Samuel A. Harwood

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J. M. EMERSON & BRO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

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Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

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.

Dr. H. C. KEMP

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity He may be found at all times, when not professionally engaged, at the Drug Store, or at the Hotel.
my9-6m

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST.

GREENSBOROUGH, MD

Will visit Felton every second and fourth Tuesday of each month. [my2-y

Dr. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.,

Will hereafter visit Greensborough the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. jly29y

Jno. D. Kemp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.
Office, next door to residence, Main street.
may9-y

W. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF THIS AND THE ADJACENT COUNTIES.

Office on his farm in the upper District. Will attend in Denton on Tuesdays, and Greensboro' on Saturdays, from 9 o'clock, A. M. [mr21

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,

TEMPLEVILLE, MARYLAND,

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

AUCTIONEERING.

J. TYLOR

HAS RESUMED

The Auctioneering Business,

And respectfully solicits a share of patronage from the public. He may be found at his residence, Denton, Md. [ap11-tmy1'68

AUCTIONEERING.

THE subscriber having taken out license as Auctioneer will call sales of all kinds at short notice. Persons having property to sell will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber as I guarantee to give satisfaction.
COLLINS TATMAN,
mr7-tf near Denton.

AUCTIONEERING.

THE undersigned, having taken out license as an AUCTIONEER, is now ready to cry sales at action. Terms moderate.
dec18-3m JAS. HIGNUTT.

Highly Important.

ISRAEL & CO.,

PHOTOGRAPHERS

125 *W. BALTIMORE ST.,*

BALTIMORE, MD.

GREAT REDUCTION IN OUR PRICES.

Cartes and Vignettes $2.50 per dozen, formerly $5.

☞Particular attention paid to copies of deceased persons. [apr25-1y

MRS. WHEELER'S NURSING SYRUP for Children teething at
ALBURGER'S.

Poetry.

Prayers I Don't Like.

I do not like to hear him pray
Who loans at twenty-five per cent.,
For then I think the borrower may
Be pressed to pay for food and rent,
And in that Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read
It does not say "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour;
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray—
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say—
"If want o'ertakes you come to me."
I hate the prayer so loud and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ears and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to "work for less."
Such pious shavers I do despise!
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
And steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel's wing them upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

THE FATAL TEST.

One night, while seated with some friends, the subject of courage came up for discussion, and divers were the opinions advanced as to what it truly was, and what would be a proper test to prove the true metal from the false. The argument waxed warm, and twelve o'clock found us far from any decision.

Albert O'Brien, a scion of the Emerald Isle, had been particularly boastful, and longed for a chance to have his Milesian bravery put to the test, boldly avowing that no Englishman ever possessed one tithe of the disregard of danger that belonged to his warmer blooded brothers.

This was, of course, denied; and Frank Leslie, a Hampshire youth, cold and passionless, strenuously maintained that directly opposite was the case; that the fiery ardor of he Milesian was like gunpowder—a flash and nothing more—a furious sound ending in smoke; while that of the Englishman was like thrice-heated steel, glowing and lasting to the very death.

"I dare do anything that you dare" replied Albert, his anger getting the better of his judgment.

"Dare you? We will see, my boy.—Wait here, all of you, until I return."

And Frank took his hat and disappeared. We heard his firm step upon the stairs—heard him open and shut the door, and saw his tall form for a moment in the street Then it was lost to us, for the night was intensely dark and stormy.—The rain swept round corners in gusts, and the wind fairly rattled the windows and howled down the chimneys. It was just the night to make one think of ghosts—the dead—everything that the soul shrinks from communion or fellowship with.

I know not if other minds dwelt upon such themes as mine did; but certainly a spell appeared to have fallen upon all, for silence took the place of noisy discussion, and the room that a few moments before had rung with loud debate was undisturbed as the tomb A half whisper, "I wonder where he has gone?" were the only words spoken until Frank returned, shook the sleety drops from his person, coolly took his seat, lighted his pipe, and renewed the conversation with an air of perfect unconcern.

"I have fulfilled my part of the contract, now fulfil yours" he said.

"Well, what have you done?—where have you been?' questioned Albert, still defiant

"You know, all of you, the vault in the old graveyard on the opposite corner—you know it, for we were there in it this very morning, and remarked the peculiar manner in which the coffins had been placed. They form, as you will remember, three sides of a square, the fourth being the door at the foot of the steps. Well, I have been there—have crawled down the long steps—entered the vault in all its darkness and fanciful horrors, walked to the extreme end, and placed my watch and chain on the pile of decayed coffins there. You go and bring it, Albert, alone—without a light, as I have done, and I will own that you, at least, are as brave as Englishmen."

A thrill of horror—a sickening, chilling sensation, took possession of us all as we fully drank in the purport of his slowly uttered, carefully measured words; and every eye was turned upon the Irishman to mark the effect upon him. Truly he was like marble! Every drop of the ruddy blood that usually glowed beneath his soft cheeks had been driven back to his heart and he stood like one entranced.—That he was nerving himself for the task I plainly saw; and that his entire nature shuddered at the bare thought of going alone and in darkness into the mouldy abode of the ancient dead, was equally plain to me. Nothing but his pride kept him from at once confessing his fear; and well indeed would it have been if even that had failed him.

"Frank is but joking," I said, anxious to break the stony silence, and to awake myself and companions from the dreadful nightmare that had seized every heart in its icy clutches

"I—shall—go—and—see!" was the reply from the ashy lips that almost refused to do their office.

"You shall not! It is horrid—dreadful!" was echoed on every side.

"Cowards, all!" retorted Frank, refilling his pipe, and watching us with his cold, iron-gray eyes.

"You might call me coward till doomsday," I replied, "before I'd go. It is simply a fool-hardy undertaking"

"All afraid of ghosts, as I live," again taunted Frank. "Albert is a medical student, and therefore, ought to be familiar with the dead."

"You shall not go, Albert," came from half a dozen pair of lips, and as many hands were laid upon him to detain him.

"Let me go, gentlemen. I am no coward, and yet I will not foolishly deny that the first thought struck me with the utter desolateness of the undertaking," and he put aside our hands and departed.

For a moment all stood still, not knowing what to do, and then, as if by intuition, we followed him, without waiting to listen to the mocking words and laughter of the cold blooded Frank Leslie.

We saw Albert leap the high fence; we heard him creeping down the slimy, mossy steps; and then, even as we, too, had clambered over the enclosure and were letting ourselves down into the tangled grass, we heard a rattling sound, a heavy fall and a shriek that pierced our brains.

Not another sound—and while one, more collected than the rest, hurried back to the room for a light, we stood there with great sweat-drops upon our foreheads and hurriedly beating hearts, but otherwise as motionless as the long-mouldered dead beneath our feet.

The light was brought; and rendered desperate by our feelings, we rushed down the slippery stairs in a body, and saw—great heaven! will any of us forget it?—we saw the senseless form of our friend stretched upon the stone pavement, half covered by dead bones and the wreck of rotten coffins! We tore him from his fearful surroundings, raised him in our arms, and bore him from that ghastly charnel house; and we saw as we laid him on a couch that he had the watch and chain—the fatal test—grasped firmly in one hand, while secured to a button-hole of his coat hung a fragment of a coffin by the rusted screw!

Of that night, of the days that followed, I will not write. They were fraught with agony to all; but amid the whirl of *his* delirium we learned in disjointed sentences, the history of the scene in the vault. He had safely reached the watch, taken it from the pile of coffins, and turned to go, when he found his coat held as if by invisible hands. What has he to think?—Had not the outraged spirits of the dead clutched him for thus sacrilegiously invading their home? What would they do with him?—how long hold him? The thought was madness, and he struggled to break away, when the piled up rotten shells fell bursting around him, and the ghastly rotten bones struck him on every side! A shriek of horror—the rest to him was chaos.

With the dawn of the morrow Frank Lesslie disappeared, and I never saw him again. Months after, Albert O'Brien was taken home to recover amid the verdant groves of his father's home. They were in their sweet, summer bloom when he reached them, and the autumn winds whirled their leaves over his grave. A brave, generous heart ceased to beat; and a genius-lighted mind was lost to earth by a vain, foolish test; and now that more than a score of years have passed I write the tale of horror as a warning.

CHARACTER.—The groundwork of our manly character is veracity or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every word said. How common is it to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know that he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right.—It is lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in the child, there is something to depend upon; but when truth is gone, all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it you may never depart again.

—Jones thinks that instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid. There is as much truth in this as wit.

The Age of the World and Man.

How old is the world? The general answer of Christendom has been, "not quite six thousand years from the Creation to the birth of Christ, and there have been 1,866 years since, making in all 5,870. And yet we have all seen within a week or two that Professor Marsh, of Yale College, in describing the fossil bones of a mastodon, but recently found at Cohoes, New York, gives the opinion that the animal must have existed over ten thousand years ago—or more than four thousand years before the time when, as the Scriptural commentators have usually supposed, Adam gave names to all the newly made creatures. Nobody appears to be shocked by this statement; and in fact there is scarcely a scientific man, including some of the most devout believers of the age, who does not ascribe to the world a much greater antiquity than that claimed in the old-fashioned chronology.

The evidences leading to this conclusion are drawn from nearly every department of natural science, and, of course, become irresistibly strong as they are brought together. To give an idea of the [illegible] compass, intelligible to every mind, perhaps we cannot do better than to condense Agassiz's estimates based upon the formation of the coral reefs off the southern coast of Florida These reefs are built up by an insect that begins to work on the ground, in water of twelve or fifteen fathoms deep, and he cannot live unless he has the constant action of the open sea upon him, so that he stops at the blight of high tide. By numerous experiments it has been ascertained that the coral builder constructs about half an inch in a century; but in order to err, if at all, on the safe side, Agassiz doubles this estimate in his calculation, making it an inch in a century. Now, outside the Florida Keys there is a long coral reef with an average height of seventy feet, which, therefore, must have been begun 7,000 years ago, or 1,000 years before the creation of Adam. Secondly, the Keys themselves are nothing but inner repetitions of the same sort of coral reefs, of at least the same average height; and the builders must have finished them before they began on the outside reef, as appears from their necessity of having the open sea, and from the fact that there are now no indications of the beginning of a reef outside of the one we have mentioned above. The Keys, therefore, swell the record to 14,000 years. Next we have the shore bluff of the main land, which carries the coral construction, and which carries the earth's record above 20,000 years. Moreover, there are, as you go inland, seven well defined and successive coral reefs, which, added to the foregoing, would make the world seventy-five thousand years old. And Professor Agassiz regards this as a very moderate estimate.

When these astounding conclusions first gained acceptance in scientific circles, the most frequent method of reconciling them with the Scriptural record was to suggest the lapse of a long period between the creation of the world and the creation of man. The savans accept the hypothesis, but all of them are not disposed to admit that the human family first begun to exist six thousand years ago. Max Muller is led greatly to extend the human history, from his studies in language. Prof. Owen infers from the increase of the sediment of the Nile in Egypt, that man existed 18,375 years ago in a state of comparative civilization. Busen thinks that the human race has been in existence 22,000 years; while the famous Darwinian theory, which maintains the gradual development of man from a lower type of organization, necessitates an indefinite but an enormous antiquity for the process It will be interesting to cite the arguments for these singular conclusions, and the explanations of the Bible narrative to which they have given rise, but our space is insufficient. We have only endeavored (being reminded by Professor Marsh's remarks about the mastodon) to glance at the astonishing progress which, either wisely or unwisely, the scientific world has been making of late in certain directions.

—Your children will be the more animated to vigor, perseverance, and self-dependence, the more they witness your exertions to provide for your future welfare. There are few who can witness the daily display of parental and provident care without having the desire created within them of doing something for themselves. "A thrifty father," says a Hindoo proverb, "may have an extravagant son, but a dilligent father rarely has an idle son."

—Friendship, the wine of life, should, like a well-stocked cellar be continually renewed; and it is consolatory to think that although we can seldom add what will equal the generous first-growth of our youth, yet friendship becomes insensibly old in much less time than is commonly imagined, and not many years are required to make it mellow and pleasant.—Warmth will no doubt make a very considerable difference; men of affectionate temper and bright fancy will coalesce a great deal sooner than those who are dull and cold.

Young Men in Society.

A modest and virtuous young man, on first going into society, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confesses that a well-dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not, even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing room where ladies were present without painful embarrassment. It is certainly a good sign for a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen who blush and stammer in the company of young ladies; the girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them.—You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so, it is likely that your fair friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we have known have never suspected their ill-breeding. And, after all, what is good breeding but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess, or will soon acquire the power to do so. The good heart and well-informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed. Besides, the ladies—that is most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided that they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good as far as they go. But be sure of this, O bashful, blushing youth, that, in the society of ladies and of men, you will pass, in the long run, for what you are worth—no more—no less. The art of pleasing, therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Chesterfield or awkward as Caliban, all worthy women trust and love.

Boyhood of Oliver Cromwell.

The daring of Oliver Cromwell, happily mingled with love for his mother, is shown in the following anecdote:

"One of his mischievous school-boy pranks—possibly robbing an orchard of a hatful of apples, brought on him the displeasure of his mother, who, her husband being from home, inflicted a severe caning upon the delinquent, and sent him to bed early in the evening Oliver was still fiercely sobbing with rage and pain, when a servant, entering the bed-room upon some errand, happened to say that Mrs. Cromwell had gone out on a visit to a sick friend, and intended returning, alone, by a road across the fields, a distance of two or three miles. The moment the servant was gone, and the door closed, the boy sprang out of bed, hastily dressed himself, got down in some way from a window into the back yard, unobserved, or the domestics would have stopped him, possessed himself of a light spade, and sped off in the direction Mrs. Cromwell was expected. He had traversed two-thirds of the distance when he met his mother.

"There—there is a savage bull," said the still sobbing and excited boy, in reply to Mrs. Cromwell's exclamation of surprise, "in the field I have just passed, placed there, I knew, to-day, and I—I thought he might run at your red cardinal, and so I slipped out and came."—The mother kissed her son, and, proudly escorted by the dreadless boy, passed the fierce brute—who intently regarded them—in safety."

Here is a curious foreshadowing, too, of the after-destiny of the protector, in the tale of his having, when a boy, thrashed Prince Charles, the king, whom he afterwards beheaded:

"The story of Oliver having given Prince Charles, when Duke of York, a beating has a likelihood of truth. Sir Henry Cromwell was a devoted loyalist, whom James I sometimes visited. Upon one of these occasions, Sir Henry is said to have sent for his grand son to play with the royal children. Oliver and Prince Charles, quarrelled over their sports, and, of course, Prince Charles, who was a weakly boy, had the worst of it in the encounter which followed."

THE LATE RIOT IN MOBILE.—We have now the full reports of General Pope and of Colonel Shepherd concerning the riot in Mobile. Gen Pope declares that the Rebel Mayor took no steps to prevent disturbances which everybody expected, and that the Chief Police was either in sympathy with the rioters or unfit for his office. He removed them for "Criminal misconduct," and emphatically affirms that another riot will not occur while their successors hold office. Col. Shepherd, who was present at the meeting, says that Judge Kelley's speech was dignified and patriotic, and fully acquits him of provoking disturbance.

MARKS OF THE WAR.—A correspondent of the Chicago (Ill) *Tribune* says: "The tourist who travels South expecting to see much in the way of earthworks and fortifications from his car window will be disappointed. Almost every foot of the distance from the Potomac to Richmond is historic grounds, but the scars of nature quickly heal, and except at two or three points, there is nothing suggestive of the long war. Around Fredericksburg, at the crossing of the two Annas, and near Ashland, one gets glimpses of forts or batteries, and there are plenty of earthworks for the last three or four miles before entering Richmond. Below Petersburg, for twelve or fourteen miles, the attention is constantly held—forts, batteries rifle pits, abattis and other works appearing in rapid succession, as the railway passes through both the Rebel and the Union lines Rain and wind have rounded all angles, and grass and wild flowers are spreading themselves, where but lately cannon frowned and sentinel marched. About Weldon and Goldsboro' there are quick views of earthworks, but between here and Wilmington hardly a necessary token of war can be seen. There are everywhere ruins of burned homes, silent chimneys standing alone and suggestive—doubtless they speak of war's work, but of this the traveller can only guess"

HOME AFFECTIONS.—The heart has affections that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—only home, there is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy has swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim; there is the house in which he knew a parent's protection—nay, there is the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither, with a joyous troop like himself, he had often followed his parents to worship, and near the good old man who ministered at the altar. Even the very schoolhouse, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that called forth some generous exhibition of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There perchance, he first met the being, who, by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself happier than that which his childhood has known. There are certain feelings of humanity—and those, too, among the best—that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only at one's fireside.

A POWERFUL FERTILIZER.—Every farmer has soot at command, whose presence in stove-pipes or chimneys is not unfrequently the cause of fires, occasioning the loss sometimes of both property and life. This agent for evil is one of the most valuable manures, and nothing but the most culpable carelessness and indifference will suffer it to remain a standing menace to life and property, when it can be easily removed and turned to good account in the field or garden. Twelve quarts of soot in a hogshead of water will make a powerful liquid manure, which will improve the growth of flowers, garden vegetables or root crops. In either a liquid or solid state it makes an excellent top-dressing for grass or cereal crops.

THE UNEDUCATED.—I consider a human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

—Women often fancy themselves in love when they are not. The love of being loved, fondness of flattery, the pleasure of giving pain to a rival, passion for novelty and excitement, are frequently mistaken for something far better and holier, till marriage disenchants the self-deceiver, and leaves her astonished at her own indifference and the evaporation of her romantic fancies.

BEST WAY TO BE HAPPY.—Never sit down and brood over trouble of any kind. If you are vexed with yourself or the world, this is no way to obtain satisfaction. Find yourself employment that will keep your mind active; and depend upon it, this will force out unwelcome thoughts.

—Wine-drinking and cigar smoking are bad habits. They impair the mind and pocket, and lead to the waste of time.

—The only difference between one man and another is whether he governs his passions or his passions govern him.

—Money in your purse will credit you—wisdom in your head adorn you—but in your necessity will serve you.

—It is a good sight to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

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