THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
1 "	6	2.00
1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
1 "	for any less no. of insertions	1.00

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

Register in Bankruptcy,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF

CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. ja16-y

JOHN 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

DR. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.



Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.

December 19th-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

B. F. STARR & CO.,

Mill Stone Manufacturers,

AND DEALERS IN

BOLTING CLOTHS,

Leather and Gum Belting,

No. 173 North Street,

ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

E. H. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.

Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,

GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited. Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

PUMPS.

Everybody who has use for a pump should buy

MORRELL'S

Fire Engine,

DEEP WELL

AND

FORCE PUMP.

Send for a Circular.

POOLE & HUNT,

jo14-1y Baltimore, Md.

HO! FOR VIRGINIA!

WM. H. NEWTON & CO.,

Land Agents,

23 LEXINGTON STREET,

BALTIMORE,

HAVE for sale some great bargains in farms on the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, in the Northern Neck of Virginia. Send 25 cts. for descriptive pamphlet.

300 Farms with Improvements at $8 to $25 per Acre.

Many of them have brick dwellings. jan28-3m

Choptank Nurseries,

DENTON, MD.,

KEMP & KERR, Proprietors.

AS the season for transplanting is now close at hand, we hereby inform our friends and patrons that we can furnish them with *complete* selections for orchards of

Apple & Peach Trees,

PEAL, (DWARF & STANDARD)

Cherry, Plum, Apricot

—AND—

NECTARINES.

We have, also, a fine stock of

GRAPE VINES

And Strawberry Plants,

which we offer at moderate rates.

☞FARMERS! Look to your ☞Interests, and buy no more ☞Inferior Trees, such as are ☞huckstered around thro' ☞the Country by Foreign ☞and bogus Agents and Tree Brokers.☜

We invite you to come and inspect our stock and learn our terms before purchasing elsewhere. Remember, we send out stock of no kind whatever but what we guarantee to be exactly what we represent it.

Health, vigor and correctness is our aim in the cultivation of Nursery stock; and for our patrons to have full satisfaction is the end we aim at in our sales. In addition to what is enumerated above we can sell you, at reduced rates,

SHADE & ORNAMENTAL TREES,

FLOWERING SHRUBS,

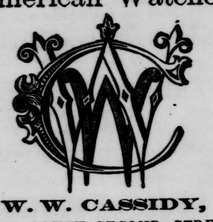
of various kinds, &c., &c.

We ask a trial to prove our advertisement.

Respectfully yours,

fe25-odno12y KEMP & KERR.

WESTERN AND American Watches.



W. W. CASSIDY,

No. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

ASKS ATTENTION TO HIS

Varied and Extensive Stock

OF

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

AND

SILVER-WARE.

Customers may be assured that none but the best articles, at reasonable prices, will be sold at his store. A fine assortment of

RODGER'S CELEBRATED PLATED-WARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.

All orders by mail promptly attended to. jan7-1y

LADIES & GENTLEMEN!

Here is one More Chance for Bargains at the Old Stand of

H. BLACKISTON,

OPPOSITE THE HOTEL.

He has just returned from the city with a large and well assorted stock of

Spring Goods,

consisting of

Ladies Dress Goods, of various styles,
Cloths, Cassimeres,
Cottonades, Kentucky Jeans,
and Linens, coarse and fine for Gentlemen's and Boy's Wear,
Ready Made Clothing, a good stock,
Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, coarse & fine,
A Splendid Stock of Notions, too numerous to mention,
Fine Calf Boots and Gaiters for Gents,
Fine lot of Lasting Gaiters and Morocco Bals. for Ladies; also Children's Shoes, a nice assortment,
A Fine Stock of Hats, direct from the Manufacturer in New York,
A Splendid assortment of Queensware and Crockeryware,
Hardware and Tinware,
A Splendid Assortment of Peters & Woolley's Hoop Skirts and Corsets of the latest styles,
A large stock of Groceries,
Stock of Oils, viz: Coal Oil, Train Oil, Linseed Oil, Machine Oil,
An assortment of Baskets, suitable for marketing,
And a large variety of other goods too numerous to mention.

Just call in and examine for yourselves, and if you wish to purchase I will try to give you the worth of your money. My motto is, "deal justly with all," and not to puff my goods.

☞Nearly all kinds of trade taken in exchange for goods. H. BLACKISTON.

N. B.—Friends and customers, I am in need of money, and have been waiting for you, whose accounts have been standing 6, 12, 18 and 24 months, to call and pay up. And if you do not call soon I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of calling on you. Please don't put me to that trouble (ap8-y) H. B.

For Sale.

ONE pair of platform scales nearly new, for particulars apply to or address.

S. H. MELSON,

apr8-3w.* Fowling Creek, Md.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.80
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRIVE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

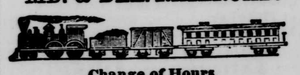
Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8.50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,

Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborough, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,

de3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;
Alone with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There looms one shadow dark and vast—
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been,
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our meed of good to win
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from nought that the world could do,
Fearing nought but the touch of crime,
Laboring, struggling all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time?

Who shall recall the vanished years?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,
And washes away all things beside?
Who shall give us the strength e'en now
To leave forever this holiday rhyme—
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew;
But e'en from the rust of his cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through:
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And maketh each year outdo the last,
There is no Wasted Time!

KATE'S PUNISHMENT.

BY HENRY C. HULL, JR.

A proud, imperious girl was Kate Southerland, but alas! that we have to record it, a most inveterate coquette. Reared in luxury, the only child of fond and loving parents, who granted her every wish, it is not to be wondered at that she grew up to womanhood a proud and haughty being.

Nevertheless, Kate was a remarkably handsome girl—tall and symmetrically formed, with long flowing tresses of the richest auburn, and eyes of the deepest blue, that sparkled like diamonds and shot forth bewitching glances when their owner willed.

All things must come to an end, and it was so with Kate's coquetries—they came to an end at last.

One bright afternoon there came to the city a tall, handsome young man of perhaps five and twenty years of age, bearing letters of recommendation from some of the most influential residents of a neighboring city.—The new comer took lodgings at a common but respectable boarding house, rented and fitted up a neat and substantial office on one of the principal streets and hung out the following sign:

MORTON VANE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Being of good deportment and pleasing manners, the young lawyer was at once introduced into the most fashionable circles of society. At a fashionable party he met, for the first time, the reigning belle of the season, Kate Southerland. From the very first they were pleased with each other. Kate, who had always scorned the idea of love, and whose heart, up till the moment she met Vane had been free and untrammeled, mentally acknowledged him to be her conquering hero, and that he was her fate. And he! In vain did the stars of lesser note outvie each other in their attempts to gain from him a look or a word—he had neither eyes nor ears for aught else but Kate, and when the party broke up he was her escort home.—From that time forth the young lawyer was a constant and welcome visitor at her father's house, and Madame Rumor soon asserted, (and for once truly), that they were engaged and the wedding day set.

A short time after the engagement between Morton and Kate, there arrived by the evening train from washington the gay and dashing Charles Lee, Representative in Congress from that district. The arrival of the honorable gentleman created quite a buzz among the fashionables of the place, and a grand ball was given by Mr. Crane, a wealthy citizen, in honor, as he said, of the Representative's return.

Before his election and departure for Washington, young Lee was one of the many aspirants for the hand of the fair Kate Southerland: in fact there had been quite a desperate flirtation carried on between the two, and rumor even went so far as to hint that they were engaged. How that was we will not pretend to say, but this we do know, that when Kate entered the ball-room on the night referred to, leaning on the arm of her affianced, the young "honorable" immediately left the circle of charming belles that had gathered around him, and came forward extending his hand in hearty greeting. An exultant smile, which she could not hide, shone for an instant on Kate's face, and a dangerous bewitching light gleamed in her eyes.

Immediately after the ceremony of introduction between the two gentlemen had been gone through with, young Lee, "for the sake of old acquaintance," as he said, claimed Kate's hand for the first dance, the sets of which were then forming on the floor.—Without a word she took his arm, and they glided to their places.

It was soon apparent to the most careless observer in the room that Kate's old habit of flirting, which every one thought had been laid aside forever, had returned with all its olden vigor. She did her utmost to keep young Lee chained to her side, and she succeeded. Her conduct was the general theme of conversation throughout the room, carried on in whispers, to be sure, but of which young Vane could not help catching an occasional observation. It roused his pride and anger; yet by no outward sign did he betray the fierce storm that raged within his heart. Calm and collected he was, as though the utter neglect of his betrothed was merely a previously arranged farce.

One there was in that fashionable throng, whose heart was far away from the glitter and pomp that surrounded her and whose mind wandered back to the grand old mansion on the homestead farm, where had been passed the happy gleesome years of her girlhood. Of a timid, unobstrusive nature was Ettna Raymond. Beautiful she really was, with a natural and unstudied grace in all her movements; and a something beyond mere beauty shone from the depths of the clear blue eye, revealing the pure and spotless life within. Her mother had died when she was quite small, and a year previous to the commencement of our story, her father had followed the mother to the land of spirits, leaving Ettna sole heiress to all his vast wealth, and it was in accordance with her father's last wish that she was now in the city finishing an education not yet complete.

Vane was somewhat acquainted with Miss Raymond having previously met her and to her it was that he turned for a partner, after bearing for a while the utter neglect of his betrothed. As we said, his pride was roused for the time being, and he was determined to be as indifferent as his betrothed, and if neglect was her game he would have her understand at the start that *two* could play at it; yet despite his resolves, when the festivities of the evening were over, and Kate came floating up to him, a bright smile parting her lips and a loving light glistening in her eyes, all his resolves vanished as if by magic, and the old love took the place of the bitter feelings. Ah! Kate, if you had but then and there banished forever the desire to trifle, all might have been well.

Encouraged by the flattering attention bestowed upon him, young Lee called often at the residence of Kate, and one afternoon, shortly after the night of the ball, the two, seated in a superb carriage, drawn by a splended pair of prancing bays, drove by the young lawyer's office.

"Hallo! look there! exclaimed Ned Thompson, a friend of Vane, who at that moment happened to be in the office, "that looks as though young Lee intends to storm the castle and carry off your lady love right from under your very eyes. But I have an engagement to fill," he went on as he noticed the pained look that came over his friend's face, "and must therefore bid you good day."

A long while the young lawyer sat in deep thought after his friend left him—the look of pain still visible on his face. Long and deeply he pondered. Then a change came over his countenance, and rising, he took down his hat, drew on his gloves, and with long rapid strides, set out for the residence of his betrothed.

Kate had not been long in from the drive with young Lee, and answered Vane's energetic ring in person. She ushered him into the handsomely furnished parlor, and taking a seat beside him, playfully asked him why he looked so grum.

"I hardly know how to approach a subject so delicate," he answered, "but you know, dear Kate, that I love you fondly, dearly, and that my chief desire is to make you happy; therefore you will excuse me if I talk rather plainly, for rest assured it is my love for you that prompts me to do it. You are young and thoughtless, and do not take note of your actions as others do. For the past few days there has been considerable gossip afloat concerning yourself and Mr. Lee, and it grieves me sorely to hear your actions publicly commented upon. Do not think me exacting when I say that it is my wish and I think it for your good that in the future you should be less free with Mr. Lee."

As Vane finished speaking Kate angrily rose from her seat, and snatching the sparkling engagement ring from her finger, flung it at his feet, exclaiming:

"There, sir, take back your ring, and with it the vows you made me. From this moment I will be free—free to go with whom I please without being lectured by you. And there is the door, sir. Go, and never trouble me with your presence again."

A moment Vane stood as if struck dumb, and then turning his eyes, full of sorrowful reproach and tenderness, upon her, said:

Farewell! and may heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you—may you never be called upon to drink of the cup that I am now draining to the very dregs!" and with one last lingering look at the fair being, he turned and left the room.

A moment she stood and gazed at the spot he had just quitted, and then sank weeping to the floor. Bitterly, indeed, were the hasty words of a moment before repented of, but repentance came too late.

The next day Kate sent a tiny note round to Vane's office, begging that he would forgive her for the shameful conduct of the day before that she had, oh! how bitterly, repented of, and that she would be pleased to have him call that evening, as she could never rest contented without his forgiveness.

The word brought back by her messenger, who also brought her unopened note, sent the life-blood receding from her heart. Vane had sailed for Europe.

Three years passed by, during which time Kate heard often through her friends of the distant traveller, her once scorned lover, Morton Vane. From the time of Vane's departure from the city, Kate was a changed being. Immediately after her rude conduct drove Vane from her presence, she quietly, yet firmly dismissed Mr. Lee, and from that time forth she never once resumed the old habit of trifling. The third summer after Vane's departure, Kate spent with Miss Ettna Raymond, who lived at the old homestead in an adjoining county, and while there she learned that there had been a regular correspondence carried on between Vane and the heiress ever since the former's departure abroad.

A month after Kate's return to the city, her father brought in the daily paper and pointed the to following paragraph:

"HOME AGAIN.—We learn from good authority that Morton Vane, a former resident of this place, who for the past three years has been travelling abroad, reached this city late last evening."

Kate read the paragraph through, gave the paper to her father, and without a word left the room. She could not bear other eyes to witness her emotion at that moment.

A few weeks later as Kate was standing in the doorway, the newsboy came along distributing the morning papers. Kate ran out and pciked up the paper the boy flung in at the gate, and carelessly glanced over its columns until her eyes rested upon the following notice:

"MARRIED.—On the evening of December 2d, 186—, at the residence of the bride's cousin, by the Rev. E. P. Smith, Mr. Morton Vane, to Miss Ettna Raymond."

With many sad and bitter thoughts of the past and of what might have been, Kate read the marriage notice, and bowing her falr head in sorrow upon her jeweled hands, mentally acknowled that her punishment was just.

For the American Union.

Enigma.

I am composed of forty letters.
My 15, 12, 38, 9, is a town upon the far-famed Rhine.
My 4, 8, 36, 13, 5, is a European river.
My 15, 2, 32, 26, is a part participle.
My 1, 22, 7, 28, 34, 23, 17, was a French author.
My 31, 16, 21, 10, 12, 18, was a famous poet.
My 3, 8, 31, is a nickname.
My 15, 25, 30, 9, is the fourth word of this enigma.
My 29, 20, 24, 19, denotes action.
My 14, 35, 27, 11, is a river in the British Isles.
My 40, 12, 37, 23, is quite palateable.
My 39, 34, 25, 11, was a messenger of Juno.
My 10, 33, 15, is a vessel.
My whole is a passage in Telemaque, and a fact with which we are all acquainted.

PRESTON, April 10, '69. X. Y. Z.

KIND WORDS.—Kind words are the sunshines of life—the balm of the troubled soul and weary spirit.

Kind words never blister the tongue nor lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and warelike words. Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

EVERYTHING that is in the paper is true, so we give the following:

A farmer once had a very cross ram, in fact so very cross that none dare venture near him. In the summer time the farmer's orchard was well filled with fruit and the neigboring boys knowing this took advantage and helped themselves. To put a stop to this depredation, the farmer placed the ram in the orchard, and the apples were left alone. But imagine his surprise in undertaking to gather the apples Mr. Ram would not allow him to climb the fence. An idea struck him to this effect. Calling his hired man, he ordered him to place a long pole over the fence with a rope and mallet attached. On going out next day, they found Mr. Ram had butted himself away with the exception of a small piece of tail which kept the mallet in motion.

THE NEGRO'S SIMILE.—An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause.

O, massa! I'se such a great sinner!"

"But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins."

"I know de reason, massa," said Pete; "when you go out duck shooting and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?"

"Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next.

"Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debble has got you sure; but as he am not sure of me he chases dis chile all de time."

THINK FOR YOURSELVES.—It is always best to think first, for ourselves on any subject and then have recource to others for the correction or improvement of our sentiments. Thus we may reach truth which we never should have observed had we caught a particular mode of thinking from an author.—No principle should be received from education or habit merely. Let men observe before pursuing the opinions of others. We check original thought by first learning how and what to think from others. The strength of others should be called to assist our weakness, not to prevent the exertion of our powers. By means of this dependence upon books, error as well as truth descends in hereditary succession.

A THIRSTY QUAKER, having stopped at a tavern to get a pot of beer, and observing that the measure was deficient, asked the landlord how many casks he drew in a month "Ten," was the reply. "And wouldst thou not like to draw eleven, my friend?" "Yes." "Then I'll tell thee how: fill thy measures."

THE human being is often like the ocean; the outer surface may seem perfectly calm, but yet, deep down beneath the motionless, bosom is a heart wrung with bitter anguish, struggling for some unknown outlet to freedom and to light.

A STUPID exquisite, at a wedding, wished the bride "many happy returns of the occasion."

WHY are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Recause they want *carrying out.*

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