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use these Pills, that they will so
urify, that disease—that deadly
take its flight, and the flush of
auty will again return, and the
long and happy life will cherish
your days.

.—Beware of a counterfeit signed
All genuine have the name of
& Co., on each box. Also the
A. J. White & Co. All others are
A. J. WHITE,
Sole Proprietor,
10 Courtlandt st., N. York.
is wanted in every town, village
n the land. Parties desiring the
address as above for terms.
ents per box; five boxes will be
pt of $1, postage paid.

W GOODS
AT
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y with a *beautiful variety* of
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DISERY, GLOVES,
ROIDERIES,
STICS, BLANKETS, &c.
ENDID LOT OF
RDWARE,
cheaper than I have ever offered
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JOHN G. ROBINSON.

E NEW GOODS.
AS W. ANDERSON invites the
ion of the public to his large stock
TAPLE AND FANCY
Y GOODS,
d from Philadelphia, comprising
and richest styles of
ress Goods and Gentlemen's
Wear,
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and Domestic Goods,
the season, and calculated to please
, the largest stock and greatest va-
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ots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.,
in this market—all of which will
he lowest prices for the *Cash.*
ge, Md., Ap. 28, 1858.

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unches, whole and quarter boxes
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Cambridge Democrat.

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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ON THE WATER.

On the water, on the water,
While the Summer days were fair,
Whispering words in softest accents
Through a veil of drooping hair;
While the little ear was peeping,
Half-ashamed and rosy red,
Blushing at the earnest meaning
Of the tender words I said.

On the water, on the water,
Fairly shone the sunbeams then
Dancing on the tiny ripples,
Lightning up the far-off glen;
None could hear us save the Iris,
Swaying in her golden pride,
As the lilies ever moving
With the motion of the tide.

On the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches,
As we floated idly by;
Oh! her small hand's gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
And her soft cheek's carnation,
When I told her all my love.

On the water, on the water,
Now I float, but all alone,
And I miss the silken ringlets,
And the little hand is gone;
Dies the sunset's crimson beauty,
Comes the twilight as of yore,
And remind me of the dear one,
Lost to me for evermore.

A Tale for Fickle Lovers.

"Emily, my darling, is it true?—Say it again—only once again, Emily!"

Emily lifted up her face, with a soft, tremulous smile, as her hazel eyes answered the ardent questioning of her lover's glance.

"Yes, yes, Edward," she replied, and the words were sweet to his eager ear.

"Again, and again, Emily! I could hear you say it forever, my love!" said the young man.

He bent his handsome head to kiss the lips that had said to him, "I love you." But his caress was given back with half-timid, yet earnest tenderness, and his soft blue eyes beamed with happy emotion. It was Edward Vane's first wooing, and the pleasure he experienced was rare and delicious as it was novel; for to the young lover declaring his earliest attachment, is not the timid "yes," and the kiss of her he loves, the sweetest thing he has ever known?

Under the trees in the garden of the old parsonage, they walked together in the sunset, after this sweet confession—walking side by side, Edward holding Emily's hand, and talking tenderly to her as they went, with his warm heart beaming in his handsome face, and Emily listening silently, with a happiness whose very silence manifested its depth; and the sun sank lower, and the shadows grew longer, as the pleasant moments slipped away—golden moments to Edward and Emily; and, finally, as the twilight began to gather, they heard the voice of Emily's father calling her from his study.

They went back; and now, standing for a single instant longer in the old stone porch, under the curtaining vines, Edward drew Emily to his breast again, and pressed his lips gently to her cheek.

"A few moments, my darling, before you go to him," said Edward. "Let *me* see him first, I must tell him——"

A happy thrill ran through Emily's heart. She laid her head quietly on her lover's bosom, and kissed softly the beloved hand that held her own in a lingering clasp.

"Yes, tell him," she said with a blush; and then loosing herself from his embrace, she went away, while Edward Vane sought her father's study.

It was no new thing to the good old pastor that Edward and his daughter loved each other, he had seen it long since—had known it perhaps before they knew it themselves. Edward was not, it may be, the husband her father would have chosen for her; affectionate in disposition, with an ardent temperament, but impulsive—changing—uncertain of purpose—all this the old man had seen him to be. But he himself had not many years to live; they loved each other, and it might be after all, for the best. At any rate he could not find it in his heart to cross their love, and so his consent was given, and Emily and her lover received his blessing.

And now the old parsonage seemed another Eden, in whose garden dwelt only happiness. But has not every Eden its serpent? It came in dark, but beautiful and shining guise; it came in the shape of Emily's lovely and accomplished cousin Helena, who, with her sweet, bewitching face glided in upon the happy lovers and brought fascination with her.

It was not that Helena Wyndham, with her beauty and her pride, cared for Emily's lover—that she left for awhile the score of suitors at whose expense she had been amusing herself, coquetting with them all by turns, and giving hope to none. But Edward was handsome and winning, and elegant; and above all he had never knelt at her shrine—the insatiate heart-hunter! And so, for the eclat of a new conquest, she came daily over from her father's magnificent estate to Hadley parsonage, to win away, with her bewitching smile, the heart of her cousin's lover.

Emily saw her riding lightly along on her white steed, with her dark locks braded and her snowy plume waving to the breeze, her red lips smiling, and her dark eyes beaming with the delight of anticipated triumph. Emily sitting with her father and her lover in the old parsonage study, saw this brilliant cousin, and thought, "How lovely Helena is!" But the thought was not mingled with envy. She had won a heart without Helena's fascinations; and her soft cheek colored, and her clear hazel eyes beamed with innocent happiness as she looked at her lover.

A moment more and the quiet of that happy little circle was broken by the appearance of this beautiful enchantress cousin. Emily and her father both knew Helena's hollow heart, yet they gave her a kindly greeting. She was their kin. They never dreamed with what intent she had come. They, in their charity for others, could not conceive that she had an idea of evil regarding them.

But Helena Wyndham laughed at their charity. She did not scruple to abuse it when it served her purpose so to do; and she glided in, in her elegant attire, with her soft, yet brilliant beauty, her captivating manner, her keen, delicate, light-flashing wit and placed herself in bewildering, dazzling contrast to her fair, simple, unworldly, and yet noble cousin Emily. It was not the first time Edward had seen her; but he had never viewed her so nearly, never spoken to her before this evening. Helena took care that his earliest impression of her should be only an agreeable one.

She was peerless in her loveliness, her grace her mental gifts—she would have adorned a royal court. Edward was a scholar and a gentleman cultivated and refined, and a passionate admirer of beauty. It would have been a marvel if one like him restrained her enchantments for she was the very spirit of beauty.

"How incomparably lovely!" was the mental exclamation as she sat near him, gaily and carelessly chatting with her uncle and Emily, and now and then turning her bright yet softened glance upon him, with some smiling word of remark, or of question, that drew him ere long from silent admiration into animated converse with the rest.

He did not mentally compare her with Emily. He was not thinking of Emily when he said to himself that the world could contain no race more enchanting than that of this charming guest; but during the hour that Helena stayed he experienced a pleasure the nature of which he could hardly have denied, had he tried, and the depth of which he never sought to fathom. He only knew that he admired Miss Wyndham very much.

And so the heartless beauty lingered as long as it suited her, seeing plainly, and with secret delight, how Edward Vane was attracted, until she was fully satisfied with her first attempt, and bidding the party a graceful adieu, vanished like some brilliant star, that, as we are eagerly, delightedly watching it, hides itself behind the clouds. And Emily never dreamed whose eyes that star had dazzled.

When next she met her beautiful cousin, it was after service at the little village church; and as Emily lingered near the door, awaiting her father, Helena, in passing, slightly tapped the young girl's cheek with her gloved hand.

"How came you ever to attract so elegant, so *distingue* a lover as Edward Vane?" she asked. "Do you know that I am quite pleased with him? and that is dangerous for you, you know. Take care, my pretty cousin, that I do not win him, from you. By the way, dear, my brother Frederick has also become acquainted with him, and, I believe, cultivates his acquaintance most sedulously. At any rate, he has invited him to spend a day or two with us this week. You can afford to lose him for that time—can't you, Emily dear?"

Finishing her heartless speech with a soft laugh and a kiss on her cousin's lips, she passed on to her carriage; and Emily looked after her an instant, with a sudden tremor at her heart, a startled pallor overspread her cheeks, saying, in a low bitter tone, "Helena, Helena! was *that* what you came for?"

Emily only said to Edward when he came again, "Do you know Frederick Wyndham, Edward?"

"Yes, Emily—did I not mention it? I am forgetful of everything but you, my darling!" he added, with a beaming smile. Then he continued, "Yes, and only yesterday he made me half promise to come and pass a day or two with him at his father's. I do not know whether I shall go, though he is very urgent. He seems to like me."

A dull pain went through Emily's heart, but she would say nothing, nor let him suspect what she felt.

"Will he go?" she asked, mentally; and with slow and unhappy suspense she waited to see.

Edward did go. If he had forseen the result he might have been wiser; but with him, as is the case with many others, wisdom was purchased with experience.

During the days that were spent with Frederick Wyndham he was thrown frequently into the society of the beautiful Helena; their acquaintance matured, and his admiration grew deeper with every hour that passed, revealing some new beauty, some new grace in the variable, wayward, yet ever enchanting Helena.

When Emily met him again she longed to ask him, "Do you not like my beautiful cousin?" but she refrained. "I will not mock myself," she thought; "how can be help liking—nay, even loving her?"

It was not Edward's last visit at his friend's. Helena chose to win him, and there was little resistance made. Frederick was a pleasant friend, and Edward Vane, neglecting to question his own heart too closely, said that it was because of this that he liked so well to go there.

But he always saw Helena. They played and sang together—together rambled over the fine grounds around the mansion, and read from the same book. And Helena's voice had wondrous sweetness in its tones, and the gentle glance of her dark eyes; in her subdued moments, was one of the most enchanting softness. And Edward listened to the sweet voice, and met the soft glance of the lovely dark eyes, yielding each day more completely to their delicious fascination, until his heart was won quite away from Emily.

Yes—he loved Helena, he acknowledged it at last to himself; and now, unable to resist her influence, and dreading to meet Emily's sight, he went no more to Hadley parsonage.

He gave himself up now to his new happiness; it was strange, too, how better he found it! For whenever he sat by Helena's side, and looked into the beautiful depths of those dark eyes, thoughts of his neglected love rose up. He seemed to see Emily's sweet, pure face before him, pale and sad. Self-reproach wore upon him—but he hated to listen to it; and, finally, braving and defying it, in very desperation, he declared his love to Helena Wyndham. It was a moment of triumph for which she had waited and watched with suspense and impatience.—Despite herself, a blush of pleasure rose to her cheek, even while she assumed a little air of mingled annoyance and regret.

"My dear Mr. Vane!" she said, shaking her beautiful head—"how sorry I am that this has happened—that you have mistaken—I have been engaged to marry Mr. Carruthers since last week!"

Edward Vane saw the dupe—the plaything he had been. Incensed almost beyond endurance, he left the scene of infatuation, of his blind folly, for the last time.

It was bitter repentance for his fault that led him back to Hadley parsonage, to seek forgiveness and reconciliation from Emily.

"Emily, I have been mad—insane, I believe!" he said. "I have forsaken your sweet face for a will-o'-the-whisp that has led me to wretchedness. Emily, for the sake of our old love, will you forgive me?"

"For the sake of our old love—yes," answered Emily, extending her hand to him. She was quite pale, but there was no trace of unhappiness in her calm, fair countenance. "Yes, the pain you have caused me I will not remember, but the pain is over now—and the love has died out with it, Edward."

"Emily, I deserve it," he uttered, with a cry of anguish; "I deserve it! But O, do not say it, Emily. May I not hope——"

"No—there is no hope," she replied gently, but firmly. "I forgive the pain you have given me, BUT I DARE NOT RISK THAT PAIN AGAIN.

"We can never be anything more than we are now to each other."

The words were sacred—they proved true. He went out from her presence ashamed, and their paths never were the same again.

Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.

The North Carolina Christian Advocate, published at Rawleigh, in its issue of the 21st ult., gives the following anecdote of Jackson, in illustration of his extraordinary knowledge of human nature:

"He is no Judge of Preaching."—Here is a characteristic anecdote of Gen. Jackson, not before published, and conveying a useful hint to critics upon sermons. It was given to Gov. Ellis by President Buchanan during his recent visit to North Carolina, and we repeat it from memory as it was told by Gov. Ellis in an address to the students of Trinity College at the late commencement.

When President Jackson appointed Mr. Buchanan Minister to Russia, the friends of a certain gentleman solicited for him an appointment as secretary of legation. Although the qualifications of the gentleman were unquestionable, and his friends numerous and influential, Gen. Jackson pertinaciously refused to give him the appointment. And he explained this refusal by saying, "He is no judge of preaching." "How is that?" "Why," said Jackson, "I attended a Methodist Church a Sunday or two since, and heard a most able and eloquent sermon by Dr. Durbin. It was the logic of the Gospel set on fire by the fervid zeal of devotion to Christ. The effect was very great upon the congregation. All were awed into silence and reverence, and I felt as though I stood before the awful majesty of the Eternal God. As I passed from the church, this gentleman, for whom the appointment is solicited, joined me, and broke upon the solemn feelings the sermon had inspired by saying: "The preacher has given us a very poor sermon; nothing new in it, a mere declamation." "Sir," added the old General, "that man is not fit for office, he is not to be trusted, because he is no judge of preaching."

And Gen. Jackson did not appoint him to the legation to Russia. How he was able to infer disqualifications for the office from want of just views of a sermon the President did not explain. But the future history of the man proved the instinctive foresight of Jackson into character.—Upon Mr. Buchanan's return from Russia, he called upon the President, whose first words after the salutation, were, "I told you that man was not to be trusted, because he was no judge of preaching, and sure enough he has been unfaithful to the trusts reposed in him." And so it was; the gentleman had become guilty of a breach of all the principles which are dear to a man of honor and integrity.

This incident gives us an interesting glimpse of the peculiar character of Gen. Jackson, and is quite suggestive to persons who make or hear criticisms on sermons.

A minister, noted for combining the somewhat incogruous profession of preacher and money lender, was proffering a prayer, in which was the following petition: "Grant that we may have more interest in heaven." "Don't do it!" exclaimed one of the congregation, "don't do it.—The old sinner gets five per cent. a month now, and that's enough, the Lord knows!"

The transit across the English Channel is supposed to be the *sick transit* alluded to in the well known Latin quotation.

Effect of Emancipation on the African Race.

There is no blinking the truth.—Years of bitter experience—years of hope deferred, of self-devotion unrequited, of poverty, of humiliation, of prayers unanswered, of sufferings derided, of insults unresented, of contumely patiently endured—have convinced us of the truth. It must be spoken out, loudly and energetically, despite the wild mockings of "howling cant." The freed West India negro slave will not till the soil for wages; the free son of the ex-slave is as obstinate as his sire. He will cultivate lands which he has not bought for his own yams, mangoes and plantains. These satisfy his wants; he does not care for yours.—Cotton, and sugar, and coffee, and tobacco—he cares little for them.—And what matters it to him that the Englishman has sunk his thousands and tens of thousands on mills, machinery and plant, which now totter on the languishing estate that for years has only returned beggary and debts. He eats his yams and sniggers at "Buckra."

We know not why this should be; but it is so. The negro has been bought with a price—the price of English taxation and English toil. He has been "redeemed from bondage" by the sweat and travail of some millions of hard-working Englishmen. Twenty millions of pounds sterling—one hundred millions of dollars—have been distilled from the brains and muscles of the free English laborer, of every degree, to fashion the West Indian negro into a "free and independent laborer."—"Free and independent" enough he has become, God knows; but laborer he is not; and, so far as we can see, never will be. He will sing hyms and quote texts, but honest, steady industry, he not only detests but despises. We wish to Heaven that some people in England—neither government people, nor parsons, nor clergymen—but some just-minded, honest-hearted and clear-sighted men would go out to some of the islands—say Jamaica, Dominic or Antigua—not for a month or three months, but for a year—would watch the precious *protege* of English philanthropy, the freed negro, in his daily habits; would watch him as he lazily plants his little squatting; would see him as he proudly rejects agricultural or domestic service, or accepts it only at wages ludicrously disproportionate to the value of his work.—We wish, too, they would watch him while, with a hide thicker than that of hippopotamus and a body to which fervid heat is a comfort rather than an annoyance, he droningly lounges over the prescribed task on which the intrepid Englishman, uninured to the burning sun, consumes his impatient energy and too often sacrifices his life. We wish they would go out and view the negro in all the blazonry of his idleness, his pride, his ingratitude, contemptuously sneering at the industry of that race which made him free, and then come home and teach the memorable lesson of their experience to the fanatics who have perverted him into what he is.—*London Times.*

CURE FOR FISTULO OR POLL EVIL. Procure a handful of poke roots, put in one gallon of water, and boil till the strength is out—after which boil down the liquid to one quart. Then add half pint spirits turpentine, and half pint of oil of spike, and simmer away to a quart.

Add four ounces blue vitrol, and it is ready for use. Wash the sore with soap suds, and when dry apply the liniment once a day.—*Country Gentleman.*

ROGER SHERMAN AND JOHN RANDOLPH.—Mr. Sherman was representative in Congress from Connecticut: his business had been that of making shoes. John Randolph rose, and with his usual squeaking sounds, said: "I should like to know what the gentleman did with his leather apron before he set out for Washington." Mr. Sherman replied, imitating the same squeak: "I cut it up, sir, to make moccasins for the descendants of Pocahontas."

It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

Not more surely does the empress of night illuminate and beautify the whole canopy of heaven, than does woman, if educated aright, irradiate and give her fairest tints to her own fireside.

Lessons of the War.

The London Illustrated News thus sums up what the recent war has taught. It tells the whole story:

That the rulers of mankind have no faith in the intelligence, justice or honesty of one another; that they have no regard for either the happiness or prosperity of their subjects; that they look upon those over whom they are placed as mere machines, without the faculty of independent action, as instruments of brute force, to be used for the accomplishment of objects which they cannot comprehend, and in which they have no interest. It teaches us that the despotic monarchs of the world imagine that mankind were made for them, and not they for mankind; that their ambition and their revenge, and abominable selfishness, are the only impulses to be felt, and the only rules to be obeyed by the millions subjected to their sway.

It teaches us that they despise the intellectual powers of the mass of humanity, and look upon their fellow men as of value only as they assume the nature of so many dangerous beasts whose ferocity is intensified by a higher kind of instinct, and rendered more destructive by the appliances of science. Hence, though the despots know that their protocols and bull-tins are all false, deliberate misrepresentation of facts, and coolly contrived falsehoods, intended to deceive the crowd, such is their confidence in the stupidity and folly of mankind, that they do not hesitate to launch their fraudulent delusions before the world; nay, they even expect them to be admired and believed in. As they regard no man, neither do they fear God. They play upon the religious instinct of man as they do upon his passions and weaknesses.

When Daniel Webster was in the West, some years ago, Mr. B., one of the most conspicuous citizens, on being introduced to the distinguished statesman, addressed him as follows: "I have read your *Spelling Book and Dictionary*, Mr. Webster, but I never before had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"I have told you three times, my son, to shut the gate," said a gentleman to his little boy—a child of four years. "And I've told you free times," lisped the little cub, "that I wouldn't do it. You must be stupid."

Sheridan, scholar, wit, and spendthrift, being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered, that it was not his *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor his *principle* to pay the *interest*.

"Will you take a kiss?" said a young beau to his inamorata, as he passed the plate of confections which bore that tempting title. "Fie!" exclaimed the blushing fair one, "not until we are out of the room."

Why is the letter U the gayest of the alphabet? Because it is always in fun.

That's a very poor conundrum, for without the letter U nobody would be dull, or ugly, or unhappy.

We have never yet met with the man, woman or child too degraded for the voice of kindness to reach the heart and to lead to confession of guilt, and desire for amendment.

There are two eventful periods in the life of a woman: one, when she wonders who she shall have—the other, when she wonders who will have her.

Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayers in church, who could not dance all night without being tired?

LOGIC.—No cat has *two* tails.—Granted. Then *a* cat has one tail more than no cat. True. Well, then, we have proved that a cat has *three* tails!

They that are against superstition oftimes run into it of the wrong side. If I wear all colors but black, then I am superstitious in not wearing black.—*Selden.*

A dry goods house in New York advertises "Magenta Long Shawls," and a Richmond eating shop announces that it serves up 'Solferino Soup.'

Quills are things that sometimes are taken from the *pinions* of one goose to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

The old fogy who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a 'passing event.'

A good thorough education is the richest patrimony we can give our children.

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