

TERMS \$2.00 per year, invariably in Advance.

PUBLICATION OFFICE ON BALTIMORE STREET, IN KEATLEY'S THREE STORY BLOCK, AND IMMEDIATELY OVER HEBB'S DRY GOODS STORE.

No Paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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THE ALL-GRANTIAN

Cum gratias, June 27, 1864.

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Civilian and Telegraph

UNION AND LIBERTY—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE AND INSEPARABLE

VOLUME XXXVII

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1864.

NUMBER 46

POETRY

[From the New York Evening Post.]

MARYLAND FREE!

Maryland! Maryland! beautiful Maryland!

Lying in light to the sun and the sea!

Shout from thy mountain sides!

Sing where each river glides!

Thunder with ocean's tides!

MARYLAND'S FREE!

Maryland! Maryland! beautiful Maryland!

Long has oppression hung dark over thee!

Now every fetter breaks!

Show a new life awake!

Show till the welkin shakes!

MARYLAND'S FREE!

Maryland! Maryland! proudly tried Maryland!

Bless God for Maryland! Maryland's free!

Maryland! Maryland! conquering Maryland!

Best are the patriots thy glory that see!

Sing for thy reason the sweet jubilee!

Drowned in war's billows red!

Thou art to Canaan led!

MARYLAND'S FREE!

Maryland! Maryland! hail happy Maryland!

Thank God for Maryland! Maryland's free!

Maryland! Maryland! glorified Maryland!

Succinct! Sealed with the blood of the free!

Now in the streets no more,

Purged Baltimore,

New England's blood shall pour!

BALTIMORE'S FREE!

Baltimore! Baltimore! Blood-redened Baltimore!

Praise God for Baltimore! Baltimore's free!

Maryland! Maryland! purified Maryland!

First from pollution and peril to flee!

First fruits of thee that sleep!

Where thy dark children weep!

Freedom's bright robe hath swept!

MARYLAND'S FREE!

Weep for joy, Maryland! shout for joy, Maryland!

Bless God for Maryland! Maryland's free!

Maryland! Maryland! not alone, Maryland!

Sounds for thy reason the sweet jubilee!

Billions that hear of it,

Away by the fear of it,

Fired by the cheer of it,

Swear unto its free!

All the great Southern land, down to fair Mexico's strand

Down to the Lethæan land, soon shall be free!

MISCELLANEOUS

MY PUNISHMENT.

"Isn't it beautiful, George?"

"Well, its rather pretty," I said, with a half-suppressed yawn.

"Now, George," she said, indignantly,

"that's too bad. Do be generous for once. Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

"Well, I suppose it is if you say so, my dear," and I leaned back in my chair and, with closed eyes, placidly emitted a dense volume of smoke from my lips.

It was six o'clock in the evening, dinner was over, and I had subsided into the comfortable tranquillity of my dressing gown, slippers and cigar. Alice had been out shopping that afternoon, as several pheretic-looking bundles on the side-table testified; and now I must witness and share in the investigation of their contents.

So I listened while my wife commented on the texture of the linen intended for the bosoms of my new shirts.

She then produced a mysterious looking package, which, divested of its paper covering, proved to be a very handsome black silk dress pattern. She looked so pretty as she stood before me—the bright fire light shining on her sweet face—and it was all in a glow; and she was enthusiastic in the praise of her latest purchase, which she was holding up before my unappreciating eyes. She was not at all satisfied with the limited praise I bestowed upon it.

"How provoking you are! George Warden, do you hear? Do take that cigar out of your mouth, and come out of your smoke clouds a little while! I never can get a word out of you when you once get to smoking. How much do you suppose I gave for this piece of silk?"

Mrs. Warden's husband opened his eyes and declared he hadn't the slightest idea how should he know? Mrs. W., was well aware that he knew little and cared less about the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet.

"Only fifty dollars for the pattern—not a cent more. It's well worth fifty-six; I've saved that much anyhow. And it's so rich and thick it'll wear well, I am sure. Now don't you think it cheap?"

"Well, rather," and I knocked the ashes from the tip of my cigar and prepared to resume my train of thoughts, when her voice aroused me again.

"But it isn't paid for yet," she was saying, hesitatingly. "I hadn't enough money with me, and I was afraid if I waited till to-morrow, I should lose the chance; and I was sure you would not care—just this once," she said, timidly, as if she wasn't sure I would not care after all.

I sat upright—all right—all awake in a moment. If there is anything I abhor, it is the credit system—I mean where woman are. Positively the idea that my wife was going in debt for things, and getting into the habit of running up long bills at the dry-goods stores, was more than I could bear. My prophetic eye saw in the future vision of temptation, deception, anxiety, unhappiness, and, perhaps, ruin—all resulting from those terrible bills! I had labored so hard to impress on her mind this one lesson—"Pay as you go." And the thought that she had disobeyed me on the first temptation made me very wrathful. The storm burst over her unconscious head.

"Alice, is it possible?—when I have told you repeatedly never, under any circumstances, to get anything on credit, if you can possibly avoid it? I must say—"

"But, George, it is the first time I ever did so, and—"

"It must be the last! I hope I am not niggardly. I am willing to let you have all the money you need; but I will not consent to your running up long bills at the stores. I could tell you how many men of my acquaintance have been ruined by their wives, doing

so. I tell you, Alice, you have no idea how a bill will run up before you know it. These little debts seem very insignificant until you put them all together. Then the aggregate is enormous. I did not think my wife would act in such direct opposition to my known wishes."

"But, George—" And the tears came into the brown eyes of my wife.

What a wretch I was! Why couldn't I speak kindly to the poor darling, if I must tell her of her fault? But no; my heart was full of bitterness because she had disobeyed me, and then it always put me out of humor to see a woman cry.

"I don't want to hear any more about it. Take your dress away; I don't wish to look at it! I hope you will enjoy it, and the recollection that in buying it you disregarded my wishes will doubtless add much to your pleasure in it."

I think that last cruel speech hurt her more than all the rest. It makes me furious against myself now, when I think of it. But I had opened my heart to a venomous, satirical demon, and he sat there securely throned, defying all efforts to expel him, and grinning with malicious glee while he pointed the barbed words which fell like poison-drops from my tongue. I had never spoken so to my wife before. I hated myself for it!

I watched her as she crossed the room and sat down, away from me, in the recess of a window, with tears dropping fast over her pale cheeks. How I longed to go and bring her back, and kiss away the remembrance of my baseness; but I did not. I don't know how long we sat thus, and I did not know what I was reading, as I was only conscious of being very unhappy, when a faint filtering voice startled me out of my abstraction and caused me to look up. She was standing before me, with tears not yet dry on her pale face, and the griefed look plainer than ever in her soft eyes.

"I don't care about having the dress, George. I'll take it back to-morrow. I know they will allow me to return it; only please do not look so. I can bear anything but seeing you so displeased!"

Did I fling down that hateful paper, and seat the trembling pleader on my knee, and kiss the poor pale face till it bloomed again? Alas! the demon whispered—"Forgiveness easily obtained is not much valued, hold out a little longer." And I did, and lost the opportunity which the wealth of worlds cannot buy now!

I sealed my heart against those pleading tones. I met the prayerful glance with one so cold that it froze down the uprising tears, and then I said coldly,—

"No, you shall not do that. If there is anything I hate, it is carrying a thing back after it has been taken. Now you've got to keep it. I'll pay the bill when I go down in the morning." And that was all. Then I turned to the other side of the paper and appeared engrossed in a telegram from Washington. I could have cursed myself as I watched her move wearily back to the window, and sit down with her forehead pressed against the pane so dejectedly; and when one or two convulsive sobs, but half stifled, reached me, I fairly started, and rustled the paper nervously.

Seven o'clock. Alice arose and moved across the room. She stopped a few moments before the glass, and I watched her unlooked and I remember now exactly how she looked and was dressed. I never can forget it. I know not then, as I gazed at her so solemnly, that it was the last time I should ever see her with the current of life warming her veins and flushing her face! She wore a black dress. Black was always my taste, and it set off her pure complexion beautifully; high and plain, with no ornaments, but the delicate lace about the throat and arms. One thick braid of hair passed across her head, and it suited her better than any coronet. And as she raised her hand to smooth the brow rippled about her forehead the sleeve fell back, and the prettiest round arm you ever saw gleamed out so bewitchingly! I knew very well why she had dressed with so much taste on this particular evening. We were going out together to a birth day party given by a young cousin of hers; for Nora thought nothing could go right without "Cousin Alice" to superintend.

She got her hood and cloak, making a noise purposely to attract my attention; but I heard nothing. Then she came and stood before me while she was tying on her hood; and waited some time for me to speak; but I would not, at length she said, timidly,—

"We are going to Uncle William's to-night."

"Well?"

"That was all I said. Then she went away looking very sad. Presently a dusky face peeped in at the door.

"Carriage are ready, missus?"

"No."

"I am very sorry," she said, meekly; "but Nora will be so disappointed if I do not go; so I must go."

"Very well."

I did not look up till I heard the door close after her. Then I flung the paper aside with a muttered curse, and strode fiercely to the window. I watched her enter the carriage, and saw it drive off, and then I came back to the fire, kicked over a stool, and kicked it again when it fell; flung the paper into the fire, which I punched savagely for want of something more substantial on which to vent my fury, and then sat down with my face in my hands and ground bitterly through my clenched teeth.

I was angry with my suffering, unoffending wife because she had gone out without me. I thought she ought to have staid at home and broken her engagement to humor my absurd caprice, when she did not even know that I wished her to do so. I was also angry with myself for treating her in such a shameful manner. Never before in all my life had I felt so. Altogether, I was perfectly miserable.

While I sat there I unconsciously drew from my finger the ring I always wore there. I held it up, as I was often in the habit of doing, to read the inscription within; and the words "Grieve not the heart that loves thee," flashed on my gaze—flashed into my heart with such painful vividness that I started and looked around to see who had uttered them. There was no one there. I sat alone, and consoled by the talisman of the ring! Grieve not the heart that loves thee. It was her gift. These were the words she was wont to murmur, lying with closed eyes and white hands nestled in mine, and the dear head pillowed on my heart. Such the sweet refrain, breaking ever and anon from the fresh lips, till I hushed their music into silence by the pressure of my own.

"Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her voice that spoke to me in the stillness of that lonely room. Oh! no other could have the power to so thrill my soul with feelings such as I had then! Where was she then? Moving amidst the glare and glitter of the crowded ball room? Oh no! I know her spirit came to me in that lonely hour to take a last farewell, to breathe a parting benediction on my unworthy head!

That ring was her gift. She placed it on my finger the day after we were married; and I promised her solemnly, with her earnest brown eyes looking into mine that I would never part with it in life or in death. As I sat there holding it in my hand, sweet memories of old times flashed across my mind like sudden sun bursts over a darkened landscape. I thought of the time when I first asked her to be my wife—child as she was—it was not so long ago—only two years; and it had been such pleasant ones! She was very young, was Alice, when I first brought her to my home—only seventeen; and I was her senior in years. Accustomed from very early life to act and think for myself, I had acquired the habit of domination unconsciously; and Alice, with her tiny figure and fair young face, clinging, caressing ways, I never could think of her but as a beautiful child, to be spoiled, and petted, and loved, and governed. Heaven knows how I loved and cared for her! But she had never before disobeyed me. Never before had she so wounded—not my love for her, but my love of authority.

But my heart was softened now. I thought of all her caressing, pretty-ways—how she had nursed me during a long illness in the past fall—how she would bound into my arms when I came home every evening; and then I thought how dreary my home would be without her; and all the passed tenderness of my nature welled up.

"Poor child!" I murmured, repeatedly, how I have made her suffer! I was harsh. God forgive me! Oh, that she were here now that I might take her to my heart and soothe her into forgetfulness, my poor wronged darling!

I looked at the clock. The hands pointed to ten. She had never staid out later.

"She will soon be here," I said, trustfully; and then I rang the bell, and had the fire replenished and the room arranged against her coming. I drew her favorite chair up into the bright light, and placed my own beside it; then I went to the window, and looked impatiently down the moonlit avenue. Not coming yet! I walked up and down the floor once or twice; and then, to beguile the tedious moments, entered into an investigation of the contents of her little work basket which stood on a table. First, there was her tiny thimble and scissors, and spools of different hues. Then I took up a small piece of flannel embroidered in various calligraphic designs—which last caused me to smile curiously, for I could not understand the meaning of so much work, all crowded on one small piece of stuff. But I dropped it quickly, for I heard the carriage coming up the avenue. I was at the door as soon as it stopped, and opened it eagerly. My wife sat, with her face turned from me, and quite hidden by the large woollen hood.

"Are you not very cold and tired, dear?" I said, my voice trembling with impatient tenderness as I extended my hand to assist her to rise; but there was no answer, and she remained quite still.

"Alice, love, speak to me! Do you not hear?"

"Silent still! Then I thought she had fallen asleep, and took her hand to awaken her. It was so cold that I started back chilled.

"How cold you are, dear Alice! Are you ill?" And I leaned forward and pushed the hood from her face. It was a very still, white face—so motionless it might have been carved out in stone. The moonlight shone full upon it, and on the precious blue eyes, wide open, but dimmed and fixed.

"Dead! O God! No!"

I would not allow myself to think of it. "She has fainted," I said, and I carried her softly into the house and laid her on the sofa. I knew nothing of the gathering crowd of terror-stricken servants around me; saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing for a time. Every thought, every faculty was concentrated in my anxiety for her. I knelt beside her, and chafed the dead hands and temples, and pressed my warm, living lips to the beautiful cold mouth, and seeking to breathe into them again the breath of life. "Vain! vain! She never looked on me or spoke to me again."

A hand was laid on my shoulder; a quiet, kindly voice bade me move aside a moment, and our grave, gray-haired family physician laid his fingers on the white wrist, and then placed them on the still heart, and then, shaking his head sadly, turned away. I heard the words "disease of the heart." That was all.

They left me alone with my dead at last. There in that room where I had seen her alive for the last time—where I had so fondly remembered the dear heart whose last throbs was woe! The fire glowed as brightly as ever. There stood her piano, still open, with a favorite song upon it. There was her work-table with her little basket upon it, and the book she had been reading, with a bit of ribbon to mark the place! There on a table were the things she had bought that evening, together with the piece of silk which had caused so much grief! The apron she had worn was thrown carelessly over the chair which I had drawn up to the fire to be in readiness when she returned. She had come back to me. But it seemed as if she had come in some terrible dream from which I can never awake.

No Good From Passion.

Will putting one's self in a passion mend the matter? said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only looked at him in play.

Yes, it will mend the matter, said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against the shop window and broke a pane of glass.

Oh ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter fully indeed! Take my word for it, it never did, and never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder to bear when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

There is something which is very little minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself against it with all your heart.

Try, then, to be calm, especially in trifling troubles; and when greater ones come try to bear them bravely.

I Never Kept my Husband Waiting.

How much of moment is conveyed in these words, "I never kept my husband waiting." How much of happiness is lost by the lost minutes; how much of happiness is not being ready to enjoy it; how much of prosperity by being "five minutes too late."

We heard these words uttered by a lady whose decision of character, whose readiness for duty, and whose prompt performance of it, gave us an assurance that whatever it might be of adverse fortune in her husband's future life, he would always rely upon the helpmate God had given him. There was an energy in her tone of voice, a fire in her look, that told she knew a wife's duty and would perform it. We shall not soon forget that event; we shall bear in mind the future of that couple, and we venture to say that darkness nor despair can never drive happiness from that home, so long as that God-spirit reigns there; for it was the voice of true woman's heart that spoke and that a God-spirit.

If every wife could but thus speak, and act, how rapidly would the world advance. How many husbands have been ruined by waiting precious moments of time, too often in the life of a business man; and the never ready wife has, step by step, broken down the characteristic promptitude of many a husband, and with it his business energies, until ruin comes upon his business, and wretchedness enters his home. Would wives with peace of mind, and blessings at home, flowing from the prosperity of the husband, let their constant aim be, to be able to say, "I never kept my husband waiting."

A TRAVELER, near the close of a weary day's drive over a lovely and muddy road, came to a little log cabin in the forest, and asked for a drink. A young woman supplied his wants, and afterwards, as she was the first woman he had seen in several days, he offered her a dime for a kiss. It was duly taken and paid for, and the young lady, who had never seen a dime before, looked at it with some curiosity, she asked what she should do with it. He replied, what she chose, as it was hers. "If that's the case," said she, "you may take it back and give me another kiss."

A FARMER, having lost some ducks, was asked by the counsel for the prisoner accused of stealing them to describe their peculiarities. After he had done so the counsel remarked, "They can't be such a rare breed, as I have some such in my yard." "That's very likely," said the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the same sort I've had stolen lately."

A FEW days since, General Rosecrans was dining with his staff at one of our hotels. He unfortunately tasted the Tennessee butter, when he immediately arose and saluted the plate before him, remarking, "Gentlemen, that butter outranks me!"

A PERSON once asked Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy. "Know him?" answered he; "Why he's a very near relation of mine. He once proposed to marry my sister Kate."

Slave Logic.

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