

Civilian and Telegraph

VOLUME XXXVIII.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1865.

NUMBER XXIX.

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 9.30 A. M.
Leaves 9.45 " "
FOR THE WEST.
Mail Train, arrives 7.15 P. M.
Leaves 7.25 " "
Express Train, arrives 7.10 A. M.
Leaves 7.20 " "

CLOSING OF MAILS.

Mail East, through mails, (except Sunday), 8.50 A. M.
Mail West, through mails, 6 P. M.; through and way mail, closes 5 P. M.
Sage for Bedford, leaves daily, (except Sunday), at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6 A. M.
Sage for Frederick, leaves daily, (except Sunday), at 7 A. M.; Mail closes, 6.30 P. M.; leaves, 9 P. M.; Mail closes, 8 P. M.
Sage for Somerset, arrives, 5 P. M.; leaves, 9 A. M.; Mail closes, 8 A. M.
Frederick, leaves weekly—Leaves Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.; Mail closes, 12.30 P. M.

City Government.

Mayor—GEORGE HARRIS.
Councilmen—Dr. J. J. BRUCE,
J. B. HARRIS,
GEORGE LONG,
C. B. SMITH,
JOHN YOUNG.
Clerk—JOHN SCHILLING.
Treasurer—JOHN GRIFFITH.
Comptroller—JOHN B. GARDNER.
Sergeant—GEORGE FLEISCHER.
Watch Master—ARTHUR MCGUIRE.
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. HOOPER.
Scriber—JAS. T. GARDNER.
Sole & Attorney—GEO. A. THURSTON.
Surveyor—JAMES CHISHOLM, Jr.
J. B. CAMPBELL,
DUGLAS PERCY,
A. M. L. BUCH.
County Commissioners—
CHARLES RIDGELY,
WILLIAM FRIEND,
JOHN HELL,
J. STALLINGS,
L. TOWNSEND,
Geo. T. KNORR, Union.
WILLIAM LOWDERMILK,
Cumberland and Telegraph.
The ALLEGANIAN,
Cumberland, June 20, 1865.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

NEW SCHEDULE FOR PASSENGER TRAINS

TO AND FROM NEWBURN 6th 1864.

TWO THROUGH TRAINS.

Mail Train Leaves Baltimore at 9.00 a. m.
Arrives at Wheeling 6.00 a. m.
Express Train Leaves Baltimore at 9.40 a. m.
Arrives at Wheeling 7.10 a. m.
Mail Train Leaves Wheeling at 10.00 p. m.
Arrives at Baltimore 6.45 p. m.
Express Train Leaves Wheeling at 11.30 p. m.
Arrives at Baltimore 8.40 a. m.
Through tickets for all the principal cities North and West of the Ohio River, may be procured at this office.
Cumberland Station, N. E. C. B. HIRM, Agent.
July 1, 1865—13

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS.

CUMBERLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

OK and after Monday, November 2d, and until further notice, Passenger Cars on this road will run as follows:
Leaves Baltimore at 8.15 a. m.
Leaves Cumberland at 11.30 a. m.
Leaves Baltimore at 6.05 p. m.
Leaves Cumberland at 12.15 p. m.
Leaves Baltimore at 7.45 p. m.
Leaves Cumberland at 10.30 p. m.
C. SLACK,
Superintendent.
July 1, 1865—14

FRENCH'S HOTEL.

ON THE BROADWAY PLACE,
Opposite the City Hall, Corner of Frankfort Street, New York.
Spacious Refectory, Bath Rooms, and Barber Shop. Beds-rooms warmed gratis, and only one bed in a room. Do not believe rumors or packmen who say we are full. Servants are not allowed to receive perquisites.
april-17

WM. R. BEALL & CO.

DEALER IN
GROCERIES & LIQUORS,
Queens and Glassware, Cheating and Smoking Tobacco,
PIPES, SNUFF, MATCHES, ETC.,
Baltimore Street, near the Railroad Depot
THE two extensive stores of WM. R. BEALL & CO. adjoining each other on the south side of Baltimore Street, are now stocked with a full, fresh and varied assortment of the above articles, which they will dispose of on reasonable terms, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, to their City and Country Customers.
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, LIQUORS, etc. constantly on hand.
No. 5, 2095—7.

Pigs Feet and Bologna.

Pigs Feet in kegs and half kegs, also a lot of Bologna Bologna just received, for sale by HARRISON & JENKINS,
Feb. 2 1865. Corner Baltimore & Mechanic Sts.

Dried Peas.

A excellent article of dried Peas, just received and for sale by HARRISON & JENKINS,
May 4. Cor. Baltimore & Mech. Sts.

Raisins, Currants, and Citron.

A large supply of fresh Raisins, Currants and Citron, just received and for sale by HARRISON & JENKINS,
Jan. 12—1865
Cor. Baltimore & Mechanic Sts.

TO OLD COUNTRYMEN!

SIGHT DRAFTS
ON
GLAND, IRELAND AND GERMANY
FOR SALE BY
GEO. E. LEONARD,
Mount Savage, Md.

Wheeling Stogies!

Wheeling Stogies just received and for sale by
15,000
Potomac Herring.

Barrels and half barrels, just received and for sale by HARRISON & JENKINS,
May 4. Cor. Baltimore & Mech. Sts.

Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

WILL H. LOWDERMILK, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription:

\$9.00 Per Annum, in advance.

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, otherwise TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF WILL BE CHARGED INADVERTENTLY.

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
Two squares one month 4.00
One square six months 6.00
Two squares six months 10.00
One square one year 12.00
Two squares one year 20.00
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, six months \$10.00
One fourth of a column, twelve months 15.00
One fourth of a column, three months 5.00
Half of a column, six months 15.00
Half of a column, twelve months 25.00
Half of a column, three months 10.00
One column, six months 30.00
One column, twelve months 40.00
One column, three months 15.00
The advertiser will be held responsible for the payment thereof.

Present contracts will be faithfully complied with. Business Cards, including paper, 3 months, \$4; 6 months, \$6; 12 months, \$8.
One eighth of a sheet, 25 copies, \$1.50; 50 copies, \$2.00; 100 copies, \$3.00; every additional 100, 75 cts.
One quarter of a sheet, 25 copies, \$3.00; 50 copies, \$4.00; 100 copies, \$5.00; every additional 100, \$1.50.
Half sheet, 25 copies, \$5.00; 50 copies, \$7.00; 100 copies, \$9.00; every additional 100, \$2.00.
GEO. T. KNORR, Union.
WILLIAM LOWDERMILK,
Cumberland and Telegraph.
The ALLEGANIAN,
Cumberland, June 20, 1865.

HAND BILLS.

One eighth of a sheet, 25 copies, \$1.50; 50 copies, \$2.00; 100 copies, \$3.00; every additional 100, 75 cts.
One quarter of a sheet, 25 copies, \$3.00; 50 copies, \$4.00; 100 copies, \$5.00; every additional 100, \$1.50.
Half sheet, 25 copies, \$5.00; 50 copies, \$7.00; 100 copies, \$9.00; every additional 100, \$2.00.

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

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 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. JAS20-15

JOSEPH SPRIGG.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CUMBERLAND, MD.
J. 44

CHAS. F. SOMERKAMP,

UPHOLSTERER AND PAPER HANGER
and Dealer in
PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, &c.,
Baltimore Street, opposite McKim's 3 Story Block, Cumberland, Md.
He has just returned from the eastern cities, with a large and handsome stock of Blinds, Wall Paper, Mats, &c., &c., in endless variety.
Mar. 2, 1865—17.

DR. G. J. BEACHY,

DENTIST,
Office on South Centre street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty), a few doors below the Fire Station. Jan. 1, 1864.

WILLIAM R. BEALL & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.
Baltimore street, near the Depot.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. HUMMELSHIME, DENTIST,
Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Reed's oyster Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store.
Mar. 2, 1865—17.

HUMBERT & LONG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic Hardware.
Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.
HARRISON & JENKINS,
Cor. Baltimore & Mech. Sts.

Can there be Harm in Kissing.

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,
The winds all kiss the hills;
The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud
For the odor it distills.
The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn,
The herons do at eve,
And fern the flower in circling clasp
The mystic banner wave.
The moon beams kiss the clouds at night,
The stars-gems kiss the sea,
While shadows, dreamy, soft and light,
Are kissing on the sea.
The zephyrs kiss the blushing pink
That blooms on beauty's lip;
And ruler blunts though chill and cold,
Its rusty needles sip.
The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,
The laughing merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn to eve;
And clouds still kiss the hills.
E'en heaven and earth do meet to kiss
Through heart of sparkling dew;
In kissing them, can there be harm?
I don't think so—do you?

RETRIBUTION.

A perfect beauty was little Barbara Livingston, with her golden locks, her glorious dark eyes and dazzling complexion, conspired to make her the most dazzling woman Ernest thought that he had ever beheld, as he rose with a start and a smile to greet her.
"Connie Lorette, permit me to present to you Ernest, my husband," said Barbara, with an arch smile hovering about her bright lips as she noted his glances of admiration.
As he gazed in blank astonishment in her husband's face when, asking him what the "news of the day" was, he replied,—"Perfectly bewitching."
But Lorette's bright red lips curved with a curious smile as she saw him peep his sauce, salt his biscuit, and make a desperate endeavor to sip his tea with a fork. But the climax of blunders was reached when, as they arose from the table, he disgraced himself irrevocably by depositing the hot fork in the credenza, and made a frantic effort to deposit little Carrie on the top of a picture frame, which latter endeavor she resisted with praiseworthy perseverance.
"Come, Lorette, sing for us," said Barbara, opening the piano, and placing a collection of sheet music on it.
"Certainly, after you," answered the witty girl, well knowing that her cousin could not compete with her.
"But you know that I do not pretend to sing only for the amusement of Ernest, and myself; nevertheless—" and, turning, she seated herself at the piano and sang a quaint old Scotch ballad to a simple accompaniment. It was when she had completed her song that Lorette in all her regal beauty ran her snowy fingers over the keys in a brilliant polka, and sang, in a minor key, a selection from "Norma." High and clear, like a joyous bird on the wing, the melodious tones floated upward, and it seemed that the melody of heaven floated on in liquid sweetness on the evening air, faintly quivering as a bird might twitter in its sleep, and then trilling like some sweet warbler.
Ernest sat with his gaze riveted to the fair singer, while his breath was almost suspended.
And, reader, do you think that Lorette noticed not the admiration that beamed from his eyes as, in pointed words, he complimented her finely cultivated her voice? If you do you are mistaken. She saw the power she had gained, and she felt, resolved to use it in her own mind she cared not what it would avail her, provided she gained his love and admiration.
So the days passed, and little Barbara fitted Lorette and Lorette, planning parties, excursions and picnics for the "heart-sore" benefit, all unconscious of the heart-searching misery in store for her. And evenings, while she sat in the nursery, rocking little Carrie, Ernest and Lorette sang duets together, or rambled in the garden by moonlight.
And she, all innocence and purity, was so glad that Ernest and Lorette thought so much of each other, and were so happy together—And Ernest thought not, cared not, so long as he was in the presence of Lorette, the dark eyed, arch-lipped siren. And she, the bright, bewitching beauty, used all her arts and blandishments to win from him the love, homage and adoration due to his wife.
And what was the end of all this?

One bright, autumnal evening Barbara laid the sleeping Carrie in her crib, and wended her way into the garden, to the arbor, where she knew Ernest and Lorette were sitting. Strolling softly along to give them a surprise, she peered through the thick grape vines and saw a sight that riveted her to the spot.
There Ernest sat, his arms wound about the form of Lorette, and his head bent low till his lips touched hers. But it was not this, but the words he uttered, as she intuitively bent her head, that blushed her sweet face to a deadly pallor. "Let us listen to them."
"Lorette, my darling Lorette, at once my angel and my demon, listen to the words that should I not utter would consume my heart and brain as with a fire. You know, your woman's instinct has told you long ere this, that I love you as man never loved before—Without your life would be a barren waste."
"And what of Barbara?" murmured the fiendish Lorette, turning her gloriously bewitching eyes to his.
His face darkened for a moment, and then he answered hurriedly, passionately, as though some dark spirit had taken possession of his mind; "the mechanical nature of my mind—"

"We will fly, away off beneath Italia's sunny skies we will go, and in some sequestered spot we will live and love."
Noiselessly Barbara turned and fled from the spot, a strange, wild light gleaming from the violet depths of her eyes, and the small fair hands pressed tightly about her throbbing heart. Noiselessly she entered the house, her pale lips set as if a gem coronation had been possessed of her mind; the mechanical nature of her mind, she grasped a piece of paper, and penned a few lines, white hot, bitter tears rained upon it. Silently she placed it between the leaves of her vellum-bound Bible, and then with a low wail of heart-broken agony she turned to the cradle of little Carrie, and moaned forth—
"O my darling child—mine and his—how can I leave you in all your innocence and loveliness? But I must, far better that I should die than that you should be the victim of a fiend's will. And now, my loving babe, farewell. May kind and loving angels guard and watch over you in the prayer of your unhappy mother."
And so she went out, that wild autumn evening, with that great load of anguish on her heart—went out with her beautiful eyes raised supplicatingly to Heaven, her white hands clasped in mute agony, and her pale lips working convulsively, eagerly and hurriedly she went on as if she feared interruption, not until she reached the brink of a small lake only a short distance from the house. Then, hesitating for an instant, she murmured, brokenly—
"Infinite Father of mercy, guide and protect my child, and, for the dear Redeemer's sake, receive the spirit of her broken-hearted mother."
There was a moment's pause, a splash, and the bosom of the lake received the lovely form of Barbara Livingston, and the pale, cold moon looked silently down on the quick returning waters that smoothed out every ripple.
And thus they found her the next day, and bore her to the house, with her small hands clasped as in her last prayer, and the water dripping from her bright golden hair.
It was a sad thought for Ernest, but nevertheless, his heart thrilled at the thought that

Barbara had been rescued from the Pyramids of Egypt and found covered with fine linen—because the tombs wherein they lay in for centuries are covered with caricatures of beasts, birds and fishes—because uncouth and ungainly ornaments of gold are found deposited in such tombs—divers persons wander off into extravagant prices of the lost arts, of the subtle and ingenious artisans who lived thousands of years ago, ignoring the wonders of to-day and the skill of their own countrymen.
If the mummies be an evidence of the taste of the ancients, the less said the better. Ugly in their lives, enlivened they are not improved, and the scarabs or beetle with which persons of high rank were ornamented is suggestive of another more unpleasant insect quite familiar to housekeepers. Even the pyramids from whence these dusty relics of the past are exhumed, might have been built in half the time by modern artificers, with brown stone fronts, if desirable, and slated with alternate rows of purple and green tiles. What a waste of Egyptian time and money they represent!

So also with that Sphinx which glowers at Ethiopia from its seat in the sand, as if suffering from the recollection of some overpopulation. If he be a lost art to construct such hideous monstrosities as these, let us congratulate ourselves that the world has grown wiser and better with the lapse of centuries.
Herculaneum and Pompeii, unearthed from the ashes of Vesuvius, show little or no trace of the arts which have been lost. A few bronze lamps of uncouth shapes, some pottery remarkable for its curious decoration, some tiles and frescoes of unquestionable character and state—they are some relics of the time and of the arts among that people at the time they were overwhelmed.

In Morocco and in Spain, ruins tumbling into decay, courts, fountains tinkled through the night atmosphere heavy with the accents of orange groves, tessellated pavements and columns fretted with intricate designs, are the only evidence to build on that the arts ever existed. Arts, not in the sense of gingerbread finery and gilding, but arts by which whole villages earned bread for their families in the sweat of their faces.
In Egypt, at this day—land of the pyramids, of the ruined cities, of the crypts wherein many a prince moldered, but how little wreathed native cracks his wheat in a stone mortar, or, worse, in a rag brushed between two stones. In Italy and in Imperial Rome famous, in centuries long since transpired, for all that wealth could procure—the beggars chaffer importunately at every step, and the fields are as barren and infertile as they were hundreds of years ago.

Though the existence of oil laces was known to the ancients, no use was made of them. Fire still gave forth its feeble glimmer in their lamps for years, and the solar radiance of kerosene was strange to domestic circles. In like manner the want of knowledge of natural products of the infinite combinations they are capable of, of the use they may be put to, were almost unknown to the ancients—utterly so, compared to the knowledge of the present day.

There was, indeed, no lack of sensuous decoration for palaces, there was no want of stimulants, no absence of anything that appealed to the grosser nature of man in those ancient days, but the artisans were familiar with only the rudest of mechanical contrivances.
No hundred thousand spindles whirred in cotton factories from morning till night, no engines moved swiftly and noiselessly, no railroads clasped the land in their embrace.—The earth bore in its bosom then, as now, copper and iron, but for want of artisans, for want of the skill of cunning to work it, little benefit accrued to the possessors thereof. Brass could be put to no better use than making a huge image to straddle the strait at Rhodes.

In the ancient days lived Praxiteles, Phidias and Apelles, sculptors of rare talent, who cut from the silent marble statues that seemed instinct with life; but those, however they may have helped the fates of men at that time, never helped the poor to a decent living, put no garments on the naked, nor built up towers and cities as does the machinery of to-day.
For all that cultivates society, for all that tends to make mankind refined, intellectual and humane, we despise that affection which accords to barbarians, or nations semi-civilized more culture, more genius and more mechanical skill than we possess at the present time. The world moves forward, not backward, and the generations of to-day are wiser than those which are not, ever were. The arts, in a generic sense, are not those delicate refinements of painting and music by which, white-handed and gifted sons of genius get a living, but they are those stern, hard realities in life which, by the practice of them, turns the intractable iron stone into ductile metal, which level the forests, which turn the wilderness into cities, which open up lands unknown to the pent-up thousands of old countries.

These are the arts, and this is the period in which they flourish.—Scientific American.

THE LOST ARTS.

Because certain motly and ill-smelling mummies have been resurrected from the Pyramids of Egypt and found covered with fine linen—because the tombs wherein they lay in for centuries are covered with caricatures of beasts, birds and fishes—because uncouth and ungainly ornaments of gold are found deposited in such tombs—divers persons wander off into extravagant prices of the lost arts, of the subtle and ingenious artisans who lived thousands of years ago, ignoring the wonders of to-day and the skill of their own countrymen.
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