

Civilian and Telegraph.

VOLUME XXXVIII.

CUMBERLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1865.

NUMBER 10.

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 four insertions | 2.50 |
| One square five insertions | 3.00 |
| One square six insertions | 3.50 |
| One square seven insertions | 4.00 |
| One square eight insertions | 4.50 |
| One square nine insertions | 5.00 |
| One square ten insertions | 5.50 |
| One square twelve insertions | 6.00 |
| One square fifteen insertions | 7.00 |
| One square twenty insertions | 8.00 |
| One square twenty-five insertions | 9.00 |
| One square thirty insertions | 10.00 |
| One square thirty-six insertions | 11.00 |
| One square forty-two insertions | 12.00 |
| One square forty-eight insertions | 13.00 |
| One square sixty insertions | 14.00 |
| One square seventy-two insertions | 15.00 |
| One square ninety insertions | 16.00 |
| One square one hundred and eight insertions | 17.00 |
| One square one hundred and thirty-six insertions | 18.00 |
| One square one hundred and eighty insertions | 19.00 |
| One square two hundred and sixteen insertions | 20.00 |
| One square two hundred and seventy-two insertions | 21.00 |
| One square three hundred and thirty-six insertions | 22.00 |
| One square four hundred and thirty-two insertions | 23.00 |
| One square five hundred and twenty insertions | 24.00 |
| One square six hundred and twenty-four insertions | 25.00 |
| One square seven hundred and twenty insertions | 26.00 |
| One square eight hundred and sixty-four insertions | 27.00 |
| One square one thousand and eighty insertions | 28.00 |
| One square one thousand and thirty-six insertions | 29.00 |
| One square one thousand and eighty insertions | 30.00 |

Civilian & Telegraph,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY O. P. MATTINGLY.

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.

| MONTH | SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|-------|--------|--------|---------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|
| JAN | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| FEB | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| MAR | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| APR | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| MAY | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| JUN | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| JUL | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| AUG | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| SEP | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| OCT | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| NOV | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| DEC | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |

Poetry.

[From the North American & U. S. Gazette.]
I have received from the Rev. J. M. Neale, D. D., Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, England, the following ballad, which he suggests may be acceptable to some "true-hearted paper." It has not as yet been printed in England. Dr. Neale is a man of high reputation in the English Church; of remarkable attainments, indeed, especially as a philologist. He is, besides, a voluminous writer. We in this country owe him a debt of gratitude for his study and steadfast defence of our cause. He has had great opposition to encounter, but he has been from the first our unwavering champion.

MOBILE.

Once more hurrah for Farragut, and the triumph so complete!
Once more hurrah for Farragut, and the noble Federal fleet!
The fifth of August, day break, the sea-haze melts away,
As singing the glorious sun to shine on our glorious day,
And across the tropic lay the thin mist yields away,
"This sun shall be," we think and say, "our sun of America!"
Stretch'd densely, from swamp to swamp, but structural confusion, in all its misery, there ahead the rebel standard flies,
One long, low line of seaboard, that shall waken at our call,
To broken letters for the slave, and liberty for all!
But, as we hear by north and east, to end that word of dread,
Higher and higher from the Blue Fort Morgan rears his head,
And now the telescope can show the flag, though faint and low,
That float over many a pirate, but never a man of war;
And as we make out clearer that bastard peacock's ensign,
This is our own true word of battle: "We go to end that war!"
Look! Look! The Hartford's signal, conveying, as is usual,
"All eyes to the flag ship!" for the council are the usual,
And there stands Farragut, as bidden at the opening of this hall,
As he stands at the wedding—and so are one and all,
And as around their tough old chief the other chiefs throng,
"The talk," says he, "is plain to see we have to take our own;
To force the harbor's entrance, though one or more go down,
And you the gambit of the fort before we get the town;
To bring them out to fair hard blows, whichever the bell;
The rebel—every woman will—can fight behind a wall,
Buchanan has his iron-clads—so let him live our own;
Give me, and welcome, ship of wood, to I have hearts of steel,
The monitors shall lead—the screws be coupled two and two;
And that, and God, and our good cause will somehow bring us through,
So, for the first dabble one, as like enough it may be,
For these deep embosomings and guns be sure, mean no child's play;
Be sure shall get her comrade on. Myself the while, lashed tight,
Above the smoke of battle will direct you from the mast,
Wherever we meet anchor or not, I bid you all God speed,
Now, when to his post at once—the Tecumseh take the lead!
The captain's broken dart here and there; the council's broken out;
They give all hands to breakfast—where shall any of us stop?
Well—we have but gained the prize, and have at matter not in the middle or in a better place,
Hye! "Form in line of battle!" is the signal that we read;
Our fourteen screws to be in rear; the monitors to lead,
How gallantly across the bay the lightening sun flags gleam,
As on we bear, by pair and pair, all under easy steam;
And though the second signal—we are drawing in and in,
That talk of "Shelling distant," and the battle to begin,
They are at it! They are at it! The fort is hardly pressed,
Though his hundred guns and forty are thundering out their best,
But zounds! another gander! There is time enough to spare!
No man that breathes on earth can long stand such a few of us;
They are coming out to give us play—they are crowding towards the sea—
And if he knows to point right well—why so, I hope, do we,
Hurrah! The Sultan strikes at last! While under our nose,
She has had quite enough, I guess. The Morgan sneaks and runs;
The Tennessee makes good her flag, her fighting is no sham;
And see! she turns to stand at bay, the gallant little man;
Upon the Hartford's staffboard she tries her best to cut;
"Is not to be," "Hold hard a-lee!" "Wears shaved pate!"
"Give her, instead, a broadside!" (No sooner said than done),
"Round, round her screws and monitors, and run her one by one!"
Now Hartford's now Khabattah! as quick as quick can go,
Now, Luckawanna, follow suit! and now, old Chesapeake!
Now, ships, and Monongahela! She is terribly distressed;
And now the Metacombet must follow with her best,
But nimbly shot her of the ball—not a single one goes through,
Try her with fifteen-inch shell, and see what that will do!
Knocked up and down, knocked right and left, knocked this way, and knocked that,
From starboard and from larboard—head up heels up, or flat,
Shaken like pebbles by a wave—wrought to drive men mad—
They cannot choose, I think, but lose the little brains they had!
Hurrah! Get the wheel reaps! She can scarcely keep her way,
They try relieving tactics—hurrah! and there go they!
Look! Get the prizes! The white flag is fluttering from their mast!
Now for our wounded and for thrice—for we have won at last,
Once more hurrah for Farragut, and the triumph so complete!
Once more hurrah for Farragut, and the glorious Federal fleet!

Miscellaneous.

THE SACRIFICE.

BY JOSEPH H. CHANDLER.

Few young women of our city were deemed more attractive than Amelia Wilberson. Her beauty, her cultivated mind, and the respectable position of her family, gave her consequence in the eyes of young men, more than one of whom made an offer of name and hand including, of course, for the present, at least a heart also. And it was evident that one of the many found his hopes strengthened by the good wishes of the parents, and not repressed by any particular coldness of the object of devotion.

MR. TUDOR.

Mr. Tudor, of respectable connection in the east, and far standing in this city, demanded of the mother of Amelia permission to address the daughter; and having received the sanction which he claimed, it was expected by the parents that Amelia would communicate to them the proposition which she should receive. She was silent, and when subsequently addressed, evaded the subject, and yet continued to treat Mr. Tudor with as much courtesy, at least, as the most favored visitors at the house could boast.

MR. WILBERSON.

Mr. Wilberson was astonished to hear at the end of the week, her daughter desirous again to postpone her answer; but the letter of Mr. Wilberson seemed to warrant the request and she excused her daughter to Tudor.

MR. WILDER.

Mr. Wilder did not present himself at the house of Mr. Wilberson until Monday evening. There was company in the room during the whole evening, and it was observed that Wilder was so agitated that he scarcely uttered a coherent sentence. He evidently sought an opportunity to speak to Amelia. He asked for Mrs. Wilberson, she had retired.

MR. TUDOR.

The next morning as Wilder was on his way to Mr. Wilberson's he met Tudor, who in a vain attempt to talk of some commonplace subject, revealed his secret that he had that morning been accepted at Mr. Wilberson's "at least," said he, "I am placed on probation."

MR. WILBERSON.

"You are not well, Wilder?"
"No, a sudden affection of the heart. I will leave you."
The marriage of Tudor and Amelia was, at the request of the latter, once or twice postponed, but at length took place. The many virtues of the husband inspired respect; his kindness inspired gratitude, and the shrinking away from society by Amelia, was construed by Tudor into special affection for himself; who could tell that it was not so? The constant attentions which a virtuous wife bestows on a worthy, a loving husband, must to him at least seem to be the evidence of love.

And at the end of that time, said Mrs. Wilberson, "Mr. Tudor may depend upon me."

"He may."

Almost every evening during this important week Tudor and Wilder were, with others, at the house of Mr. Wilberson; and poor Amelia, with an aching heart, weighed the merits of the two young men, hoping that Wilder would believe her from the position in which she was placed.

On the evening before the answer was to be given, the two young men left the house together, and Tudor in the fullness of his heart told Wilder what he awaited on the coming morning.

Wilder passed a sleepless night. The next morning he addressed a note to Amelia, in which only the following lines were penned:

"Miss Wilberson: I ask you two days; postpone your answer until Monday evening, and if I do not prove that I desire you, I relinquish all to Tudor."

"HENRY WILDER."

Mrs. Wilberson was astonished to hear at the end of the week, her daughter desirous again to postpone her answer; but the letter of Mr. Wilberson seemed to warrant the request and she excused her daughter to Tudor.

Mr. Wilder did not present himself at the house of Mr. Wilberson until Monday evening.

There was company in the room during the whole evening, and it was observed that Wilder was so agitated that he scarcely uttered a coherent sentence. He evidently sought an opportunity to speak to Amelia. He asked for Mrs. Wilberson, she had retired.

The next morning as Wilder was on his way to Mr. Wilberson's he met Tudor, who in a vain attempt to talk of some commonplace subject, revealed his secret that he had that morning been accepted at Mr. Wilberson's "at least," said he, "I am placed on probation."

"You are not well, Wilder?"

"No, a sudden affection of the heart. I will leave you."

The marriage of Tudor and Amelia was, at the request of the latter, once or twice postponed, but at length took place.

The many virtues of the husband inspired respect; his kindness inspired gratitude, and the shrinking away from society by Amelia, was construed by Tudor into special affection for himself; who could tell that it was not so? The constant attentions which a virtuous wife bestows on a worthy, a loving husband, must to him at least seem to be the evidence of love.

But the health of Amelia gave way, and her husband found it necessary to convey her to one of the west India Islands, to avoid the rigors and changes of winter months in the Middle States.

"Put into my trunk," said she to her servant, "that work-box; a Christmas present," said she to her husband, "from Mr. Wilder, and I have not used it since the night before the day you troubled my mother so early for an answer."

"Poor Wilder," said Tudor, "I hope he finds himself well and easy where he is; if he stands ever in need I trust he will remember that he has friends who are able and willing to serve him."

A tear glistened in the eye of Amelia; her husband kissed the cheek which it wet, and advised haste for further packing.

When Tudor and his wife reached Havana, they made preparation for a winter's residence in the interior of the island, and found themselves comfortable among those who had derived benefit from their expenditures, and were anxious to prolong the advantages of the visit by multiplying its comforts.

One day, when alone in her chamber, Amelia opened her trunk and discovered the small box, the present of Wilder which she had brought from home, and she determined to dispose therein her household accompaniments. On opening the box she discovered a neatly folded letter; sealed and addressed to Miss Amelia Wilberson; she hastily broke the seal and read:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 16, 1864.

MISS WILBERSON: I have for months sought to express to you in words the feelings and wishes with which your charms have inspired me. I am sensible of my unworthiness—but I cannot answer to my own heart for the lasting misery I should inflict upon myself, were I at this moment, and under existing circumstances, to allow my fears and consciousness of undeservedness to prevent me from addressing you by letter. I am unable at the present moment to find an opportunity of addressing you orally. How much and how long I have ventured to love you I will not attempt to describe; but I know that my proposition may come too late to-morrow.

May I hope—may I venture to approach your parents with the assurance that you have not forbidden me—give me at least a few weeks to hope in—I know where the danger lies—and who is my rival—I do him no wrong—I only ask that I may win your affections—if he has them, God bless him—may, he is blessed—and he is worthy the blessings—I will call at your door to-morrow morning; if you will not see me, a single word by letter, through your servant, will inform me of my fate and my duty."

Most respectfully,
HENRY WILDER.

When Tudor returned to the room, his wife was sitting apparently abstracted, with the letter of Wilder crushed in her hands. She scanned the very picture of despair.

"Are you well?" asked he.

"I am faint, very faint."

While Tudor hastened to procure some aid, Amelia thrust the letter in her trunk, and awaited her husband's return.

From that day Tudor marked a change in the conduct of his wife; a severe discharge of duties, and a more fixed attention to religious concerns. The Spring arrived, and Tudor and his wife returned to Havana and took passage for the United States.

Whether Tudor had imbibed disease in Havana, or whether other causes operated it was not known; but he had scarcely reached his house in Philadelphia before he found himself so unwell that he was compelled to call in medical aid. The disease gained strength, and Amelia, laying aside all other duties, or merging them in those of the wife, devoted herself night and day to the care of her husband. No application was made to him, no medicine administered without her direct aid. She hovered over his bed like a guardian angel, and seemed to lose all thoughts of self in her devotion to the sick. It was noticed by some, as remarkable, that the care and attention, nay the language of Amelia to her husband had less of the tender, w-like life solicitude, than of the thorough devotion, the all-sacrificing attention of the careful nurse.

It is difficult to describe in words the differences between these two kinds of attention, and yet the difference is obvious to some. Religious devotion, a solemn sense of duty to our kind, a deep and abiding sympathy for the suffering, and a familiarity with the office, will make the sick-bed labors of one most efficient, most useful. If to these be added a deep, undisturbed, particular affection, then there is a longer resting of the eye upon the patient after the attention bestowed, the hand lingers yet more upon the temple it bathes, and a closer breathing is observed as some new symptom is developed. It is not the duty performed, but that which is to be discharged something of a slight jealousy of all that we would share in, lest they should monopolize the labors.

Amelia did her duty faithfully—and when the gleam of reason returned to her husband, he thanked her for all her wife-like cares, her patience with him under all trials, and especially for the unceasing attention with which she had soled him in sickness, and smoothed his bed of death. "All these," he added, as he turned his bright eye upon his wife, full of grateful affection, "all these, Amelia, all these are fruits of your unyielded love; may Heaven bless you for such kindness of heart to one who could only try to deserve it. How happy have I been even on this bed, from which I felt I could not rise; how proud, indeed, to be thus attended, to be the single object of the love of one so pure."

The lip of Tudor trembled convulsively—the spirit fled while it was breathing out its love and gratitude.

Amelia was unable to attend the funeral of her husband, and it was not until some months after his death, that she rode to Laurel Hill.

Leaving the carriage, she was conducted to the grave of Tudor, and, hanging over the hillock, she thought of all the virtues which had adorned his character, and most of those that commended his memory to her constant gratitude.

Strange it may seem to some—and perhaps unfaithful to the duties of one lately widowed—but, as she thus mused over the grave of Tudor, she thought of Wilder, of his love for her, of her feelings for him, of all that had passed, all that both had suffered, and then the new freedom of her own position passed her mind. She might in time be his.

Let us not smile at such thoughts, under such circumstances; if the thoughts of every man or woman were blazoned forth, those of Amelia would seem natural and pure. They were pure; they were virtuous, not tenants, of the mind; they came, but she entertained them not; and when she thought of her freedom, she chastened the mind, and kneeling upon the new laid sod, she vowed solemnly, dutifully, steadily, to live and die the widow of him below. She would make a sacrifice of more than the Indian widow makes. The great suttee which should distinguish her mourning should be her heart. To cherish constant love for the dead, and to preserve herself from other love, is a sacrifice which any woman might make; but to sacrifice a love of the living to the memory of the deceased; to live day by day through a cheerless life, chained to the memory of the departed, and consumed by love of the living that should be the offering expiatory of the wrong which she had committed; a wrong unfelt by the object, but still inflicted.

Amelia rose from the grave of her husband, young in her new-formed resolution. She went to depart, and her eye rested upon the care-worn features of Wilder. He was leaning against a large tree, and seemed absorbed in the scene before him. No sooner did he discover that he was seen by Amelia, than he turned suddenly and left the place. Amelia was conveyed to the carriage, and thence to her chamber. Several months after that scene, a servant entered the chamber of Amelia, and said that a gentleman, wrapped closely in a cloak, had requested that a note should be given to her—and he would wait an answer.

The note bore only the words,
"Shall I meet you once more, and when?"
February 2, 1843.
H. W."

Amelia raised herself slowly from her pillow, and with much emphasis said:

"Tell the gentleman he may meet me next week where he saw me last."

The heavy tramp of horses upon the frozen gravel walks denoted the approach of the funeral train. We went forth to the grave. The coffin was borne forward and lowered in to its resting place. A short service was read, and the company turned to depart. I lingered to see the closing of the grave, and to think over the vicissitudes of her who had now come to rest in the earth with her husband, and to think of what might have been her fate had her affections been allowed to minister to her comfort.

As the grave digger took his shovel to conclude his labors, a hand was laid upon his arm.

"You will, my friend, pause a little—give me only a moment."

He looked down and sighed, "And here at length we meet."

The grave-digger thrust his shovel into the earth and beckoned me away.

When we returned, the stranger had drawn his hat over his brow, and was wiping some sand from his knee.

He departed.

"Do you know that gentleman?" said I to the grave-digger.

"He visits us often," he said, "and I think he will soon take up his rest among us here."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"He pointed to a stake—a land-mark between Tudor's burying place and the adjoining lot—it was marked

"H. Wilder's lot."

And, before the grass grew green upon the resting place of Tudor and his wife—before the birds had formed their new alliance of love and care—before even affection had planted a rose between these tenants, Wilder was carried forth to occupy the nearest place to Amelia which propriety would allow.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

A case of astonishing juvenile depravity has just been developed in Louisville, Ky. Caroline Miller, a girl 13 years old, deliberately poisoned her father with arsenic, after having made an unsuccessful attempt to kill him with rat-poison, the principal ingredient of which was phosphorus. The only excuse she made was that she thought the might have a better home and less work to do if her father was dead.

MILITARY PRISONS.

President Lincoln has ordered that the penitentiary at Albany, New York; the State's prison at Clinton, New York; the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio; the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri, and such other prisons as the Secretary of War may designate for the confinement of prisoners, under sentence of court-martial, shall be deemed and taken to be military prisons.

A PROS SOX.—"Oh, mother! mother!"
"What, son?"
"Mayn't I have the big Bible up in my room to-day?"
"Yes, my child, and welcome. You don't know what pleasure it gives me to see your thoughts turned in that way. But what sticks are those in your hand?"
"Triggers!"
"Triggers! For what, my child?"
"Why, trap triggers. Here's the standard, you see; this is the trigger, and that one with the fat meat on the end is the trigger. There's a rotten mouse keeps a comin' inter my room and insultin' ov me, and I want to set the big Bible and try and knock his taral chunk out for him."

"Hullo?" said a gentleman, who met his servant out late one evening, "where are you going at this time of night? For no good, I'll warrant!" "I was going for you, sir," replied the servant.

Please, Mr. Smith, papa wants to know if you won't lend him the model of your hat?" "Certainly my son, what for?" "He wants to make a scare-crow."

SOLDIERS have been sent against the Indians in Arizona.

An exchange says Jonah was the first man who struck "He."

SNICKING MURDERS appear to be very prevalent in the West. On the 10th instant a man named Milton Wineland deliberately killed his father and cousin while they were at work on a farm near Waveland, Indiana, by shooting them with a double-barrelled shot gun.

Those having friends in the army will be glad to hear that a money order office has been established by the Post office Department at City Point, Virginia.—N. Y. Tribune.

The aggregate losses by fire in Philadelphia during the past year and insurance, foot up as follows: Estimated loss, \$999,249; insurance, \$546,277.

AMERICAN silver is such a "nuisance" in Canada that the proposal is made to put a discount of 20 or 25 per cent. on it to drive it from circulation.

A FRENCH workman's breakfast costs him two and a half cents; his dinner, including half a bottle of wine, ten cents; and his supper about one and a quarter cents.

BOOK STORE.

AT THE OLD STAND
BALTIMORE STREET, 3 DOORS EAST
OF THE POST OFFICE.

The Subscriber is constantly receiving
"NEW BOOKS,"
AND ALL THE LATEST

POPULAR WORK AND SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALSO, EVERY KIND OF
STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS
AND
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Call and see for yourselves.

BOOK BINDER.

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

WM. ANDREWS.

CHEAP PASSAGE

FROM OR TO
IRELAND OR ENGLAND.

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

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

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

REMITTANCES

To England, Ireland and Scotland, payable on demand.

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

GOODS AT PAR.

PRICES AT THE OLD CHEAP RATES.

The subscriber has just received from the best Establishments Manufacturers and Importers, a VERY EXTENSIVE STOCK OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

WATCHES.

And one of the FINEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF THE LATEST STYLES OF JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS, EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

Citizens and strangers are invited to examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing. We defy competition. One price only.

TERMS CASH.
All goods sold by us are guaranteed.

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

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,
227 Address, Post Office, Cumberland, Md.
Residence on Columbia Street, a few doors above Post Office.

CALL AND PURCHASE

"PUTNAM" No. 1 EXTRA CLOTHES WRINGER.

BIRD CAGES,

HOOPS AND CAGES, SKATES, PATENT "HAIR CRIMPER," for waving or crimping ladies' hair, from THOMAS JOHNS, corner Centre & Balto. sts. jr. 19.

JOSEPH SPRIGG,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

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 P. M.
Mail Train, arrives, 9.30 A. M.
leaves, 9.40 A. M.

FOR THE WEST.
Mail Train, arrives, 7.15 P. M.
leaves, 7.