

UNION AND LIBERTY—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

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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
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POETRY.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF DECAY.

Oh! he the soul its slumbers break—
Arous'd its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, in its glories glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than today
Our days, dreams of glory were bright,
Like the present that is bright—
Like them, they pass away.

Our lives like heading streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er King and Kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lonely tide,
Alike the humble rivulet glide
That to the sea
Death's level waters flow,
And rich and poor alike sleep by its side
Within the grave.

Why then is that a starting place:
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our fleeting joys are brought—
The path alone, of all thought,
Is bound of all.

See then 'twere poor and little worth
All those glittering toys of earth
That last but not the best,
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it lids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight
The cheeks pure glow of red and white
Has passed away,
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair—
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurred to glory,
Where is the love that roved so light and gay,
The heart's delight and joy,
The strength is gone, the spirit low,
And joy grows weak and slow!
When age comes on.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

The following exquisite poem, originally in the New York Observer. The lady author has shown skill to touch the delicate chords of religious thought as it feelings.

I'm far from my home, an' I'm weary an' woe,
For the longest-for' home-bringing, an' my Father's
Welcome smiles:
I'll ne'er be content until my eye do see
The golden gates o' Heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked wif flowers, many-tinted, fresh
An' gay,
The birds warble blithely for my Father made
That these 'gits an' these ecum's will as meethin' to be
When I hear the angels singin' 'o my ain countrie.

I've his guide word o' promise, that some gladsome
Day the King
To his ain royal palace His banished home will
Bring.

My sins has been many, an' my sorrows 'ave been
Sair;
But then they'll ne'er vex me nor be remembered
Sair;
His blood has made me white, His hand shall dry
My tears;
Which be brings me home at last to my ain countrie.

Like a hair to its mother, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gath'rin' me unto my Savior's
Breast;
For He gathers His bosom without sin, worthless
Like me,
An' carries them Himself to His ain countrie.

He's faith that hath promised; He'll surely come
Again;
He'll keep His tryat wif me, as when I'm a
Kidna
Ken;
But he'll be still to watch, an' ready aye to be,
T'ing at any moment to my ain countrie.

So I'm watchin' aye, an' singin' o' my home as
I wad;
For the soun' o' His footin' this side the golden
Gates;
God gie His grace to like an' wha listens no to me,
That we a' may gae 'n gladness to our ain countrie.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WINE'S WORK.
BY HOWARD GLENDON.

PROMISE ME, CHARLIE?
She was leaning happily over the back of his chair, looking down into his face.

"She said 'I mean Mrs. Gale; and 'Charlie' was her husband. He had just settled himself for a quiet after-dinner cigar. But Mrs. Gale had mischievously snatched it from his hand; threatening to withhold it until he gave her the desired promise. And now she laid one hand earnestly on his forehead, and stealing the other under his chin she looked archly yet half earnestly down into the dark depths of his eyes, with her tender blue eyes as she repeated:

"Promise me, Charlie, now do; that's a dear!"
"None sense, Virgie!"
And he tried to put away her hand.

"Oh, Charlie," reproachfully.
"Patience! do let me go. You'll choke me," he said, half impatiently.

"And do I will," she cried utterly. "If you don't promise me, this very minute, I'll not drink anything stronger than pure cold water at Uncle Logan's to-night."

And forthwith she made a dash for the nearest stack upon him; pulling his head back as fast as he could get it, and making believe to clutch him by the throat with intense mock fury.

"Stop, Virgie, stop! Why, what are you about? Only let me get clear, and I'll pay you for this little mischief! There, now, you've put out my eyes with that pin in your sleeve. Oh, murder! my face! I'll promise: Oh yes—anything!"

And she still persevered in this spirited mode of enforcing an argument. He shouted out:
"Yes, yes yes! There, now, I hope I have promised often enough to satisfy you."

"On your honor?"
"Certainly. Yes, of course?"

"Oh, sir, I thought I could bring you to terms. Recollect you have said 'on your honor. I shall hold you to your promise.' And she came around and seated herself on his knee very demurely indeed, after the manner of potted young wives when they have just gained a point.

"You saucy little puss, how dare you? And just see how you've scratched my face!"

"Shall I kiss it and make it well?" she asked, playfully. And then, while her face grew earnest in its pleading expression, she added:

"Oh, Charlie, you do not know how anxious I have felt about this party ever since we decided for it. They always have such a gay time at Uncle Logan's. And you know, dear, though you would not do a wrong thing yourself, how easy it is for your companions to make you go too far, because you're such a dear good natured case. But now that you have promised me, I feel quite easy. And, dear, don't forget when the boys begin to get too gay; come up stairs to me and baby."

And he promised.

Going out to an evening party at Uncle Logan's was no small affair, considering it was good five miles ride from Glendale, out into the country, over rough roads with Maple Creek—swollen by recent rains, and flowing wild and dark within its banks—to be crossed. So it was still early of a clear, frosty evening, when Virgie came out equipped for the ride.

"Here, Hester, hold the baby. Now Charlie!"

And giving him her hand she placed her foot in his other, and sprang lightly into the saddle.

The idea of such a mother-bird as Virgie going away five miles to spend the evening and leaving her baby, would have been pronounced an insanity, if any one had been absurd enough to propose it to her.

"Dear little fellow, how bright he looks!" she said, fondly pulling down one corner of the shawl. "Look, Charlie!"

And the little one gave a soft coo, in answer to papa's merry chirrup, as he looked into the huge bundle of shawls, and patted the tiny, rosy face, just peeping out of its snug enclosure.

Then, after mamma had given her parting directions to Hester—promoted to be house-keeper in misus' absence—they started off, the light, crisp snow crackling under the feet of their horses.

"Give Charlie to me, Virgie," her husband said when they reached the creek and reigned in their horses upon its bank.

"Keep close to me," he added, and his another word was spoken until they had reached the opposite bank; for the fording of the creek, in its present condition was a difficult, almost dangerous undertaking.

"I do hope the moon will be up when we come," Virgie said. Then, added, anxiously, as she again deposited the child in her arms.

"The creek is deeper than I thought; and really it would be dangerous to cross in the dark."

Lightly were glimmering from the twilight as the rode up to Uncle Logan's gates; and the number of horses and vehicles already congregated around showed that the invited guests of the Christmas eve party were already beginning to drop in. Aunt Lizzie came out to the door to greet them, and took the baby from Virgie's poor, tired arms.

"Remember, Charlie," she said imploringly, laying her head upon his shoulder as they were on the point of separating. She, for Aunt Lizzie's comfortable room above stairs—

—he, for the society of his boon-companions.

"Never fear for me!" and he went gayly away.

Alas! for the promise made to the fond, credulous wife, sitting up stairs in the quiet matronly circle with her babe on her knee, so proud and happy—for it was her first child.

And what joyful mother failed to appreciate the dignity of her position at such a time.

In less than half an hour, Charles Gale had forgotten his promise, wife, child, everything, and again and again his glass was filled, and his voice raised in riotous chorus with the loudest.

The night waned, and the guests began to disperse. Virgie sat in the dressing room all ready for the ride, holding in her lap what seemed to her a huge bundle of blankets and shawls, but which was in reality little Charlie, who curled up in his warm nest fast asleep, with one little fat thumb in his mouth.

"I wonder what makes Charlie so late?" she said, at last, impatiently. Aunt Lizzie will just please send for him, and say I'm waiting!"

He came at length. But the first words he spoke told her all. She knew at that time that he was intoxicated, though to others only a very slight excitement was all that appeared unusual about him.

Oh! the shame! She hardly dared to speak to him: All her thoughts was to get him away before he betrayed his condition to other eyes.

"Give me the child," he said.
And as she did so, she felt that his arm was unsteady.

"Oh! I dare not trust the baby with him; was he intoxicated, but she remained silent. She could not bear that those around should know the mortifying truth!

"What do you think of it, Charles? Had it we better stay? she asked persuasively.
But liquor had made him sullen.
"No, we must go home," he said, surlily. She knew it would avail nothing to argue the matter with him, but only lead to a painful exposure; so she commenced making her adieu.

By dint of gentle coaxing she induced him to give the babe to her before they started.

As they rode away Uncle Logan shifted out to them:

"Look out for the creek!"
Virgie's heart was too heavy for a reply, but Charles shouted back with maudlin cheerfulness:

"All right!"
As they rode on, she saw that he was sinking into a drunken stupor! Oh, if they were only safe at home, how glad she would be!

And then she thought of the wide creek yet to be forded, and every breath was a prayer. She determined not to let him have the child when they came to the crossing, but to trust to her own arm and courage to carry herself and the babe through.

She hoped he would not think to ask her for the child, and she should never herself for a refusal, in case he should when they came in sight of the water.

The moon shone down, making it almost as bright as day. Virgie thanked God for that! But she considered as the rear of the waters fell on her car, and she saw it foaming white in the moonlight, as it swept in a strong current over the rocks.

Charles roused himself.
"Where's the boy?" he asked.

"Never mind, dear he's asleep, and I don't like to disturb him. I can carry him over. I'm strong enough for that."

"What is the woman thinking of? You carry him over, indeed! Give him right straight here to me!"

"But, Charles, you are not in a condition to hold him. I shall be thankful if you can guide your horse over safely, as you are."

"Ha! What do you mean by that?"
She made him no answer.

"Do you take me for a fool?" he said roughly and angrily.

"Now, Charles, don't do so? You know your arm is very unsteady, just now. It is indeed!"

"Ah, I understand you now. So, Madam, I suppose you think I'm drunk?"
Again she was silent.

"Give me the child!" he said fiercely.
"O Charles! For God's sake—"

"Give him to me, I say! Do you think to brava me so? Give him here this minute."

Resistance, she knew, was useless. It would only serve to infuriate him, and what will not a drunken man do?

"Wait till I fix him," she said, but her voice was unaturally quiet.

Uncovering the little sleeping face, she kissed it once—then drawing the thick blanket closer over the child's face which developed the little figure, she covered the face again, and gave him into her husband's arms.

"Charles! For the love of God be careful!"
"Isn't he a fool?"

So they plunged in, and she did not take her eyes from the other two, until they had reached the opposite bank. Then her horse stepped on a stone, and slipping, nearly precipitated her into the water, when her attention was again free they had reached the opposite bank.

"There he is!" said Charles triumphantly, as he placed the bundle in her arms. "What a simpleton you were to think I couldn't bring him over safely!"

"How very light it was! Good God! She moved it about in her arms—pressed it closer, and then uttered an awful shriek.

In his drunken unconsciousness Charles had let the sleeping infant slip out of the blanket, and nothing could be heard above the deafening roar of the waters. He did not know it till the mother screamed.

There was no help! Oh! it was pitiful, heart-breaking! Poor young mother!

"My child! My little child! My Charles! Oh, my child!"
Both trembled simultaneously back to the water. The quick eye of the mother was just in time to catch one last brief glimpse of a little rosy, pitiful, upturned face—and then it disappeared down the current, and the rapid waters flowed on!

The home of the Gales is very still now, Virgie's pale face seem paler yet, contrasted with her black dress. The cradle looks so desolate, standing always back in one corner of the nursery. She never passes it without having her heart wrung anew, and she will sit for hours, folding and unfolding the little clothes, and her hand linger lovingly among them. There is a pair of tiny worn shoes in the drawer of her work table, and a lock of fair, soft baby hair in the great Bible.

The Largest Gun in the World.

The grandest of the twenty-inch Rodman gun at Fort Hamilton on the 25th, proved an entire success. At 12 o'clock, for the first loading of the heaviest piece of ordnance in the world, the parapets of the fort were thronged with distinguished officers and ladies and gentlemen, anxious to witness the trial of the great gun. It was not until half past two o'clock the first discharge, a blank cartridge, of one hundred pounds of powder was fired. The concussion following the discharge was slight, and the recoil was much less than anticipated. The piece was next loaded with a charge of fifty pounds of powder and a thousand pound shell. The time taken in loading was about half an hour. The second trial was as successful as the first, the ball in consequence of considerable depression of the gun, striking the water at a quarter of a mile distance, ricocheting several times. The gun, on examination, being found to have received no strain, preparations were made for a final test.

At 5 o'clock the piece was again loaded with a charge of one hundred pounds of powder and a ball weighing one thousand and eighty pounds—one of the largest projectiles ever cast. It was found anything but an easy task to just the ball. However at the hour mentioned, the piece was loaded and everybody stood clear for the last grand trial. The gun was raised to an elevation of twenty-five degrees, and the discharge was deafening. The ball was twenty-four seconds in the air, and fell at the distance of about three miles and a half. Considerable applause followed the final shot, and all concerned in the management of the piece were warmly congratulated. The following are the dimensions of this great achievement of Captain Rodman: Weight of gun, 116,497 pounds; length, 21 feet; bore, 20 inches; usual charge of powder, 100 pounds; average weight of ball, 1000 pounds.—New York Times.

Extraordinary Story.

The following singular story has been told to us upon the most reliable authority.—Some years ago, a Bristol clergyman, of good means, died, leaving a young and rather interesting widow, with several children, in very poor circumstances. The lady, who was of religious turn, felt that she was called upon to do what she could for the instruction of the working classes, and chose for her sphere of exertion a railroad in connexion with the city, and then in course of construction. She read and spoke to the navvies employed upon it at all convenient times, when they were cutting their meals and after they retired from their labor, and was always treated with great respect and regard by the rough and good natured fellows. One young man of the gang, however, and who was by no means the most teachable of her hearers, she particularly endeavored to improve, and, with this view, she sent him to school in the neighborhood, charging herself with his board and maintenance; but, after he had been some time, the master honestly informed her that, possibly owing to his age and want of quickness, there was little chance of his ever learning much.

Upon this, the lady declared that she herself would undertake his instruction, and to this end she had the man every evening at her house to teach him simple branches of education. As she lives in a good part of our suburbs, and is well known by her respectable neighbors, the circumstance of the man's regular attendance at the school was soon noticed, and rumors got abroad that Mrs. — was educating a navvy, with the view of ultimately marrying him. A lady with whom she was acquainted hearing these unpleasant reports, wrote to her, expressing her belief that it was not true; but suggesting some more prudent and suitable arrangement than this for the improvement of her protégé.

Upon which the lady replied on the subject that she had a circular reply printed, one of which she begged to inclose. And inclosed, very enough, was a printed paper, couched in very much the same language as the accompanying note, and several copies of which have, it seemed, got into circulation among her friends.

We further hear that the other navvies, the fellow workmen of the fortunate man, readily waited up on their procreants, and whether really disapproving of the course taken by her, or envious of their co-laborer, intimated that they had no desire to receive any more of her instructions. So the matter stands, according to our informant, who has seen one of the printed circulars above alluded to.—Bristol Times.

A wife in San Francisco lately put a petition for divorce in the court on the ground that her husband was a "confounded fool."

The court wouldn't admit the plea, because almost every married man would be liable to the same imputation. Did you ever?

It is temper which makes the bliss of home or disturbs its comfort. The home is in the forbearing temper, in the yielding spirit, in the calm pleasures of a mild disposition, anxious to give and receive happiness.

"Witnax a woman," says Mrs Partington, "has been married with a concealing heart, and that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the marriage state again."

We hear much about the dangers of using coal oil, but while the insurance men graze, the people continue to make light of it.

THE WORK BEFORE US.

[From the New York Evening Post.]
The Unionists have had their time of rejoicing for the great political victory achieved on the 8th instant; and, with few inconsiderable exceptions, they have rejoiced temperately, expressing an exuberant gratitude for the principle established, without exulting insolently over the party or the person defeated. Even the old and offensive partisan nickname has suddenly lost its vogue; and the general disposition is to forget the animosities of the past in the pressing and serious duties of the present. On the other hand, the democrats, who fought their battle strenuously, though somewhat wildly, have, with the same inconsiderable exceptions, submitted gracefully to their defeat; showing that the old instincts of genuine American citizenship are still alive in them, and that they bow reverently to the majestic rule of the people. They have made their appeal to the highest tribunal, to the final arbiter of political controversy; the decision has gone against them on the main question of the prospective of the war, and they obey the mandate of the court.

In these circumstances, with a temporary lull in the excitement of passion and a truce to the late strife of factions, it becomes us to inquire what is the first duty of really patriotic men. It is unmistakably to carry on the war with renewed vigor, in order to bring out a more certain and speedy peace. A distinguished democrat, long a resident of the South, and a warm admirer of McClellan, said to us the other day: "Well, we must now all turn in together to see how soon, by energetic combinations and movements, we can either force the enemy to the wall or compel a surrender." He seemed to us to describe the whole case. If, with one accord, the whole people of the loyal States will press down upon the exhausted faction of the South, we may easily bring the conflict to an end; but if we do not, if we allow any old root of party bitterness to remain, if we persist in quarrelling among ourselves as to methods, instead of pushing on harmoniously to the end, the war must be prolonged, our burdens increased, and the miseries and desolation of the South expanded into utter ruin.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Lincoln's management of the war, however objectionable his extra military measures may seem to some, it is the fact now that these measures are mostly just; they have had nearly all the good or ill effect that they can have, and the war henceforth must be pursued principally as a grand military enterprise. It would be idle, and worse than idle, to stand still and protest against the policy of emancipation, after that policy has become a part of history and can no more be altered. No less idle is it to declaim against the employment of the blacks as soldiers, when eighty thousand of them are already in arms, and the faith of the nation is irrevocably pledged to the protection and support of its troops. Be these things right or wrong, wise or unwise, they have been adopted by the government, they have been acquiesced in by the popular mind, and though they may be reviewed by Congress or by the courts, they cannot now be changed. We must accept them for what they are worth, applaud or condemn them as we may, and go on with our immediate practical business.

This business is to strengthen the arms of the government in all military measures, to fill up the ranks, to inspire our officers, to encourage the troops, and to show the insurgents the extreme hopelessness and fatality of their wretched scheme.

In this state the Democrats who really love their country may do immense good, by representing to the secessionist agents here, through letters, or in the press, the actual condition of things. Of the thirty-six states, twenty-seven are loyal, and so strongly loyal that they will continue the war until the Union triumphs or the whole nation is bankrupted and destroyed. These States are the richest and strongest, the most populous, the most enterprising, the most active, the most determined. Their resources are as yet comparatively untouched. In men and in money they have scarcely felt the drain. Against them are nine states—poor, exhausted, without industry, enclosed from the world, and though gallant and heroic, driven to despair. How can a conflict between such opponents be long continued? Is there any other but one possible? Is it not madness for the South to go on—a madness more prodigious and culpable than pen can depict? Let the Democrats then, proclaim the solemn fact to their ancient friends; let them declare the whole truth of things, and invite the awfully misguided people of the Southern States to a return to obedience and wisdom.

SOLITUDE.—More and greater sins are committed when men are alone than when they keep themselves in fellowship. When Eve in Paradise walked alone, then came the evil and deceived her. Whoever is among men and in honest company, is ashamed of sin, or, at least, he has no plea or opportunity to do so.

When to start, he fell into adultery and murder; and I have myself found that I have never sinned more than when I was alone.

Solitariness inviteth to melancholy, and a person whose has often some heavy and evil thoughts, so hath he strange thoughts, and construed everything in the worst sense. Melancholy is an instrument of the devil, by which he accomplished his wicked purposes. The deeper a person is plunged into that state, the more power the devil hath over him. To live in an open, public state is the safest.

Openly, and amongst other persons, a man must live civilly and honestly, must appear to fear God, and do his duty towards men.—Luther.

Max of quick fancy more easily reconciles themselves to the loved one when she is absent than when she is present.

Erratum on a celebrated Strategist who fell with Antiochus:

At his head, a worn-out spade. At his feet, a broken pitcher. Here in his "last ditch" is laid. Near the receding ditch.

Monkey in Church.

There was once an eminent clergyman by the name of Cassauben, who kept in his family a tame monkey, of which he was very fond. This animal, which was allowed its liberty, liked to follow the minister when he went out, but on the Sabbath was usually shut up till his owner was out of sight, on his way to church. But one Sabbath morning, when the clergyman, taking his sermon under his arm, went out, the monkey followed him unobserved, and watching the opportunity while his master was speaking to a gentleman on the steps, ran up at the back of the pulpit, and gravely seated himself, looking round in a knowingly manner on the congregation, who were greatly amused at so strange a spectacle. The services proceeded, as usual, while the monkey, who evidently much enjoyed the sight of so many people, to observe the movements of his master, who was unobtrusive of his presence. When the sermon concluded, many pious forms were convulsed with laughter, which conduct so shocked the good pastor that he thought it his duty to administer a reproof, which he did with considerable action of his hands and arms. The monkey, who had now become familiar with the scene, imitated every motion, till at last a scarcely suppressed smile appeared upon the countenance of most of the audience. This occurred, too, in one of the most solemn passages in the discourse; and so horrible did the levity appear to the good minister, that he launched forth into violent rebuke, every word being enforced by great energy of action. All this time the little fellow mimicked every movement with arid and exactness. The audience, witnessing this apparent competition between the good man and his monkey, could no longer retain the least appearance of composure, and burst into roars of laughter, in the midst of which one of the congregation kindly relieved the horror of the pastor at the irreverence and impety of his flock, by pointing out the cause of the merriment. Casting his eyes upward, the minister could just discern the animal standing on the end of the sounding-board, and gesturing with all his might, when he found it difficult to control himself, though highly exasperated at the occurrence. He gave directions to have the monkey removed, and sat down to compose himself, and allow his congregation to recover their equanimity while the order was being obeyed.

Parental Authority in Marriage.

Sons and daughters will marry. Selfishness alone would hinder any young man from the lawful desire for a home of his own, or if any young woman had the natural instinct for some one dearer than father, mother, brother, or sister, however precious these may be. Every head and every member of a family who loves the other members wisely and well, will not only not prevent, but encourage in every lawful way the great necessity of life to both men and women, a prudent, constant, holy love and a happy marriage. One word to parents, which of course the young people are not intended to hear. Don't you think my good friends, that parents as you be, with every desire for your child's happiness, it was a little unfair to give your Mary every opportunity of becoming attached to Charles, and Charles, poor fellow, all possible chance of adoring Mary? Could you expect him to see her sweet womanly ways, which make her the delight of her father's home and be tempted to wish her the treasure of his own?

Is it not father hard, now to turn round and object to their marrying; because, forsooth, "you never thought of such a thing," or "Mary might have done better," or "Charles was not the sort of person you thought she would fancy,"—last shift and a very mean one—you "rather hoped she would not marry at all, but stay with her old father and mother?" Hold there! We will not suppose any parents, in their sober senses, to be guilty of such sinful selfishness.

Let us pass to the next objection commonly urged against almost all marriages—that the parties are the last persons which each was expected to choose. Expected by whom? The world at large or their own relations? The world knows little enough, and cares less, about these matters. And sometimes, strange to say, two people, who happen rarely to love one another, also know one another a little better than all their respected relations put together—even their parents. They have made (or ought to be) we are granting that the case in point is not light fancy, but a deliberate attachment—there is no meaning in that old-fashioned word) that solemn election binding for life, and—as all true lovers hope and pray for eternity. They have cast their own lot, and are ready to abide by it. All its misfortunes or mistakes, like its happiness, will be their own. Give your advice honestly and fully; exact a fair trial of affection, urge every precaution that your older heads and tougher hearts may suggest, and then, O my parents, leave your children free. If there is one thing more than another to which sons and daughters, who are capable of being trusted at all, deserve to be trusted unlimitably, it is choice in marriage.—All the Year Round.

Erratum on a celebrated Strategist who fell with Antiochus:

At his head, a worn-out spade. At his feet, a broken pitcher. Here in his "last ditch" is laid. Near the receding ditch.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—Hon. JAMES SMITH.
Clerk of the Circuit Court—HOBART HENSLY.
Register of Wills—JAMES HENSLY.
Solicitor—BASIL T. CARLISLE.
State's Attorney—GEO. A. THURSTON.
Sergeant—JAMES CHRISTIAN.
Judge of the Orphans' Court—J. B. H. CAMPBELL.
County Commissioners—GEO. KNORR, Union.
O. F. MATTINGLY, Civilian and Telegraph.
The ALLEGANIAN, Cumberland, Jan. 25, 1864.

Business Directory.

Calvert Iron and Nail Works.
J. HOPKINSON SMITH, 25 South Charles Street Baltimore.
B. Broad Spikes, Hook-head and Countersunk.
Wrought Iron Chairs, all patterns.
Refrigerator and Tanks—a full assortment.
Boats and Main Sails, TOWN SHEDD.
Boat and Ship Spikes.
Bridges and Car and Truss Poles.
Jan. 1, 1864.

FRREDERICK, MD.

H. F. DERBRING, Respectably informs the citizens of Cumberland and vicinity that he is prepared to ornament CHURCHES, HALLS, PRIVATE RESIDENCES, &c., in fresco, encaustic and oil colors in the most artistic style. Real references given as to the ability of the above named. Orders promptly responded to. Turkeys and all work warranted. Jan. 1, 1864.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

JOSIAH WITT, Manufacturer and Dealer in Lumber.
Mechanic street, Big Spring Lot, Cumberland, Md.
Contracts filled at short notice for lumber, shingles and shingles. Oct. 8, '64-7.

DENTIST.

R. I. MORRIS, Office on South Centre street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty), a few doors below Baltimore street. Jan. 1, 1864.

Baker and Confectioner.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FOREIGN AND AMERICAN FRUIT TOYS, GROCERIES, CHOCOLATES, &c., &c.
Three doors east of Post-Office. Jy. 24.