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Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.
jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.
JUMP & RIDGELY,
ATTORNIES AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

DR. P. STACK,
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dec19-y

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IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
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ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.
My12-y.

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Commission Merchants,
No 1[illegible] Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St. BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited.
Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

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Manufacturers' Agent for
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OF ALL KINDS,
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Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner
[illegible] Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate [illegible]

Select Poetry.

THE LAMP OF PEACE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The night was made for cooling shade,
For silence and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hand upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumber deep.
Childlike, as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my only cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels,
And o'er her deck the billows tramp
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels;
It starts and shudders while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level flies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go,
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O, hand of God; O, lamp of peace!
O, promise of my soul!
Though weak and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas—
The ship's convulsive roll—
I own with love and tender awe,
Yon perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms!
My soul is filled with light!
The ocean sings its solemn psalms;
The wild winds chant, I cross my palms;
Happy, as if to-night,
Under the cottage roof again,
I heard the soothing summer rain.

BREAD UPON THE WATER:
—OR,—
LITTLE LUCY DAY'S GOOD WORKS.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

Oh, you bad girls—oh, you cruel girls! you called the new girl a charity-scholar!" and Lucy Day stood in the midst of the group of schoolgirls, drawn up to her fullest height with her cheeks burning, and her glorious brown eyes flashing—looking a very little queen in her youthful, honest indignation.

"I'll take her for my desk-mate, and—and I'll never have another word to say to one of you, more than I can possibly help, if you—if you ever trouble her again." Lucy Day went on, stamping her tiny foot upon the platform, "you'll see if I will! It almost made me hate you, every one of you, when I found that dear little motherless thing hidden away behind the stairs in the lobby, with her black frock splashed all over with tears, and sobbing so dreadfully!"

"But we did not think she'd care so very much!" cried several voices.

"Didn't think she'd care! You ought to be ashamed of yourself to say it, to be sure you had, and you know you are fibbing. I wish I was brave, like this Susan Garnet, willing to come in among a lot proud, stuck-up girls, and sweep up their nut-shells and apple-cores, and date-stones, and waste-paper, and dust their desks, and wash off their ink-stands, and hang up their waterproofs and hats in the lobby—and all to get some learning! I tell you she's the first girl in school! I'd rather be Susan Garnet than the whole of us—in one way I had!"

"We never thought of it in that way, Lucy," now spoke up Minnie Spear; "and you've no right to be so hard upou us and call us names."

"Hard upon you? Well, I don't want to be that, Minnie, I'm sure," answered Lucy, with a gentle tone, "only I felt so sorry for the brave little dear!"

"But she's a tattler, or how did you know what she was crying about, Lucy Day,—just tell that?" Interposed Fanny Bradford, with a malicious sparkle in her black eyes.

"Because I came back last night after a book and heard a sobbing in the lobby, and so peeped through the key-hole and saw her, and she didn't tell me one single word!"

"Hush! here she comes," cried several voices under their breath.

Susan Garnet came slowly up the path in her rusty black ribbons. With an evident shrinking from the group of girls upon the steps, she was hurrying by them, when Lucy Day placed herself a little before her, and said:

"Susie—Susie Garnet, don't go in yet.—The teacher has not come, and it is so pleasant out here under the trees. Do you hear that dear little bird singing, Susie?"

Susan Garnet looked up with pleased surprise, it was so unexpected. And then she laid her hand in Lucy Day's with a faint color in her pale cheeks.

"Oh we are going to be such friends, you and I," Lucy went on to say, as she drew Susan upon the step by her side. "I [illegible] the first minute I saw you, and I [illegible] with me—"

"[illegible] you, Miss Day!"

"[illegible] not 'Miss Day' me! I'm Lu[illegible] to be anything else to you! [illegible] me—will you? [illegible]

[illegible] course I [illegible] here Susan Gar[illegible]

[illegible]

Then they all trooped into the schoolroom in a merry flutter, as happy schoolgirls will.

Susan Garnet had no more coldness to fear now that Lucy Day had taken her up. She felt it, sitting there by Lucy's side, and her poor little motherless heart sang for very joy that morning, nor did it ever forget the song it sang.

"Squire Raymond,"—cried Lucy Day, flitting across the street, on her way home from school, several weeks after the opening of our story.

"What is it, my little queen?" And then the squire, who had turned around, held out both of his hands towards Lucy, and Lucy laid her own in them, and looked up into his benevolent old face, with:

"Oh, it is something I've longed so to ask you. May I walk home with you, Squire Raymond?"

"May you? Of course you may. But how fine we are this morning, in such a pretty pink gown, and a brand new hat, or I I miss my guess, and a fresh shine on our golden curls! What is it all for? A trap to take the old man's heart by storm?"—And now the squire's mellow laugh floated out on the pleasant air.

"Perhaps. But, come, you must not talk any more such nonsense, for I must tell you all about it."

"Well, go on, little one. Of course I must mind the Queen of the Town!"

"Then I may say it? I was a little afraid. Squire Raymond, did you see that girl in a black dress, and with black ribbons upon her hat? Do you know Susan Garnet?"

"I can't say that I know her, though mother and I have seen her going by our door a deal lately, and wondered where she came from. She's got a good face, but mother says it's too much like a woman's to be natural. But what of her, child?"

"Well she's no father or mother, and she's just living up to Mr. Perry's, clear beyond the crossing, and she makes beds, and sweeps rooms, and washes dishes, beside running of errands, and waiting and tending upon Carrie and Sophy Perry—"

"And I don't doubt but *they* keep her in business. I don't care to be unkind, but they are hard people, and I'll warrant the child gets no rest. Mother said she looked all fagged out, the poor dear. I mind, now, they were the very words she said."

"And so she is all fagged out all the time—just as tired as death. And then she walks a mile and more to school, and she has to sweep the schoolroom and take care of the halls and the lobbys, for they do not so much as pay her schooling, and she has such a dreadful sideache; but she never complains. Oh, she is so brave—such a dear, brave girl, Squire Raymond!"

"So she is—so she is, one of a thousand" and now Squire Raymond turned his head a little from Lucy Day, that she might not see the suspicious moisture in his eyes, adding—"But go on, little one."

"And—and—oh, will you not take her? You have no girl of your own, and it would be so—so nice if you only would!" And now Lucy Day lifted her eyes pleadingly to Squire Raymond's face, and the bright color came and went in her cheeks.

"That's it. Lucy Day, you've hit the nail right on the head! We'll take her, and no mistake! She's too good to wait on those lazy Perry girls. I'll go right home and talk it over with mother, and we'll have her settled in her home before the week's out—you may rest your little heart on that, little one!"

"Oh, I can't hear any more, I'm so glad—so happy; eveyrything is so—eo jolly, and you are the best old darling in the world, you and Mother Raymond. But may she call you and Mrs. Raymond 'father and 'mother?"

"Bless your dear little heart, of course she may!" and here the squire fairly broke down and went off on a tangent towards his home leaving Lucy Day standing in pleasant bewilderment upon the sidewalk, half sobbing as he went. "If the world was made up of such stuff as this Lucy, 'twould be a rare, fine world to live in—God bless her kind little soul!"

And so [illegible] that Susan Garnet was taken [illegible] Raymond's beautiful home, and [illegible] the loving hearts of the Squire [illegible] with all the honors and [illegible] daughter! This was one [illegible] works, with which her [illegible] constantly filled, and running over.

CHAPTER II.

Two years had gone by since the adoption of Susan Garnet into Squire Raymond's household, and now a sad change had come over little Lucy Day's life.

In the churchyard of her own pretty town, Lucy was sitting bending her sweet, but sad face over two newly-made graves—the graves of her father and mother, who, after a short attack of typhoid fever, had gone from her forever; and Lucy was not only left an orphan, but was without provision for her future, for her father had been tempted into the wildest of speculations, and in one short year, from being reputed the wealthiest man in the town, was reduced to absolute penury. This sudden shock, it was thought, had helped to hurry both the father and mother out of life, while, as yet, no plan for Lucy's future had been made.

"It will not do," said Lucy Day to herself, "for me to sit here crying over dear papa and mamma, for I must not make myself sick. I've nobody to take care of me now, and to-morrow the things are to be sold, and then I've nowhere to go but to Mrs. Perry's to wait on Carrie and Sophy. I wish, oh! I wish Squire Raymond was at home. Of course I don't think he'd care to have me; [illegible] want two girls, for he's not rich [illegible] since the dreadful [illegible] mine and [illegible] coal mine failed."

[illegible]

So, with her pretty, pale face, she went along, bending forward, now and then, to pluck the pink and white blossoms, and next she would stoop close to the ground in search of the aromatic young winter-green leaves. So busy was she with her labor of love and her sad thoughts that she did not notice a young man approaching her—did not look up though he now stood just at her side, with his arm resting upon a pile of stones, looking tenderly upon Lucy Day in her black dress, and with her wide-brimmed hat with its black ribbons. She was all unconscious of this, until a bough broke under his feet.—Then, lifting her sad eyes with a startled look that suddenly changed into one of pleased surprise, she cried:

"Oh! Paul Raymond, how glad I am to see you! Have your fathor, and mother and Susan come too? I've needed them so dreadfully!"

"Yes, we all come home—come as soon as we could after hearing of your dear father's and mother's—"

"Then you know it—know all about it, and you are so very good to think of me!—I've longed so for your father, and mother, and Susan, and you, Paul, since you went away."

"We thought you would; and dear old father, I never saw him so shaken before by anything as he is now. He says over and over—'Poor little Lucy—poor little dear! we must comfort her!'"

"Oh! it is just like him—he is so kind—such a dear, good old man!" and then Lucy Day bent down, with tears dropping upon her black dress, and began breaking off some sprays of fine white flowers to add to her boquet

"What are you going to do with those?" said Paul. "I should not think you had better tire yourself by running about after flowers, for you look quite pale, and your little hands are trembling like a leaf."

"But I must. I'm not getting them for myself," answered Lucy, with the tears still dropping quietly, adding: "And the young boxberry leaves are to make some cordial for poor old Mrs. Springer, Paul, and the flowers, too, are for her."

"Oh! I thought it was something of this kind. It's like you; you think of everybody before yourself. I never saw a young girl so full of good works as you, Lucy Day!"

"Then I think you've never seen very many girls, Paul;" and now a pathetic little smile shone out through Lucy's tears.

"But you musn't go down there now to carry them. Father sent me to bring you up to the house. He'd come for you himself, but he's so taken down. After tea, Susan, and you and I will go over the brook by the bridge—that's a pleasant way—and carry the flowers and boxberry leaves to Mrs. Springer."

"Well, Paul." And then Lucy laid her hand in Paul's with a little restful sigh, and let him lead her along the cross-path to his father's house, and into the prety, homelike, south parlor, where the squire and his motherly wife, and Susan Garnet were sitting.

"Bless your dear little heart!" cried the squire, opening his arms to the motherless girl, and the next moment she was sobbing out her sorrow on his bosom, while Mother Raymond and Susan were bending over her with their eyes running over with tears, and Paul was looking from the window with a dimness over his sight.

"Now take off her things, mother," said the squire, when he had found his voice; "It's so nice to have our little girl home!—And, Susan, you carry them up to your room. Remember, she's your little sister now, and always, after this! Lucy, haven't you a word to say to yonr new mother, and your brother Paul, and—"

"Oh! but it must not be, Squire Raymond it must not be. It would be wrong in me to—"

"Then you'll not call me 'father,' and you don't want mother here for your mother, and Susan and Paul for your sister and brother—poor little darling!"

"Oh, indeed, I would like it better than everything in all the world, but you are not rich now, and I must not be selfish! I must go to Mrs. Green's; I promised to. I'm going to be Carrie and Sophy Green's little waitingmaid, Squire Raymond."

"Heaven forbid; child, never—never!—Don't you say so, mother?"

"Yes, father, I'll work my fingers off before she shall go from our door! You will stay and be our little girl?" and now motherly Mrs. Raymond smoothed Lucy's shining curls lovingly. "We have often talked it over since Susan came, how pleasant it would be to have two girls; haven't we father?—And now our other little girl has come!"

"Indeed we have, child, and we're not so poor as we thought. The gold mine isn't a failure, and—and—it's no use talking, it's a settled thing; this is your home! Susan, Paul, come shake hands with your new sister!"

And Lucy laid her hand with a smiling face into Paul's and Susan's, and then going to Mrs. Raymond, she knelt down upon the cr[illegible] at her feet, and laying her motherless he[ad] on Mrs. Raymond's lap, a restless look came into her brown eyes, and she whispered:

"I did not think that so soon after papa and mamma had gone, I should have the very home I've thought, ever since I was a little imp of a girl, I should ask Him to give me if I was ever [illegible]"

"Dear child," [illegible] Raymond, "He has been very good [illegible]"

"Yes, Mother Raymond and Father Raymond. I shall call you that always, if you will like me to. I can't say 'mamma' and 'pappa'—that belonged to them, you know. I couldn't say that to any others in the world!"

"We understand all about that, don't we, father?" answered Mrs. Raymond, with a loving, sympathetic smile.

"And do you know, it was [illegible] thought that I should like this [illegible] that made me think of it [illegible] now, [illegible] together. [illegible] think, [illegible]"

[illegible]

INFINITUDE OF MERCY.

Say not that any crime of man
Was e'er too great to be forgiven;
Can we within our little span
Engrasp the viewless mind of heaven?

Shall we attempt with puny force,
To lash back ocean with a rod,
Arrest the planets in their course,
Or weigh the mercies of a God?

Our mercies, like ourselves, may be
Small, finite, and ungracious ever;
May spurn a brother's bended knee;
But God forsakes the contrite never.

Vast as himself they shine above,
To eyes that look through sorrow's tear:
Great though the crime, great is the love,
If those who seek it are sincere.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM "JIMMIE."

ST. MICHAELS, Dec. 7, 1869.

Dear Union:—

It has been sometime since we wielded that all-powerful weapon, mighty in every cause—the pen—and we now resume it with feelings not unmixed with a sense of inability to the task we have undertaken. Old emotions are aroused within us; that which has lain dormant for a season expands into new life, and we realize, springing up in our mind, memories that we had thought buried forever. When we threw aside the symbol of literature—the cloak of a correspondent—and, assuming a new costume, entered upon mercantile pursuits, little did we imagine we should ever resume the old position. But, notwithstanding during the day we are busy behind the counter, and our mind kept constantly riveted upon the one object of a merchant's life—to sell goods—when daylight disappears and the "golden orb of day" hides himself in the far-distant west; "when night has thrown her sable mantle o'er the earth and pinned it with a star;" when all things are hushed to stillness and the laborer has sought an early couch, then memory comes to our aid and gently whispers in our ear of the time that has passed. And, listening to such whisperings, a desire which we have tried to eradicate springs anew within us, and a longing to again take the pen in hand possesses us, and we have to yield to it. Confident that our remarks will not be as good as we could wish, we ask you to excuse all blunders and bear patiently with us.

We intend to say a few words in behalf of temperance. It is an old theme, we know, but yet one upon which much has been left unspoken. It has occupied the attention of wise and able men; has enlisted in its cause the fairer sex; has for its supporters ministers of the Gospel; yet it has not enlisted in its cause the power, the might which it ought. The baneful effects of intemperance should be proclaimed from the sacred desk throughout the land. The benignant influence of temperance should be cherished in every heart, and more means brought to bear in its behalf. There is scarcely a home that has not been entered by ruthless King Alcohol, and the circle deprived of some loved member who has trod the downward path of iniquity. Alcohol is sweeping the length and breadth of one of the fairest lands under the sun, and laying bare the plenteous fields of peace and prosperity. It can be seen in our streets, in our Legislatures, in our Congresses, and, it pains us to say, in the pulpit. Even that sacred place has not escaped the poisonous, the damning influence and persecution of this demon-begotten appetite—an appetite which is insatiable. Give one who loves the taste of liquor but a drop, and he will crave more. A man, for liquor, will deceive, cheat, lie, and even steal to satisfy the craving which he has for the detestible, the odious *thing*.

But we are glad to see such a general interest manifested as there is now being. The ladies have taken hold of the matter, and when *they* try, what obstacles can they not overcome? what undertakings can they not accomplish? Measures have been taken for the erection of an Inebriate Asylum. Oh! may the good work be a success, and we are sure that it will. It is a work that should engage the attention of all, both great and small, "little" and "big."

By temperance organizations can this great reformation also be accomplished. Every village should have its society, and every society should have its host of members, and by an invincible army frighten alcohol to relinquish the field and succumb to the force of truth and temperance. Good Templars! go to work in earnest, and establish yourselves upon a rock. Suffer yourselves not to be frowned down by the jeers, the taunts, or the scoffs of any. He who does not aid you is but aiding intemperance, and the time will come when he will be forced to acknowledge his error—when those same taunts and jeers will be brought home to him in awful force—when his refusal to aid you will be changed to a wail over some friend, a brother, or, perhaps, a son. Then shall he "put on sackcloth," and weep over his own misguided notions. Then will remorse sink deep into his heart, and he regret he ever refused to become a Good Templar. Retribution will come in all its might; a too-late repentance will "gnaw at his vitals" and render him perpetually miserable.

Oh! then, father! son! brother! before it is too late, join in our ranks and help us "fight the good fight." Put on the armor of a templar, and go forth to conquer or to die. Let your last moments, if necessary, be occupied in an "unceasing warfare against this giant evil."

Temperance is a theme upon which we love to dwell. We love to talk about it, and think about it, and write about it. We have a lodge of Good Templars here, with about one hundred and thirty members, all of whom attend, and it is doing much good. Its influence is being "shed abroad," and we hope soon to see numbers more flocking to the standard, and seeking shelter under its protecting [illegible]. It is like a home, where all our brothers and sisters, and where all meet together fraternally, and harmoniously discuss the welfare of man.

If we have [illegible] we ask your pardon. We hope [illegible] to write to you and tell you good news—how others have [illegible] and swelled it to [illegible] hundred.

JIMMIE.

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

It is one very essential point to have a place for everything. The next point is to keep everything in place. How shall we do it? We have hired men and boys; but they all leave things where they use them. We tell them to put things in place, but they won't do it. Suppose you are a carpenter by trade; you go to your shop to work; the first thing you want is the handsaw; it can't be found; you go to the house and at last you find it on an apple-tree, where you had it to saw off a limb, when you were plowing corn.

The next thing looked for is an augur.—That is gone. The hammer is gone; at last you find it on the fence-post and say,—

"I left it there when I nailed on that board. I went to put up the bars, and came back, and forgot it."

If we follow the example of a gentleman whom I worked for in New Hampshire, when I was quite young, we will have no trouble in finding whatever tool we want. I went there on Monday to commence work. He said,—

"You may go with me and look around a little, whilst breakfast is being prepared."

We went to an out-house, and there were his farm tools all in place. We went to the wagon-house. Everything was there pertaining to or used about wagons or carriages. We found a place for everything, and everything in place. He told me,—

"When you have done using any tool, put it in place before you do anything more."

Whilst working for him he told me to go and cut a tree out of the road some eighty rods distant, and then go and get his chain at the blacksmith shop. I said to him,—

"Shall I leave the axe there until I come back with the chain?"

"No," said he, "first put the axe in place, and then go and get the chain."

If everybody would adopt the same principle, it would save a great deal of fretting and loss of time.

DEXTERITY OF EAST INDIA THIEVES.

The report of the Inspector of Indian Prisons contains the following remarks on the dexterity of thieves in India. He says:

"Cheynes, or cut purses, are men who carry small knives as sharp as razors, in their mouths. They frequent bazaars, and with wonderful instinct feel out the nooks on a ryot's person, where he has tucked the corner of his cumberbund in which his money is tied up, and then, with a neatness still more wonderful, the Cheyne snicks off the bit of cloth with his knife, and disappears with the rupees.

"Then there are the Syndbyas and Burryars, professional burglars, who mine into a zenana, coming up through the floor like a ghost, and with less noise. They will file off and open the bangles and nose rings of the sleeping women without awakening them, and then disappear as they came.—The ordinary burglar posts his confederate sentinel, and then pick's a hole in the mud wall of a house with his sindmurry. When the hole is sufficiently large to push a boy through, or to get through himself, he carefully inserts a ghurra or stick through the hole. If the ghurra is not immediately smashed by a blow from the inside—for it sometimes happens that the inmate is alarmed and stands on his guard near the hole inside, with a stick or sword, waiting for the burglar's head to appear—he sees that the coast is clear, and proceeds to effect an entrance. But this is clumsy work compared to the professional thief, who will cut a hole in the tent, and step over a sleeping watch-dog without alarming the animal. He carries a sharp knife, works naked, and oils his body so that he is hardly ever taken."

NEWSPAPERS.—The following we extract from a long article on newspapers:

"They credit wider and longer, get oftener cheated, suffer more pecuniary loss, are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence than any other calling in the community.—People pay a printer's bill with more reluctance than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper than ten on a gew-gaw; yet everybody avails himself of the editor's pen and the printer's ink.

How many professions and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly, though unrequited pen of the editor?

How many embroyo towns and cities have been brought into notice and puffed into prosperity by the press?

How many railroads now in successful operation, would have foundered but for the lever that moves the world?

In short, what branch of industry and activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press?"

A DETROIT paper relates the very pleasant incident of how a young party went over the ferry in that city. The water was a little rough, and the lovely and estimable young lady, as the boat gave a sudden lurch, clung affrightedly to the extended elbow of her male companion. Looking up into his fond orbs, she murmured:

"Oh, Henry, this is terrible!"

"Yes it is," he responded, "but lean on me and I will protect you."

"Do you think it will be as rough as this all the way across?" anxiously inquired the female.

"I do," responded Henry.

"Then I guess I'll have to lean on you," returned the lady.

"For life?" whispered Henry, turning pale at the thought of refusal.

"I—[illegible] rough—I [illegible] papa."

Do not [illegible] great virtue[illegible] grass where [illegible] fringed [illegible]

[illegible]

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