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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.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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

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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.

PLOWS

AND

PLOW CASTINGS,

Manufactured by the Subscriber,

And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.

ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

M. M. ANDREW,

Successor to J. Thomas Jarman

Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,

GREENSBOROUGH, Md.

ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.

My12-4t.

B. F. STARR & CO.,

Mill Stone Manufacturers,

AND DEALERS IN

BOLTING CLOTHS,

Leather and Gum Belting,

No. 173 North Street,

ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

T. N. 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.

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
ARRVIE.		
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,
dc3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

Why Trouble Yourself About Wealth.

Why cling to the past, and mourn over your fate,
And give yourself up to despair?
The wheel yet may turn, though its turning be late,
And then the right side will appear.

You have youth on your side, and are healthy and strong:
Then why do you sorrow and pine?
There's a turn to each lane, be it ever so long,
Though difficult sometimes to find.

You seek to be rich? then I ask you why:
Because you would revel in wealth?
What would the world's riches to you signify
If you were deprived of your health!

Envy not those, who, possessed of much gold,
Feast gaily on wine day by day:
Though they are the masters of riches untold,
You still are more happy than they.

You say you are poor. But this I deny:
You have something that's better than pelf,
A good honest heart, that gold cannot buy,
Is a treasure of wealth in itself.

You long to be rich? Then mark what I say:
The rich are not always the blest;
For, though they appear to be happy and gay,
I tell you they're seldom at rest.

There, crossing the street, is a gay millionaire,
Whom a blind man asks for relief;
He turns a deaf ear to his loud-uttered prayer,
And spurns him as he would a thief.

Ah! hard is the heart that can thus pass by,
Nor help the poor man that is blind:
Now tell me, I pray, between you and I,
If the poor ever act so unkind.

Strike out in the world, meet it boldly and square,
And hunger no more after wealth;
Be honest and true, and content with your share,
And thankful you're blest with good health.

There's a future before you; so never repine,
Nor think of the past any more:
All these treasures and riches—men leave them behind
When a life's weary journey is o'er.

J. H. S.

[For The American Union.]

THE SABBATH.

When God gave the command to keep holy the Sabbath day, he assigned his reason. It was not a Jewish reason; but one which applies to all men alike. In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is. But we distinctly understand that He did not make them for the Jews exclusively, or for any peculiar people. He made them for all. As a memorial of that fact, He set apart the Sabbath; kept it, blessed and sanctified it for the profit of all. The earth itself is not eternal, or self-creative: no human instrumentality called it into being. Nor is its existence (as some have wildly and fanatically asserted) attributable to the works of chance, to idols, or any of the false gods (inanimate) to whom some bow the knee. The first sentence in the Bible promulgates God as the fabricator of heaven and earth. Hence the things which are seen, were not made of things which do appear. They were all literally created. How sublime, yet nevertheless true, the words, "He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast." The Sabbath was designed to make men feel this truth; to lead them by keeping it avowedly to acknowledge "Thou Lord, in the beginning, hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thy hands; they shall perish, but Thou remainest." On this Holy day "the Lovers of Jesus will go forth with joy, and lead forth with peace; the mountains and the hills will break forth before them with singing, and the trees of the forest will clap their hands. Instead of the thorn will come up the fir tree; and it will be to the Lord for a name, and for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off."—The keeping of the Sabbath, directs our attention to Jesus, not simply as the creator, but as the great Preserver and Benefactor of all men. It is not only true that *of* Him are all things, but equally true that *by* Him are all things. He keeps the breath in our nostrils, the blood flowing through our veins, and the spirit of energy and life within us. 'Tis true he piled up the mountains and scooped out the valleys, and made channels for the rivers, and beds for the seas; but this is not all; "He made the corn to spring up in the valleys; His rivers run among the hills, and the sea to fill the mighty vacuity, rolling its mighty billows from shore to shore. He gives us sunshine and showers, to cause the earth to yield her fruit to the labors of men. As we walk through our town on Sunday morning we see quite a number who loiter about the doors and porches of our public buildings instead of attending Divine service: this pains my heart. I do hope that we will amend our ways and adhere strictly to the command still imperative—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Veritas.

The Result of Application.—Seek to acquire the power of continuous application without which you can not expect success. If you do this, you will be able to perceive the distance which it creates between you and those who have not such habits. You will not count yourself, nor will they count you, as one of them. Thus you will find yourself emering into the higher regions of intellectual and earnest men—men who are capable of making a place for themselves, instead of standing idly gaping, desiring a place without the power to command it.—Keep on striving to accomplish more and more every day, and thus enlarge constantly the range of your intellectual ability. If you learn to do as much work in one day as you used to do in two or three days, you are as good as two or three such men as you formerly were, boiled down in one.—*Dr. Wayland.*

A dentist was lately making a speech in a political caucus, when a fellow in the crowd exclaimed. "What do you ask for pulling a tooth, doctor?" "I'll pull your tooth for a shilling and your nose for half the money," replied the speaker.

PAPA GOES THERE.

"Mayn't I go with you, papa? Oh please say I may, won't you?"

The words were uttered in a plaintive and sadly entreating tone, the hands of the speaker clasping the knees of the listener.

It was a boy of seven years who lisped them; a beautiful boy, with fair, high brow, around which there clustered a glorious wreath of auburn curls; with dark, flashing eyes, cheeks rosy with health, lips like the cherries of summer, and a voice like the birds that taste them. The eyes were full of tears then, and the little mouth quivering.

It was a man of some thirty-five who listened to this plea; a man who had been of noble and princely bearing. Aye, had been, but the blighting truth was written in his face. His locks were matted, his forehead scowling, his eyes red, but not with tears; there were furrows on his cheeks, too, and a brutish expression was on the once handsome lips. Twice did the little boy address him ere he answered. Then pushing the child rudely from him, he said, in a stern voice "No, no. It's no place for you."

Again these fair, small hands clasped the knees.

"You go, papa. Why can't I go too? Do let me go."

For a moment the heart of the inebriate seemed to wake from its sleep. He shuddered as he thought of the character of the place his pure souled boy would go should he grant his request. He took the child tenderly in his arms and kissed him as of old; then putting him down he said kindly:

"You must not ask me again to take you there. It is no place for little boys," and seizing his hat hurried from the room, murmuring to himself as he paced the way to the brilliant bar-room, "and no place for men, either. Would to God I had never found the way."

For a long time Willie stood just where his father had left him; then turning to the few embers that faintly glowed upon the hearth, he sat down in his little chair, and resting his head upon his mother's lap, said earnestly:

"Mamma, why isn't that pretty store a good place for little boys? Papa loves to go there."

It was a trying question to the poor, heart broken woman. She had so far kept from her son the knowledge of his father's sin. She could not bear that he should look with shame upon him, or that his pure and gentle heart should commune with so intense a grief. Kindly she toyed with his hair for a while, then said, endearingly:

Papa knows better than you what is best for his little boy. When you are older you will learn why he does not wish to take you."

Then rising she carefully put down her babe upon its little bed and tied on her hood and cloak.

"Mind the cradle now, Willie; I'll come back soon, and then you shall have some supper, and a nice fire to sit by, too" and taking a large basket of ironed clothes she went out. A wealthy mother would have trembled at the bare idea of leaving so young a child at nightfall all alone with an infant to care for, and an open fire to sit beside.—But poor Mrs. M. knew well she could trust Willie with his sister, and as for burning up there were not coals enough to thaw his fingers. No she did not fear to leave him for he had thus been left many a time and had carefully obeyed her.

And he meant to now; but poor little fellow his thought would wander to that brilliant corner store, where he knew his father always went at evening, and his brain was busy with eager wanderings. He knew his father loved to go, and it must be very pleasant there for he never came home till long after Willie was asleep. What lay behind those scarlet curtains was a mystery he sought in vain to unravel.

At length he whispered eagerly, as if to encourage a longing wish:

"Papa used to tell me if I wanted to know anything very bad to persevere and I should find out. Now I do want to know what makes him love to go to that place—I know the must be pretty things behind those windows. I should'nt wonder"—and his cheeks were glowing—"I shouldn't wonder if it was a fairy house. Why can't I go?"

Poor Willie! Temptation to know was too strong to be resisted; so he hunted through the closet for a candle, for our little Willie was a thoughtful little fellow and would not leave his little sister to the only danger that could menace her. He found a bit of tallow dip and lighting it, drew the stand close to her, that the flame might scare away the rats and mice should they sally out ere his return.

"I won't stay long, pretty dear," said he pressing a tender kiss on her sleeping lids and drawing the blanket closer over her fair arms. "No, I'll come back soon, but I so want to take just one little peep.

Swifty his little feet bore him over the pavement, and in a trice he stood beside the curtained window.

"How light it is, and how they laugh and talk. It must be funny there."

A cold November blast swept round the corner as he spoke, penetrating his thin summer clothing and causing his flesh to quiver and his teeth to chatter.

"I don't believe they'd hurt me if I should go in a while, I'm such a little boy, and I am so cold out here," he said as he pushed the door carefully from him, slipping in and closing it without a breath of noise. For a moment he was bewildered by the light and chatter, but finding that no one seemed to notice him, he strolled toward the glowing grate and spread out his purple palms before the blaze. The group of men that encircled the bar were drinking when he entered.—Soon, however, they sat down their glasses and dispersed about the room.

"Halloe!" said one in a loud tone as going to the fire he spied little Willie. "What are you doing here, my little fellow! Who are you and what do you want?"

"I don't want anything only to see what you do here. My name is Willie M——. My papa loves to come here and it looked so pleasant through the window I thought I'd come too. But I must not stay long for I've left the baby alone.

The man's tones were softened as he spoke to him again.

"And where is your mother, my little boy?"

"O, she's gone to take home the wash, sir. Papa don't get as much work as he used to once, and we are very poor now, and she has to help him.

"And does it look as pleasant in here as you thought it would, my child?"

"O yes, it does, sir. But I don't wonder papa loves to come here, it's so cold and dark at home. But I should think he would bring mamma and me and little sis. How she would laugh to see this fire, and all these pretty bottles, and those flowers with lights in them. Please sir," said he earnestly, and he seized the rough hand of the listener; "please sir, tell me why little boys can't come here with their fathers."

"For God's sake do not tell him, Bancroft," said a deep, anguished voice. "He thinks me pure and good; but, Oh, heavens! What a wretch I am. My boy—my boy!" and Willie was clasped in his father's arms. "You have saved me from earth's vilest hell, for here with my hands on this sinless brow, I promise never again to touch the cup. And my brothers in sin as you value your soul's salvation, do not tempt me to break my vow. Help me, heaven—help me, men, so to live hereafter that I may never blush to take my boy with me." And taking his boy in his arms he went swiftly out.

Silently the door closed after them, and silence dwelt in the saloon behind them.—The preacher had been there in cherub form, and crazy, loose, unholy thought, or light and ribald jest was hushed. One by one they stole away to their homes, and many a wife wore smiles that night; nor did the old bar-tender, even curse the little one who had robbed him of so many dimes. The memory of a little boy whose curly head had been for many years lying under the sod in the churchyard was too dear, and he murmured to himself, as he stirred the fire—

Who knows what I might have been had my little boy been spared to me.

"Don't you like me papa? Are you cross at me?" asked little Willie, while they stood a few moments on the pavement; for the scene in the room was all an enigma to him, and he feared a reproof.

"I was wondering what mamma would like best for supper," said the father.

"Was you? was you?" was the eager question in a glad voice. "O, then, I know you aint cross. O, get oysters, and crackers, and tea, papa; and a candle, too, because there's only a little bit of a piece. And please papa tell mamma not to be cross with me cause I left the baby. I don't believe she will though, cause may be you wouldn't have come home so soon, and she does love to have you at home so much. O, I feel like crying; I feel so glad."

"And I feel like crying, too," said the father solemnly. And ere midnight he did cry, and his wife, but they were holy tears, washing his heart of the dust that had gathered on its beauty, and hers of the sorrow that had draped it like a pall.

Anecdote of Disraeli's Wife.

A story is told of Lady Beaconfield's devotion to her lord and his ambition, which, if true, is a touching commentary on the unselfishness of womanly affection. On one occasion, when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, his wife accompanied him to the Parliament House. It was "Budget" night—the most momentous of all sessions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for he had to unfold his financial plans for the ensuing year to a critical and not too easily satisfied House. Disraeli, as he took his place in the carriage, was wholly wrapt up in his subject and his figures; it was a crisis in his career; if he failed this night, he might well take Wolsey's advice to Cromwell, "Fling away ambition!" His wife entered the carriage also, softly, so as not to disturb the thinker. In getting in, however, her finger was caught by the door, which, shutting upon it, jammed it terribly and held it so fast that she could not withdraw it. She uttered no cry, made no movement; her pain and agony must have been intense. There was the finger crushed between the panels; to speak or endeavor to withdraw it would disturb her lord—would drive the figures and arguments from his head. So there stayed the finger, every moment more painful, until they reached the house; nor did Disraeli hear a word of it until long after the famous debate of that night had become history.—All that evening the faithful wife sat in the gallery, that her husband's quick-glancing eye might not miss her from it; she bore the pain like a martyr, and like a woman who loves.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Let us Help One Another.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand, or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence?—Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burthensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder and to hear a kind voice whispering: "Do not feel discouraged; I see your trouble, let me help you." What strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He, whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

What it Costs to Print a Newspaper.

Persons who object to the advertising rates in a largely circulated newspaper never stop to calculate what it costs the printer to put their business into his columns and spread it before the public. If they did they would be covered with shame and confusion, and instead of denouncing the publisher as exorbitant in his charges, freely confess that, in some instances, they get far more than the worth of their money. We submit the following figures to show what one column costs us in our paper; basing our calculation on the price of printing paper, type-setting, press-work, and ink, leaving the wear and tear of our type and machinery entirely out of the question.

We print in the first place 3000 copies weekly, which requires 6½ reams of paper. That paper weighs 50 lbs. to the ream, and is now worth 14 cents a pound.

Our weekly expense for paper is therefore $48.75. Our yearly expense for the same is $2,274. There are 18 columns on one side of our paper—all that we can, under any circumstances, appropriate to advertising purposes, and if we divide this into the total cost, it would make the yearly expense to us for printing paper, for each column, $126.33. Allow us twenty per cent profit on the paper, and we have $25.26. Add the usual rates charged by printers for type-setting and press-work, and we have: 6000 ems in a column at one dollar per thousand, renewed quarterly, $24. Press work, $3 per 1000, divided by 18 columns weekly, 50 cts. Press work at 50 cents per column weekly for 52 weeks, $26. Printing ink, $2, making the total value of 1 column in our paper 1 year, $203.59.

We have been advertising by the column, and quarter column at rates considerably less than these, and the intelligent reader will at once see that we have been but poorly paid for our labor. When we further consider the expense we are put to in keeping up repairs of all kinds in the office, and purchasing new type when the old is worn out, we have not the remunerative profit we should have in consideration of the advantage those derive who advertise in our columns.

The fact is that newspapers, as a general thing, do not pay. The subscription money and what is taken in for advertisements very often fall short of the actual expenses of the printing office. In such cases the parties are obliged to fall back upon the job work to meet their current expenses, and as that business can be carried on just as profitably without the paper, the latter must be looked upon in the majority of instances, as an accommodation merely—a sort of intellectual appendage which is thrown out of the office gratuitously, and for the specific benefit of the community at large. If grumblers and fault-finders had their own way, the more papers a publisher would circulate from his office, weekly, the greater the danger he would be in of impoverishing himself and his family, while the reverse should be the fact in a business point of view.—*York (Pa.) True Democrat.*

Why Don't you Learn a Trade.

This question was propounded in our hearing a few evenings since, to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in some of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill luck, one of his friends who knew he had a mechanical talent, but doubted whether he could make himself useful either as a clerk or salesman, put the question to him, which we have placed at the head of this article. The reply was, that a trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation. Under this delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who, because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures.

Late, too late in life, they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrifty mechanic, whom, in the days of their boyhood, they were accustomed to deride.—The false views of respectability which prevail in the fashionable society of the present day, have ruined thousands of young men, and will ruin thousands more.

Be Firm.—The winds and the waves may beat against the rock, planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like that rock, young man. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware—stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the light-house is to the mariner upon a sea-shore; it will guide hundreds to the point of virtue and safety.

Education.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, the use of which properly managed enlightens the mind.

A curate having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied:

"My lord, I wore a mask."

'Oh, well," replied the bishop, "that puts a new face on the affair."

A man killing hogs, became vexed, and venting his spleen, wished they were in——. "Oh, dear me, what can he mean?" exclaimed a little girl who had overheard him.—"Mean? I suppose the awful wretch wants his provisions sent on before him."

To do the thing properly in New York, at a wedding, the bride must have eight bridesmaids and a hundred dollar poodle beside the one she marries.

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