That lov'd one's memory lingers still;  
For oh! she left a void that nought  
But mournful thoughts could fill.

Years have passed by, I said and yet  
It only seems the other day,  
Since around her dying bed we met,  
With breaking hearts to weep and pray,  
Her gentle soul we strove to think.

Would linger yet 'mid earthly flowers,  
Even when it was trembling on the brink  
Of lover's words than ours.

Yes! there, e'en when all hope had flown  
We wept away each lingering hour,  
Until the shades of death came down  
And closed at last the shutting flower,  
And yet it seemed like sin to grieve  
For one so patient and resigned;  
For if she mourned 'twas but to leave  
Such breaking hearts behind.

She died. Yet death could scarcely chill  
Her smiling beauties, 'she lay  
With cold extended limbs, for still  
Her face looked fairer than the day.  
Those eyes once eloquent with bliss  
Were closed as soft as shutting flowers.  
Oh! few could bear a sight like this—  
Yet such a sight was ours.

How slowly wore that long, long day!  
Like spirits in some haunted place  
We'd sit and sigh, then steal away  
To look once more on that pale face.  
We could not think her soul had part  
The awful bonds of mortal strife;  
That that warm heart was cold at last,  
That loved us more than life.

And when the funeral rite was said,  
They bore her from our happy home,  
And left her with the silent dead,  
A pale-faced tenant of the tomb.  
They reared no marble 'mid the flowers  
Above the grave to mark the spot;  
Yet many a heart as fond as ours  
Still holds her unforget.

Months passed, yet still our sorrow gush'd  
The free glad laugh no more was heard  
And many a little voice was hushed  
That used to warble like a bird.  
And th' at times we strove to smile  
Secretly for each other's sake,  
We wept in secret all the while  
As if our hearts would break.

Yet why should death be linked with fear?  
A single breath, a low-drawn sigh  
Can break the ties that bind us here,  
And waft the spirit to the sky,  
Such was her end. A calm release,  
No clings to the mortal clod,  
She closed her eyes, and stood in peace  
Before a smiling God.

### KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

CONCLUDED.

But sir, I am straying from the end I had in view when I commenced this note which may only serve to fasten the shackles of the captive on my wrists and yet for which I care much less than one would suppose since my liberty can in no way effect the great ends and objects, the actions or labors of the K. G. C. We have labored too long and earnestly to leave such interests dependent on the liberty of any one man.

If the United States Government had immediately on my arrest summoned me before the Departments of State and War, it would have been at once satisfied that it had acted under a misapprehension and that so far from either myself or the Order having any connection with the Confederate Government it had ever stood aloof from all connection with either of the contending sections and have been since the beginning of the war up to the present moment most solicitous for a peace honorable alike to both sections. Our membership is in both armies and in both sections, for which reason as an Order the K. G. C. could not take part with either of the contending powers. The K. G. C. is only the military circle of Americanism and the occurrence of the war rendered it absolutely necessary to suspend, until further orders all those departments in any way affecting North or South. But, sir, let me again assure you that beyond and above all sectional and political considerations there is something in the public heart, both North and South which still binds together the lovers of Saxon democracy, of constitutional liberty throughout North America; and it has been the constant effort of the Knights of the Golden Circle North and South since the war began to reach the public ear through the press by social teaching and by books and periodicals in a way to show Americans that we were tending to such a system of disintegration as to endanger if not as early to destroy every hope of our fathers to plant here such a permanent system of constitutional democracy as to afford at all times and to all people a refuge from tyranny in the old world. Let the public remember that our theory is that the real question of the world to-day and for ten years past has been one of Democracy vs. Monarchism—Latinism vs. Saxonism and that the K. G. C. has been proved to stand forth the great vanguard of Saxonism. The Order warned the American people as early as 1858 of the Franco-Spanish Alliance against Mexico. It showed that the monarchies of Europe were determined to disrupt us by dangerous sectional issues and so weaken the power of the United States as to accomplish their ends with the smallest possible expenditure of European blood. The present civil war was to be

## CORY O'LANUS' EPISTLE.

### CORY AT THE OIL REGIONS.

Hotel and things there—Elevated Real Estate.

OIL REGIONS, PA.

DEAR EAGLE:—I have reached the land of oil, having taken a safer route than the Erie. Pennsylvania is a good sized State and it takes some time to get here.

When you do get here you wish you hadn't come.

There is plenty of oil—and that is all, except lots of people.

I made for "Snaky Run," the most likely place for oil.

They call these places Runs, because everybody who is after oil runs here.

Every man you meet is the President Director or Engineer of a petroleum company.

The natives, who are white people, and resemble country folks, live by selling land and green horns.

They have a system in both transactions. They double the price of land every morning.

If you know anybody who has got a few vacant lots that he wants to sell, tell him to bring them out here.

The folks are so busy looking for oil they haven't time to build houses, and everybody is afraid to put up a house for fear that he might cover an oil well.

Consequently the Hotels are a little crowded.

The Muggins Hotel, where I put up, is much so.

Muggins, the proprietor is the most accommodating man you ever saw. A city railroad conductor isn't a circumstance to him.

He has only got six beds in the house, but he is always ready to take in everybody.

He took me in.

Also two hundred more petroleum pilgrims.

The sleeping accommodations are various. We got to bed by platoons.

When the first platoon gets asleep they are carefully taken out of bed and hung over a clothes line. The second platoon go through the same process until every body is provided for.

Preferring to sleep alone, I slept on the mantel-piece, with the skuttle for a pillow.

As I observed, land is precious here.

I bought a lot, of ten inches by four, for three hundred thousand dollars, and commenced operations.

The next thing is to commence boring.

You want a sharp bore. A public lecturer won't do. Neither will a skating gimblet.

I took a brace-and-bit, and went in. Got down about seven hundred thousand feet into the bowels of the land, when I came to an impediment.

Found that I had struck the pre-Adamite rock, of the ossified strata of the Silurian formation.

This is geology, and you perhaps won't understand it, but I will explain it all in the paper to the Historical Society I am about writing.

Got a candle and went down to see about it.

I found a big Megatherium about six hundred feet long, and nine hundred wide, in a capital state of preservation.

I got him out and shall send him on by express.

Went on boring through forty thousand feet of sandstone. Here encountered a strange smell of sulphur, which alarmed the native who sold me the land, and to ease his conscience he gave me half the money back, and wanted me to stop boring.

Told him I was bound to keep on until I struck fire, or came out on the other side of creation.

Bored on. Went through about sixty thousand feet more, when suddenly the brace and bit went in, and there was a grand report like that made by Butler's powder boat which didn't blow up Fort Fisher.

Things were slightly confused for a time.

A section of Pennsylvania went up, and I went with it. I guess I must have come down again, as the next idea I had, was finding myself comfortably hung over the clothes line at the Muggins Hotel.

An investigation into the matter showed that I had struck through to a gas factory in China, which had exploded at both ends of the bore, killing half a million Chinese.

The casualties on our side were confined to one native and a small dog.

The Megatherium had also disappeared;—probably scared off by the explosion.

I haven't given up yet. The folks here are very encouraging; they will stick to a man as long as he has got a cent left, and I never knew Muggins to turn a man out of his hotel who had the means to pay his bill.

A kind hearted chap offered me another piece of land, the size of a stove-pipe, within a mile and a half of a seven hundred barrel well, for the reasonable figure of a half a million and two-thirds of the oil.

I concluded that boring for oil is not so profitable as bleeding the public. I shall start an oil company on more liberal terms than any yet offered.

I shall be prepared to guarantee anything. The capital will be a million dollars, divided into two million shares at fifty cents each.

Dividends of two hundred per cent, will be paid weekly, in addition to which each subscriber will be entitled to a season ticket for Lanigan's Ball, a new hat, a farm in Minnesota, and a ton of coal at market prices.

## HOME LOVE.

### The People's Journal of Health says:

"Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the house light must be constituted of little tenderness, kind looks, sweet laughter, gentle words and loving counsels. It must not be like the torch light of unnatural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light, which burns as safely in the east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while; let each cultivate mutual confidence, which is a gift capable of increase and improvement, and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability and want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea rock. Such a life is worthy to be lived—such a home well worthy of a name; and it is by no means beyond the reach of any who will earnestly and truly seek to attain it. Yet it comes only through loving watchfulness, not on the part of one alone of the family number, but through the kindly contribution of all; an interest of each in the other, and a determined purpose of all to secure the greatest degree of happiness by the exercise of patience, gentleness and forbearance. With the consciousness that as all are imperfect so all require the Christian virtues of humility and charity.

### How Scholars are Made.

Costly apparatus and splendid capines have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances a man is, under God, the Master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted his human intellect that it can grow only by its own action it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore in an important sense educate himself. His books and teachers are but help; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon in act of emergency all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. He is not the man who has seen most, or has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being bored down like a boat or burden by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is the man who can boast merely of nature vigor and capacity; the greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had given him strength; not because he carried the largest bow but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.

### A Joke for Selfish Husbands.

Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on the circuit, when Lady Ellenborough said that she would like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided that she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes which were his abhorrence. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough happened to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something below the seat. His foot discovered that it was a bandbox. Up went the window and out went the bandbox. The coachman stopped and the footman thinking that the bandbox had tumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance was going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, "Drive on!" The bandbox was accordingly left by the ditch-side. Having reached the country town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance at the court-house.

### WOMAN'S TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Some can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up on our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling upon his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

### A BLEAVING MAN.

Sir Frederick Wistiger, was perhaps, one of the readiest wits of his day. Since he became Lord Chelmsford, his power of conversation and readiness at repartee have not deserted him. He was on one occasion walking down St. James Street, when, as he was passing a man, the stranger pulled up suddenly, and turning to him with a look of pleased recognition, exclaimed, "Mr. Birch, I believe!" If you believe that, sir, he replied, "you believe anything." They passed.

### To Young Men.

Remember that a hasty rush into manhood lessens the vital powers of being, and detracts from the strength and energy which attend a gradual but natural development. Those creatures—bugs, ants, vermin—that are born in the morning and become mature at noon, are aged in the evening and die before the morning! The young men who would fain do their part in building up society, and giving solid and enduring strength to their country must distrust their own abilities, must cultivate modesty and diffidence, must learn betimes to put the rein upon themselves in every respect of their nature; must be willing patiently to postpone the period of responsibility; must husband their powers, in the early period of life, to give strength to maturity and to preserve vigor for old age.

## LEARN TO THE LAST.

Socrates at an extreme age learned to play on musical instrument for the purpose of relieving the wear and tear of old age. Cato, at eighty years of age thought proper to learn the Greek language Plutarch when between seventy and eighty commenced the study of Latin.—Boccaccio was thirty five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccaccio who are dying of ennui, and regret that they were not educated to a taste at literature; but now they are too old. Sir Henry Shelman neglected the sciences in his youth but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age.—How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in political meetings who was under forty-five years of age. Colbert the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learned men have even looked into their classics since their graduation Ludovic at the great age of 115 wrote the memories of his own times. A singular exertion noticed by Voltaire who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies. Ogilby the translator of Homer and Virgil was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.—Franklin did not fully commence his Philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty and fifty who read nothing but newspaper for the want of a taste for natural philosophy. But they are too old to learn.

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