

Civilian and Telegraph.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1865.

NUMBER 22.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

One square one insertion	10
One square two insertions	15
One square three insertions	20
One square one month	25
One square two months	45
One square three months	65
One square six months	100
One square twelve months	175
Two squares one month	35
Two squares two months	60
Two squares three months	85
Two squares six months	125
Two squares twelve months	225

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 25.00
Half of a column, three months 15.00
Half of a column, six months 20.00
Half of a column, twelve months 35.00
One column, three months 25.00
One column, six months 40.00
One column, twelve months 70.00

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 40.00

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, \$4.50
6 months, \$8.00
12 months, \$15.00.

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

Miscellaneous.

How we Trapped the Burglars.

BY NORMAN A. CUTLER.

We lived in a Terrace at the time in which my tale is laid, in what we may term a sub-district of London, for we were within five miles of Charing Cross, and the dark month of December was upon us. Robbers had been frequent in our neighborhood, and no less than three houses out of the ten in the Terrace, had been entered by burglars, and robbed, and yet no discovery of the thieves had taken place. So badly, also, had the work of entry been accomplished, that in no case had the inmates been alarmed; and it was not until the servants descended in the morning that a discovery of a robbery was made.

In two out of three cases, an entrance had been effected through a pantry window by removing a pane of glass, and cutting a small hole in the shutter. The window was on the ground floor, and could easily be reached, therefore, from outside. In the third robbery, an upper window was entered by means of a knife which forced back the fastening, and of course allowed the sash to be raised.

So rapidly had these robberies occurred, that the whole neighborhood was alarmed. The police shook their heads, and looked knowing, but did nothing, and what was much to be lamented, failed to find the clue to the robbers, who, they at the same time asserted, were evidently not regular cracksmen.

Affairs had reached such a stage, that we used to sleep with a revolver close to our bedside, when we happened to have a friend who came to stay with us a few days. This was an old jungle-hunter, and was an *afait* at every article by which the animal creation might be captured. He was delighted at the idea of having an adventure with burglars, and scorned the belief that they were more than a match in cunning for even the average bush hunter. It was in vain that we assured him it was an axiom that an accomplished robber could effect an entrance into any house; that instruments were used of such a nature as to cut holes in doors without noise; and, in fact, that through roofs and skylights, down chimneys, and up water spouts, an accomplished burglar could easily enter the best defended house in the kingdom.

Our friend's argument was, that a burglar was a man on watch, who took advantage of the darkness being asleep and unsuspecting. "But," said he, "let my suspicious be raised, and I will defy any burglar to enter my house without my having due warning, because, although I may be asleep, I shall hear his approach, and can then make my arrangements to welcome him."

Although we were not desirous of having our house robbed, yet we wished much that our friend's confidence should be taken out of him.

A few days after the conversation, the police informed us that several suspicious characters had been seen about, and recommended us to be on the alert. Here, then, was a good opportunity to test my friend's skill and wakefulness; so, having informed him of the policeman's warning, I asked him if he felt confident to undertake the defence of the house.

"Certainly," he replied, "I only demand a dark-lantern, and stipulate that you have a pair of goloshes beside your bed. I also must go to bed last, and no servant is to go down stairs before me in the morning; nor is any one to walk about during the night; then I will defy the burglars."

Thus it was agreed that my friend was to act the part of guardian, and was to commence his charge on the ensuing night.

Three nights had passed, no alarms had occurred, and no robberies had taken place, and we began to think our alarms had been groundless; but our friend said that now was the very time to be most guarded, for that no wise burglar would rob when he was expected. Besides, he said, we have not had a windy night yet; it is when doors and windows rattle, and the chimney rumbles, that robberies are best effected, not when every strange noise is audible. Thus, he said, he did not give up hopes of yet having something to say to the robbers before his visit terminated.

I usually sleep very lightly, and therefore awoke readily upon hearing a tap at my bedroom door during the fourth night of our watch. It was my friend's voice that answered me, and we were requested to come out at once.

"As soon as I strike a lucifer-match," I replied.

"Nonsense man; a light will spoil the whole thing. Come in the dark; slip on a dressing gown and your goloshes, and come at once."

"I soon provided as he wished, and ready to descend the stairs in the dark.

"Now, remember," said my friend, that there are seven steps to the first landing twelve other afterwards, and the fourth step creaks abominably; so be careful to descend without noise."

The night was boisterous, and many a window and door shook and rattled, so that the slight noise we made in descending the stairs was not sufficient to have alarmed even the most keen-eared listener. We descended to the ground-floor, entered the pantry, and then, standing still, devoted ourselves to listening.

In a very few seconds we heard a grating noise on the shutter, then an interval of quiet and again a shutter. Presently the window was gently raised, and again all was quiet.—The noise of a heavy vehicle passing the house seemed to afford an opportunity for a more decided effort; for, while the rattle of the wheels was loudest, a crack sounded from the shutter, and we could hear that the bolt was forced, for the shutter was gently moved.

"Don't stir till I do, and hold your breath if possible, whispered my friend in my ear.

I found the latter a difficult request to comply with; for my heart was beating with rapidity, and thumped against my ribs in the most excited way; still I stood quiet and trusted to my friend.

Nothing could be more cautious than the proceedings of the robbers. The shutters were pushed back in the most slow and steady manner; had there been even a bell fastened to it I doubt whether it would have been made to ring. At intervals there was a rest from work, evidently for the purpose of listening, and then one of the robbers placed his leg across the window-sill, and lightly descended into the pantry.

The night, even out of doors, was very dark, and in the corner where we stood it was as black as Erebus. Our forms, therefore, were quite undistinguishable, and the only chance of discovering us was by touching or hearing us.

The first burglar was soon followed by a second, whilst we could hear that a third, who was outside, was to remain on watch.

"Now let's light up," said number two.

"Not yet, till you push the shutter to," replied the other, "or the glim'll be seen: then you come and hold the box."

The shutter was quietly pushed to, and both robbers moved away a few paces from the window by which they had entered. By the quiet way in which they walked, it was evident that they were either without shoes or had on Indian-rubber coverings. Of their size or weapons, we could see nothing; and I began to doubt whether our position was an agreeable one, as I was armed only with a sword—a weapon, however, I knew how to use; whilst of my friend's means of offence or defence I knew nothing.

I had not long to wait; for a lucifer was soon struck by one of the men immediately and the room consequently lighted up. At the same instant my friend drew up the side of the dark-lantern, and flashed the light on the faces of the two men, at the same time showing the muzzle of a revolver pointed towards them.

"If either of you move, I'll put a couple of bullets in him," said my friend, as he placed his back against the window by which the men entered. "Now drop that crow-bar," he continued in a voice of authority; "down with it; and you," he said to me, "pull open the shutter and shout for the police."

The idea that is usually entertained of a burglar is, that he is a man of great size, strength, and daring, that he would annihilate any moderate man. When, then, the light revealed the faces and forms of the men we had captured, our humble self although no great pugilist, yet felt able to defeat either of them if it came to a matter of fists; and I must own that the pale and astonished faces of the men were not indicative of any very great courage.

Our shout for police was shortly answered; and the burglars having been subdued by the sight of the revolver, the muzzle of which pointed first at one, then at the other, were captured by the police, three of whom were speedily on the spot, and conveyed to the lock up; whilst we and a detective who had been brought down from London some days previously examined the details by which the men had effected an entrance.

"You were very lucky to hear them, especially on such a night," said the detective.

"When once they're in, they move like mice. We know them; and I expect they'll get seven years."

The man was about correct, for one, the older offender, was sentenced to six and the other to five years' penal servitude.

"It will, I suppose, be of no use trying sleep again to-night, for it is three o'clock," said my friend.

"I cannot sleep," was the reply; "and I am dying to hear how you found out that these men were approaching the house."

Being then, of one mind, we partly robbed ourselves, lighted a fire in the kitchen, and soon being provided with cigars, and grog, got very comfortable, and satisfied with our work. My friend then began his account, which he gave much in the following words:

"The burglar, as I told you, has usually the advantage of surprise. He can select the time at which he makes the attack; and if his proceedings are carried on cautiously; he enters a house before he is heard. Few men would, however, venture to do so, unless they previously had good information as to the interior arrangements of the house, this they obtain either from servants, tradesmen or some one who visits the locality; or they come themselves as tramps, or with some trifle to sell. Thus, if there are bells attached to doors or windows, they find it out; and they know tolerably well the domestic arrangements of the locality they purpose trying their skill upon. There are, too, conventional methods of protecting a house, such as bolts, bars, chains, locks, &c., all of which require merely time and proper instruments to overcome. It therefore occurred to me that no-

with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation?"

"What the duce are you standing that for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on the elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate," was the reply.—"You give me one hundred dollars or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well then, blow and be damned!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for *murdaire*?" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike; "oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pointed bowie from under his pillow he sat upright.

A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, he coolly remarked; and at the word, he started for the Gaul; but the latter was too nimble, the horse-pistol innocent of lead, exploded in the air and with it one fractious little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the stair-case—a proof that what may suit one attitude will not answer for another.

The thread then passed through the hole I had bored in the window sash, and was then made fast to this key. Under the key I placed the tin box you see; and over the key was a bar to prevent its being dragged up more than six inches. Each night before I went to bed I just drew the string tight and fastened it in the yard; taking care to free it before morning, so as to keep the plan a secret. If then a man or anything above two feet high walked up the yard, the string was pressed against the key, was drawn up sharply against the bar, and the string broken; when the key of course, fell into the tin box, making quite noise enough to waken me.

Immediately the string or thread broke, it would fall to the ground; and the person who had done all this would not have felt anything the resistance being so slight. I must own I should prefer horse-hair to thread; but, as it was, the latter answered very well. I was fast asleep when the key fell; but immediately awoke, and taking my lantern outside my door lighted it, and came to you, for I knew that a man only in the back-yard could have dropped my key.

So now you see how the burglars were trapped, for you know all the rest."

"Certainly you succeeded, and so we ought not to be critical," we replied. "But suppose they had entered by the front-window, instead of by the back? how then?"

"You see this thread," he said, grasping one that was near the door. "Pull it."

I did so and immediately a tin-cup dropped into the hand-basin.

"That thread goes down stairs, and is fastened across the front window; but I broke that off as I went out of my room, so that that should not impede my journey down stairs. Thus I could at once know whether a man was approaching the back-door or had entered by the front window; and, in either case, I think I could have captured him."

Simplicity had certainly been adopted in the present case, but the means had shown themselves to be efficient.

"People are usually very silly," continued our friend, "when they hear, or think they hear, suspicious noises at a night. The first thing they usually do is to light a candle, which proclaims to the robber that he has been heard, and must escape; then they go about the house with this candle, and make a great noise, so that a man may have plenty of time to get away, or to hide himself. Instead of this, if a person were to listen intently he would be able to hear any suspicious noises distinctly, and decide upon their cause, then, as he must know his own house better than a robber he is best off of the two in the dark; and when having armed himself, he has quietly opened his door he may wait and listen until the robbers are heard moving about when he may take such steps as may seem necessary. If every person was merely to plan what was to be done in case of robbers entering his house and then were to carry out this if the occasion required it, burglary would be too dangerous and unsuccessful a proceeding to be popular or profitable, and might be given up for a more honest means of obtaining a livelihood."

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Equal to the Emergency.

Not many years ago two Frenchmen—one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless—occupied by chance the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, and holding a pistol to his forehead and backing against the door, exclaimed in his horrid companion:

"It is my last desperate resort: I am penniless and tired of life, give me 500 francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him cold. He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other rammed after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this another Frenchman, of very vague aspect one night tried to room with a tall rawboned gentleman from Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awakening, discovered his room-mate standing over him,

with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation?"

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SPEECH OF A CONVERTED REBEL.

At a meeting of Southern men in Memphis, recently, Colonel Grace, of Arkansas, spoke as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I am the man who drew up the ordinance of Secession in the Legislature of Arkansas. I have been in the field fighting against the Union for nearly four years, but now I am a conquered and whipped man. [Laughter.] As I was gallant in going out to fight, I now propose to be gallant at surrendering and submitting to the arms of the Government that we cannot whip. [Laughter.] I have no contempt for Federal authority now, if I ever had. I do not think there is a manly bosom in the South but that has higher respect for Northern gallantry than when we went into the fight. There may be some men in the North who may think that the South had a hand in the death of our lamented President, but I know that the people of the South mourn over his death, and feel that they have lost a friend. The North have maintained this conflict nobly, and the South have nothing to be ashamed of. I am proud of the South—there is something in the very atmosphere that makes men great. So, I say that the South is not an insignificant people; and if so great people as they are cannot whip the world, who can come to the inevitable conclusion that the North is greater? [Laughter.] And I am not going to stultify myself by saying I have been whipped by somebody. Now it is our duty to respect and go back to this great national church report, get absolution, and be baptised afresh. [Laughter.] I know we will receive honorable and just terms. When I had an interview with the President, his heart seemed to be ever overflowing with love toward the Southern people. We first went out of the Union and threw down the gage of battle, and the North picked it up; we fired the first gun and took the first fort—Fort Sumter—which was taken back a few days ago. [Laughter.] The North seemed to be unwilling to fight; they did not think we would fight, and so we thought of them, but to our sorrow we have found out different; they seemed to spring up like mushrooms from all parts of the earth. Before this war I never saw a Federal officer hardly. I never felt the slightest oppression of the Federal Government in fact I never thought we had one until I went out to fight, then I found we did have a Government.

A TOUCH OF PETROLEUM.—Close to the lands of the Centre Oil Company there lives an old chap worth a mint. Ignorant of commerce, dumb luck has made him rich. His households pets consist of a terrier dog and stupid daughter, both of whom engaged his attention. The former provided for, he determined to "accomplish" his daughter. To this end he came to the city. He bought a piano, a harp, a guitar, and a car load of music books, and so forth, winding up his business by engaging a first-class intellectual and music tutor, with all of which he started for the "region." The documents were of course soon arranged for business. The tutor set to work and toiled like a Trojan, but with no success. Despairing of ultimate triumph, he went to the oil king and made a clean breast of it.

"Why, what the world's the matter?" asked the father.

"Well," answered the tutor, "Kitty has a piano, and guitar, and harp, and music, and books, and all that, but she wants capacity—that's all."

"Well, by the Lord Harry," cried the oil king, "if that, all, long buy it. I've got the stuff, and if money will get it she shall have capacity for any thing else."

THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leads from her in a clear sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you every pursued an unseen fugitive through trees led by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have, and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care or sorrow or irksome business; and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to secure away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are travelling, it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

CHILDREN'S THINGS.—Children imagine themselves possession of great wealth if they have stuffed their little purses with counters, or money made of old cards and broken pottery; but when they offer their coin for biscuits to the baker, they learn with sorrow that it is worth nothing. In like manner, we too, dream, that the possession of some hundreds of thousands of pieces of gold makes us great and mighty men, and entitles us to universal respect; whereas, when we appear with them at the gate of Heaven, we shall be told that they are filth, and nothing more. It thus appears that life on earth is child's play for the old, not less than for the young unless indeed, we attain to the blessedness of the new birth, grow to the stature of men in Christ Jesus; put away childish things, and set affections upon objects worthy of the efforts of a soul which is the offspring of God, and destined for immortality.—*Godhold's Emblems.*