THE AMERICAN UNION

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1869. NO. 14.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY
Md.

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. H. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. BARECKSON.

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;
ie10-y 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

The Farmer's Column.

Written for the American Union.

APPLE ORCHARDS:

Their Failure, the Cause and its Remedy.

BY J. W. KERR.

Within the last ten or fifteen years, there has been quite a depression of interest, in our agricultural districts generally, respecting the planting of apple orchards. A great want seems to exist in the greater portion of the Middle and Southern States, at present, for a remedy—a mode of culture, or a reliable theory—which, when reduced to practice, will restore the rural luxury and domestic comfort that is inseparably associated with *good* apples and plenty of them.

In the North and North-West, our horticultural and agricultural brethren still revel in the enjoyment of that luxury and comfort, raising not only a sufficiency of fine apples to meet the demands of their own districts, but also enough to supply, in part, the great deficiency in ours. We certainly are indebted to them many thanks for their well-directed labors in fruit-growing, even if we do have to pay a big price for the enjoyment realized in its consumption.

When the productions of their horticultural labors are exhibited to the view of our rustic friends and neighbors, it invariably brings forth the stereotyped inquiry, "Why is it that our orchards do not bear such fine fruit?"

Good fruit is unquestionably a good advertisement for the agricultural industry of a community. The memorable A. J. Downing, in the preface to his work on Fruit and Fruit Trees in America, says, "Fine fruit is the most perfect union of the useful and the beautiful that the earth knows." Again he says: "He who owns a rood of proper land in this country, and in the face of all pomonal riches of the day only raises crabs and choke-pears, deserves to lose the respect of all sensible men." Still further: "When I say I heartily desire that every man should cultivate an orchard, or, at least, a tree of good fruit, it is not necessary that I should point out how much both himself and the public will be, in every sense, the gainers." Then, in a good-natured manner, he quotes the advice which Dr. Johnson gave to one of his friends. Said the Dr.: "If possible, have a good orchard. I knew a clergyman, of small income, who brought up a family very reputably, which he chiefly fed upon apple-dumplings."

I make these quotations from the work of Mr. Downing because he, while living, was the head and front of American pomology, and because his untiring labors in that connection done so much to elevate the science of horticulture to its present standard of perfection, as to render his name an honored household word from one side of our great country to the other. I do not suppose there is a gentleman living in the genial clime of this favored Peninsula, the soil of which is unsurpassed in America for its natural adpatability to the satisfactory and perfect cultivation of a large majority of the fine fruits now familiar to the pomological world, who will question a moment the utility, beauty, kitchen conveniences, parlor comforts and real value of good apple orchards producing good crops of fine fruit.

To estimate the *dime* and *dollar* profits of an orchard, kept by proper care and cultivation, in proper condition, is not a burdensome task, and, before going farther, I will reduce fac s to figures. On an acre of land at 33 feet each way, can be planted 40 trees. (Thirty-three is sufficiently far apart to plant—better make it 30 ft. than 35.) These trees, if kept in good condition until they arrive at a good bearing age, will produce 25 bushels to the tree, making 1,000 bushels; and say you only get 50 cents per bushel, you realize an income of $500 from a single acre of ground. Now, I ask, where is the gentleman who, upon a little reflection, will not grant the above to be a very reasonable estimate all through.

But, then, the question arises here, can we grow such orchards? One gentleman says, in speaking of his orchard: "The trees which ten years ago produced fine, large apples are no longer worthy of the room they occupy," and leaves the subject rest on the remark, "We can't raise such apples now-a-days." Gentleman No. 2 steps in and says: "To grow apples such as we used to have fifteen or twenty years ago is without hope, and assigns as a reason that our soils, by the tillage to which they have of necessity been subjected, are exhausted of the requisite matter to sustain certain characteristics in the nature of the tree, and in the formation and development of its fruit." Then, here is gentleman No. 3 who is alike discouraged in the prospect of ever again seeing an apple orchard as was his father's. He tells us that "when he was a boy there was always plenty of fine apples, such, too, as it was no trouble to keep over the winter." But he philosophizes in this way: "The climate has changed so materially, and the variety of apples have degenerated so much, that their culture in orchards is only an experiment, generally, if not unexceptionally, attended with but little or no success."

Admitting, now, that such theories as the foregoing partake slightly of reason and facts (in very mutilated and contorted forms) which I think is a very liberal admission indeed, it is but just to place the subject under the test of *fair* and impartial reasoning, ere we attempt to arrive at any definite or fixed conclusion concerning it. It is certainly worthy of thorough investigation, since the science of American pomology carries with it so much of the real and personal wealth of the country, and is annually opening wider the gates of its innumerable avenues, where it welcomes countless numbers of active minds and willing hands, and yields to them not only healthful and pleasant pursuits and employment, but, at the same time, substantial profits, which tend greatly to promote the general good and domestic interests of every community.

In response, then, to the desponding tone of the remarks of Gentleman No. 1, it only remains to kindly assure him that his want of reflection, coupled with the culpable neglect of his orchard, has cheated him out of many dishes of delightful apples from his own trees; for candor and experience bids me maintain that *now*, as well as ten years ago, apples can be grown in abundance, and of the best quality. No better evidence than that of experience can be reasonably asked to verify this; yet, while a most striking, standing proof is immediately under my view, the respect I owe to the community at large will not justify me in citing particular instances. I can only say to those of my brethren having starved, stunted, neglected and, consequent upon this, unfruitful orchards, if they will but follow the advice following in this article, for but three successive years, with their orchards now at a bearing age, they will, beyond even the least shade of doubt, find their experience to be in unwavering harmony with my own.

But you ask—"How about Gentlemrn No. 2, whose theory is exhausted soil, &c?" A *correct* theory so far as it goes. Our soils are truly *too much* exhausted, but where you find them exhausted of the requisite matter to sustain a vigorous growth on an apple tree, you will also find that you can raise corn only of "the small yellow kind." Mr. Thomas, in his American Fruit Culturist, says: "The apple is a vigorous and hardy tree, and will grow upon most soils. It does best, however, on those that are deep, rich and fertile; such as will give good crops of indian corn. Hard, shallow and wet grounds are to be avoided. Improvement by manuring and deep cultivation is desirable, as a great difference in quality and productiveness results from a difference in fertility." A great difference in quality, &c., &c. What does Mr. Thomas, that eminent and scientific lover of handsome trees and fine fruits, mean by that? Simply to manure well and keep your ground upon which your orchard is planted in a *thorough* state of cultivation, and you will have plenty of fruit of best quality. Thorough cultivation is unquestionably of the utmost importance. "It cannot be too well understood," says the same author. "If two specimens could be exhibited, side by side, the one showing the stunted, lingering, mice-eaten and moss-covered trees, caused by neglect; and the other the vigorous and thrifty growth, and the fair and abundant crops, resulting from fine and clear culture, none could fail to be satisfied of the superiority of the one and impolicy of the other." Again, in speaking of orchards, he says: "The owner may lay it down as an unalterable rule that when his trees do not grow one foot annually, they need more manuring, or cultivation, or both."

But here arises the question, what kind of manure is best, and how should it be applied? A moderate top-dressing annually of well-decomposed stable, or other good, manure, applied in the fall of the year and turned under the following spring by shallow plowing, adding every third or fourth year a light coating of leached ashes, or lime. An orchard manured in this manner, and not suffered to grow up in rank weeds every summer, will change what is now regarded by a great many as an experiment to a *certain* success.

And now an analysis of the philosophy of Gentleman No. 3. A great many gentlemen who now own farms were, twenty or thirty years ago, *boys;* that certainly is a fact, but that fact is closely followed by another, viz: That a great many who were boys thirty years ago, in age and size, and revelling in the enjoyment of their kind father's nice apples, have truly remained boys ever since, so far as correct theories in the care and culture of orchards is concerned. In the sunshine of their boyhood days, it was their fathers who cultivated the orchards, and the management of the same was no doubt then, as it is now, no part of the boys' study or education. It is, however, I believe, a practice with all men to frequently flit along in *fancied* flight down through the shadowy vale of years that lies between them and their once happy boyhood; but we should be careful, as fancy carries us along, to note impartially the *real* facts, as well as the scenes of pleasurable sensuality.

But let us refer to the degeneration of varieties, and put that assumption to the test. It certainly is inconsistent with the principles, both of pomological science and physiology, for the varieties of fruits propagated, as are those of the apple, to degenerate or "run out." If we depended alone on the power of reproduction from seed, I would at once grant the possibility, and even certainty of a degeneration. But we do not pretend to perpetuate certain and particular varieties of fruit by the seed; it is by grafting, budding, layers and cuttings that a "running out" of a kind is prevented. Dr. Jno. A. Warder, a distinguished pomological author, in his American Pomology, thus speaks of this matter in the history of the apple: "Harvey has placed this matter in a correct light by showing that the true life and history of a tree is in the buds, which are annual, while the tree is the connecting link between them and the ground. Any portion of such a compound existence grafted upon another stock, or planted immediately in the ground itself, and established upon its own roots, will produce a new tree like the first. Being furnished with supplies of nourishment it may grow indefinitely, while retaining all the qualities of the parent stock. If that be healthy and vigorous, so will this. Indeed, new life and vigor often seem to be imparted by a congeniai, thrifty stock and a fertile soil, so that there does not appear to be any reason why the variety should run out and disappear." An abundance of additional proof could easily be furnished to support this position, but I deem it wholly unncessary to dwell longer on this point.

There is, though, respecting the varieties of apples, one fact greatly to be regretted, confining itself to those varieties commonly known as winter, or keeping, apples. The greater part of the orchards, now bearing and coming into bearing, throughout this Peninsula, are composed of trees purchased from Northern nurseries and climates. The result is this: the *best* varieties of Northern winter, or keeping, fruit, when brought here where the growing season is longer, made so by an earlier Spring and later Autumn, are only fall apples, and not of good quality as such either, being subject to rot on the trees. Thus it is that, since the feature of "travelling agents" has identified itself with the tree trade, we have comparatively but few keeping apples. Though this misfortune can soon be remedied by paying proper regard to the selection of varieties for present and future planting. The old, native fruits that bore such prodigious crops when Gentleman No. 3 was a boy are still in existence; and if good, healthy, young trees, that have been propagated from them, are properly planted, manured and cultivated, orchards equally good, if not far excelling those of our fathers' and even our grandfathers', will be the result. Three-fourths of the apple-orchards, that should now be bearing good crops of fruit, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, are standing, some of them, in cold, wet soils—others upon the poorest piece of land on the farm—others serve as a pasturage for all kinds of stock—none of them having *ever* been *half* cultivated or manured since they were planted, not to speak of the wet, spouty lands.

And yet you cannot tell why it is that your apple-orchards are, from year to year, attended with failures in producing good fruit. Observe carefully the facts: your trees grow but little; their sickly-looking foliage seeks early a resting place on the earth, exposing their starved and enfeebled boughs to the hot suns of late Summer and early Autumn; perhaps a few knotty specimens of fruit hang upon them, so worthless that a respectable wind will not blow them off—all this exposed constantly to your view and serves only to elicit from your lips bitter denunciations upon the agent or nurseryman, perhaps, who sold you the trees, while the true cause of having a poor orchard and no fruit lies in your own absolute negligence.

In conclusion, take the following for a fair illustration of the case: turn the finest breed-horse in all the country around into a barren pasture-field; persistently exclude him from food and attention, and what is the consequence? I need not attempt a description. And yet the comparison it yields is a just and fair one. Carry the same principles into effect in caring for your orchards that you would likely do in caring for a thoroughbred animal, and you will, at the end of two years, see a very satisfactory change, not only in the appearance of your trees, but also in the profits accruing from their fruits.

DENTON, Oct. 12, 1869.

CAN ANY ONE TELL.—Can any one tell how men that cannot absolutely pay small bills, can always find plenty of money to buy liquor and treat when happening among friends?

Can any one tell how many young men who dodge their washerwoman, and who are always behind with the landlord, can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of poker or seven up?

Can any one tell how it is with some men who owe their butchers, owe for their rent owe for tailoring, for shoes, etc., can yet have everything that's nice—eat oysters at night, wear fine clothes, and have all the delicacies of the season?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and don't work, while others who are industrious and always employed almost starve?

Can any one tell how a man who is too poor to pay four or five cents a week for a newspaper, can spend five or six times as much for segars and tobacco, to say nothing of drinks.

A Precocious Baby's Letter.

The following letter, purporting to be from a very promising sprig of the rising generation, just three week old, is printed by "LeRay Gazette:"

Dear old uncle,
I dot oor letter,
My old mammy,
She ditten better;
She every day
Little bit stonger,
Don't mean to be sick
Very much longer.
Daddy's so fat,
Can't hardly stagger;
Mammy say he jinks
Too much lager.
Dear little baby
Had a bad colic,
Had to take three drops
Nassay paragolic
Toot a dose of tatnip,
Felt worse as ever,
Shan't take no more
Tatnip never!
Wind in stomit,
Felt pooty bad,
Worse fit of sickness
Ever I had!
Ever had belly ate,
Ole Uncle Bill?
Taint no fun now,
Say what oo will.
I used to sleep all day
And cry all night,
Don't do it now
Cause tain't ite.
But I'm growing
Getting pooty fat,
Gain most two ponnds,
Only think of dat.
Little femin blankets
Was too big before,
Nurse ca'n pin me
In em no more.
Skirts so small,
Baby so stout,
Had to let the tucks
In them all out.
Got a head of hair
Jess as black as night,
And big boo eyes
Yat look mighty bright.
My mamma says
Never did see
Any ozzer baby
Half as sweet as me.
Grandma comes often,
Aunt Sarah too,
Baby loves em,
Baby loves oo.
Baby sends a pooty kiss
To his uncle all,
Aunties and Cousins,
Big folk and small.
Can't yite no more,
So, good bye,
Bully ole Uncle,
Wiz a glass eye.

"JOHN," said a pious uncle to his nephew who was paying his first visit to the city, "John, we're in the habit of saying something before we eat." "All right," said John; "go ahead, you can't turn my stomach!"

Select Poetry.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THY WIFE.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife
She knows enough of sorrow;
Oh, seek not from each pretty ill,
An angry word to borrow.
For in her heart there's treasured love;
Oh, prize its golden worth;
One gentle word, one smile of thine,
Can ever call it forth.

When thou art harsh, and stern and cold,
And from thine own dear home
The sunshine of domestic love
In sorrow seek to roam.
Upon her heart thy cold words fall,
And chill love's tender life;
Then, oh, amid thy trials all,
Speak kind to thy wife.

Speak softly, kindly to thy wife,
She may have left a home
Of childish love, and to thy own
But scarce a year have come;
Though five or ten have told the time,
And thou have shared its strife,
When'er thy footsteps homewards turn,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife,
She may be growing old,
And soon ye both may garnered lie
In Shadows of the mould.
Speak gently, she has loving words
To soothe the cares of life;
Oh, then, when trials round thee cling,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"Please sir, will you buy my chesnuts?"

"Chesnuts? No!" returned Ralph Moore looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own, "What do I want with the chesnuts?"

"But please, sir, do buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for 'em—and—and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing by her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child, "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, do not cry in such a broken-hearted," way said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here is a quarter for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stay to hear the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode his way, muttering between his teeth:

"That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care though, for the brown-eyed object did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it, I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the Slough of Despond."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these reflections, the dark-orbed little damsel whom he had confronted, was dashing down the street with quick elastic step, utterly regardless of her basket of unsold nuts that dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase to a room where a pale, neat looking woman with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as if the breath of life depended on every stitch, and two little ones were playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of absent fire.

"Mary, back already? Surely you have sold your chestnuts so soon!"

"No, mother, mother see!" ejaculated the breathless child "A gentleman gave me a whole quarter! Only think mother, a whole quarter."

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused around it, in the poor widow's poverty-stricken home he would have grudged still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

o o o o o o o

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver piece.

o o o o o o o

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night—the fire was glowing cheerfully in the well-filled grate, and the dinner table all in a glitter with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy of eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again, said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight fell full on the face of an humble looking man in threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who was that man—and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, love, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant messengership in the bank."

"And you will?"

"I dont't know, Mary; I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation.

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary, said the lover husband, with an affectionate kiss, "I'll write the fellow a note this evening.—I believe I've got his address somewhere about me."

An hour or two later, when Bobby and Frank and little Minnie were tucked snugly up in bed in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the face of a man whose face she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right my little wife," said her husband, folding her fondly to her breast, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting that self same night in his poor lodgings by his ailing wife's sick bed, when a servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha," he exclaimed joyously, as he read the brief words; "we shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation."

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the estray. It was a fifty dollar bill neatly folded in a piece of paper on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a chesnut girl twenty year ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown a morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many years it had returned to him.

To Break Down a Church.

The following, which may not be new to all our readers, is given by request of a correspondent who thinks it "to the point:

HOW TO BREAK DOWN A CHURCH.

To do this effectually, you must,

I. Discourage the pastor.

II. Discourage your fellow members.

III. Destroy the confidence of the community.

I. To discourage the pastor:

1. Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath or at least one in three: if he is not very strong, one in four times may answer.

2. Neglect prayer and class meetings.

3. Criticise your minister freely—praise him sparingly—find fault plentifully—pray for him little or none.

4. If he proposes to hold extra meetings, withold your co-operation.

5. Give yourself no concern whether his salary is paid or not.

6. Never call on him socially, or allow him to think that his comfort or that of his family is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

II. To discourage you fellow-members:

1. Observe the directions given above.

2. Complain about evrything they do and don't do.

3. Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your industry keep the church in hot water generally.

4. While doing this lose no opportunity to complain of bad treatment you are receiving.

5. Be as much ilke Diotrephes and as little like Paul as you can.

6. Discard charity and candor, take distrust to your bosom, and make scheming your specialty.

III. To destroy the confidence of the community.

1. Observe the foregoing directions.

2. Tell the people that you are in the Church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way in which business is conducted.

3. Publish the faults of your brethren, taking care to magnify them.

4. Make no effort to induce people to attend the church.

5. Take no part in the labors of the Sunday school.

6. Publish on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern—predict that it must fail—go down—blow up, and can never succeed.

By observing these directions faithfully, you may have the satisfaction, if the church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfilment of your predictions.—*Southern Exchange.*

HOW FAR DOWN THE DIVER MAY GO.—The greatest depth to which a diver can descend with the greatest appliances in safety, is about one hundred and sixty feet, and for this a bunch of hundred weights must be disposed about his person. The average at which he can work comfortably is about ninety feet, which was near the depth at which the operations upon the Royal George were conducted. In the water from sixty to seventy feet deep, the men can work for two hours at a time, coming up for ten minutes rest, and doing a day's work of six or seven hours. An English diver, encased in one of Siebe's dresses, went down in the Mediterranean to a depth of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and we have heard that Green the American diver, inspected a wreck in one of the Canadian lakes, at the depth of one hundred and seventy feet; but his experience was enough to convince him that he could not work on it without danger of life. At this depth the pressure of the water on the hands is so great as to force the blood to the head and bring on fainting fits, while the requisite volume of air inside the dress to resist the outward pressure of the water is so great that it would speedily suffocate. Means have been tried to obviate these difficulties, but for the present a limit has been set to the extent to which a man may penetrate the secrets of the deep. An ingenious Italian workman has brought to England a sort of armor dress, which would resist the presure of water; but our submarine engineers think this would not obviate the difficulties arising from the limits placed to human endurance.

A COUNTRY girl rode into New Albany, Ind., to do some shopping. When the clerk asked if there was anything else he could do for her, he was amazed by the reply: "Oh, no, sir; unless you will be kind enough to go out and milk the old mare, for I rode her from home without the colt."

A DARKEY'S account of a sermon: "Well, sahs, de sermon was upon de miricles of de loaves and de fishes. De minister said how der seven thousand loaves and de five thousand fishes were divided between de twelve postles; an' de miricle was dat dey didn't bust!"

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3528-0177.jpg