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J. M. EMERSON. E. W. EMERSON.

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JOB PRINTING.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.



ROB'T J. JUMP. J. W. BRYANT.

**JUMP & BRYANT,**

**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties. [fe21-tf

**GEORGE M. RUSSUM,**

HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE

Of the

**L A W,**

AND WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIM

Oct. 30—y

***JNO. E. PEARSON,***

**CARPENTER and UNDERTAKER,**

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Will faithfully execute all work entrusted to him. *Charges moderate.* [fe21-y

***MILLER & KEMPER,***

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

**Foreign & Domestic Hardware,**

*No. 96 LIGHT ST. WHARF,*

Corner of Camden Street,

BALTIMORE, MD

G. W. MILLER, late Edge-Tool Manufacturer, No. 7. Camden Street;

JOHN KEMPER, late with H. W. Webb, Pratt Street. [fe28-1y.

**MANSION HOUSE HOTEL.**

NORTH WEST CORNER OF

***Fayette and St. Paul Sts.***

OPPOSITE BARNUM'S CITY HOTEL

**BALTIMORE.**

This is one of the most pleasant and central situations in the city.

I. ALBERTSON, Proprietor

July 24 1-y.

FRESH ARRIVAL

—OF—

**NEW SPRING GOODS.**

HENRY BLACKISTON has just returned from Baltimore with a large and well selected assortment of

**New Spring Goods,**

which he has selected with the greatest care.—His stock consists in part of a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES.

HARDWARE,

*CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,*

**WOODENWARE.**

BROOMS, TUBS, BUCKETS, TINWARE, &c.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**

☞Country produce taken in exchange for goods by

m7-tf H. BLACKISTON.

Christmas Has Gone!

—BUT—

**J. ALBURGER & SON**

HAVE still on hand a large and fresh supply Cakes, Candies, Crackers, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Currants, Citron; Dates, Apples, Cheese, Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Meal, Salt, Lard, Coal Oil, Concentrated Lye, Plain and Fancy Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Powder, Shot, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We are determined not to be undersold. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods [jan31-y

FLOUR for sale by the barrel by H. BLACKISTON.

HERRINGS for sale by the barrel by H. BLACKISTON.


## Poetry.

### Sing Me Songs.

Sing me songs of joy and gladness,
Sing me songs of mirth and glee,
For my heart is clothed in sadness,
And the world is dark to me;
Dark as are the woods at midnight,
Dark as is the stormy sea,
Then let your words be full of sunlight,
Sunlight from the dark clouds free.

The road of life is dark and dreary,
Dreary as the court of death,
And here I linger sad and weary,
Weak of limb and tired of breath.
Once 'twas bright and clear before me,
Bright as is the sun in May,
Clear as are the heavens o'er me
On a cheerful summer's day.

Once this heart was gay and cheerful;
Happy looked my placid brow,
But black thoughts, both dark and fearful,
Claim me for their subject now.
Cheer me with a word of kindness,
Cheer me with Hope's warmest ray,
That I may see, through all my blindness,
The dawn that brings a happier day.

Sing me songs of joy and gladness,
Something cheerful, something gay,
To drive away the songs of sadness
That linger in my heart to-day;
Let your words be bright and cheerful,
Words that spring from hearts of love
To make the wanderer, sad and tearful,
Trust in one who rules above.

—*Waverley Magazine.*

## THE REPROBATE'S DREAM.

In the embrace of restless slumbers, concurrent with Bacchic revels and incontinent debaucheries, the reprobate lay, his feverish brain being racked by visions wild and weird. In the midst of his cerebral derangements he dreamed of wandering among the debris of a decaying ruin, from which there seemed no practical egress. With languid fear and exhausted hope of escape, he wandered within the walls of a less dilapidated room of the ruin, and sank down to rest from his hopeless efforts.

As the light of his hope went out, leaving him in the darkness of mind and night, the room became suddenly illumined by a refulgent light, which disclosed unto the dreamer a spacious room whose walls were decorated with paintings of motley scenes, which, on examining, he saw were the pictured descriptions of the actions he had wrought. Among these scenes were some—the delineations of his early actions—which we might reverence; while others—the productions of his later years—were scenes so reproachful that they well might please the sordid admiration of a greater reprobate than himself.

These scenes were arranged under the caption of "The Past;" and looking farther along the wall, he saw another picture termed "The Present." Leaving the pictures of the past, he gazed upon that of the present; when he saw, as it were, himself, bloated and disfigured by vice and intemperance, reposing upon a couch which the delerium of intoxication had changed into a bed of torture. Raising his eyes from this painful scene, he beheld, still farther on, the masked scenes of the future. Passing from the scene of the present, he went to view those of the future, but saw they were masked by impenetrable veils which baffled his penetration of vision, and resisted his efforts to unmask. Perceiving which, his curiosity became excited to see and know the subjects of those pictures of the future.

During the excitement of his curiosity he was startled by the appearance of others within the room, among whom he recognized the associates of his youth, his companions in vice, and a host of others who had witnessed the execution of those actions which were there so truthfully painted. He saw that they were as intent on examining those pictures as he had been, but they, on finishing their examination, took, respectively, the picture of those actions which they had witnessed, and departed from the room, the pictures which they had taken being mysteriously replaced by an exact counterpart.

After their departure the room was visited by a demon of darkness, who surveyed the pictures with alternate joy and rage—rage at beholding the pictures of the reprobate's innocent actions, which he demonically tried to blot; joy at seeing the pictures of those actions which vice and crime had instigated. As he saw the picture of the reprobate in the present, he laughed with joy; and when he saw the masked picture, he laughed again, accompanying it with a taunting boast, "that it was useless to mask the future, when he had seen the reprobate in the present; for he knew what scenes those masks would hide."

As the demon departed an angel of light advanced to view the pictured scenes. Joyously she scanned those scenes of innocence, which had awakened the demon's wrath. But oh, her anguish on beholding those scenes which had elicited the demon's joy! On surveying the reprobate in the present, she expressed her anguish in tears of grief; and looking upon that scene of profligacy, her visage bespoke expressions of pity, which in turn, were uttered unto the wayward dreamer in tones of pleading reproof.

"Thou misguided being, hast thou seen the description of thy perverse actions for naught? Hast thou not seen how gradually thou beganst thy evil actions, and how rapidly they have perverted thy morals, until thou art now lying, debased and dejected, in the embrace of that troubled sleep that is the reward of thy viciousness, and which deprives thy mind of rest? Hast thou not seen, with shame, how others retain pictured copies of thy evil actions? Canst thou presume, after beholding thy past degeneracy, and thy present profligacy, what scenes the future will disclose, when its masks shall have been removed? Deluded dreamer, I produce these pictures, not to mock thee, but to correct thee, presenting them unto thee that thou mightest see thy actions as they were performed; and, lest their presence cause thee chagrin and shame, I will now, that thou hast clearly seen them, erase them, leaving naught but their remembrance, which, I trust, will be sufficient to so guide and reform thee, that when the future shall become an appurtenance of the past, and I shall have unmasked its scenes before thy view, it will disclose scenes of such actions as will exhibit a moral improvement over thy actions of the past."

So spoke the angel. So ended the reprobate's dream—a dream which possessed, for the dreamer, a sequel of moral reality; for by retaining the remembrance of those actions seen in his dream, he constantly saw their corruptness, and strove to so conduct his posterior actions that they would not imbue of his former corruptness. And in traversing the paths of the future, he sought, found, and followed, the path of rectitude, which enabled him to fill those masked scenes of the future, seen in his dream, with the descriptions of actions which, as they became unmasked, disclosed pictures of moral achievements. A dream which possessed, apart from its sequel, a moral which bids us wander in a retrospective dream, as the reprobate wandered in his dream, among the ruins of the past until we enter the least of its decaying ruins—the apartment of memory—and there await the dawning of the refulgent light of meditation, that we may see and examine the motley scenes which memory there exhibits. And when we have viewed those scenes of our past actions, in which our every error and fault is so truthfully portrayed, apart from our virtues—to look through the eye of recollection and see how others, who have witnessed our actions, possesses memory-pictured scenes of those actions, and note how these recollections bids that demon of darkness—our lust—enter and scoff at the scenes of our better actions, and rejoice over our evil works, until that angel of light, memory—advances and rejoices over the actions of our rightful actions, and grieves over the actions of our sin, gently reproving us, with her solemn voice, for our misdemeanors, kindly entreating us to seek a better course of life, that we may produce actions which she can paint in scenes of sinless beauty.

IT NEVER DRIES UP.—I was staying at a village on the Welch coast, where the people had to bring their water from a well.

'Is the well ever dry?' I inquired.

'Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather.'

'And where do you go then for water?'

'To the spring a little way out of town.'

'And if the spring dries up?'

'Why, then we go to the stream higher up—the best water after all.'

'But if the stream higher up fails?'

'Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up—never. It is always the same, winter and summer.'

I went to see this precious brook which never dries up. It was a clear, sparkling river, coming down from the high hills, not with torrent leap and roar, but with steady flow and soft murmur of fullness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every childs pitcher. The small birds came down thither to drink. The sheep and lambs had trodden down a little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way, (as I could see by their tracks,) to the well that never dries up.

It reminded me of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the "Rock of Ages," and brought within the reach of all men by the Gospel of Jesus Christ.—Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and adversity, but this heavenly spring never ceases to flow.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—Polite gentleman—Good morning, sir. How do you feel yourself to-day?

Deaf Gentleman—Very stormy and disagreeable.

Polite Gentleman (slightly astonished, but determined to recover lost ground)—Indeed! How is your good wife, sir?

Deaf Gentleman—Very windy and blustering indeed.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart toward the merit we esteem, or the perfection we admire; and, produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons, to promote each other's interest, knowledge, virtue and happiness.

## Hon. John A. J. Creswell.

The termination of the Thirty-Ninth Congress deprived Maryland of her representation in the United States Senate, of the Hon. John A. J. Creswell, who was elected in March, 1865, to fill the unexpired term of Senator Hicks. We can safely say that no man who has ever occupied a seat in that body, acquired more friends in the same brief space of time, or left behind him more regrets at his departure.

Senator Creswell was born at Port Deposit, Cecil county, Maryland, November 18th, 1828; graduated at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, in the year 1850.—Was a member of the Maryland House of Delegates in 1861 and 1862. From August, 1862, to April, 1863, he was an assistant Adjutant General for Maryland, and was elected a Representative from Maryland to the Thirty-Eighth Congress, serving on the Committee on Commerce and Invalid Pensions. He was also a delegate to the Baltimore Convention of 1864. In March, 1865, he was elected to fill the position from which he has just retired. The friend and compatriot of the lamented Henry Winter Davis, he was received into the Senate of the United States with a degree of favor and consideration that ranked him at once with the most influential members of that body. His steadfast loyalty throughout the war, and his valuable services rendered the cause of emancipation in Maryland, made him a tower of strength in the national councils. Honest in his convictions of right, when he arrives at a conclusion he acts with a boldness and rapidity that generally carries consternation into the ranks of the enemy. Clearly foreseeing the great struggle that is to ensue in Maryland in the approaching conflict for human rights, he placed himself fairly and squarely upon the record during the past winter, by delivering a powerful speech on manhood suffrage on the admission of Nebraska into the Union as a State. As an orator, Mr. Creswell is entitled to more than ordinary rank. His eulogy on Henry Winter Davis, delivered in the House of Representatives on the 22nd of February, 1866, would alone secure for the author a lasting fame. Those who think Mr. Creswell's political career at an end are greatly mistaken. He is undoubtedly one of the ablest men in Maryland, and will be chosen standard bearer of the Republican party in that conflict whose mutterings every day are becoming more audible. But thirty-nine years of age, he is emphatically one of the rising men of the country, and will be urged by his friends in Maryland as a representative in the Cabinet of the Republican President to be elected in 1868.—*Frederick Republican.*

## The Drunkard's Home.

Who can picture the woe of such a home? The home where all was once joy and happiness, where a proud husband and father once dwelt with his treasures—his wife and children. Now, alas! how sadly changed, for the tempter has been there! The once pleasant home has been neglected. The patched window, the dilapidated fence, and the changed and gloomy aspect of everything without would tell the beholder of the ruin that was there, even should he not enter.—And in the interior of the dwelling how sad everything must appear! Let us enter, gaze around, and mark the look of its inmates.

There sits the pale and care-worn wife with such a display of patient suffering upon her features that the tear of pity involuntarily starts to our eyes. Where are the rosy cheeks and smiling lips that used to greet us? Alas! as we gaze upon the faded being before us, and think of the husband who solemnly promised before God to be her protector through life, and who has cast that withering blight upon her—a drunkard's wife—we could almost curse him.

We next gaze upon the little ones with mournful faces and pleading eyes, raised so lovingly to our own, eyes which tell a deep and bitter tale of want, woe and suffering. How our heart bleeds that childhood, which should be so happy, must so early learn the grievous truth that they are drunkard's children! Doubtless their little hearts are often filled with the remembrance of other days, when they were happy; when a father's watchful care and a mother's tender love were theirs, and they never sighed for food, or crept shivering together in the corner because they were so cold and so thinly clad.

In a distant corner, upon a bundle of straw, lays a miserable, bloated figure, whose heavy breathing tells us he is sleeping off the effects of the poison which has brought him down, down, down to the lowest degree of poverty and shame. We gaze upon the wreck of manhood before us, and vainly strive to trace out the noble look we used to see upon those features, in place of the blood-shot eyes and idiotic stare, the trembling limbs and tottering frame.

How earnestly we pray that the tempter may be banished from our hearts—the tempter that destroys so many youths of this land.

## A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed of English roads, to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the cars neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a station," said the Englishman; "they have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroad. We run so fast that the trains always keep ahead of the sounds; no use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee, 'had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles, but they wouldn't answer, either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried

"We were going at a tremendous rate; hurricanes were nowhar, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead and the engineer let the whistle on, screeching like a trooper. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got one so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in darkness with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night-time. Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight: and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say *as that is true;* the rest I know to be so."

## Quaker Wit Outwitted.

It is a maxim with our Quaker friends to "Think twice before thee speaks once, and thee will speak twice the better for it." This wise prudence has often saved our pious "Friends" from overshooting themselves.

A Quaker having lost a quarter of mutton by a lawyer's dog, repaired to the office of the latter and said:

"I have come to ask a piece of thy advice. Suppose a dog carried off a leg of mutton from me, where do I look for pay, to the dog or his owner?"

"Oh," said the man of the quill, "to the owner of the dog; he is responsible for any damage his dog does thee."

Said Broadbrim: "Thee owes me seventy-five cents."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, "then my dog did the mischief! Well, here is the money."

The face of the Quaker expanded with a smile at his shrewdness in forestalling the opinion of the lawyer, and was about making his exit from the office, when he was brought to a halt by the lawyer, saying "I have a small bill against you, my friend."

"Ah! for what?" said the Quaker.

"For advice in the dog case—two dollars," was the reply.

This was a poser. It being strictly legal, and the lowest fee in the calendar for advice, there was no dodging, so the money was forked over, and with elongated phiz Shadbelly departed, minus one dollar and a quarter worse than when he came, a wiser if not a better man.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—Wash them in warm water, rather above luke-warm, in which the soap has been boiled or dissolved, and not to rub the soap upon the woolen. Rinse them thoroughly in water rather hotter than that in which they have been washed; this removes the soap from the material, instead of allowing it to remain and get hard, as it does if the last water is not decidedly hotter than the first. This plan will also be found to succeed perfectly with fleecy or Berlin wool; but then we generally wring the different articles or skeins by twisting them up in a linen cloth, so as to avoid straining the wool, and do not dry them too quickly. But the important part is certainly getting them free from the soap, which would otherwise thicken and stiffen in the fine pores of the wool

A LADY at Nashville, Tennessee, astonished at the numbers of General Buell's army, asked of one of the soldiers?

'How far back does your army, extend?'

'Madam, it reaches the North pole; and when I left, two other regiments were trying to get in.'

YOUNG MEN.—Many greatmen performed their greatest achievements before forty! Alexander the great died at thirty-three. Napoleon had achieved all his at thirty-five. Washington was twenty-seven when he covered the retreat of the British army under Braddock, and not forty-five in 1776. At thirty-three, Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. At thirty, Hamilton helped to frame the Constitution of the United States. At twenty-three, Melancthon wrote the *Loci Communes*, which passed through fifty editions in his life-time.—At thirty-three, he wrote the Augsburg confession. At twenty-nine, Ursinus wrote the Heidleburg Catechism. Zwingle wrote his chief works before forty, and died at forty-six. At the Disputation of Leipsic, Luther was thirty-five; at the Diet of Worms, thirty-seven. At twenty-seven, Calvin wrote the Institutes. Moses sent young men to spy out the land of Canaan, and Joshua sent young men, as spies, to Jericho. Saul, David and Solomon achieved their greatest works before they had reached middle life.

John the Baptist and the Apostles did their life-work as young men, and Jesus Christ finished his labors and endured his sufferings as a young man. Not decrepit, worn-out life, but the warm blood of manhood's morning, did he shed upon the cross for the world's redemption.—*Phrenological Journal.*

I CAN AND I WILL.—O, how I like those words, "I can and I will!" They are words of Magic; they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation; they reduce giant enemies to ordinary foes; they level mountains, valleys, and make straight paths for the feet. Would you be victors, write them upon your banners like the vision of Minerva, which made Achilles tremble, they will shake the knees of all your enemies. Ye mothers, at your cradles teach them to your children, and bid the first pulsations of their little hearts beat music to them. These words, "I will not let thee go till thou bless me," inspired mortal to struggle with immortal powers. Fathers, breathe resolution into your sons; then, though you put them unarmed, unfriended, unshod, into this wide world, they will see their way to wealth and honor.—Launch them upon the stormy ocean, they will exact as rich revenue from its billows; exile them to the wilderness, and they will press milk and honey from its rocks.

NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED.—A humane lady in the west of Ohio, during the rush of contrabands thither, took pity on a poor ragged boy of a decidedly dark complexion, and gave him a home in her family. After being decently clothed, Jack was happy, and soon as fat as a prize pig.

The good woman was pleased with her success, and all went on swimmingly till one day she heard him use the Lord's name in anything but a reverent manner. Calling Jack to her, she proceeded to lecture him upon the enormity of the deed, telling him he would certainly go to Tophet unless he stopped his swearing.

"What kind of a place am dat?"

"It is a lake of fire and brimstone."

"Fiar and brimstone, missus?"

"Yes, and you will be put into it and burned forever and ever."

"But won't I burn up, missus?"

"No, you won't; you'll keep burning, and never be consumed."

"But I never could stand it."

"You will have to stand it," replied the woman, somewhat at a loss for words to make him understand her meaning.

"Well," replied he, "if I kin stand it, I don't care a straw."

AN eye-witnesser relates the following incident:—

"At a revival meeting in Illinois, an impulsive Dutchman was present. In the progress of the meeting Duchey's feelings became overpowering, and rising and swinging his hat, he exclaimed with unction,—

"Hurray for Shesus! he ish the feller!"

The affect was electrical, the serious countenances giving place to the merry ones.

A VETOED BILL.—A fond father, the other day, wishing to form an alliance between his stupid lubberly son and a fine young lady of his acquaintance, sent him to her mother with the following note:

"*Dear Madam,*—Allow me to present my Bill for your acceptance."

The lady sent the spoony back to his father, with the following reply:

"*Dear Sir,*—Your Bill is vetoed."

DR. JOHNSON once dined with a Scottish lady who had hotch-potch for dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it she asked him if it was good. "It is good for hogs ma'am," said the doctor. "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" asked a fidgety old spinster of her maid of all work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them into the oven to dry."

WHAT is contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud.


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