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Civilian & Telegraph.

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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	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
FEB	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	FEB	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
MAR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	MAR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	MAY	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JUN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	JUN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
AUG	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	AUG	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
SEP	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	SEP	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
NOV	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	NOV	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
DEC	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	DEC	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

GENERAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

Express Train, arrives, 11:10 P. M.
Leaves, 11:20 P. M.
Mail Train, arrives, 9:30 A. M.
Leaves, 9:40 A. M.

CLOSING OF MAILS.

Mail, closes daily, (except Sunday), 8:30 A. M.
Mail, closes, through mail, (except Sunday), 8:30 A. M.
Mail, closes, through mail, (except Sunday), 8:30 A. M.

City Government.

Mayor—DR. CHAS. H. OHR.
Commissioners—J. HENRY CAMPBELL,
HENRY BRIDGE,
JOHN KOLB,
GEORGE M. RIZKE,
WILLIAM ARMISTEAD,
JOSHUA ENGLER.

County Directory.

Judge of the Circuit Court—JAMES SMITH.
Clerk of the Circuit Court—HARRIS RUSSELL.
Recorder of Deeds—W. HOOVER.
Sergeant—JAS. T. GARTLEY.
Sole Assessor—GEO. A. THURSTON.
Sole Surveyor—JAMES GIBSON, JR.
Judge of the Orphans' Court—J. H. CAMPBELL,
DOUGLAS PERCY,
A. M. L. BUSH.

AND NAIL WORKS.

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

WILLIAM H. BEALL & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, TEAS, LIQUORS &c.

DR. G. J. BEMCHY.

DENTIST,
Office on South Center street, (formerly occupied by Dr. B. A. Dougherty,) a few doors below Baltimore street. Jan. 1, 1864.

JOSEPH SPRIGG.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

A. J. BOOSE.

Dealer in
Salt, Fish, Groceries, Provisions,
MANILLA ROPE AND GRAIN,
Canal Basin, jr. 64.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HEMMELSHIMMER, DENTIST,
Corner Baltimore and Liberty streets, over Reed's
Candy Store, and opposite Campbell's Drug Store.

HUMBIRD & LONG.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Foreign and Domestic Hardware,
Corner Baltimore and Mechanic streets.

Poetry.

THE GALL FOR FREEDOM.

BY THOMAS THE GEN OF THE OCEAN.

BY DOUGLAS HERMAN.

ARKS YE THE PRIDE OF THE NATION,
Columbia's sons brave and strong,
To maintain our country's proud station,
And to shield our dear Union from wrong.

Let no unshod hands ever sever
The hands of the brave and the true;
Shout Union and Liberty for ever!
We will stand by the Red, White and Blue.

Like the waves of the storm-tossed ocean,
Our hearts rush forth to the light;
To claim our dear country's communion,
And to strike for our freedom and right.

In valleys and on mountains they assemble,
With our flag unfurled to the breeze;
Behold them ye traitors and rebels,
At the sight of the Red, White and Blue.

Not will the war's wild exchange be over,
Till the nation again is free;
Till the clods of our free soil shall cover
Each traitor's and rebel's head.

And when our patriot's day is done,
And their spirits the earth bids adore,
In heaven's bright spheres will be shown,
The defenders of the Red, White and Blue.

Miscellaneous.

INTELLECT IN RAGS.

It was a bleak wintry day. Heavy snow drifts lay piled up in the streets of New York, and the whole appearance of the city was cold and dismal.

Seated upon the steps of one of the large dwellings on Fifth Avenue, was a boy apparently thirteen years of age. He was literally clothed in rags, and his hands were blue, and his teeth chattered with cold. Lying upon his knee was a newspaper he had picked up in the streets, and he was trying to read the words upon it. He had been occupied thus for some time, when two little girls clad in silks and furs, came towards him. The elder one was about twelve years old, and so beautiful that the poor boy raised his eyes and fixed them upon her in unalloyed admiration.

"The child of wealth stopped before him and turning to her companion, exclaimed:—
"Marian, just see this fellow on my steps? Boy, what are you doing here?"

"I am trying to learn to read upon this little bit of paper," answered the boy.

The girl laughed derisively and said:—
"Well, truly! I have heard of intellect in rags, Marian, and here it is personified."

Marian's soft hazel eyes filled with tears as she replied:—
"Oh, Louise, do not talk so; you know that Miss Fannie teaches us at school. The rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Louise laughed again, and said to the boy:—
"Get up from here, you shall not sit on my steps, you are too ragged and dirty."

The boy arose and a blush crimsoned his face. He was walking away, when Marian said:—
"Don't go little boy, you are so cold, come to my house and get warm. Oh, do come," she continued, as he hesitated; and he followed her into a large kitchen, where a bright fire in the grate was shedding its genial warmth around.

"Well, Miss Marian, who are you bringing here now?" asked the servant woman.

"A poor boy, who is almost perished; you will let him warm, will you not, Rachel?"

"Oh, he shall warm; sit here little boy," and Rachel pushed a chair in front of the stove; she then gave him a piece of bread and meat.

Marian watched these arrangements, and then glided from the room; when she returned, she had a primer, with the first rudiments of reading and spelling. Going to the boy she said:—
"Little boy, here is a book that you can learn to read from better than a piece of paper. Do you know your letters?"

"Some of them, but not all. I never had anybody to teach me. I just learned myself, but oh, I want to read so badly."

Marian sat down beside him, and began teaching him his letters. She was so busily engaged in this work that she did not see her mother enter the room; nor did Rachel explain about the boy; nor did he know that his mother stood some time behind him, listening to her noble child teaching the beggar boy his letters.

There were but a few that he had not already learned himself, and it was not long before Marian had the satisfaction of hearing him repeat the alphabet.

When he arose to go, he thanked Rachel for her kindness, and offered Marian her book.

"No, I don't want it," I have given it to you to learn to read from. Won't you tell me your name?"

"Jimmie," he replied.

"I will not forget you, Jimmie, you must always remember Marian Hayes," was the little girl's farewell.

Louise Gardner and Marian Hayes were playmates and friends. Their dwellings joined, and almost every hour of the day they were together, for they attended the same school. These two children were very different dispositions, and very differently brought up. Louise was proud and haughty. Poverty in her eyes was a disgrace and a crime, and she thought nothing too severe for the poor to suffer. These views she learned from her mother. Mrs. Gardner moved in one exclusive circle—the best of New York

Without its precincts she never ventured, for all others were beneath her. Louise, taught to mingle with no children, except those of her mother's friends, and was growing up believing herself even better than they.

The teaching that Marian Hayes received was totally different from this. Mrs. Hayes was acknowledged as one of her particular friends; yet though she moved in that circle, she was far from being one of them. Her doctrine was the text her little girl had used. "The rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." This she taught Marian, there was no distinction in wealth or position; that the distinction was in worth alone. She taught her reverence, age, and to pity the poor and destitute; and that pleasant words were as sweet as honey comb, sweet to the soul; a little kindness was better than money. Marian learned in the lesson well, and was ever ready to dispense her gentle words to all, whether they were wealthy and influential, or ragged and indigent as the boy she had that cold morning befriended.

A gay and brilliant throng were assembled in the city of Washington, Congress was in session, and the hotels were crowded with strangers. It was an evening party. The brilliantly lighted rooms were filled with youth and beauty.

Standing near one of the doors were two young ladies, busily engaged conversing together. The elder of the two suddenly exclaimed:—
"Oh, Marian, have you seen the new member from W?"

"No, but I have heard a great deal about him."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly. Mrs. N is going to introduce him to us. I wish she would make haste, I have no patience."

"Don't speak so, Louise, I wish you would not be so trifling," said Marian.

A singular smile played around the mouth of a tall, handsome gentleman who was standing near the girls; and as he passed, them he scanned them both very closely.

In a short time, Mrs. N— came up with Mr. Hamilton, the new member, and presented him to Miss Gardner and Miss Hayes. As they were conversing together, Mr. Hamilton said:—
"Ladies, we have met before."

But Louise and Marian declared their ignorance of the fact.

"It has been long years ago, yet I have not forgotten it, nor a single sentence uttered during that meeting. I will quote one that may recall it to your memory—"The rich and the poor meet together, but the Lord is the maker of them all."

The rich blood tinged the cheeks of Marian, but Louise, still declared herself ignorant as before. Mr. Hamilton, glanced for a moment at Marian, then turning to Louise he said:—
"Long years ago, a little boy, ragged and dirty, seated himself upon the steps of a stately dwelling on Fifth Avenue, New York, and was busily engaged trying to read from a bit of paper, when his attention was attracted by two girls richly dressed. The eldest of the two particularly attracted him, for she was as beautiful as an angel; but as they came near to him, she lifted up her hand and exclaimed:—
"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"The boy answered that he was trying to read. The child of affluence derided him, and said she had heard of intellect in rags, and that he was the very personification of it. Her companion's answer was, that the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." The elder girl drove the boy away from her steps, but the younger one took him into her house, and warmed and fed him there. When they parted, the girl said, "you must not forget Marian Hayes." And Miss Hayes, he never has forgotten her. That ragged, dirty boy is now before you, ladies, and allow me, Miss Gardner, to tender my thanks to you for the kind treatment of that boy."

Overwhelmed with confusion, Louise knew not what to say or do.

In pity of her, Mr. Hamilton arose and turning to Marian, said:—
"I will see you again, Miss Hayes," and he left them.

Louise would not stay in the city, where she daily met Mr. Hamilton, and in a few days returned to New York, leaving Marian, with the consciousness of having done nothing to be ashamed of, and enjoying the society of distinguished Congressmen.

Marian and Mr. Hamilton were walking together one evening, when the latter drew from his bosom an old and well worn primer, and handed it to Marian.

"From this," he said, "the man who is so distinguished here first learned to read. Do you recognize the book?"

Marian trembled, and did not raise her eyes, when she saw the well remembered book. Mr. Hamilton took her hand and said:—
"Marian, Jimmie has never forgotten you. Since the day you were so kind to him and gave him this book his life has been one great aim, and that was to attain to greatness, and in after years that ministering angel who was the sweeter of my days of poverty. When I left your house with this book I returned to my home ten times happier, and went assiduously to work to learn to read. My mother was an invalid and ere long I learned well enough to read to her."

"When my mother died, I found good

friends, and was adopted by a gentleman in W— As his son I have been educated. A year ago he died and left his property to me. Of all the pleasant memories of my boyhood, the one connected with you is the dearest. I have kept this primer next to my heart, and dwell upon the hope of again meeting the giver. I have met her. I see all that my imagination pictured, and I ask if the dear hand that gave this book cannot be mine forever?"

Louise felt deeper grief than ever when Marian told her she was to become the wife of Mr. Hamilton, the poor boy whom she once spurned from her door and derisively called "intellect in rags." But she learned a severe lesson, and one that soon changed the whole current of her life. For awhile she shunned Mr. Hamilton; but by persevering kindness he made her feel easy in his presence, and she the acknowledged friend of the Congressman and his noble wife.

Years have passed since then, and Louise is training up a family of little ones; but she is teaching them to despise not intellect in rags, but to be guided by Marian's text:—"The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all."

The Cradle-away in the Garret.

It was an old-fashioned little cradle. The proud daughter-in-law would seem to have it in the nursery. Her children sleep in dainty cribs; and the relic of olden times is pushed into a darkened corner, away up in the garret. It is a quiet autumnal day; such days are full of memories; and the old grandmother is thinking, thinking. She arises at length and opens up, and up, the lofty flights of stairs; she passes through the elegant rooms; she gains the garret, and sinks down beside that unsightly cradle, and bows her trembling head over it, as if watching the slumbers of a babe. "What little garret, with one long beam of sunlight streaming from the high window; and the spider-webs wove over the rafters, and one cricket, singing homely from some silent corner, is a good place to dream. Memory is unfolding picture after picture, for the grandmother to look upon."

She sees a cabin home. It is in the flush of summer-time; there are green boughs in the fireplace, and around the clock, and over the mantel-board. There are short, white, muslin curtains, drawn partially across the window. There are two beds, with a bureau between, straddling in the eastern part of the room; and a little stand, with a Bible and hymn-book upon its white fringed cover, beneath the little looking-glass. There is her cupboard, with its brightly-polished pewter, and the pine table, secured by her own hands. And she is sitting by the window, her feet gently touching that same dear little cradle; and her eyes, lifted from her sewing, now and then, to see if her heart's pride is coming. How deliciously her heart is stirred to the music of sweet thoughts! It is her first-born, her darling Johnny, sleeping in the cradle. Never yet have his dewy, rose-bud lips murmured "mother," but his dimpled arms clasp her neck; his velvet cheek nestles against her breast; his clear blue eyes look lovingly into her own. She is the young mother again, as memory paints that sweet baby face. She hears the bees humming in the little bed of pink, below the window. She sees the shadow-leaves of the Virginia creepers, playing upon the grass, in the sunlight, as the breeze stirs the long clasping arms that cling about the rough log.

She hears the rattle of the rattle, as it whirls through money spots, and leaves the roots of the old yew-tree, whose shadows fall upon her roof. She hears the birds singing, away off in woods. She sees, oh, best of all, her husband coming home from his daily labor. His steps are on the sill, his merry voice speaks her name, and then little Johnny is clasped to his breast.

Another picture. She is a little older now. It is winter; there are drifts of snow on the eaves; as far as she can look, one unbroken mass of snow. She hears the winds moan through the sycamore. The flowers are dead; the rivulet frozen, the birds silent. But there is a bright fire upon the hearth, and the cabin home warm with its crimson light. Johnny is playing with father; and a baby girl, the little Lizzie, is in the cradle—fragile, delicate beautiful; she has dark eyes, like mother's; only they bear a sadder, softer look, and her baby-like smile seems sad also; her hands are clasped and thrown above her head, and she smiles in her sleep, as if the angels were whispering to her.

Another picture. It is in the month of May, and all out of doors is so beautiful. Flowers in the woodland; birds in the woodland; joyous music everywhere. Every where? No, there is sadness in the cabin-house. There is another babe in the cradle. It is robust and the blood of health flows in its veins. Is it Charlie? Why are they sad, then? Johnny sits with his face hidden in his mother's bosom, and she is sobbing. Under the front window is something covered with white. This neighbor-woman are moving noiselessly about speaking, but little Lizzie is in her coffin. There is an empty grave where buttercups dot the grass. Dear little Lizzie! Joy that the angels took thee home so early.

Another picture. Johnny has grown up to nearly manhood. Charlie is a stout, merry boy, and there are others about the fire-side. The mother is a good deal older now. Her hair is streaked with white.

furrowed, and her cheek very faded. There are fair daughters and sons, that have been born unto her since Lizzie died. Grace, with her dazzling blue eyes and golden hair; Mary, with sad, dark eyes, like her dear sister; Annie, with her lips ever dewy with love and joy; Reginald, with her eyes and brow so like his father's, and Louis, the youngest, the pet and the darling. An unbroken family, but not for long.

Another picture. She is widow. Her beloved sleeps with little Lizzie. God knows how bereft she is; to Him she looks for help; to His she prays for her dear children, and most of all for Reginald—the proud, the passionate, willful Reginald. Ah, the mother's heart! How it goes with her children! How it would bear every pang, that they might be saved! Yet, how often it is torn, crushed, broken by those she has sheltered in her bosom! God pity the mother whose heart thus beats against a thorn.

Another picture. Oh God, have pity. The household altar is almost desolate. Years have gone by—sad years. No wonder the petted hand trembles as it clasps the cradle. No wonder tears fall where sunny heads once nestled. No wonder the old grandmother cries out, "Father, have mercy!" for she feels the need of strength and love. Johnny is still with her; he is growing wealthy. Mary is in the grave, stricken in early womanhood, when life seemed so bright. Beautiful Grace is gone, she knows not whither. Beauty, to her, was a curse, and she fled to a distant land with one fascinating as the serpent, but already wedded. Annie joined her fortunes to one, alas! unworthy, and died far from her mother's house, of a broken heart. Reginald went into the gay world—was tempted—was lost! and the grave of the drunkard and the debauchee closes over his bright head. Louis, the pet, the youngest, is winning himself a name beneath Italian skies; the beautiful life of the post-primer is his own, and his face is inspired, almost, by the beautiful associations around him. Over the ocean do his mother's prayers often go to him.

Another picture. Oh, no, it is too real. The old garret—the to-day—the empty cradle. She is living with Johnny, in his costly home. She is considered an intruder by the daughter-in-law; and her son—her Johnny—the first born, whom she has watched over, and cradled on her breast, and loved so, says:—
"Mother is getting to be quite troublesome; she is growing childish."

The desolate old grandmother knows this, and longs for the grave. She has outlived all that makes life attractive. God compass that weary, almost worn-out heart with His love, and take her to His house of many mansions!

A PRAYER.—The sermon recently delivered in Hartford by the Sanitary Commission by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, contained this eloquent closing passage:—
"Fourteen years ago last July I stood in the capitol at Washington, and in the presence of those great statesmen whose names have become historical, I preached the funeral sermon of the President of the United States. The simple words upon which the discourse was based were these: "Shall it be according to thy mind?" Unconsciously, the language that was uttered in that presence has proved to have been prophetic. Events have not been according to our mind. It may be well that it is so.

"The morrow is a mysterious way."
"Today I may see the volcano vomiting fire and smoke, and the river of liquid flame run down its ragged side burying the plain that lies beneath. Centuries hence I look upon that plain, and it is green with richest verdure; the vine and the olive make it rejoice; beautiful flowers blossom around the cottages; merry voices of children resound there; a happy and thriving people draw their sustenance from that luxurious soil; and this soil is the debris of that hot river of lava that once swept the land with destruction."

"So it may be with our nation. After a time we may hear the voice of the Lord, saying unto us: "In a little while I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, said the Lord our Redeemer. And all the children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord."

Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something if you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most depreciate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicine, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No; a truce to all such impatience! Choose that envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will and do his work in your lot and sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but is with it.—Dr. Bushnell.

Deferred Matter.

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th 1865.

Senate.—The President presented the memorial of citizens of Somerset County containing the seat of Lewis L. Waters on account of disloyalty. The Senate bill relating to the drawing and summoning of jurors of Allegany County was passed. Adjourned.

House of Delegates.—The bill giving \$300 State County to Volunteers, etc., was received from the Senate with amendments and referred. Leave was granted Mr. Smith, of Allegany, to introduce a bill incorporating the East and Transportation Company of Allegany County; also incorporating the Maryland Petroleum and Coal Company. The bill authorizing the Commissioners of Allegany County to change the assessment on certain property of Sarah Ann McKelvy was rejected. The bill requiring that a license of \$100 be paid for each public billiard table in the State passed a second reading.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, 1865.

Senate.—Leave was granted to Mr. Orr to report a bill to incorporate the "Empire Coal Company"; also, to report a bill changing the name of Rev. John Schilling to that of John Griffith Schilling.

A message was received from the Governor enclosing a communication from the Secretary of State of the United States, calling attention to a law passed by Congress setting apart the old Hall of the House of Representatives as a Statuary Gallery, and calling upon the various States for contributions of not more than two statues of some illustrious deceased citizens of the State, which was read and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

From the House of Delegates was received the Beauty Bill as amended by the House at its session of Tuesday evening, in some of which amendments the Senate non-concurred, and a Committee of Conference was appointed on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses.

Senators Carroll, Whitney and Jenkins were appointed upon the part of the Senate.

Senate bills entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public General Laws, entitled 'Registration,'" the bill amending Article 39 of the Code of General Laws relating to Larceny; incorporating Rock Hill College at Elkton, Md.

House bills incorporating the M. Cullough Iron Company, changing the name of John Young to that of John Marshall Young, and appropriating five hundred dollars to pay the expenses of the late Electoral College.

House of Delegates.—The bill providing bonuses to Volunteers, etc., with the Senate amendments was reported from the Committee on Ways and Means with several amendments. Passed and sent to the Senate. A message was received from the Executive embracing communications from the Department of State relative to the placing of two statues of two distinguished citizens of the State, in the old Hall of the House of Representatives. The bill amending the laws relating to the tax on Billiard tables was passed.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1865.

Senate.—The President presented further testimony in the contested election case of Howard county. Mr. Orr, from Committee on Internal Improvements, reported favorably on the House bill authorizing the consolidation of the Bankers' and Brokers' Telegraph Company with Companies of the same name in other States.

House of Delegates.—Leave was granted to introduce a bill authorizing the Norfolk and New York City Railroad Company to construct a railroad through the counties of Somerset and Worcester. Favorable reports were made on the following bills:—Amending the laws relating to sheep and dogs, and the marriage of minors, also, amending the charter of the North Branch Company.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1865.

Senate.—On motion of Mr. Trail, of Frederick, the Committee on the Judiciary were instructed to inquire into the practicality of preventing or punishing fraud by substitute brokers and buyers, jumpers, and to report a bill requiring every person engaged in the business of furnishing substitutes to take out a license, paying therefor a sum not less than two thousand dollars.

On motion of Mr. Trail, it was ordered that the Committee on Education inquire into the necessity or expediency of creating a school fund of six millions of dollars as required by the present Constitution, and whether it be not advisable for this General Assembly to propose an amendment thereto by striking out Section 6 of Article 8, entitled "Education."

Mr. Turner presented to the Senate an invitation from T. D. Morrison, Esq., Superintendent of the Maryland Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, to attend an exhibition by the pupils in the House of Delegates on Tuesday evening next, which was accepted.

Mr. Lansdale, from the minority of the Committee on Elections, submitted a report with resolution that Littleton Macin is duly entitled to the seat of Senator from Howard county, which was read and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Carroll presented the memorial of John Swann for an amendment to the charter of the Potomac Mining Company, authorizing additional corporations and a division of the stock of said Company, and to extend to the heirs and legal representatives of James Swann and Doctor H. Green the benefits of said Act, which was read and referred to the Committee on Corporations.

Mr. Orr, from the Committee on Internal Improvements, reported favorably on the House bill changing the route of the Franklin and Potomac Railroad Company, and extending the time for the completion of the road.

The bill reported by Mr. Tomo, from the Committee of Finance, directing the collectors of taxes to strike from their assessment books all slave property of every description, provided the same does not release from taxation any property assessed prior to the 1st of November last, was read the second time and engrossed for a third reading.

House of Delegates.—Incorporating the Locust Point Company of Baltimore.

Incorporating the Western Maryland Coal and Coal Oil Company of Allegany county.

Senate bill incorporating the Rock Hill College, under the direction of the Brethren of the Christian Schools.

To change the mode of the drawing and summoning jurors in Allegany county.

A bill amending the charter of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad, extending the time for its completion, was received from the Senate.