THE AMERICAN UNION.

Devoted to Politics, News, Science, Literature, Morality, Local Matters, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.

VOL I. DENTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1860. NO. 13.

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℞ AYER'S Cathartic Pills,

(SUGAR COATED,)

ARE MADE TO

CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND CURE THE SICK.

Invalids, Fathers, Mothers, Physicians, Philanthropists, read their Effects, and judge of their Virtues.

FOR THE CURE OF

Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 1, 1855.

DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst headache any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once. If they will cure others as they do me, the fact is worth knowing.

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., 7 Feb., 1856.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the *liver* is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them.

Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.

Dysentery, Relax, and Worms.

POST OFFICE, HARFORD, LIV. CO., MICH., Nov. 16, 1855.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the perfection of medicine. They have done my wife more good than I can tell you. She had been sick and pining away for months. Went off to be doctored at great expense, but got no better. She then commenced taking your Pills, which soon cured her, by expelling large quantities of worms (dead) from her body. They afterwards cured her and our two children of bloody dysentery. One of our neighbors had it bad, and my wife cured him with two doses of your Pills, while others around us paid from five to twenty dollars doctors' bills, and lost much time, without being cured entirely even then. Such a medicine as yours, which is actually good and honest, will be prized here.

GEO. J. GRIFFIN, *Postmaster.*

Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood.

From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.

DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours, J. V. HIMES.

WARSAW, WYOMING CO., N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the fountains of the blood.

JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.

Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil, Tetter, Tumors, and Salt Rheum.

From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.

DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother had been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her. ASA MORGRIDGE.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout.

From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.

PULASKI HOUSE, SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 6, 1856.

HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.

SENATE CHAMBER, BATON ROUGE, LA., 5 Dec., 1855.

DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured by your Pills of Rheumatic Gout—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.

For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred Complaints, requiring an active purge, they are an excellent remedy.

For Costiveness or Constipation, and as a Dinner Pill, they are agreeable and effectual.

Fits, Suppression, Paralysis, Inflammation, and even **Deafness,** and **Partial Blindness,** have been cured by the alterative action of these Pills.

Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it already known. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects; and fewer yet the communities any where which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the subtle and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* saves more lives by the consumptions it prevents than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect them until no human skill can master the inexorable canker that, fastened on the vitals, eats your life away. All know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and as they know too the virtues of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass
AND SOLD BY

FLUID.—Etherial Oil, of superior quality, for sale by WM. T. ELLIOTT
July 17· Hillsborough.

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*** We cater to the public taste.

july 18-1y

NEW GOODS!

Great Inducement to Cash Buyers!!

I have now opened at my Store in Greensborough, a large and complete stock of new

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

which I wish to sell for CASH, or its equivalent in TRADE, and I am determined to offer them at prices so low that all must be satisfied that I prefer *cash* to *merchandise*. If persons dealing in this market will but give me a call, and make a comparison of prices, I am sure, from my long experience in the business, and general knowledge of the wants of the people, I can sell them goods, and rare bargains at that.

My stock is now complete, embracing a variety suited to the season and commensurate with the wants of all classes of the community. All I ask is an examination of my stock and a comparison of prices

july 17 WM. H. COMEGYS.

Poetry.

Who Bares the Blame.

Who bears the blame? From North to South
An impious threat has rung;
From Southern lip and Northern mouth
Defiant words are flung—
The words which are a nation's shame—
"Disunion," "Strife!" Who bares the blame?

Ho! Massachusetts, land where first
Fair Freedom's banners rose:
Ho, Carolinas! land where burst
Her lightnings on our foes;—
Are ye ashamed of Moultrie's fame,
Or Warren's blood? Who bares the blame?

A voice from Moultrie's battle-ground,
To warn the South, comes forth;
From Bunker's height, with solemn sound,
A voice rebukes the North!—
The martyred dead their wrongs proclaim,
And North and South must bare the blame.

They bare the blame—or South or North,
Who range the hostile line—
Whose words are fierce, whose hearts are worth,
Who threaten—arm—combine;
Who marshal here a hostile band,
And there in hostile columns stand.

They bear the blame, who urge the strife
In Freedom's hallowed guise;
They bear the blame who bear the knife,
In slavery's cause to rise,
Or North or South, 'its still the same—
Ye dare not ask "Who bears the blame."

Forbear! forbare! The warning comes
From Vernon's sacred tomb—
With mourning march, with muffled drums,
Our martyrs walk the gloom.
Our star-thick banner sinks in shame—
Our Union falls. Who bares the blame?

Select Story.

TWO HOURS WITH A MADMAN.

It happened one time that in travelling across a tract of country where I had business, I got benighted, and about 8 o'clock my horse and myself being tired and pretty near worn out, I drew rein before the door of a comfortable looking farm house, and dismounting, knocked at the door with the handle of my whip. It was opened by a little girl who stood in the door-way, holding a candle in one hand, and keeping back her thick curly hair with the other, while she looked at me half shy, as if demanding my business.

'My dear,' I answered to that questioning look, "is there any one in the house besides yourself?"

"Yes, there is," she answered; father and mother, and the boys."

"Well ask your father to come here a moment, I want to speak to him."

She retreated and entered the room behind her, and in about half a minute the farmer came out. I made known my business, explained that I had been overtaken by night, that my destination was several miles distant and that both my horse and myself were unfit for further travelling until we had procured food and rest.

With the hospitality common to all farmers, especially American, my host for the night bade me welcome, conducted me into a large kitchen, with a floor so white that you involuntarily pitied the hands and arms that had brought it into such a state of cleanliness, and bade me seat myself before the blazing fire while supper was being got ready; and then, not forgetting my horse, he told one of the boys to feed him and take him to the stable.

Tired and sleepy as I was, I hurriedly undressed, went to bed, and in five minutes was soundly sleeping. A grinding sound awoke me—at what time I don't know—but the moon, which did not rise till late, was fully up, its bright rays streaming in through the window, from which I had purposely looped back the curtain, so that the first streak of day light might wake me, as I was anxious to proceed on my way. There, sitting full in the moonlight was a man with a long carving knife in his hand, which he was sharpening upon a piece of grindstone, which I now perceived made the sound that had awakened me—I thought surely I was dreaming, or, if I was awake, what in the name of heavens meant what I saw? And still the man leisurely ground the blade of the knife, and in a perfect stupor of amazement I lay perfectly quiet with wide open eyes looking at him.

In a few minutes he stopped grinding, and passing his finger carefully along the edge of the knife he nodded and shook his head knowingly, to intimate to himself that he had brought the blade to a proper degree of sharpness. My blood ran cold; a kind of panic seized me when I saw that action and the cool calculating smile with which he held the knife up between him and the moonlight, looking at it with the air of a connoiseur. Then he leisurely got up, stepped over the table where I had left the candlestick and commenced looking around for something—a match, I conjectured.

While his back was turned, the idea of slipping from the bed and bolting for the door suggested itself to me; but before I had time to act upon it, the match was found, and holding the candle in one hand, the match in the other, and the handle of of the knife between his long, wolfish teeth, he came over towards the bed. He lit the candle and then took the knife from between his teeth, and took firm hold of the candle in his hand. He bent over me, flashed the light full upon my eyes, and preceiving that I was awake, exclaimed with a wild kind of laugh:—

"Ha! ha! Awake eh?—Ha! ha! Glad of it, sir; I meant to awake you, if you hadn't done it yourself. I consider it cowardly to kill a sleeping man."

And he laughed at me again, and peered into my face with his red hot burning eyes.

I could see at once that he was mad, and I saw the horror of my situation was increased. At first I had thought—but now, I knew that he was a madman.—From his own words, he intended to murder me, and I felt that little short of a miracle would save me.

After he had taken a good look at me, he set down upon the bed, and to my intense horror began slowly running his finger, with great care along the edge of the knife—evidently he had no intention of suffering by the experiment. And then he said:—

"I don't intend to kill you just now—perhaps not for an hour—but I guess that's about the longest you have to live. First, I mean to have a talk with you. Do you happen to know where I came from?"

I did not, indeed, and I told him so, wishing within myself, with all my heart, that he would take it into his crazy brain to find his way back there, and leave me to sleep in peace.

"You don't know, eh? Well, I don't mind telling you. Don't you see that spire away there to the left?"

No, I didn't see the church spire, nor anything else in the world at that moment, but the burning eyes of the maniac. So I told him I didn't see the object he spoke of.

"Don't see it, eh? How blind?—Why see there?" And to aid me in discerning this imaginary object, he rose and went towards the window and looped the blind still further back. 'There—do you see it now?"

"No," I said, "I don't see it yet;" and I hoped he would try to pull the curtain still further back, or pull it down, or something—anything to divert his attention from the bed and then bolt out of the room.

I was already sitting up, and to glide down upon the floor was the work of a instant; but that moment the madman, annoyed that I couldn't see the church spire, dropped the blind, turned around quickly, muttering,—"blind, blind;" and instantly comprehending my intention to escape, bounded towards me with a spring like a wild cat, and catched hold of me with his bony hand, waved the gleaming knife over me in such proximity to my face, as to be anything in the world but pleasant.

"Oh, you will, will you? Just lie down there—still now—still, or I'll kill you before even the half hour is up.—Lie down!"

And with herculean strength he lifted me up with his one hand—and I was no feather in weight, I can tell you—and bounced me down with a force that shook the whole bed.

I did lie down, and seeing that I was inclined to obey, he directed my attention to the window again, by inquiring:—

'Do you see the church spire, now?'

I didn't see it any clearer than before, it being slightly impossible, as no church spire existed within ten miles. But I saw that the maniac was getting irritated at my want of capability to see what did not exist, so I thought it might be as well to keep upon good terms with him, and to his question this time I admitted I did see the spire.

"Ah, good, good. Well, under that spire is a church and around the church is a grave-yard. There I live, and there I came from. It's very lonesome sleeping there in the damp, cold ground, and the grave worms—ugh! to feel them creeping along, over one's skin; so slimy, and slippery, and cold, banqueting upon the warm flesh of the dead. They say the dead are cold; it's a lie, sir, a lie! Feel my flesh is it cold?"

He bared his skinny arm and forced me to lay my hands upon it.

"There, is that cold?"

I told him no.

"Is it warm?"

I replied that it was, and he continued:

"They make it cold—the grave worms do. They make it cold and slimy as they craw over it. Did you ever feel the grave worms on your flesh?"

I shuddered with disgust as I told him, "No."

"You didn't, eh! Lucky dog, lucky dog! But you're not dead yet; wait awhile, and you'll feel them, just as I do, pretty soon."

And he whirled the carving knife round and round his head, and then brought it down with a sudden swoop till he grazed my throat.

With a groan of agony, not for the slight scratch, but the horror of mind under which I was, I recoiled from the glittering blade, shuddering as if I would have sunk down through the bed—down, through the floor. With a loud laugh the maniac observed my terror, and then he said.

"Frightened, eh? Frightened! I will not kill you for half an hour yet. I'm going to experiment upon you. I think I will bleed you to death, just to try how long it will take you to die, eh? What do you think of it?"

What did I think of it? My God! I thought nothing, only that I would soon be dead, or mad as my companion, if some deliverance was not soon opened up. I never prayed much—God forgive me! but just then, I breathed something, I scarcely knew what, for aid, for deliverance. I knew that I dared not attempt to escape.—My first movement would have been the signal for my death blow; and if I called aloud I might not awaken any one in the house, but merely infuriate the madman to such an extent he might immediately butcher me. What under Heaven to do I knew not, and if the maniac, in his desire to experiment," should open a vein, I would inevitably bleed to death. Meantime he was waiting for an answer to his question, and repeated, rather angrily,—

"What did I think of his proposal to bleed me to death?"

I was about answering something desperate, and giving myself up for lost when a bright idea flashed across my troubled brain. Oh! how devotedly I thanked heaven that I had read the "Arabian Nights" in my boyhood!—There was my idea, which as yet, only heaven knew whether it would be successful or not; I would tell him stories, and beguile his fancy till morning, and then surely, I would have some means of escape. I answered his question by another.

"Suppose I tell you a story about bleeding to death—or rather about a man supposed he was being bled to death, and died from the fright?"

"Died from the fright, eh? Let us hear it."

Very gladly I began, making it long, and adding as much as I possbly could to the original, which was something I recollected long ago to have heard about some one who wished to "experiment," and had a man blindfolded, his arm bandaged, and, gently pricked, but not sufficiently to bring blood and then heard the regular drop, drop of blood—or what he supposed to be his own blood, though in reality only water, till he died from the mere supposition that he was being bled to death. I forget the story now but it is familliar to every one. When I concluded, I suggsted to the maniac that he should try this model experimenting, and see how long I would take to to be frightened to death.

"Yes, yes," he answered, with a sly cunning laugh; "very good, very good," and seeing through the device, with the cunning of madness, he laughed again as he said: "very good, sir, very good. And you would take till morning to die, and meanwhile I want a companion in the church yard yonder; down among the grave worms. Come bare your arm and let me do as I said. I'll bleed you. I intended to have taken your head off first, but I've changed my mind, because I wouldn't like to have a headless companion. Bare your arm."

God! what was I to do! I felt my brain seethe and whirl, as though I, too, were going mad. With a desperate effort to be calm, I said:

"Suppose I tell you another story first?"

"Oh, no, you can tell while you bleed."

"But I shall want to watch the blood flow, too," I said, with an effort to refrain from shuddering.

"True, true," he said. "Well, let's hear your story—quick, begin."

I waited for no urging. I was too glad to find him in the humor to listen; so I began and related every story I could think of—as soon as he was done beginning with another—and in this manner nearly two hours passed. As I was about to begin another story, he stopped me peremptorily.

"No more; no more! I won't listen! I've listened too long already, and I've no time to bleed you either! I may take off your head as I first intended disagreeable as it is to have a headless companion?"

Around and around his head again went the glittering knife, coming down in a direct line with my throat; and then as the edge, sharp as a razer, touched my skin, I forgot the prudent consideration that had hitherto kept me silent, and gave vent my horror and terror in a cry so loud and long, so shrill and ear-piercing, that the maniac started back in affright, and actually trembled at the unearthly sound. No wonder, I tremble this moment myself, when I think what an awful cry it was; and I almost fancy I can still hear the sound of it, when I close my eyes, and shudderingly look back to the hour.

The effect upon the madman was not of long duration. A third time he waved the knife around his head, and was just preparing for a spring forward, when the farmer and his eldest son burst into the room. The effect that these new actors upon the scene produced upon the madman was strange and almost incredible. The knife remained up-lifted, the hand in which it was held seemed suddenly petrified and unable to move.—He cowered beneath the gaze of the farmer, as the child might do under the eye of a master, and without the slightest resistance allowed the knife to be taken from his hand and himself quietly led from the room by the farmer and his son.

Then, when I was left alone, the reaction after all terror, horror, and excitement, overpowered me, and I sank back upon the bed almost insensible. I thank God for my escape and hardly lay conscious, of my feelings and actions, I lay quite still, awaiting what was to follow. I felt that there was no further cause for alarm, and in a dreamy sort of a way, I tried to account for the adventnre. I looked around upon the room and all seemed like a dream that I could almost persuaded myself that I was a victim of an unpleasant illusion; but then, to bring me back to the realities of all that had transpired, there was still the light burning upon the table, and I had put out the light before retiring; and another proof that I was awake, and had been for a couple hours past, was the scratch upon my throat where the knife had grazed it, and I shuddered to think how nearly my thread of life had been cut in two.

Presently the farmer and his son returned, and I was informed that my terrible and most unwelcome visitant was an unfortunate brother-in-law of the farmer, who had been crazed for some years past; that during certain seasons, especially at that phase in which the moon was then, he was quite mad and dangerous, though at other times harmless. Unfortunately for me, his door had been neglected that night, and instead of being locked had beeen left open. I listened to all these explanations, and received my host's apologies and expressions of regret for my disturbance and peril, by making a nental vow never to sleep with the door unlocked in a strange house, and if ever placed so that I should be obliged to crave the hospitality of strangers, to make particular inquiry whether any mad man, brother-in-law, or other, dwelt in the house.

Changing Climate.

The following beautiful passage by Washington Irving, might almost make a November day cheerful:

"Here let us say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate, which are too often made the subject of repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshines of the South of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North. They float in a summer sky with gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us, has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms—but has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day—when at the night stars beam with intense luster or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance. And then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life; and the splendors of summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-lit clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gust of tempests of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and bellowing thunder-volly from the battements of heaven, shake the sultry atmosphere, and the sublime melancholly of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp of woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Truly we may say, that in our climate, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

Kind Words.

Never be afraid to speak a kind word to a suffering follow being; it costs you nothing, and gives the one on whom it is bestowed a great deal of pleasure. A kind word has much power; it often heals a heart lacerated and almost broken; it often is the instrument by which the erring one is turned into the path of truth and virtue. Never look cross and utter unkind words because the one before you is clothed in ragged garments, for you know not how soon fortune may take to itself wings; you know not how soon the sun of prosperity may set in your life-sky and all around and above you clouds of misfortune and destistution may hover. O, traveller on the highway of life, whisper kind words of encouragement and hope to fellow travellers, and you will lose nothing but will be fully rewarded hereafter, for every word of kindness, for every act of love and charity.

Affecting Scene.

Recognition of an Exhumed Body.—"Not many years since," says Fraser's Magazine, "certain miners who were working far underground came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected; an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it to the surface, and for a while, till it crumbled away through the exposure of the atmosphere, it lay there the image of a fine sturdy young man. No convulsions had passed over the face in death; the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face; a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down in his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman who had hurried from her cot on hearing the news came up and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people of course, who were looking on—a liberal education and refined feeling are not deemed essential to the man whose work it is to get up coals, or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the greyheaded old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corps and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a to uching contrast—the one so old the other so young.—They had both been young these long years ago, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

A Safe Bet.

Several gentlemen were riding in a car on one of the Boston roads, a few years ago, when the conversation turned upon the next Presidential election, and the merits and prospects of Webster, Fillmore, Cass and others discussed at large. After some time a solemn individual, who had listened in silence, addressed the party thus:

"My friends, you are wrong. Before the election of 1848, the world will have come to an end, and Jesus Christ will be President of the Universe!"

Up started an enthusiastic gentleman from the Granite State, who stutteringly said to the Millerite:

"S-ir, I'll b-b-bet you t-ten dollars New Hanpshire w-w-won,t g-go for him!"

A roar of laughter greeted the exit of the second Adventist, as he removed to another car.

Time Required to Count a Billion

This is a million times a million, which no one is able to count, however easy it may be to write it. You can even count 160 or 170 a minute—let us even suppose that you can go so far as 200 in a minute; than an hour will produce 12,000; a day 289,000; and a year, or 365 days (for every four years you must rest a day from counting curing leap year.) 105,120,000.—Supposing that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, and continued to do so, and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted nearly enough. For the count a billion, he would require 9512 years, 5 hours and 20 minutes, according to the above rule.

Adam and Eve in Eden.

How long did Adam stay in paradise? Until he married. Same case with many others says the Boston Post, who, by the by, was never married, and no Judge of the matter. At any rate, Adam seemed to think the woman a good bargain, and he certainly made a good thing of his fall, in a worldly point of view, for he exchanged a flower garden for a universe. Eve, too, got some compensation for the loss of her innocense, namely, the privilege of dressing; which, judging by her daughters, must have been a matter of felicitation.

OH! THE TONGUE.—The slanderer, of which ever sex, is a pest in any society; a character made up of a combination of vices, and most prominent of which are lying, backbiting, idleness envy, hatred, revenge. No single one, but altogether these vices are found in their composition, which make then as miserable as they make others. Idleness is burdensome; envy increases to madness; and, through lying, revenge is sought. This is but a faint picture, illy executed of a community's greatest plague.

A BRECKENRIDGE DEMOCRAT ON THE STAND.—Who would you prefer, Bell or Lincoln?

Why, Lincoln.

Would you rather see Lincoln elected than Douglas?

Yes.

Wou'd you dissolve the Union if Lincoln is elected?

Yes, I would eat my breakfast out of the Union to-morrow.

Love takes deepest root in the steadiest mind.

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