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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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JOB PRINTING.

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

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,
near Denton.
mr7-tf

AUCTIONEERING.

THE undersigned, having taken out license as an AUCTIONEER, is now ready to cry sales at action. Terms moderate.

JAS. HIGNUTT.
dec13-3m

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 & SON'S.

Poetry.

SOONER OR LATER.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
Over my slumber, from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret or rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
With tender warmth on that mound of mine;
Sooner or later, in summer air,
Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel in that deep-laid rest,
The sheeted light fall over my breast,
Nor ever note in those hidden hours
The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
Sooner or later shall slant and shift,
And heap my bed with their dazzling drift.

Chill though that frozen pall shall seem,
Its touch no colder can make the dream
That reeks not the sweet and sacred dread
Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
And fill the noon with his golden hum;
Sooner or later on half-paused wing
The blue-birds warble about me ring,—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
Nothing his music means to me,
None of those beautiful things shall know
How soundly their lover sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
The stars shall over me wing their flight:
Sooner or later my darkling dews
Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow
Sooner or later,—Oh, why not now!

No One Like a Mother.

A poor old woman lay upon her sick bed in a close, uncomfortable room, with a daughter and a little grand-child to take care of her. But who do you think this aged woman called for all the time, and longed to have come and nurse her?

It was "mother—her own mother."

O, there's nobody like a mother to take care of you when you are sick! she said.

A person present, asked her how long her mother had been dead.

"About fifty years, I reckon," she answered.

Do you think you will remember your mother's loving care for fifty years? No doubt you will, if God spares your life.—You may think but little of it now, but you will think a great deal of it then—The woman's children and grand-children had grown up around her, but her heart reached back over all that waste of years to the time when she sat at her mother's side.

It was for "mother," "mother," that our boys, in tent and hospital, called and prayed, when, sick and wounded, they were laid down to die.

O, there is nobody like a mother to love and care for us! What return are you making every day for all she does for you? Do your feet run willingly to do her bidding, as soon as it is known? Do you try to save her trouble, and lighten all her burdens? O, nothing in this world can do it so effectually as to know that her children are growing up good and useful in the world.

And yet with all her love and care,
"There's one more kind than a mother,
In heaven watching over you."

Jesus is this precious friend, and if you will love him and obey his word, he will be with you when your mother's head lies low in death, and bring you safe to his heavenly mansion.

BEAUTIFUL RESIGNATION.—The widow of the lost mate of the Ohio steamer Gen. Lytle, which was burned a short time since, is a woman of the true Christian stamp, full of faith. She writes the story of her sorrow to her friends, who give her love's sympathy. The sweet submission to God and her resignation under the bereaving dispensation, is beautiful indeed. In affliction and grief the excellency of religion is manifest.

"There were seven others made widows," she said, after a short pause. "One of these, livjog in Cincinnatti, when suddenly told of the death of her husband, looked up a moment in utter despair, and fell dead without a struggle. She had no children; I have five. When my husband's body was brought to my desolate home, two weeks ago, I said in my anguish, to a neighbor who had come in, 'I feel as if everything would go into the grave with him.' My little Freddy, nine years old, looked up and said, 'Mother, you must not forget that we have God still; He will take care of us.' 'Oh,' said she, how he comforted me! If it were not for the hopes which religion brings I do not think I could live.'"

—The man who sees no virtue in another has none himself.

NASBY.

The Decease of Elder Gavitt—Mr. Nasby Announces the Death of his Friend and Mourns—A Touching Obituary.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky.
May 2, 1867.

A blite has fallen o'er my soul. My eyes, albeit unused to the meltin mood, hev distilled nothin but tears for twelve hours A Piller hez fallen! In the meetin house there is a vacant pew, and a chair at Bascom's is without a setter.—Last nite at precisely 9 P. M., Elder Abimleck Gavitt departed this life, aged 63 years and some odd months.

I weep ez I write. The elder was snufft out jest ez the flowers of spring wuz cumin—jest ez the weather wuz a gittin warm enough to go barefooted—jest when it wuzn't necessary to bother about gettin fire wood, or be concerned about feedin the stock—jest when it begins to be comfortable a settin onto the grocery stoop—jest ez the threshhold uv six months enjoyment. Why wuz he taken? Eko ansers. The ways uv Providence is inskrootable.

Elder Gavitt wuz a native uv North Karliny, which Stait he left in the blush uv early manhood, jist after he wuz married. Wat he left North Karliny for, I never wuz able to assertane precisely. but I hev understood that it wuz sumthin in connection with a smokehouse and the hams wich did hang therein. He wuz in a Whig naberhood—his naber, the proprietor of the smoke-house wuz a Whig—ther wuz sum hams mist—the rinds wuz found in his possession—Whig intolerance and persekooshen. Upon sich slite evidence he wuz adjudged guilty uv theft, and wuz ignominiously rid on a rale, and ordered to leave the country in twenty four hours, wich he did, driftin naturally to Kentucky. Thank Heaven for sich outrages! But for sich Kentucky wood hev been a Republican Stait, or would hev remained unsettled to this day.

Elder Gavitt wuz alluz a Demokrat uv the strictest sect. He voted for Jackson, and reglerly for every Demokratic candidate sence. He didn't read very much; indeed, ef I remember right, he cooden't do it at all, and wuz consekently, stedfast in the faith. He wuzn't shook about, and driven hither and yon by every wind, but remained thro life fast in the groove into which he had bin originally sot.—His politikle creed wuz made up uv this one idee, to wit: Hatrid uv Noo England becoz Noo England hatid whisky, wich he coodn't git along without, and slavery uv wich he hed a hundred niggers. He votid agin Noo England all his life regerly, and ez menny times on each electshen day ez he cood, without risk.

My acquaintance with the deceest commenst about three years ago. It wuz at his house I stopt on my advent into these parts. Ther wuz no need uv formal introduckshens—ther wuz already a bond atween us wich knit our souls together. His eye, ez it lit onto my nose, lighted up with a smile, and ez I gazed on hizzon I felt that he wuz indeed a man and a brother. He took me in—he sheltered me—he gave me whereof to eat and drink and to make merry, and with him I tarried till I wuz reglerly installed ez paster uv the Church, and thereby regerly pervided for.

The cause uv the Elder's death wuz a broken heart. He wuz ardent Confedrit, and manfully bore up under the reverses uv the war. His courage wuz unshaken doorin the repeated successes uv the Federal armies, and even when emancipation deprived him uv his slaves, he still hed faith that, evenchooally, all wood be well. "We may be beeten now," wuz his constant remark, "but the Northern Dimocrisy are all right, and thro them we'll yet conker." Confidin in em, bleevin in em, he held out brave up to the passage uv the Military Rekonstrackshen Bill.

I then saw a change steel insensiby over my venerable friend. His head bowed with supprest grief—his bosom throbbed with the emoshen that wuz strugglin for utterance. He wood come over to my offis five or six times a day, and ask me to read him that passage of the law givin the nigger the ballot. I wood do it, when, without saying a word, he wood reel off, with teers flowin down his wasted cheeks, to Bascom's. I wood foller him, to see that no harm came to him. The old man wuz so broken that he'd pay for his own likker, and mine too, without noticin. Fearin to awaken unpleasant emoshens in his mind, I never menshened the latter circumstance.

Things grew worse with him. When Mr. Randall wrote me to consiliate the niggers ez Wade Hampton wuz a doin it, the old father in Democrisy obeyed without a murmur. Democrisy wuz his first idee, and he obeyed her behests, though twuz consoomin his very sole. He shook hands with niggers at my rekest, though the tuch wuz ez red hot iron—he took two uv em into his pew, tho his proximity to em set him a shakin like the ager, and he votid to change the name and objects uv the Institoot, though the convulsive workins uv his face showd wat the struggle cost him.

Day by day the Elder faded. The iron entered his sole, and it wuz corrodin! corrodin! corrodin! and eatin him up by degrees. He walked the streets listlessly, and his eyes suffoosed with tears, and his lips movin ez ef mutterin sumthin to hisself. I became concerned for him, and so did the entire cirkle.—Bascom figgered up his akkount at his bar and went to the records to see whether his farm wuz unencumbered, and sich uv the neighbors ez hed lent him small sums got about gittin em.

Last Sunday the pitcher went to the well for the last time. I hed four niggers in his pew, upon whom he looked vacantly but sed nothin. After servis I stopped him. "Elder," sez I in a whisper, "it wood hev a good effeck ef yoo cood kiss them little nigger girls."

"Parson!" sed he, tremblin like a leaf, "is it absolutely necessary?"

"It is," sez I firmly, "a dooty evry Dimokrat owes to his party, in this crisis, to kiss ez many nigger children ez possible."

A strange expression lit up the old man's countenance. In a frenzied manner he kissed all there wuz in the church, and, ez ef insane, commenst on the adult femails uv that persuasion. With difficulty we restrained him, but breakin loose from us he startid down the street a runnin down and kissin evry nigger child his eyes restid on. Finally he sunk to the erth egganstid, and we bore him to his house and put him to bed. From that bed he never ariz He wuz a goner.—We hed to give him his likker in a spoon, and I never knowed a Kentuckian to recover who was past drinkin out of a bottle.

Slowly his strength wasted. Yesterday he rallied and asked for me, ez the candle uv life flickered feebly in the socket.

"Perfesser," sed he with an effort, "is Kentucky to rool the niggers, or the niggers to rool Kentucky. Has the Dimocrisy swallered the nigger, or the nigger swallered Dimocrisy?"

And all was o'er! He fell back, a piece uv clay, wich never cood rally to the poles agin.

Bascom and I turned aside and wept. Sed Bascom: "Hed he lived two years more, I wood hev hed his farm."

"Not any," sed I, bustin into teers.—"I wood hev hed it to endow the Institoot."

"In that event it wood evenchooally hev been mine," gasped bascom, relapsin into a fresh spasm of grief.

We buried him yesterday. It wuz the biggest funeral ever knowed at the Corners. It wuz a tuchin site. Standin around his bier wuz his four children by his first wife, and his six by his second wife, and twelve or fifteen other children uv all colors from that uv a new saddle up to dark molasses, who insisted upon being counted in ez mourners. It wuz the tightest place I wuz in in my life.

"My friends," sed I to em, "is this seemly? Is this proper?"

They replied that it wuz. "I mourn a father," sed one; "not much uv a father, but he wuz the only one I ever hed."—"I mourn a husband, sed the mother uv the first speaker, "not legally a husband, but morally, or rather immorally." "We weep," sed all these various shades in korus, and they bustid out into a torrent uv greef which completely extinguished them on the tother side uv the grave, wich hed the legle rite to mourn.

Ez a matter uv coarse, it ended in a row. Issaker Gavitt swore that no cussid nigger shood shed teers at his father's funeral, and Amanda flew at a quadroon wich was cryin too prominently, and Mrs. Gavitt attacked the quadroon's mother who was displayin altogether too much white pocket hankercher. In the melee I left, satisfied that Democrisy hez altogether too many rough pints to git over pleasant.

I feel it my dooty to erect a monument to the memory uv this good and true man—this martyr to Democrisy. Demokrats feelin an interest in the matter and wishin to contribute to the work, may send by male sich donashens ez they see fit to me, with perfect confidence that they will be yoosed. Let em remember that but for his devoshen to the coz he wood hev been livin to-day. Ef we cannot do much for the living let us not forget the dead.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(Wich is Postmaster), and Professor in the Ham and Japheth Free Academy for the development uv the intellek uv all races irrespective uv color.

WHAT SOMEBODY SAW.—I have seen a woman, professing to love Christ more than the world, clad in a silk dress costing $75; making up and trimmings of same, $40; bonnet, $35; velvet mantle, $120; diamond ring, $500; watch, chain, pin and other trappings, $300; total, $1,100,—all hung on one frail, dying woman. I have seen her, at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York, wipe her eyes with an expensive embroidered handkerchief at the story of their sufferings, and when the contribution box comes round, takes from a well-filled portmonaie, of costly workmanship, *twenty-five cents*, to aid the society formed to promote their welfare. "Ah!" thought I, "dollars for ribbons, and pennies for Christ."

Midnight Scene in Gen. Grant's Camp.

The battle of Arbela was the eloquence of daring on the part of the young Macedonian king. That of Thermapylæ was the eloquence of patriotism on the part of Leonidas and his Helots. The battle of Austerlitz was the eloquence of bravery on the part of the young Corsican. The scene of Valley Forge was the eloquence of faith on the part of Washington. The scene after the battle of the Wilderness combined all these elements, and added the eloquence of silence.

The well known result of that fierce conflict was adverse to the army of the United States. General Lee had flung one wing of his army between our forces and the base of their supplies, which would require another battle to regain them. Each division and corps commander knew this sad condition of affairs.—They were all summoned to a council of war to be held at headquarters at one o'clock at night. They were the saddest steps ever taken by that band of devoted hearts. Fifteen thousand brave soldiers, dead or dying or wounded, were lying on the field hard by.

One after another entered, and after making a noiseless salute, silently took their seats. Generals Schofield, Meade, Burnside, Sickles, Howard, and others, I believe were there. Not a word was spoken. A full half hour thus passed by.—Their emotions were too deep for utterance. Hopes of millions hung on the decision of that council.

At length General Grant asked each one in succession if he had any advice to proffer. Each one answered with a sad monosylable, "no!"

The commander then wrote a few lines and handed the strip to Geneneral Meade and he retired. This was repeated until all were gone, and the General was left alone. One of the staff of a division commander, who was sick, was the last to retire, and he is authority for the above.

All were ignorant of each other's order. They felt assured that retreat had been directed. Any other alternative would have been believed to be madness. Had they known that the order had been given to advance, instant and universal mutiny would have been raised. That eloquent silence for which he has ever been noted, was the key to his success there.

The next morning each corps moved, and General Lee, the instant he perceived it, with vehemence he exclaimed, "Our enemy have a leader at last, and our cause is lost!" He had bid his officers the night before to let their soldiers sleep long. But now he saw the army whom he thought utterly defeated, moving around between him and the base of his supplies. He hastened to begin retracing his course, and confessed to an artillery officer of the Confederate army that the doom of their cause was sealed.

A GRATEFUL TIGER.—A caged tiger had a live dog thrown to it, one day, for its dinner. Not being very hungry, the usually fierce creature did not touch the trembling little victim. This quietness gave the dog courage, and he began to lick the tiger's eyes, which were sore.—This act seemed pleasant to the wild animal, and the dog continued it, from time to time, till the eyes of this savage beast got well. The tiger from this time took his tiny, four-legged doctor under his patronage, looked upon him kindly, and allowed him to eat when he chose of the food thrown into his den. Henceforth they lived like bosom friends.

Thus, you see, even a fierce tiger can be grateful for a little favor. How much more, then, should children learn to be grateful to their friends for the great favors they have received? When I see boys and girls uckind and insulting to their parents, who have done and suffered so much for them, I tell them the story of the tiger and the dog, and say:—"Children don't be less grateful than the tiger was to the little dog."

THOUGHTS FOR THE PUBLIC.—The world estimates men by their success in life; and by *general consent*, success is evidence of superiority.

Never under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this *never reckon cost.*

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interests are concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little—think much—and do more.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a good friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for when you gain your case, you are generally the loser of money.

—Whatever you wish your children to be, be that yourself This is the secret of all government and education.

BRIEF BUT COMMON HISTORY.—I saw him at the social party. He took but a single glass of wine, and that at the request of a lady with whom he conversed.

I saw him next when he thought he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slightest desire formed by his social indulgence. He thought there was no danger.

I saw him again with those of his own age meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial pleasure. He said it was only innocent amusement.

I met him next late in the evening in the street, unable to get home. I took him thither. He looked ashamed when we met.

I saw him next reeling in the street. A confused stare was upon his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue. Shame was gone.

I saw him but once more. He was pale, cold, motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down, and seemed to shake with uncommon anguish.

His father's gray hairs were gone down to the grave in sorrow. His mother wept that she had ever given birth to such a chi'd.

A BOY'S FIRST COMPOSITION.—The Terre Haute (Indiana) *Album* gives the following essay on "The Ox" from one of its young contributors, just as it came from his pen:

"Oxen is a very slow animil, they are good to brake ground up. i wood drather have horses if they didn't have kolick, which they say is wied collected in a bunch, which makes it dangerser for to keep horses than an ox if there was no horses the people wood have to weal thare wood on a wheelbarrow. it wood take them two or three days to wheal a cord a mile. Cows is useful to. i have herd som say that if thay had to be tother or an ox thay wood be a cow. But i think when it cum to have their tits pulled of a cold mornin thay wood wish thay wasn't for oxen don't have to raise calves, if i hed to be enny I wood drather be a heffur. but if i coodent be a heffur and hed to be both i wood be an ox.

"ISAAC SPIKER."

RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTLERS.—Take a handful of weed called Runabout, the same quantity of the root called Nimble Tongue, a sprig of the herb called Backbite, (either before or after dog-days,) a table-spoonful of Dont-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at the shops of Miss Tabitha Teatable and Miss Nancy Nightwalker. Stir them well together, and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of discontent, kindled with a little jealousy; then strain it thro' the rag of misconstruction, and cork it up in the bottle of malevolence, and hang it upon a skein of street yarn; shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil, and that continually.

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."—Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of "one who had gone before". What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Eloquence, with her loftiest eulogy; poetry, with her most thrilling dirge, could afford nothing so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words: "She always made home happy."

—A Tennessee Dutchman having caught his son in wrong doing, determined to administer a dose of hickory. So he trimmed a switch and went to look for the youngster, who incontinently took to his heels. After chasing him around for a while, the old man thought to persuade him to stop and take the licking. So he halted and hailed the wary fugitive:

"Shon," said he, "Shon, shtop, I'm not so mad as vat I vash!"

—A traveler came down to the wharf just as the steamer had left, and it was a grievous disappointment to him. While ruminating, a stranger inquired if he wanted to get aboard.

"Certainly," said he.

"Then take one off that fence," was the reply.

—A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word "surrogate," and he explained it to her as "a gate through which parties go to get married."

"Then I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of the words sorrow gate."

—"I am a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on a spree for a week.

"Yes," said the foreman, "you are a great gun, and half cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged."

"Well," said the typo, "then I had better go off."

—Our Devil having dropped into a barber's shop, and seating himself with the greatest importance, requested to be shaved down altogether.

"I think," replied the barber, "that I shall find little else than DOWN to shave."

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