THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1869. NO. 10.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

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DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

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

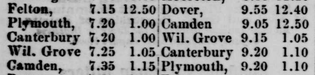
GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.		
LEAVE.	A.M.	LEAVE.	P. M.	A. M.
Crisfield,	7.00	Phila.	5.00	8.30
Marion,	8.40	Baltimore,	2.15	7.25
Kingston,	8.05	Wilm.	6.25	10.10
Westover,	8.30	New Castle	6.45	10.30
Princess Anne,	9.10	Bear,	7.00	10.50
Eden,	9.40	St. Georges	7.15	11.00
Forktown,	10.00	Mt. Pleas't	7.30	11.15
Salisbury,	10.30	Middletown	7.50	11.35
Delmar,	10.45	Townsend	8.00	11.45
Laurel,	11.05	Blackbird	8.05	11.50
Seaford,	11.30	Sassafras,	8.15	12.00
Bridgeville,	11.50			P. M.
Greenwood,	12.80	Clayton,	8.30	12.05
	A. M. P. M.	Smyrna,	8.30	12.15
Farmington	12.15	Brenford,	8.25	12.10
Harrington	7.00 12.35	Mooreton,	8.35	12.20
Felton,	7.15 12.50	Dover,	9.55	12.40
Plymouth,	7.20 1.00	Camden	9.05	12.50
Canterbury	7.20 1.00	Wil. Grove	9.15	1.05
Wil. Grove	7.25 1.05	Canterbury	9.20	1.10
Camden,	7.35 1.15	Plymouth,	9.20	1.10
Dover,	7.50 1.30	Felton,	9.30	1.20
Mooreton,	8.05 1.45	Harrington	9.45	1.40
Brenford,	8.10 1.55	Farmington,		1.55
Smyrna,	8.05 1.50	Greenwood,		2.05
Clayton,	8.20 2.05	Bridgeville,		2.15
Sassafras	8.25 2.10	Seaford,		2.35
Blackbird,	8.35 2.20	Laurel,		2.55
Townsend,	8.40 2.30	Delmar,		3.10
Middletown	9.00 2.45	Salisbury		3.45
Mt. Pleas't	9.10 2.55	Forktown,		4.10
St. Georges	9.25 3.10	Eden,		4.30
Bear,	9.36 3.25	Princess Anne,		5.15
New Castle	9.55 3.45	Westover,		5.40
ARRIVE.		Kingston,		6.00
Wilm.	10.15 4.05	Marion,		5.20
Phila.	11.45 5.40	ARRIVE.		
	P. M.	Crisfield,		6.45
Baltimore	1.15 8.10			

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached will leave stations named at the following Changed Hours, (subject to delays incident to freight business,) viz.: Going South, leave Wilmington about 3.00 A. M.; New Castle, 4.00; Middletown, 6.00; Clayton, 7.15; Dover, 8.50; Camden, 9.10; Felton, 10.05, and be due at Harrington 10.30 A. M. Going North, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M. Felton 4.00, Camden 5.05, Dover 5.45, Morton 6.10, Clayton 7.00, Middletown 8.45, New Castle 10.30, and be due at Wilmington 11.00 P. M. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any regular stopping place between Harrington and Wilmington, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Delaware Junction and Dupont.

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

E. Q. SEWALL, Sup't Del. R. R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Wednesday, August 4th, 1869, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Hillsboro'	6.10 A.M.	New York	12.30 A.M.
Ridgely	6.25	Baltimore	7.25
Greensboro'	6.45	Philadelphia	8.30
Goldsboro'	7.00	Wilmington	10.10
Henderson	7.10	Clayton	12.10 P.M.
Halltown	7.25	Kenton	12.25
Slaughter's	7.35	Slaughters	12.40
Kenton	7.50	Halltown	12.55
ARRIVE.		Henderson	1.05
Clayton	8.10	Goldsboro	1.15
Wilmington	10.15	Greensboro'	1.35
Philadelphia	11.45	Ridgely	1.45
Baltimore	1.15 P.M.	ARRIVE.	
New York	4.00	Hillsboro'	1.55

Passengers to and from Baltimore will change cars at New Castle Junction.

FREIGHTS.

LEAVE.		LEAVE	
Hillsboro'	10.00 A.M.	Clayton	3 00 P.M.
Ridgely	10.25	Kenton	3 15
Greensboro'	11.00	Slaughter's	3.30
Goldsboro'	11.35	Halltown	3.45
Henderson	12.00	Henderson	3.55
Halltown	12.30	Goldsboro'	4.05
Slaughter's	12.55	Greensboro'	4.25
Kenton	1.25	Ridgely	4.35
ARRIVE.		ARRIVE	
Clayton	1.45	Hillsboro	4.45

All freights must be at the various stations in time to be loaded and manifested at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours. G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH, Supt.

Hutson's Bakery AND CONFECTIONARY STORE, DENTON, MD.

I WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of the town of Denton and of Caroline and the adjoining counties that I am now prepared to furnish

FRESH BREAD,

Cakes, Pies, and CUSTARDS,

of all kinds, either at wholesale or retail, every day (except Sundays) at the lowest city prices. Having an

Experienced Baker,

from Philadelphia, I can furnish Picnics, Private and Wedding Parties, Excursions, &c., with Fine Cakes, Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts of all kinds,

AT SHORT NOTICE AND LOW PRICES.

My stock of Confectionaries will always be fresh, as I buy but small quantities at a time and buy often. I will have a wagon running through the county once a week after the first of May.

All orders filled and shipped to any point desired. All kinds of saleable trade taken in exchange, and a fair cash price paid for butter, lard and eggs. N. A. HUTSON.

ap20—ody14-y

PURE CIDER VINEGAR at R. W. TODD'S

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

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

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.

J. S. URICK, MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAS just returned from the cities with a fine stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which he will make to order at good rates, consisting of French, English and German cloths, &c., &c. [oc22-1y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1-y

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

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,

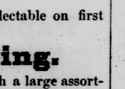
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of this and the adjoining counties.

OFFICE—Next door to residence, Main St. my9-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. dec19-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

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-y.

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

GEO. W. SPURRY,

Manufacturers' Agent for

Mill Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS,

AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-v Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

NEWARK ACADEMY,

NEWARK, DELAWARE,

Prof. EDWARD D. PORTER, A. M. Prin.,

A First-class Mathematical, Classical and Scientific

BOARDING SCHOOL

For Boys and Young Men, will commence its one hundred and first Academic year

September 1st, 1869.

For full information, send for circular. jy29-3m

Select Poetry.

THE DYING SUMMER.

Fiery Summer now is dying,
Shorter daily grows her breath;
Soon her beauty will be lying
In the cold embrace of death.

Short her reign of golden splendor;
Brief the triumph of her power;
All her pomp she must surrender
To the sovreign of the hour.

Tyrant-like she ruled and reveled,
Heedless of her subjects' pain;
Tyrant.like she shall be leveled
Low into the dust again.

Days of restfulness are dawning,
Breathing life and hope once more,
Whispering of that fairer morning
On the brighter better shore.

Still, O dying one, in sadness
Linger we thy couch around;
Tears are mingled with our gladness—
See, they drop upon the ground?

Queen and tyrant though we found thee,
Crushing even life away,
Yet the beauties spread around thee
Almost made us love thy sway.

Perfumes of ten thousand flowers
Charmed our senses half to sleep,
Snow-white lillies, rose-twined bowers,
Carpets green, where violets creep.

Jesamine and orange grove,
Myrtle and magnolia tree,
And o'er head the cooing dove—
Such thy haunts of revelry!

Fading now, so slowly, sadly,
Withered, lost, thy royal wreath,
All the wealth once used so madly,
Fails thee in the hour of death.

Ye, who led by fierce ambition,
Stake your all on earthly power,
Take a solemn admonition
From the Summers dying hour.

Learn that all the power and glory
Of your loftiest, proudest dream
But a vain, an empty story,
In the hour of death will seem!

For The American Union.

EVER MINE.

BY W. J. DUHADWAY.

Through every change in life's career—
'Midst joy and sorrow, hope and fear
Thy precepts ever are my stay,
And as they point the narrow way."
Thou art ever mine.

Thy statutes, Lord, have been my song:
My tongue shall still the theme prolong;
Thy word I'll hide within my heart,
Nor ever from the treasure part:
Thou art ever mine.

Thy righteous law is my delight,
My meditation day and night,
And as I contemplate its worth,
I read, in blazing lines, the truth—
Thou art ever mine.

Thy word, O Lord, is very pure;
Thy testimonies, O, how sure!
They seal my heart with happy bonds;
They speak, and loud my heart responds—
Thou art ever mine.

And when my soul expands her wings,
And quits the vale of earthly things;
O, then my portion thou shalt be,
And through all eternity
I'll be ever thine.

FOWLING CREEK, MD.

A STRONG TEMPTATION.

A young man, or rather boy, for he was not seventeen years of age, was a clerk in one of the great mercantile establishments of New York. An orphan and poor, he must rise, if he rose at all, by his own exertions. His handsome, honest face, and free, cordial manner, won him the friendship of all his fellow-laborers, and many were the invitations he received to join them in the club-room, in the theatre and even in the bar-room. But Alfred Harris had the pure teachings of a Christian mother to withhold him from rushing headlong into dissipation and vice, and all the pursuasion of his comrades could not induce him to join them in scenes like this. He feared the consequences.

One evening, one of his fellow-clerks, George Warren, the most highed-toned and moral one among them, invited Alfred to go home with him to supper and make the acquaintance of his family. The boy gladly assented, for he spent many lonely evenings with only his books and his thoughts for company.

He found his friend's family very social and entertaining. Mrs. warren, the mother, was a pleasant, winning, I might almost say fascinating woman; one of the kind whose every act praiseworthy. Mr. Warren was a cherry, social gentleman, fond of telling stories and amusing young people. And George's sister, Jessie—how shall I describe her? A girl about Alfred's own age, and half-bashful, half-saucy dimpled face rosy-cheeked maiden, sparkling with wit and pleasantry, and pretty enough for any young man to fall in love with at first sight.

This was Mr. Warren's family, and it was no wonder that Alfred was charmed with them. They were not very wealthy people, but were in easy circumstances, and on a promising road to fortune. Alfred very soon felt as well acquainted with them all as if had known them for years. The supper was delicious, especially to a boy whose small salary could afford him only the plainest living.

After supper wine was brought in. Mrs. Warren poured it out herself, and with a winning smile passed a glass of the sparkling liquid to their guest. Alfred took it with some hesitation, but did not raise it to his lips. Each of the family held a glass, waiting to pledge their visitor. But Alfred feared to drink. He set the goblet on the table, while a burning flush overspread his face.

"What! do you not drink wine?" asked Mrs. Warren, in her pleasant tone.

"I have been taught not to drink it," said Alfred.

"You have had good teaching, I doubt not," said the lady, "and I honor you for respecting it, but I think it makes a difference where and in what company you take it. I should not be willing for George to go into a bar-room in company with dissipated young men, and call for wine, but at home, in the family circle, it is different. A moderate use of wine never hurts any one. It is only when carried to excess that it is injurious.—You had better drink yours. So little as that will never hurt you."

Jessie was setting by Alfred. She took up the glass he had set on the table and gave it to him with a charming smile.

"Drink it for my sake," she said.

Again he took the goblet in his hand.—The glowing wine was tempting, but the faces around him were more tempting still. He raised it towards his lips. But at that moment there rose before him a pale, sweet face, with pleading eyes—the face of his mother in heaven. The boy laid down his glass with a firm hand, and with firm tones he said,—

"I cannot drink it. It was my mother's dying request that I should never taste of wine, and if I disregard it now, I fear greater temptations will follow. You must pardon my seeming discourtesy, but I cannot drink it."

A silence fell upon the little circle. None spoke for several minutes.

Then Mrs. Warren said, in a voice choked with emotion,—

"Forgive me, my boy, tempting you to violate your conscience. Would that all young men would show as high a sense of duty."

Every one of the family put down their wine untasted.

"The boy is right," said Mr. Warren.—"Drinking wine leads to deeper potations. We are wrong in setting such an example to our children. Here, Ellen," he called to a servant, "take the decanter away."

And as the table was cleared of the wine and glasses, Mr. Warren said, solemnly,—

"Now here, in the presence of you all, I make a solemn vow never to have any more wine on my table, or drink it myself as a beverage; and may my influence and precepts be as binding on my children as the request of the boy's mother to him."

And Mrs. Warren responded,—

"Amen!"

Mr. Warren turned to Alfred.

"We are not drunkards or wine-bibbers here, my boy. I have always preached temperance to my children, but I have never realized before how an occasional glass of wine if partaken of in good society can injure. I see it now. If a person can drink one glass, he can drink another, and yet another, and it is hard to know just where to draw the line. I thank you for this lesson. I will show that I have as much manliness as a mere boy. My children, will you follow my example, and pledge to abstain totally from wine as a beverage?"

"We will, father," was the response.

This pledged was never broken by any of the family, and never did Alfred Harris have cause to regret that he resisted the temptation to drink one cup of wine.

Years afterward, when he was a prosperous and worthy merchant, and sweet Jessie was his wife, they often spoke of the consequences which might have followed, had he yielded to that one temptation; and Jessie tries to impress as firm principles upon the minds of her children as her husband's mother instilled into the heart of her boy.

Mrs. Partington Shopping.

"Come, Ike, get your basket and let's propel to town."

They enter a fashionable millinery establishment.

"How do you sell pitaters!"

"Do you mean to insult me, madam?" asked the vender of head-dressings.

"Well, I would like to consult you about getting a couple of pecks. Bring along your basket Ike."

"But, madam, we do not deal in potatoes. Who told you that we sold potatoes?"

"Your advertisement."

"Our advestisement? It certainly says no such thing."

"But it does. Ike, come here. Did'nt you read to me the other night, about this new milliner store having conceived a new assortment of pitaters from New York?"

Ike nods.

"There, now, you needn't be skeered; I ain't no revenue deceptive."

"Madame, you have made a misatke.—Our advertisement announces for sale palpitaters, a new article of female apparel with which young ladies, whose bosoms are not fully developed, are enabled to beautify their forms, and render perceptible the affectionate emotions of their loving hearts. Hence they are called palpitaters."

"La, me! your advertisement didn't say about parallels enveloping female bosoms and shows their notions of affection. Now, if you denounce them as bosom pitators, you'd be more intelligent. Well I'm after stomach pitators, which I have much affection for, beside my bosom is parallel enough and I pretend for the future to keep it so without putting pitators in it any how.—Good bye, Mrs. Milliner. Come, Ike, let us tramp."

RINGS IN DEMAND.—What ring do the ladies most desire? The wedding ring.

What ring is the most pleasant to everybody? The ring for dinner.

What ring is the most profitable? The whiskey ring.

What ring is best in time of trouble. The ring of true metal.

What persons wish they had been out of the ring? The "lame ducks" of the late "corn ring."

What ring is the most profitable? The gold ring.

What ring does children most enjoy?—"Ring around a rosey."

What ring is most fashionable? The ring in the ear.

What ring should be sacred to all? The ring of the church bells.

What ring startles every one? The ring of fire bells.

What ring is the most detestable? Trying to "ring in."

HOW TO RISE IN THE WORLD.

Glance over the world, and we find that it is not those who are born with silver spoons in their mouths who are aided by friends, or who are what are known as born geniuses, that achieve the greatest success. On the contrary, they are those who embrace all the opportunities which are offered them; who push steadily forward, having a fixed purpose in view, and look neither to the right nor left; who labor diligently, spending no time in idleness, but improving every moment. Whoever starts out in life with a determination to be unceasingly industrious, and adheres to that determination, will achieve success, though his talents be not of the brilliant order, and he receives little or no assistance from his friends. Go study the habits of those who have risen to eminence, and you will learn that untiring industry has been the great secret of their success.

From early manhood it has been the habit with Henry Ward Beecher to constantly keep a book with him to peruse during spare moments. If he is going to ride in a horse car, in the stage, on the steam-boat or steam-coach, he takes a volume with him, and pulling it out devours its contents, while his fellow passengers are gazing out of the windows or riding along in a half-dreamy frame of mind. He carries this habit of time-saving so far as to insist upon reading whilst he is being shaved by his barber.

What can be achieved during these spare moments is well illustrated in the case of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, who contrived, while working at the forge, to acquire a knowledge of all the ancient languages. The New York correspondent of the Chicago Journal tells of a man in the Brooklyn Navy Yard who has for many years done the work and drawn the pay of a machinist, who has yet found time during all this while to gratify a yearning thirst for knowledge. It may be surprising, yet is nevertheless true, that he has mastered the French, German and Italian tongues, made himself partially acquainted with the Hebrew, and obtained a thorough knowledge of botany and geology. He has continued to work on from day to day at the Navy Yard bench, spending all his nights and noons in study, and husbanding all his earnings to purchase books, of which he has now a library of nearly eleven hundred volumes; and now he is suddenly promoted to a prominent public position.

There is no individual, however humble his circumstances or calling may be, who cannot rise in this country, if he makes up his mind to do so, and devotes to the attainment of his object the moments which are now given to idleness or pleasure. Young men, you are filling inferior stations, and are unhappy because you suppose you are tied down to your calling, think of this, and strike boldly out for yourselves.

Beautiful Selections

I wonder at the beauty of this world. I am amazed before a little flakelet of snow, at its loveliness, at the strangeness of its geometry, its combination of angles, at the marvelous chemistry which brought these curious atoms together.

I reverence the Infinite God, who made the ocean, earth, air, three sister graces—for handmaids to attend this fielding of the sky. I look up and wonder at the stars; I am astonished at the beauty of that great constellation, Orion, which every night unveils its majestic forehead to the eyes of men. I study its nebula with a telescope, and it resolves itself to stars so distant that those mighty orbs seem but flakes of clouds to the unassisted eye.

In fancy I clothe them with verdure and people them with beasts, bird, fishes, insects and the like. I have confidence in the laws which lead and guide them, and are a great revelation of the omnipotence of God.

But if I compare them with man, with spirits, its laws, powers, its imperial duration, and its faculty of unbounded growth, and Orion, with its nebula, seen to be stars, it is as much inferior to man as that snow-flake to the constellation.

And when I reflect upon this world of consciousness, the powers born within us, which seem but as flakelets of a cloud now, but which, seen through my telescope, faith in God, resolve themselves into stars too distant to be seen, and only brought to consciousness in such a soul a Christ's—then I forget the constellation, and all the starry beauty of the world, forget the joy of trust that constellation taught, and find delight in that higher joy and nobler trust which my own nature has revealed to me.

Daniel Webster's Fright.

No situation more perfectly paves the way for a hearty laugh at the end, than of two strangers obliged to be together in mutual terror of each other. Nothing can be more comically uncomfortable than a couple of honest men eyeing each other askance an hour or two, when all the time "one's afraid and the other darsn't."

Upon one occasion, Mr. Webster was on his way to attend his duties in Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companions and the driver had a sort of felon look, which produced no inconsiderate alarm with the Senator.

"I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partially succeeded, when we reached the woods between Bladensburg and Washington (a proper scene for murder or outrage), and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then the driver, turning to me, with a gruff voice asked me my name. I gave it to him.

"Where are you going?"

"To Washington,' was the reply. 'I am a Senator.'

"Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed,—

"How glad I am! I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour, for when I looked at you I took you for a highwayman.'"

Of course both parties were relieved.

MEEKNESS, wisdom and love are sure to be the death of prejudice; for even that monster is mortal and may be slain.

The Story of a Physician.

An eminent physician, in the *Hearth and Home*, tells the following excellent story for the benefit of young mothers. He says:—"An intelligent young mother inquired some days since how she could best preserve her child's linen clean and sweet when changed frequently during the day. I directed her not to dry it by the fire, but in the sun and open air if the weather permitted. You thus not only avoid saturating the air of your room with the volatile and poisonous gasses driven out of the linen, but the sun's rays have powers of cleansing and disaffecting, which artificial heat has not, and will purify and preserve the linen. She followed my directions, but as is too often the practice, dried and aired it in the nursery window.—Her fastidious husband remonstrated in vain against this unseemly exposure. Believing that if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist, he so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery-window in full view from a central part of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the offending linen flapping conspicuously in the breeze, and asked sarcastically: "My dear, what is that displayed from our window?" "Why," she promptly replied, "that is the flag of our Union!" Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag with a swing of his hat and pressing his wife's arm closer within his own, said, as they walked homeward, "And long may it wave."

DIAMOND DUST.—Man—A bubble on the ocean's rolling wave.

Life—A gleam of light extinguished by the grave.

Fame—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare.

Wealth—A score of trouble and consuming care.

Pleasure—A gleam of sunshine passing soon away.

Love—A morning stream whose memory glides the day.

Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

Charity—A stream meandering from the front of love.

Bible—A guide to realms of endless joys above.

Religion—A *key* which opens wide the gates of heaven.

Death—Knife by which the ties of earth are riven.

Earth—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way.

Grave—A home of rest where ends life's weary day.

Resurrection.—A sudden waking from a quiet dream.

Heaven—A land of joy, of light and love supreme.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.—"I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, "I have all that I see others contending for: why should I struggle?" I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something so to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. The power is gone. Habits have become chains.—Through all the profitless years gone by I seeek vainly for something to remember with pride or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there was nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man." *Robt Dale Owen*, "Beyond the Breakers."

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—It is almost incredible from what a variety of circumstances marriages may prove unhappy; but it is found in by far the majority of cases that the husband is, somehow or other, the cause of the evil. Domestic felicity is seldom marred by the woman; it is her empire, and she is no more likely to destroy it than the bird is to pull her own nest to pieces. She stands by home as a principle, and it is her nature to seek to render it as agreeable as possible to her husband. She has also a more intense sense than the man of the decencies of life—is more anxious to have all duties properly observed—to have a creditable appearance before neighbors—in short, as she says, to have everything right. Men even sensible, well educated men, are often rebels against many of the proprieties, but women very rarely.

Burns being in church on Sunday and having some difficulty in procurring a seat, a young lady, who perceived him, kindly made way for him to her pew. The text was on the terrors of gospel, as denounced agains sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of scripture, to all of which the lady seemed attentive and somewhat agitated. Burns, on perceiving this wrote with a pencil, on the blank leaf of her Bibble, the following lines:

"Fair maid, you need not take a hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Tas only sinners that he meant—
Not angels, such as you,'

In the eyes of some people a "lowbred" woman is one who stays at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. Species almost extinct. We wish there were a few more of them about.

CLARA (looking at the bonnets, etc.).—"Don't you think they are handsome?"—Amy (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street): "Very; 'specially the one with the black moustache."

Punch thinks, the poorest farmer in the land, if unable to feed his calves can always graze his shins.

WERE envy obliterated from all hearts, then, indeed, might we be thankful.

The only organ without stops—The organ of speech in women.

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