Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII. CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1865. NUMBER 16.

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	2 25
One square two months	3 25
One square three months	4 00
One square six months	6 00
One square twelve months	8 00
Two squares one month	3 25
Two squares two months	4 25
Two squares three months	5 00
Two squares six months	7 00
Two squares twelve months	10 00

Ten lines or less to constitute a square.

All legal advertisements will be charged according to the above rates, and the party sending the same will be held responsible for the payment thereof.

One fourth of a column, three months	$10 00
One fourth of a column, six months	15 00
One 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	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 half of a column, per year	25 00
One 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.

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 copies, $4; 100 copies, $5; every additional 100, $1 50.

Half Sheet, 25 copies, $5; 50 copies, $8; 100 copies, $10; every additional 100, $3.

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 SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALSO, EVERY KIND OF

STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS AND *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.*

Call and see for yourselves.

HAVING A COMPLETE

BOOK BINDERY

Establishment connected with my Store, I am prepared to make ud BLANK WORK of every description, and will bind MAGAZINES, OLD BOOKS and PERIODICALS, to order.

WM. ANDREWS.

Oct201864—1y

CHEAP PASSAGE
FROM OR TO
IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

CUNARD LINE OF STEAMSHIPS,
FROM OR TO
QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL,

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

SWALLOW-TAIL LINE OF PACKETS
FROM OR TO LONDON,
SAILING TWICE A MONTH.

REMITTANCES

To England, Ireland and Scotland, payable on demand.

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

GOLD AT PAR.

PRICES AT THE OLD CHEAP RATES.

The subscriber has just received from the best Establishes Manufactures and importers, a VERY EXTENSIVE STOCK OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

WATCHES,

And one of the FINEST AND BEST SELECTED 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 only

TERMS CASH:

All goods sold by us we guarantee

SAMUEL T. LITTLE.
Baltimore Street Cumberland, Md.
November 12, 1863.

CIVIL AND INING 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 or

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 Polk. jan26-1y*

CALL AND PURCHASE

"PUTNAM" No. A 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.

jy.19.

JOSEPH SPRIGG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CUMBERLAND, MD.

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 IN ALL CASES.

COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDER FOR 1865.

1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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1865.	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31	...	...	...	...	...	...

GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

FOR THE EAST.

Express Train, arrives ..... 11.10 P. M.
" " leaves ..... 11.20 "
Mail Train arrives ..... 9.36 A. M.
" leaves ..... 9.46 "

FOR THE WEST.

Mail Train, arrives ..... 7.15 P. M.
" leaves ..... 7.25 "
Express Train, arrives ..... 7.16 A. M.
" " leaves ..... 7.25 "

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

Stage for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday,) at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Stage for Frostburg, 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.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.

Flintstone, semi-weekly—Leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12.30 P. M.

City Government.

Mayor—DR. CHAS. H. OHR.
Councilmen—J. B. H. CAMPBELL, HENRY BRUCE, JOHN KOLB, GEORGE M. RIZER, WILLIAM ARMBRUSTER, JOSIAH ENGLER.
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.
Collector—FRANCIS MADORE.
Bailiff—LEVI W. BRANT.
BOARD meets on the first Monday in each month.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. JAMES SMITH.
Clerk of the Circuit Court—HORACE RESLEY.
Register of Wills—GEO. W. HOOVER.
Sheriff—BASIL T. GARLITZ.
State's Attorney—GEO. A. THRUSTON.
Surveyor—JAMES CHISHOLM, Jr.
Judges of the Orphans' Court—J. B. H. CAMPBELL, DOUGLAS PERCY, A. M. L. BUSH.
County Commissioners—CHARLES RIDGELY, ELIJAH FRIEND, JOHN BELL, J. H. STALLINGS, J. L. TOWNSHEND.
Tax Collector—S. L. TOWNSHEND.
Clerk to Commissioners—JACOB BROWN.

CALVERT IRON AND NAIL WORKS.

J. HOPKINSON SMITH,
25 South Charles Street, Baltimore.

Railroad Spikes, Hook-head and Countersunk.
Wrought Iron Chairs, all patterns.
Rivets—Boiler and Tank—a full assortment.
Horse and Mule Shoes.
Boat 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,
Canal Basin. jy.64.

DENTISTRY.
DR. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST,
Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Read's ocery 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 McKaig's 3 Story Block, Cumberland, Md.
He has just returned from the eastern cities with a large and handsome stock of Blinds, Wall Paper, Mattresses, Pictures, &c., in endless variety.
March 2, 1865—1y.

Poetry.

HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Not unto us, who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exulting song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us weak and frail and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth our life a fight became,
The air we breathed was hot with blame;
For not with guage and softenened tone
We made the bondman's cause our own.

We bore, as freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn:
Yet held through all the paths we trod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped; but still with awe,
The coming of the sword we saw;
We heard the nearing steps of doom,
And saw the shade of things to come.

We hoped for peace: our eyes survey
The blood-red dawn of freedom's day;
We prayed for love to loose the chain:
'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain?

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the singing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
Is piled and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud moves on in light
A fiercer fire is guide by night.

The praise, O Lord! be thine alone,
In thy own way thy work be done!
Our poor gifts at thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory, first and last.

THE SIGHTLESS PATRIOT.*

BY EDWIN ARNER DAVIS.

Lo! there he stands!
Clothed in the majesty of sightless grace;
The patriot hero, honor of his race,
No more will he the moving columns trace,
He's sightless now!

Oh, God of all mankind!
Is this Thy work? Thy image stricken blind?
Mangled and shot by fiends of human kind?
Oh, no! Thy unseen hand did bind
Those bleeding eyes.

A human mangled so!
What cause was there for such a hellish deed?
What trouble did the gallant trooper breed?—
'Twas done by slavery's accursed creed;
The cause was hate!

Sightless! see where he comes!
Upon the arm of friends he's leaning now;
A calm sereneness sits upon his brow;
Hush!—list! he speaks; he's telling how,
He sightless came.

A Soldier of the Union—
Battling for freedom 'gainst a treacherous foe;
The ruffians take him—hour of horrid woe!
Yields up his arms, now with them he must go
To night eternal.

Oh! act inhuman!
A helpless prisoner, now, what need,
Of such a black infernal deed?—
Shoot out his eyes and leave him thus to bleed,
In lonely woods!

The good Samaritan was nigh,—
Sent by the Power of Love to bind,
Those eyes, alas, forever blind,
No more the gaze on earth or earthly kind—
No more 'till Heaven.

Can such cause live?
Go ask the million freemen in the field,
As o'er them waves the nation's starry shield;
Ask the winged spirit of our braves who yield
To nought but death.

Oh. Thou above!
Who dilst on Sodom rain Thy fiery wrath,
Blot from the earth the fiends that Slavery hath;
Rain fire and sword, 'till in bright freedom's path,
None live for woe!

*NOTE.—The above was written at the instance of meeting Mr. F. L. Friend, formerly a member of the 6th Cavalry M. S. M. in the year 1862. Mr. L. was one of an escort to a government train passing through Vernon county, Mo., when they were suddenly attacked by an overpowering force of guerrillas. The guard made a gallant but useless resistance against superior numbers, and finally yielded up their arms, under solemn promise of protection and treatment as prisoners of war. After robbing the train, the rebels inhumanly violated their obligations and took the prisoners into the woods and shot all who did not escape. Mr. Friend had a revolver placed to the side of his face and both of his eyes shot out. He fell, apparantly lifeless. Returning to consciousness, he crawled to a small brook close by, and washed the blood from his face. A party of the guerrillas coming back to where he was, Mr. F. begged them to kill him and put him beyond misery, which the wretches refused to do, and placing him in the road, told him the directions he might crawl to find a house. He finally did reach a house where he was nursed and cared for until restored to his friends, who had mourned him as dead. He still lives, altho' blind, to hate slavery and denounce traitors and all who sympathize with them.

[Mr. L. Friend was formerly a resident of this county and a son of Mr. Joseph Friend of L. who now resides near Oakland.]

"I want to buy a sewing machine," said an old lady entering a shop.

"Do you wish a Machine with a feller?" blandly inquired the clerk.

"Sakes, no; don't want any of yer fellers about me.

TIME has made life too long for hopes, but too brief for our deeds.

Miscellaneous.

The Resources of the Country, and their Annual Growth in Relation to the National Debt.

The growth of the United States is the wonder of the world. Nothing like it is recorded in authentic history. To foreign nations this growth is known almost exclusively by the increase of population, or the appearance of American ships in their ports. But when we come to investigate the ability of the nation to incur extraordinary expense, or to pay an accumulating debt, the question is not so much one of population as of industry and productions. It is a question of the rate at which the nation increases in wealth and resources. This problem has scarcely been investigated at all, and is understood by few. To meet the question of the ability of this nation to pay its present and future war debt with promptness, and without the least distress or doubt, we propose to solve these problems: 1. What is the Wealth of the Nation? 2. At what rate does it increase? 3. What is the proportion to the Debt?

1. What is the Wealth of the Nation?—Wealth is all the available property of the country—lands, houses, precious metals and domestic animals, and instruments, for the employment of labor and to make lands productive. In some countries, as in Holland and Belgium, there is a considerable drawback on many of these, from the fact that there is little or no market for them, except for the use of those who hold them. Thus, a man who builds a home in Amsterdam does not expect to sell it for what it cost; he builds it for his own use. In this country it is exactly the reverse. Every man expects to get more than what it costs, and in nine cases out of ten is justified in the event. In a country where foreign immigration is immense, and the natural growth rapid, the market is always a rising one, and all species of property is marketable. Hence, in valueing the property of the country, there is no drawback from the want of sale, or the possible fall of values. The property of the nation in one year is worth more than it was appraised at the preceeding year. Hence, if we can find a fair valuation of the property of the country, that valuation is a perfectly safe standard to ascertain the wealth of the nation. It is only recently that any attempt has been made to value the property or wealth of nations. In this country, the only valuation we have is in the Census of 1850 and 1860; but this is enough to establish both the actual value of property and the rate of increase. The valuations are very well proved, by corresponding nearly with several State valuations, which are made for the purposes of taxation. For example, the increase af wealth in the State of Ohio, given in the U. S. Census of 1850 and 1860, compared very nearly with that given by the Auditor of State and Commissioner of Statistics, and is known to be very near the actual sreliable value of property. We therefore assume the valuation of property of this country given in the Census of 1850 and 1860 to be substantially correct. Taking then, only the State and Territories now *in possession of the United States Government*, (although, for the *ultimate* payment of the debt, we have a right to assume that we shall recover the *whole* property of the nation,) the following will show our wealth in 1860:

Wealth in 1850, $5,047,997,712; wealth in 1860, $11,410,266,848; Increase, 6,373-269,136; Increase per cent., 127.

The problem of wealth, estimated by the cash standard of value is solved. The actual wealth of the country on the 1st July, 1860, was *eleven thousand four hundred and ten millions*, including in this only the States and Territories now in actual possession of the Government. On the same day the wealth of the entire country was sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty-nine million ($16,159,060,000). Hence the entire wealth of the States, *now in rebellion* including portions of Arkansas, Virginia North Carolina, Louisiana, &c., now in our control was but *four thousand seven hundred millions*, and of this sum not less than one and a half thousand millions was in slaves. The national wealth by the rates of 1860, was in fact *three-fold* that of the Rebel Confederacy. If we take from the list half of Virginia and Louisiana, folly in our control the value of the Confederacy is but *three and a half thousand millions*, so that the wealth of the loyal country is really *four times* that of the rebels. Looking to the *increase*, we find that the *decennial* increase was 127 per cent. and the *annual* increase 12,7; so that the four years from 1860 to 1864, gives an increase of 50 per cent. On this basis the actual wealth of the Loyal States and Territories, on the 1st July, 1864, would be *sixteen thousand six hundred millions of dollars* (16,600,000,000,) equal to that of the entire nation in 1860. But some one may say that the condition of war has diminished the increase of wealth. Some consideration will make it evident that this if this is true at all it is only in a very moderate degree. War prices are always high prices, and high prices—such high prices as we now have—stimulated production to a vast extent. The farmer manages somehow to sow as many acres and reap as large harvests as ever and we not only feed our armies and home population, but continue to feed a good part of Europe besides. But let us look at some other considerations: 1.—With the exception of Tennessee and Missouri, the loyal country has *felt none of the destruction of war.* 2. A large part of the increase of wealth was due to *immigration* and that continues as large as ever, and goes exclusively to the Loyal States. 3. The production of the *gold and silver mines* is far greater than it was in 1860. 4. A large proportion of the increase is in the *new States Territories*, which are still increasing very rapidly. 5. All the payments of the war are made to our own people and with the exception of wastage *the war has drained no wealth from the country.*

But suppose our national wealth does not increase as rapidly as in time of peace the gain is undoubtedly sufficient great to demonstrate the correctness of our position.

What is the proportion of Debt to the Wealth of the Country? The debt created by three years and a quarter of war from April, 1861, to July 1864 (exclusive of the legal tender notes, which being the best currency of the country will continue out) was *thirteen hundred millions.* This is not near the *increased wealth* of the country! If we were to suppose the war to go on from two to six years longer the *additional debt* will be less than the natural increase of its values. From these facts the following deductions are inevitable:

1. That even with a considerably diminished increase of wealth, *the country can carry on war for an indefinite period and continually increase its wealth.*

2. That the resources and progress of the nation are so great and inexhaustible that *any public debt created by this or any ordinary war, can be paid, principal and interest, without any serious burden on the people.*

3. That, therefore, the public loans of the United States *are, and will remain unimpeachably secure*, through *any period of war*, and bring good interest—are *the best investments* which lenders can have in any public securities.

Women's Trials and Hint to Men Folks.

Do ever men folks think how much work they make a woman by going in the house with muddy boots? It would take but a moment for them to use the scraper and leave outside the house the dirt which they track over the floor, the oil cloth and carpet, or which they leave on the stove-hearth or fender—all of which must be mopped, cleaned, scraped, wiped and scrubbed off. If your wife, mother or sister fails to clean up the muss you great big boy or man have made, what a howl you raise because the things 'about the house look so like a sin.'

And when you go home at noon or at night do you ever notice how you act? Of course not or you would not do such careless tricks. You enter the door with a slam—it closes half and some woman must shut it after you. Your overcoat is thrown on a chair in one corner of the room—your hat sails away into another corner to light upon a stand, or under it—gloves are thrown on a table—neck wrapper hung on the first handy chair and down you sit in the center of the room where every one must navigate around you.

After you have been two hours in a house, the place resembles the grounds of a cat fight Hat, boots, coat, newspaper, gloves, books, jack, knife, hair brush, and all articles you may have in your hands are scattered as though a hurricane had swept through the room. Books, papers, magazines, almanac, and memorandum books are routed from their place, and when you have to leave, what a time is there! No one knows where your things are. 'Where is my hat?' 'Where is my overcoat?' Who had my gloves?' Every one in the house is put upon witness stand and it is more trouble to get started down town than to launch a steamer or start a new stage coach.

Then after you are gone the women must spend a quartel of a day more or less to pick ing up things which you have stattered. The trouble is, you don't think. It would take you but a moment to hang up your coat and hat—to put your gloves in your coat pocket—to draw your neck wrapper through the sleeves of your overcoat and to cultivate your bump of order. It takes but a moment to put an article in its place and then it can be found. The woman who trkes care of the house has enough to do without choring after her liege lord or waiting on a lot of men all day. A women's work is never finished. You expect her to keep the house neat and tidy. If it is not so you run to a saloon. You expect her hair to be always smooth—her dress always in order—her stockinkgs always neat—your clothes always in order—the dust kept from its thousand gathering places—something good to eat three times a day besides lunches, and her to be as neat and at tractive as she was the night you popped the question. How can she be all this if she has to spend half her time picking up what you throw down? If your wife, mother or sister be neat you should be. If not teach her to practice neatness by good examples. We write this little chapter in hopes that it will make some men who read it a little more thoughtful and neat, and that it may help those who never take too much help.

WE should always lay up against the evil day, but not anticipate it.

Black-eyed and blue-eyed people are admired and respected, but *man-eyd* people whorshiped.

Why are birds in spring like a banking establishment? Because they issue promissory notes, and rejoice when the branches are flourishing.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

BY IKE MARVEL.

If in that chair yonder—not the one your feet lie upon—but the other beside you—closer yet—Was seated a sweet-faced girl with a pretty foot lying upon the earth, a bit of lace running round the throat and her hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any in your dreams and if you could reach your arm through that chair back without fear of giving offense; and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape idly down your neck and if you could clasp with the other hand those little white taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within each, and talk so softly and low in the presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge and the winter winds whistle uncared for—it in short you were not a bachelor but the husband of such a sweet image—dream, call it rather—would it not be far pleasanter than a cold, single night sitting counting the sticks—reckoning the length of the blaze and the depth of the falling snow?

Surely imagination would be stronger and purer if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind labor if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God speed. Her face would make a halo rich as a rainbow stop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illuminate the blackest of clouded cares, and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, werying bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin and spread and float away chased, by that beloved smile. Your friend, poor fellow dies, never mind that gentle claps of her fingers, she steals behind you telling you not to weep is worth ten friends.

Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth is nothing but a spot to dig graves upon! She says she will be a sister, and the waving curls as she leans upon your shoulder touch your cheek and your well eye turns to meet those other eyes. God has sent his angel surely. Your mother alas for it she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth alone and homeless like this? You are not alone. She is there; her tears softening yours, her grief killing yours, and you live again to assuge that kind sorrow of hers? Then these children, rosy, fair haired, they disturb you with their prattle now. They are yours. Toss away there on the green sward. Never mind the hyacinths the snow drops, the violets, if so they are there, The perfume of their beautiful lips is worth all the flowers in the world.

No need now to gather wild boquets to love and cherish. Things lovelier hold your soul, and she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing till your own loving heart grows pained with jealousy. You have need of a cold lecture to teach thankfulness, your heart is full of it, no need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking life and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you there is fruit, for which eye heart and soule are full of unknown, unspoken because unspeakable thank off spring.

THE MILLERS PORTRAIT.

A worthy Miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished.

"But," said he, "I am a very industrious man. I want to be painted as looking out of my mill window; but when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head in, so as not to be throught lazy or as spending to much time at the window."

"Very well," said the painter. "It shall be done so."

He painted the mill and the mill window.

The miller looked at it.

"Very well," said he. "But where is myself looking out?"

"Oh!" said the painter, "whenever any one looks at the mill, you know you pop your head in, of course, to preserve your credit for industry."

"That's right," said the miller. "I'm in the milll now, aint I? Just so—that will do."

A letter from Charleston to the Washington *Republican* says:

"Ex-Governor Aiken is one of the largest slaveholders and wealthiest men of the South. Since the occupation of Charleston by our forces he has reported the names of all his slaves seven hundred and fifty in number, to the commandant of the post, and given each family a farm on one of the most fertile and productive islands on the coast, placed them on it and all are well started in life. Such a deed deserves to be recorded."

—A Clergyman, lately traveling in the oil region, saw a child in the road stumbling and falling. He kindly picked her up saying. "Poor dear! are you hurt?" when she cried out, 'I aint poor! Dad struck ile yesterday!"

Prognostics of rain—when you see four or five gentlemen turn into a bar-room look out for a few drops.

A man is oftener hated by the many without reason, than loved by them without it.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will stop the cracks of a stove and prevent the smoke escaping.

SABBATH PHYSIOLOGY.

The Almighty rested one seventh of the time of creation, commanding man to observe an equal repose. The neglect of this injunction will always, sooner or later, bring mential, moral, and physical death.

Rest is an invarable law of animal life The busy heart beats, beats ever from infancy to age and yet for a large part of the time is in a state of repose.

Wm. Pitt died of apoplexy at the early age of forty seven. When the destintes of nations hung in a large measure on his doing he felt compelled to give an unremitting attention to affairs of state. Sabbath brought no rest to him and soon the willing brain give signs of exhaustion.—But his presence in Parliament was conceived to be indispensable for explanation and defense of the public policy. Under such circumstances, it was his custom to eat heartily substantial food most highly seasoned just before going to his place in order to afford the body that strength and to excite the mind to that activity deemed necessary to the momentous occasion.—But under the high tension both brain and body, perished prematurely.

Not long ago one of the most active business men of England found his affairs so extended, that he deliberately determined to devote his Sabbaths to his accounts.—He had a mind of a wide grasp. His views were so comprehensive so far-seeing that wealth came in upon him like a flood. He purchased a country seat at the cost of £400,000, determining that he would now have rest and quiet. But it was too late. As he stepped on his threshold after a survey of his late purchase he become appoplectic. Although life was not destroyed he only lives to be the wreck of a man.

It used to be said that a brick kiln "must be kept burning over the Sabbath;" it is now know to be a fallacy. There can be no "must" against the divine command.—Even now it is a received opinion that iron blast furnaces will bring ruin if not kept in continual operation. Eighteen years ago, an Englishman determined to keep the Sabbath holy as to them with the result as his books testified that he made more iron in six days than he did before in seven; that he made more iron in a given time in proportion to the hands and number and size of the furnaces than any establishment in England which was kept in operation during the Sabbath.

In our own New York the mind of a man who made half a million a year went out in the night of madness and an early grave within two years, from the very strain put upon it by a variety of enterprises every one of which succeeded.

"It will take about five years to clear them off," said an observant master of an Ohio canal boat alluding to the wearingout influences on the boatmen who worked on Sabbaths as well as on other days. As the boatmen and firemen of the steamers on the Western rivers which never lay by on the Sabbath seven years is the average of life. The observance, therefore of the seventh portion of our time for the purpose of rest is demonstrably a physiological necessity—a law of our nature.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

WHERE THE GOLD AND SILVER OF CALIFORNIA ARE SUNK.—An account was lately rendered to the British Parliament of the gold and silver imported into and exported from the Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay and Madras, excluding Ceylon and other oriental dependencies of Great Britian. By these carefully-compiled official returns, it appears that the gold and silver imports into the said districts of India, containing 200,000,000 of souls, exceed during one year the exports by a fraction under $100,000,000. This puzzled and annoyed John Bull immensely. His eastern subjects, it appears, have an old fashion among them, adopted after centuries of war and anarchy, of hoarding their extra profits in very curious places, to provide against sudden eventualities, peculiarly Asiatic, and gold, silver and precious stones are their ancient and modern favorites But these are also particularly esteemed by Mr. B.'s cashkeepers in India and England, and this oriental plan causes much perplexity to them. The returns alluded to state that from 1805 to 1863, this *excess* of the imports over the exports of India has reached the enormous value of $550,000,000. There is no doubt that into this Indian maelstorm has been engulfed our $1,000,000,000 of California and Washoe gold and silver, dug out with much perspiration between 1848 and 1864.

Good nature, like the little busy bee, collects sweetness from every herb; while illnature, like the spider, collects poison from honeyed flowers.

—Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself?—Because it is pasturage—(past your age.)

—Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes around and gathers up the waist.

—Why is a schoolmaster like a cobbler?—Because he improves the understanding.

—Why is a man who doesn's lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Because he keeps cool (keeps school.)

Why are blacksmiths confirmed liars? Because they have hardened sins.