Denton Journal.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

DENTON, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1878. NO. 28.

CENTREVILLE, MD.

B. H. HERRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.

T. J. & P. P. KEATING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CENTREVILLE, MD.
june16-y.

JAS. P. DAWSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
June30-y.

OSWALD TILGHMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office nearly opposite the M. P. Church.
july7-y

WM. R. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne Counties. [nov3-y.

JAMES E. HIGNUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
july12-y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather opposite the Court House.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar19-1y.

DR. WM. F. G. YOUNG,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HILLSBORO', MD.
Respectfully offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country.
apr21-tf

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

CHAS. E. SHANNAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c.
nov9-1y.

GEO. T. MELVIN M. S. MUTCHLER.

MELVIN & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
OFFICES: { Denton, Md. / Greensboro', Md.
Special attention paid to the collection of claims. [july7-y.

P. F. THOMAS. J. F. BATEMAN.

Thomas & Bateman,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET. [dec7-y

KELLER'S
ROMAN

LINIMENT.

Rheumatism.

Time and money have been wasted in futile endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it has been employed, whether such has been of the inflammatory or chronic type. In Lumbago and Sciatica it affords instant relief.

Neuralgia.

This excruciatingly painful disease is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by the continued application of this Liniment.

Toothache.

This painful and annoying complaint is instantaneously cured by the application of the Liniment.

Frosted Feet.

The Roman Liniment has proved effectual in all cases where it has been properly used. No instance is known where it has failed in giving immediate relief.

Burns and Scalds.

This Liniment has proved itself to be one of the best remedies ever used for Burns and Scalds. Its quickness in alleviating pain when applied, gives it great superiority over all other preparations.

Ulcerated Sores.

The healing and purifying qualities of KELLER'S LINIMENT render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores.

A Stitch in the Back

Is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

Sore Throat and Quinsy.

The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

Inflammation of the Breast.

This distressing complaint may be cured, or entirely prevented by the timely use of this remedy. It has never failed, when applied at the commencement, or before the gathering takes place.

Weakness of the Ankles and Joints.

Strains and chronic pains, cold and external injuries, are the chief causes of this complaint. The muscles are relaxed, in many cases making it difficult to move. By a free use of this Liniment a certain cure will be effected. As a

Horse and Cattle Lotion

it is invaluable to Farmers, Express Companies, Stage Proprietors, well appointed Livery Establishments, and all who own or use Horses and other Stock, immediately relieving and curing

Spavins,	Foot Rot in Sheep,
Ring Bone,	Foundered Feet,
Bruises,	Corns,
Cracked Heels,	Flesh Wounds,
Sprains,	Galls of all Kinds,
Scratches or Grease	Poll Evil,
Sores,	Splint,
Colic,	Fistula,
Lameness,	Sitfast,

And many other Diseases.

KELLER'S
Roman Liniment

Never fails to give satisfaction, and, as a domestic remedy for man and beast, it is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family liniments, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine

THE OLD SONG.

BY MARY IRVING.

A simple song, a nameless song,
Sweet, tremulous and slow!
It blossomed on a human lip
Two hundred years ago!

That lip has crumbled back to dust,
And centuries worn asunder!
With stony clasp the chords that woke
Æolian breathings under.

Yet tell me not that long ago
The nameless ceased to be!
Death never won a human heart
Embalmed in melody.

This soul embodied in the thrill
Of one heart-touching tone,
Goes waking on a thousand lips
The echo of his own.

It tells its own sad story in
That sweet and broken lay;
A soul that in life's labyrinth
Went wondering astray.

A soul that lived, a soul that loved,
A soul that watched and wept,
Then folded up its weary wings,
Lay down in peace, and slept.

Far better thus a nameless throb
Cast on the scaless shore
Of human hearts, to circle on
In ceaseless sympathy.

Then heartless trump hung idly on
The brazen tower of Fame,
Sending down deafening centuries
The clamor of *a name*!

Better to sing a cradle hymn
Than babble mystery;
Better to live in human love
Than human memory.

Oh, sing that tuneful song again,
But soft, and sad, and slow;
Sweet as the spirit sighed it forth
Two hundred years ago.

WELL MATCHED.

Every respectable family should have a Cousin John. I will proceed to say I have a Cousin John. I wish I might add that he has always been an ornament to society and an honor to himself, and the "flower of the family." A strict regard for veracity--it answers my purpose upon the occasion—forbids any such observation on my part. I am obliged to say this masculine specimen of our ancient race was absolutely the tag end of our characters. Seemingly, he was the recipient of what was left after furnishing the heads and hearts of all the others. When the grand-dames, aunts or uncles desired to illustrate any particular vice, John was held up as the frightful example. Not that he was an assassin, a highwayman or a politician. He was simply a maelstrom of carelessness and generosity. If it had not been for the good luck which always followed him, he would have made a first-class vagabond. As it was, he made out to be a well-dressed, handsome, "good fellow." Beyond that he could not be trusted, and then only when one's eyes were on him.

I was sitting in my solitary parlor one morning, in momentary expectation of receiving an appeal from sister Jane to hasten to "The Maples," as the twins were down with the measles; a summons from Aunt Hannah to bid her a last lingering farewell—lingering is the proper word, as I had been through the ceremony seven times—and an invitation from Cousin Susan to run over and turn her black silk. Besides that, I had my own sorrow. My Tabby had been invisible for two days. The evening before she disappeared she had refused the fifth saucer of milk for her supper, and appeared pensive. I feared she had committed suicide or wandered out into this unfeeling world because neighbor Brown's Tab had jilted her for Mrs. Rey's green-eyed, black, ugly feline she had the audacity to call "Beauty."

Just then, as I was bitterly regretting that I had not taught Tabby, from my own experience, something of the fickleness of the world, and mankind in particular, who should come blundering in but John. Of course he upset a chair, overturned my work-basket, knocked a book off the table, stepped on my weather-oracle toe and tumbled into my best chair with a crash. Then he reached over to the stand beside me, and, taking a pin, began to draw figures upon my rose-wood writing-desk.

"Good morning, John," I remarked.

"Say, Sebrina," he replied, jabbing at his forehead with a pin, "I am to be married next week."

"You surprise me, John."

"Doubtless, but it's a settled fact. I have purchased that little cottage on the hill yonder; it is prepared for the bride. Now you want to go over and make the place homelike. Have a jolly supper ready next Thursday night when we come. You can, Sebrina, you have no husband."

"John," I cried, "it isn't for me to say. I might have had a dozen husbands," with a touch of pride.

"And all died of a broken heart!" he laughed. "But will you go?"

Having survived in the championship of my own cognomen until I had arrived at a respectable age, I was accustomed to being a convenience. I think our family had a habit of considering it a charity to make me useful. Therefore I didn't say "nay" to John

In due time I went over to the cottage. It was cosy and pleasant, save that varnishy odor which always clings to new furniture. How the relatives did run over that place! What comments were made! They ended the seige at last by declaring, now that John was to be married, he would be entirely lost unless his wife had sufficient decision to insist upon the turning of a new leaf in his conduct. And as he had been so neglectful as to consult none of them, probably she was an unsuitable person.

They came. John introduced me to "My wife, Mattie," with a great flourish. My heart misgave me. "My wife, Mattie," was a tiny pink-and-white doll, topped with a profusion of light curls and frizzes. When I looked into her large, laughing blue eyes I almost cried as I thought how sad they would grow under John's treatment. I promised to remain with them until Mattie should become acquainted with the place. She had left an immense number of sisters and brothers—John was sure to marry into a large family—and would be lonely.

For a whole fortnight everything was lovely: John was devoted, punctual and altogether a model husband; Mattie was a perfect pattern of a house-wife, loving and happy. It was "John, dear," and "Mattie, darling," until I was fairly wild for a good, healthful snarl from my Tabby, who had returned to her home.

But when John was a month married he was more lawless than ever. He forgot to order the repast for dinner until he came—but four days out of five he forgot to come to dinner. He threw off all household cares. He was even growing careless in his dress, and threw everything into confusion whenever he entered the cottage. The pink in Mattie's cheeks began to change to white, and the laugh in her eye to a sob. Evidently she had been a favorite at home, and was sorely grieved. I longed to comfort her, but I did not know what to say.

She was sitting before the grate one evening, waiting tea, as usual. "I presume he will not come," she said with a sigh; "I do wish John wouldn't do so!"

"But he will," I replied; "it's his way."

"It is?" with a little start.

"Yes, indeed. He was very foolish to marry, considering his negligence. All the relatives pity you," I went on in an effort to condole her, "And if it grows unbearable, as they predict it will, some of them will blame you."

Perhaps the fire in the grate flamed up her cheeks. At all events they were crimson. She thrust both hands into her curls and then said sweetly: "We may as well have tea, Cousin Sebrina."

John came in at half-past eleven, overflowing with glib excuses. Mattie stood on tip-toes and kissed him with more of the old look in her face than I had seen for days. After my hint she might have taken a decided stand in the camp.

I was awakened next morning by Mattie's clear voice twitting a ballad. At breakfast she informed me that I must not go home as I intended, but was to remain another month. In pity I did. But I regretted it. It isn't necessary to put in all the agony of those days. Suffice to say that in less than a week that house was the heaven of confusion. Mattie trotted around under an arch little hat, finding congenial spirits. She forgot all her household ways; we had "pieces in our hands." For a time I never saw two persons so utterly delighted with each other's shiftlessness. Blacking and powder, boots and bonnets, found a place in the sitting-room. The parlor boasted of more refined articles, such as collars, cuffs, slippers and laces.

John began to be rather illy supplied in the way of shirts. Calling for one of those clean articles as a necessary part of a reception toilet, Mattie laughingly said:

"Now isn't it too funny! I really forgot you needed a clean shirt. Six are rough dry in the closet, three I forgot to put in the wash, and the others haven't a button on. But you will not mind waiting, darling, and Cousin Sebrina will sew them on."

"We are late already," replied John savagely.

As might be expected, we had a late breakfast that morning. Mattie presided at the table, collarless, hair in disorder, and slippers down at the heel. John's disposition being slightly ruffled, he was inclined to carry it further, and be displeased. He blundered over his coffee and bade us good morning.

We were to lunch for dinner. By some oversight, John came home. He was evidently hungry, and everybody knows what an abominable creature a hungry man is. I have long looked for popular indignation to do away with "emotional insanity" in case of murder, and I am satisfied "influenced by hunger" will be the next plea.

"Mattie," said he, in a towering rage, "when I married you, you were neat, orderly, and endeavored to please me. Should a husband come to such a dinner as this? Really, madam, if I had need of the gridiron I should as soon look in your dressing room as in the kitchen for it."

And so he went on a full quarter of an hour, bubbling over, and fairly livid with rage. I expected a great scene. But Mattie sat very still and placid until he paused because he was too angry to go on. Then she rose, and going over to him, said:

"My dear John, you astonish me! I most earnestly desire to please you. I am merely following your example. When I married you, you regarded my slightest wish. Now you forget to provide for me or give me money to keep myself from starving. If I desired your boots, I should find one pair under the kitchen table. It follows that my tea-kettle might with propriety be found on the best bed. When I was married, my father said I must pull the same way my husband—in a well-matched team one impulse controlled both. I tried to be a dutiful daughter; I shall be a dutiful wife. I shall take the path you mark out for me."

She smiled as she ceased, but John saw how firm she was in the set, red lips. He looked over to me just as I noded approvingly.

"She's right," he gasped; "I'll run to the market for a mutton-chop."

We had a jolly little dinner after all; John was a reformed man.

The relatives all wonder what course John's wife took with him. Far be it from me to lisp what I know. Of all abominable things the most abominable is to take advantage of being an inmate of one's family to brazen about its secret ways. But I never see a patient wife enduring a husband's neglect and forever righting what is wronged but I feel like sitting down and telling her about John's wife.

SO HE THOUGHT.—Recently a sedate-looking young man of five and twenty walked into the Central Station and said:

"I was sitting in a saloon down here apiece, minding my own business and saying nothing to nobody, when a big fellow with a double chin walked up and spit on my head."

"Did, eh?" queried the captain.

"Yes; and then he begged my pardon—thought my head was a wood-box"

"And what did you say?"

"Why, I didn't say nothing, but I've been thinking it over, and there's a deep mystery about the transaction."

"He didn't think your head was a wood-box—he meant to insult you," replied the captain.

"That's just what I think!" said the young man. "Wood-boxes are always square, while my head is round, and I don't believe he could have made such a mistake," and the young man went out musingly.

TACITURNITY.—Taciturnity arises from different causes and frequently ought to be regarded as a symptom of mental infirmity rather than of strength. Natural diffidence, excessive self-consciousness, a want of ability readily to express an idea, combined with a painful sense of the deficiency, a morose and gloomy disposition, incipient mental disease, and probably many other things, will induce a habit of taciturnity. It is not, however, such silence that has been so belauded of the philosophers, but rather that of the man who dislikes mere brainless babble, and prefers to hold his tongue when he has nothing worth saying.

THE Norman's prayer: "Kind Heaven, I do not ask for wealth; only to be placed within arm's length of the man who has it."

WHEN a girl gets mad and rises from a fellow's knee, but thinks better of it and goes back again, is it what they call a relapse?

TWICE is he armed who hath his quarrel just.—Shakespeare. And four times he who gets his blows in fust.

WHEN a faithful mother goes on a whaling expedition, she never fails to get all the blubber she wants.

Beecherism.

There is reason to believe that the variety of sensational pulpit teaching, that for lack of a better name and in honor of its great apostle has come to be known as Beecherism, has seen its best days. Henry Ward Beecher is a man of rare talents and ripe experience, and he has enjoyed magnificent opportunities, but the most indulgent critic can hardly claim that he has turned them to the best account for himself or his fellow-men. It seems but yesterday since he arose above the horizon, an orb that promised to shed light and gladness upon mankind. He came preaching the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, expounding the gospel of Christianity as allied with humanity. He plead for nobler conceptions of duty than those that seemed embodied in the letter of the creeds, and clothed the golden rule in still brighther garments. His eloquent voice was raised in behalf of the weak and defenceless, the poor and the stranger, and the movement in behalf of free manhood, then struggling into life, found in him its boldest evangelist.

The services that he rendered the negro and the Cause of the Union will ever be remembered to his credit. It was in those days that many came to pin their faith to his thoughts, looking to him as a guide God-given. But success brought the eloquent preacher temptations that he could not resist. Association with the powerful and wealthy stimulated his ambition to an inordinate degree and led him to condone the sins with which he became familiar. The poor man's advocat became the rich man's apologist. The praise of fair women lured his thoughts into forbidden channels. The acquisition of wealth made him long to become wealthy. His salary was increased from year to year to gratify his luxurious tastes; he became lecturer, editor, stump speaker—anything to make money. Meanwhile the gospel of works, magnified at the expense of the gospel of faith, came to be the only gospel that he preached. New ideas were coined to soothe the consciences and gratify the taste of his admirers, whose appetite palatable novelty had grown to be unappeasable. One by one he lost sight of the old landmarks of Christianity and substituted designs of his own creation more pleasing to the carnal eye. The pulpit was demoralized by his example; the people, seeing that he had removed the hedges of the narrow path, wandered into the green fields of unholy pleasures beyond, and thence, perhaps, into the broad road that leads to no inviting place. Beecherism was the religion of the day, and no one dare say how far the folly might have gone had not its great apostle fallen into open sin and revealed himself as he was to the people that had well nigh worshiped him. From that day Beecherism was doomed.

The fall was deplorable, in so far as he was concerned, but it came none too soon for those that, in looking on Beecher, had turned their back on the old-fashioned religion and its great exemplar whose name it bears. Some shortsighted people fancied that it involved the total eclipse of Christianity but it did nothing of the kind. It was the mock sun that went down, and the eternal ord shone forth in new and bolder relief. But his fall from grace did not have an effect upon Mr. Beecher that was chastening in proportion to the enlightenment of the people as to his true character and tendencies. Those who were not prepared to believe him guilty were amazed at his weakness and duplicity and came to look more critically at his teachings. His newspaper fell from the giddy height of prosperity. His Life of Christ fulfilled the prophecy that would be knocked higher than a kite. Evangelical ministers withheld the hand of fellowship from the Plymouth pastor. His lectures, once so coveted by lyceums and so remunerative the lecturer, became a drug in the market. When once the idol was dethroned his gospel followed suit. People condemned not Beecher alone, but Beecherism, because, judged by its fruits, it proved a hollow mockery of religion, pleasing, indeed, to the eye at first blush, but turning to ashes on the lips. Plymouth Church, the nursery of the new evangel of so-called liberal ideas, was revealed to the world as a sepulcher, whited without, but within full of rottenness and dead men's bones. Mr. Beecher endeavored to counteract the effect of Beecherism by increasing the dose. Instead of pointing the people to the old standards, he led them still farther away, until his profane renunciation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, objectionable, on account of its manner, even to those who did not object to its matter, shattered the remnant of his reputation.

Such eccentricities, to use the mildest word that is applicable, have told at last upon his own parish. The sale of seats in the tabernacle a few days ago told how disaffection and disgust had finally struck into the vital parts, and sorry as we may be for the man, the result, as it affects the of morality, can not be considered otherwise than gratifying. Mr. Beecher himself seems to have taken this last lesson to heart. His characteristic recantation, which is after all mere equivocation, of the view on hell published only a few weeks ago, and his waiver of $5.000 of his extravagant salary follow too swiftly upon the heels of the renting of pews to escape the suspicion that they bear the relation of cause and effect. Mr. Beecher, with all his vagaries, has ever shown a sensitiveness in his pocket nerve, and can not complain if he is not credited with pure motives. In any case it is to be hoped that the reformation is permanent and that Mr. Beecher will find it expedient, if he continues in the pulpit, to life a better life and preach a purer gospel. He may not regain his former usefulness, but he may conciliate the judgment of his contemporaries by consecrating age to a correction of the errors of middle life; and by acknowledging his own pitiable failure in imposing a spurious religion upon the world he may cause his imitators to pause and do something more towards the restoration of a healthier tone to public morals. Let us have a revival of old-fashioned religion, unadulatrated by politics, business or sentimentality. It may have its hardships, but there are no signs of the invention of a better system. Every species of quack Christianity that has been forced upon the public has proved a failure, and Beecherism is the most conspicuous of all.

The Best Wealth.

The great struggle with civilized men in this world is for wealth. This is called the prime good, the one thing needful, the great desideratum of life. So men toil for it—deserve, cheat, defraud for it. Give time, strength, and too often good health for it. The truth is, the estimate put upon wealth is too high. Its value, its good, is overated. It is not the great good, not the pearl of great price. It is not the best thing man can have. It does not confer peace of mind, nor purity of heart, heart-felt happiness nor contentment, nor home joy, nor social blessedness, nor any of the solid and enduring enjoyments. Wealthy homes are often no happier than those of the poor and comfortable livers. Poverty is always an evil; but fair supply of the necessaries and comforts of life is quite as apt to confer real peace as great wealth.

It is not gold nor goods, therefore, that makes men really wealthy. The best wealth is of the heart, an enlightened mind, a loyal conscience, pure affections. He is wealteiest who has the largest stock of wisdom, virtue and love, whose heart beats with warm sympathies for his fellow-men—who finds good in all seasons, all providences and all men. The generous man who pities the unfortunate; the poor man who orders well his life; the loving man who clings closely to his family and friends; the studious man who seeks instruction in all things, are the truly wealthy men.

LOVING FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends, if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you! One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold. Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling nor make up for the old one.

A GERMAN was about to make a journey to fatherland, and wishing to say "good by" to a friend, extended his hand and said: "Vell, off I don'd come back, hullo."

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.

POETRY is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.—*Shelley.*

"What are you giving us?" is the appropriate slang term just now.

The best society is made up of culled persons.

A key hard to turn—A donkey.

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