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Paper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1869. NO. 23.

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Has just returned from the cities with a large and well-selected stock of
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HAVING taken the old stand of Fisher & Wilson, opposite the Court House, has just returned from the city of Baltimore, and is now opening a
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The highest market prices paid for all kinds of trade in exchange for goods.
Call and examine. No charge for showing goods. [de12-tf] R. W. TODD.

MUSLINS—Bleached, brown and twilled—every grade, lowest prices. RIDGELY & DUNGAN, Ridgely.
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Select Poetry.

A Desire.

Oh! that my heart might never lose
A sense of things divine;
That all my life, through joys and woes,
Might still be hid with Thine;

That underneath the restless flow
Of daily thought and care,
A hidden depth no storm might know
No sound but praise or prayer.

Then often to that blest retreat
My weary soul would flee,
And in its peaceful shelter meet
My Savior God, with Thee!

No earthly joy's unquietness
Should mar the silent bliss
Wherewith my God should deign to bless
The heart that rests on His.

No care or sorrow dare intrude
Within that hallowed place
To blight with touch profane and rude,
The fair delights of grace.

But, resting ever in Thy love,
And trusting in Thy care,
My life should shine like theirs above,
And taste the joys they share.

God what is heaven but life in Thee?
And if Thy will be done
Here on the earth, O Lord, in me,
My heaven is begun.

TOO MUCH HASTE.

BY JAMES DABNEY.

George Summers was a brave lad. He was twelve years old and well grown for his age. He stood high in his classes, and was regarded by his teacher as the most promis- ing boy in the school. He was a truthful lad, too, and his teacher was proud of him on this account. He knew he could always depend on George for a fair and candid state- ment of whatever happened.

One day the teacher placed in his desk an unusually fine orange. He had bought it on his way to school, and intended to carry it home to his wife who was sick. During the recess he left the room to attend to something on the grounds, and when he returned he found George Summers just closing the lid of his desk.

"What are you doing there, George?" he asked, noticing the flush on the lad's face.

"I was looking to see what mark you gave me to-day, sir," replied the boy in some con- fusion.

"You should not have ...ne so without my permission," said the teacher gravely.

"I know I did not do right, sir," said George, "but I was very anxious to see if I would lose my place in my class, as it is the first time I have failed to be perfect in my Latin."

"Don't do so again, but come to me when you want any such information," said the teacher. Taking his seat he opened his desk to look for something, when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and called George Summers; but the boy had left the room by this time. Going to the door the teacher cal- led him back.

"Where is my orange, George?" he asked.

"I have not got it, sir," repled the boy.

"The orange was in the desk when I left the room," said the teacher. "On my return I fonnd you at my desk and the orange gone. Tell the truth, Geoege. What did you do with the fruit?"

"I did not know that you had an orange," said the boy, looking him frankly in the face. "I did not see any in your desk, and indeed, sir, I have not taken it."

The teacher said nothing more, but rang the bell for the re-assembling of the school. When all the boys were in their places he told them that he had brought an orange to schoool with him, but some one had taken it from his desk. Then taking the roll he called over the names, asking each boy if he took the orange, or if he knew anything about it. Each one answered "No." When he came to George Summers the lad return- ed the same answer to the first question, but when asked if he knew anything about it he was silent, and then said he'd rather not tell, as it might bring some of his companions into trouble, and after all he was not certain.

The teacher looked at him sternly for awhile, and then said severely,—

"I don't mind the loss of the orange, but I am very sorry to find that I have a thief in school, and that that thief is one whom, I have always regarded as my best pupil. I mean you, George, for I am satisfied now that you took the orange. If you will confess it I will try to overlook your fault; but if you do not do so I shall punish you severely after school."

When the exercises of the day were over George was called to the teacher's desk and the questions repeated. He reiterated the denial and the teacher whipped him severe- ly. The boy did not flinch or mumur. He stood proud and silent while the degrading punishment was being inflicted, never be- traying by the slightest movement any emo- tion. The boys looked on in astonishment, and at last the teacher paused and said,—

"I am sorry to see you so hardened, George: I thougt you a better boy."

"I am not hardened," replied George in- dignantly, "You have charged me with dis- honestly, and whipped me for it without any proof. You never knew me to tell a lie, but refuse to believe me, and treat me so now merely on suspicion."

The teacher thought there was some force to what the boy said, and that he might have been to hasty; but the case seemed to him so plain that he did not see how there could be a doubt about it.

"You can go home now, George," he said. "I hope you will be in a better frame of mind when you come back to-morrow."

"I shall not come back again, sir," said George, firmly. "You have treated me too badly for me to want to stay here. I shall tell my father all about this, and ask him to take me away."

"I will see your father to-night myself," said the teacher; and he dismissed the school.

After the boys were gone the teacher sat for a long time thinking over the occurrence. Somehow he could not help feeling reproach- ed for his haste. George had always been the best, the most truthful boy in the school and it was very strange that he should do so mean a thing; and, after all, the evidence against him was not conclusive when it came to be sifted carefully.

As he sat there a lucky thought entered the teacher's mind, and rising he examined closely every desk in the school-room. His search was almost ended when he discovered in a remote corner of a desk a couple of orange seeds and a piece of fresh rind. The owner of this desk was a bad boy, and one who had given him a great deal of trouble. What if this boy should prove the real thief?

Without delay the teacher proceeded to the house of the lad, Jim Greenidge by name. Arriving there and asking for the boy's father he told him the whole story. Mr. Green- idge with shame and mortification called his son into the room and asked him where he got the orange he had at school that day.—As the boy saw his teacher his face grew deathly pale, and he replied in a frightened tone that he did not have an orange at school. The teacher then produced the bits of rind and the seeds he had found, and asked how they came to be in his desk. The boy saw that there was no escape for him, and yield- ing to the commands and threats of his fath- er, confessed that he had taken the orange and had been afraid to confess it.

Having discovered the mistake he had made, the teacher now took his way to the residence of Mr. Summers, to do what he could towards repairing the damage he had done. He was received with cold politeness by the boy's father. Upon hearing what the teacher had to say, Mr. Summers called George into the room, and the teacher told him how he had discovered his innocence.

"Did you suspect Jim Greenidge of taking the orange?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," replied George. "I saw him coming from your desk as I went up to it, and I noticed a guilty look on his face."

"Why did you not tell this to me?"

"Because," said the boy proudly, "I would not do so mean a thing as to accuse one of my companions simply on suspicion."

The teacher winced, for it was a home thrust. He was silent for a moment and then said,—

"I am sorry this has happened, George, and I hope you will forgive and forget it, and come back to school to-morrow."

"Let me speak for my son," said Mr. Sum- mers. "That he will forgive you for the wrong you have done him, I am sure. But I cannot permit him to go back to your school, and he does not desire to do so. You were very wrong to accuse a boy of an infa- mous offence merely on suspicion, when you had always known him to be honorable and upright, and to inflict upon him a degrading punishment upon no stronger evidence. I cannot place my boy in such danger again. George sustains my decision, and it is final. This ought to teach you a lesson, and I hope you will profit by it."

The teacher departed in silence, a wiser and an humbler man. The next day he pro- claimed George's innocence, and expelled Jim Greenidge. He did profit by his lesson, and never again permitted himself to act in haste or upon mere suspicion in matters in which his pupils were concerned.

Improve the Evenings.

An exchange very aptly says that with the return of lengthened and pleasant cool evenings, comes the quary to all, how shall we best improve them? There are a thou- sand pleasant ways of spending a fall or winter evening within the reach of those who have command of their own time; and prominent among these is indulgence in lit- erary pursuits. How few, comparatively, of the young people of the present day ap- preciate as they should the inestimable priv- ileges they enjoy? Surrounded, as are the young, with all the opportunities necessary for the cultivation of a literary taste, not one in a thousand appears to improve these golden chances. Occasionally, it is true, we meet with a young man, or a young wo- man, who firmly grasps the idea that "knowl- edge is power," but these are the exceptions, not the rule Thousands of young men, who have comfortable homes—whose parents are willing to supply them with books and papers,—instead of availing themselves of these adveantages, spend their long fall and winter evenings in idle loungings around cor- ners, or in company with frivolous associ- ates, male or female. Thus, winter after winter passes away, each one bringing them nearer to the age of manhood, but not fitting them for the proper discharge of the duties that a full manhood requires. They enter upon the busy stage of life with none of those safeguards which a cultivated intellect throws around its possessor. They start life labor- ing under a thousand disadvantages, and con- fronted by innumerable obstacles which dis- appear like shadows before the well-inform- ed mind. The fact that they do not con- template adopting a professional career does not in any degree relieve them from the charge of being untrue to themselves, their friends, and their country, while thus fritter- ing away the most precious hours of their lives in idle indifference, and too frequently in the company of those association with whom is contamination. How many of them will resolve to turn over a new leaf, and im- prove the long evenings.

The Last of the Samaritans.

In that same valley of Palestine where Abraham and his grand-son, Jacob, built their altars to Jehovah, and where some sixteen centuries later the Saviour talked with the women of Samaria by Jacob's Well, the last remnant of the sect of the Samaritans, num- bering only about forty families, is now rap- idly dwindling away.

A traveler who has recently resided three months among these unmixed descendants of the best blood of ancient Israel, assures us, that as regards their dress, manners, social customs, religious rites and other tribal pecu- liarities, they are the *fac similies* of their an- cestors of a thousand years ago. They have never intermarried with any other race, and claim to be true "sons of Joseph," whose tomb is in their valley. To observe their domestic life is to live in Biblical atmosphere, and to return to the days of the patriarchs. The law is read to them from Gerizim. It was read to their forefathers from the same sacred mountain as early as the days of Joshua; and along the base of Mount Ebal camels wind their way, carrying on the traf- fic between Jerusalem and Galilee as it was carried on in the era of the Evangelists.

From 1806 to 1846 the Samaritans were prevented by the Mahometans from celebrat- ing the Passover on Mount Gerizim; but twenty years ago, by Christian intercession, the privilege was restored to them. Their days are numbered: but their history and traditions will cling to the "Valley of Shech- em" as long as time lasts. The Greek Church has purchased the Well of Jacob, and filled its tomb with stones, preparatory to erecting a temple over it. It would have been in bet- ter taste to leave it as it was when the pa- triarch watered his flocks there, and as it remained when the Holy Founder of the new dispensation drank of its pure, "sweet wa- ter."

The few surviving Samaritans are said to be worthy of their lineage and of the ancient fame of their sex—upright, benevolent and remarkable for their physical beauty and lofty bearing. Their surroundings are so grand and solemn that they could scarcely be otherwise than a poetic people. Taber- nacled under the shadow of Mount Moriah, on the site of the City of Refuge, and with the rock of the Holy Palace, the stones set up by Joshua, and the spot on which Abra- ham prepared his son Isaac for the sacrifice, close at hand, we may well suppose that these, the noblest specimens of the Hebrew race, pass their lives in a sort of religious ecstacy, in which the comparative degradation of their present condition is forgotten in the contemplation of a miraculous past.

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.—*My Deer Deer Henry*:—I embrace this present opparchoon- ity to let you know how I had a spell of the aigur, and I hope theas fu lines may find you enjoying the same Blessin! Why don't you rite 1 sweat line to tell your sufferin Kath- run all about her sweet Henry. Oh my sweet henry—my turkle dove—my pidging —my deer deer Henry, how my poor sole is longing for yore sweet voice—think i hear him singing yankey doodle as he kums from his plow now. Oh my deer henry, do kum and lets git marrid right off. So no more at present but remain your loving,

KATHURN ANN TILDEN.

To my sweet henry.

P. S. Part Sekkund. Jeems Baslet has rased a noo house, and Sally does live so snug; but she fits him sumtimes when he's a little Anthony over. My sweate henry lets us keep house, and if you luv me, I won't whip you indeed, nor I won't look at nobody else, so i won't. Daddy sais as how I must git marrid, because I've been a cortin too long already. So no mor at present.

P. S. Part Thurd.

my pen is bad, my ink is pail,
my luv to you shall never fale,
for henry is my own true luv,
my Larc, my Duc, my Turkle Duv.

P. S. Noty Beny. Mother's ded, and Robert has the fever. So no more at present from your luving KATHRUN ANN.

To ... Deer henry over the Nallyganics in Pennsilveeny State.

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