ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1870. NO. 39.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS' TIME TABLE.

ON and after, MONDAY, April 4, 1870, Passenger Trains will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

GOING NORTH. Leave.	A.M.	P.M.	GOING SOUTH. Leave.	A.M.	P.M.
Delmar,	11.60		Phila.	8.30	5.00
Laurel,	11.15		Baltimore,	7.25	2.40
Seaford,	11.35		Wilm.	10.10	6.25
Bridgeville,	11.50		New Castle	10.30	6.45
Greenwood,	12.85		State Road	10.35	6.50
	A.M.	P.M.	Bear,	10.45	7.00
Farmington		12.15	St Georges	11.00	7.10
Harrington	7.00	12.30	Mt. Pleas't	11.10	7.25
Felton,	7.15	12.50	Middletown	11.25	7.45
Canterbury	7.20	1.05	Townsend	11.35	7.55
Wil. Grove	7.25	1.10	Blackbird	11.40	8.00
Camden,	7.35	1.15	Sassafras,	11.50	8.10
Dover,	7.50	1.25	Clayton,	12.00	8.20
Moorton,	8.05	1.40	Arrive.	P.M.	
Brenford,	8.10	1.45	Smyrna,	12.10	8.30
Smyrna,	8.05	1.40	Leave.		
Clayton,	8.20	1.55	Brenford,	12.05	8.25
Sassafras	8.25	2.00	Moorton,	12.15	8.30
Blackbird,	8.35	2.15	Dover,	12.30	8.55
Townsend,	8.40	2.20	Camden	12.40	9.05
Middletown	9.00	2.35	Wil. Grove	12.45	9.10
Mt. Pleas't	9.10	2.45	Canterbury	12.55	9.15
St. Georges	9.25	3.00	Felton,	1.05	9.25
Bear,	9.35	3.15	Harrington	1.25	9.40
State Road,	9.45	3.20	Farmington,	1.35	
New Castle	9.55	3.33	Greenwood,	1.50	
Arrive.			Bridgeville,	2.00	
Wilm.	10.15	3.55	Seaford,	2.20	
Phila.	11.45	5.25	Laurel,	2.40	
	P.M.		Arrive.		
Baltimore	1.05	8.10	Delmar,	2.55	

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 4.00 A. M.; New Castle, 4.45; Middletown, 6.30; Clayton, 7.30; Dover, 8.50; Camden, 9.15; Felton, 10.10, and be due at Harrington 10.30 A. M. Going North, to leave Harrington about 3.05 P. M. Felton 3.50, Camden 4.55, Dover 5.35, Moorton 6.00, Clayton 6.50, Middletown 8.20, New Castle 10.00, and be due at Wilmington 10.30 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 regular stopping place between Harrington and Wilmington, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Delaware Junction and Dupont.

New Castle Trains.—Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7.40, A. M.

Leave Philadelphia 12.00 M., and Wilmington 1.10 P. M., for New Castle.

SMYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 11.40, A. M., 8.00, P. M. Leave Clayton for Smyrna, 8.40, A. M., and 2 00, P. M., to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations South.

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

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Monday, April 11th 1870,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH. Leave.		GOING SOUTH. Leave.	
Easton,	6.00 P.M.	New York,	12.30 P.M
Woodland,	6.15	Baltimore,	2.40
Cordova,	6.25	Philadelphia,	5.00
Hillsboro',	6.40	Wilmington,	6.25
Ridgely,	6.50	Clayton,	8.25
Greensboro',	7.05	Kenton,	8.35
Goldsboro',	7.15	Slaughter's,	8.50
Henderson,	7.25	Marydell,	9.00
Marydell,	7.35	Henderson,	9.10
Slaughter's	7.45	Goldsboro',	9.20
Kenton,	8.00	Greensboro',	9.30
Arrive.		Ridgely.	9.45
Clayton,	8.10	Hillsboro',	9 55
Wilmington,	10.15	Cordova,	10.10
Philadelphia	11.45	Woodland,	10.20
Baltimore,	1.05 P.M.	Arrive.	
New York,	4.55	Easton,	10.35

FREIGHT TRAIN,

WITH PASSENGER CAR ATTACHED:

GOING NORTH. Leave.		GOING SOUTH. Leave.	
Easton	10.30 A.M.	New York	12.00 P.M
Woodland	10.50	Baltimore	7.25 A.M.
Cordova	11.05	Philadelphia	8.30
Hillsboro'	11.20	Wilmington	10.10
Ridgely	11.35	Clayton	12.10 P.M.
Greensboro'	11.55	Kenton	12.20
Goldsboro'	12.15	Slaughters	12.35
Henderson	12.25	Halltown	12.50
Halltown	12.50	Henderson	1.05
Slaughter's	1.05	Goldsboro	1.15
Kenton	1.25	Greensboro'	1.40
Arrive.		Ridgely	1.50
Clayton	1.50	Hillsboro'	2.00
Wilmington	3.55 P.M.	Cordova	2.15
Philadelphia	5.25	Woodland	2.30
Baltimore	8.10	Arrive.	
New York	10.30	Easton	2.50

By the above arrangement, close connections will be made both ways, and passengers will arrive early both in New York and Baltimore, and will be able to visit Philadelphia and Baltimore and return same day.

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. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

CARPENTERING, &c.

SAML. H. FLUHARTY,
Carpenter & Undertaker,
FEDERALSBURG, MD.

Prices Reduced to Old Figures.
CARPENTERS' WORK
Done either by Contract or by the Day.
CARRIAGE REPAIRING.

For this department I have secured the services of an experienced workman, and shall be pleased to receive the carriages of my friends for repair.

All Work Guaranteed.

mar3-1y

BALTIMORE.

MANSION HOUSE HOTEL,
NORTHWEST CORNER OF
Fayette & St. Paul Sts.,
BALTIMORE.
Terms - - - $1.50 per Day.
ISAAC ALBERTSON, Prop'r.
July 24, 1867.—y

Buck's Hotel,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
No. 34 West Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE.
Meals Served at all Hours, Day and Night.
THE BAR
Is Stocked with the Finest Wines, Liquors, &c., &c.

Board, per day,	$1.50
Board, per week,	7.00
Meals,	50
Lodging,	50

fe24-y



MALTBY HOUSE
BALTIMORE, MD.,
C. R. HOGAN, - - - - Proprietor.

Reduction of Fare.

In consideration of the general decline in cost of all necessaries appertaining to Hotel Keeping, the price of Board will be Reduced, on and after January 1st, 1870, to

$2.50 per Day,

Being determined that nothing will be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city. [fe24-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

To Farmers, Dairymen,
—AND—
COUNTRY MERCHANTS.
ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE
Flour, Grain, Clover and Flax-Seed, Tobacco Hay, Lumber, Staves, Tan Bark, Sheep, Calves, Poultry, Eggs, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Cheese, Wool, Rags, Furs, Skins; Dried Fruits, &c., &c.,

Can have them well sold at the highest price Baltimore, with full returns always within Ten Days of their reaching the city, by forwarding to the Commission House for Country Produce of
F. E. MARINE,
53 W. Pratt St., Balto., Md.

☞ The highest charge made is Five per cent. Goods of every description (except Liquors) purchased and forwarded with dispatch, when either cash or trade accompanies the order.

RENNE'S
Pain Killing Magic Oil
READER! BUY A BOTTLE.
"IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM."

Have you headache?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you toothache?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you neuralgia?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you rheumatism?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you a cold?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you sore throat?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you chilblains?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you dyspepsia?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you a bruise?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you cholera morbus?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you Lameness?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.

This is the Best Family Remedy, to cure all kinds of Pain, you ever tried.

It is clean, safe and delicious to use, and if you use it faitfully,

It will Do you Good!
F. E. MARINE, GENERAL AGENT,
53 Pratt St., Balto., Md.

For sale by Chas. Stevens and J. Alburger, Denton; Dr. Lobstein, Greensborough; B. G. Stevens, Potter's Landing; Jesse Hubbard, Huntiug Creek; C. C. Wheeler, Gilpin's Pt. [je4-6m

BURNS & SLOAN,
Lumber Dealers,
132 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Have on hand a large assortment of
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
LATHS,
FRAMES,
DOORS &
SASH,
which they offer for sale at the lowest market rates for cash. [ag2-y

MEAL AND FLOUR.

FOR SALE for the cash, at the new Enterprise Mill, near Denton. Positively no credit at this mill.

apr29-tf EMERSON & ROSHY.

The American Union

Is Published Weekly, at Denton, Md.,
BY
J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

Terms: $1.50 per annum, 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. M. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

DR. FRED. STRAUGHN,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of town and vicinity. When not professionally engaged may be found at the law office of Geo. M. Russum, Esq. [apr14-3m.

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

T. J. SMITHERS,
DENTIST,
Denton, Md.,

Will Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.

Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.

Teeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Office—Room occupied by Dr. Stack. [aply

BUSINESS CARDS.

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

HOUSE & SIGN PAINTING
GRAINING
AND
Paper Hanging
Done to order by
J. BARTHEL,
je24-1y Denton, Md.

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.

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK
Has now open
A FULL STOCK
OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
CALL AND SEE.
oct14-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.

COLLINS & ALDERSON'S SELECT GARDEN AND FLOWER SEED for sale by
N. A. HUTSON.

Select Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE

The trembling dew drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest
The stars shine gloriously; and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow?
Dead mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die;
To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams;
By thee, as first in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft, from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild
And thrilling notes of tenderness,
Bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child;
And o'er thine urn—religion's holies, shrine,
Oh, give His spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine.

For the American Union.

The Temperance Progress.

Mr. Editor:—

I desire, through the columns of your paper, to say a few words of cheer to the friends of the "Temperance Movement" in this county, and wherever it may meet their gaze. I desire that the desponding may peruse and be induced to start again, with new life and energy, in the noble mission of rescuing mankind from the jaws of intemperance.

Some, in looking around them, cannot see that the cause is progressing; they still see the poor unfortunate one staggering and reeling beneath the influence of alcohol; their ears are still greeted by the sound of bacchinalian orgies; they still hear the cry of the widow and the orphan; they see that the graveyards are still being peopled by the victims of the rum-fiend's insatiable power, and I hear them exclaim: "It is no use; we can never stay the tide of intemperance that is sweeping over the land!" Well, now, suppose we cannot—suppose it is not reserved for us to witness the final overthrow of King Alcohol and the total rout of the cohorts of intemperance—will that justify us in folding our arms and being at ease? Is it not still our duty to go forth sowing the seed that others, coming after us, may reap a bountiful harvest? I think so.

But, indeed, in view of the magnitude of the work to be done, and the amount accomplished, there is no cause for despondency, but, on the contrary, great cause to "rejoice and be exceeding glad." The reformation a few years ago was local; its prime movers hooted at, insulted and mobbed, but to-day it stands prominent among the many orders flooding the country, and can boast some of the best talent in the world. Its odes are chanted from the frozen rivers of Canada to the tropical climes of the South, and from the tempestuous Atlantic to where the mild Pacific gently laves her auriferous shores.—Her tri-mottoed banner of Faith, Hope and Charity now waves in unsullied purity over the ramparts of many of the once strongholds of intemperance, and is being borne on by the friends of the order and planted upon rampart after rampart. Not only in our land, but in other lands, has this glorious beacon been lighted up, and is burning today with a lustre out-rivalling the noon-day sun. The glorious truths of temperance are being impressed upon thousands of the aged, while the young are receiving them and their plastic minds are being moulded in the "right-way." Who can estimate the many shrines of error and deeds of shame that have shrunk, dismayed, before the brilliancy of the great truths of temperance? Then, friends, you should take courage; live faithful to your trust. You may not see much fruit arising from your labor while you live, but in that enternal world you will receive the reward of your labor.

Intemperance has received its "deadly wound"—the demon alrcady gasps for breath, and, for the future, his march will be downward and rapid until death shall close the scene. Then, friends, of temperance on! Labor and leave the result with God.

Bold temperance, untiring, strikes at the monster's heart,
Beneath her blows expiring, he dreads her well-aimed dart.
Her blows, we'll pray "God speed" them, the darkness to dispel,
And how we fought for freedom, let future ages tell.

BILLIE.

HENDERSON, April 9th, 1870.

GOD'S METHOD OF HELPING.—God did not take up the three Hebrews out of the furnace of fire, but he came down and walked with them in it. He did not remove Daniel from the den of lions; he sent his angel to close the mouths of the beasts. He did not, in answer to the prayer of Paul, remove the thorn in the flesh, but he gave him a sufficiency of grace to sustain him.

A social glass to which ladies are addicted—The mirror.

Saturday Evening Reveries.

How, like an angel of mercy, comes the mantle of Saturday evening to the weary world. And how sweet the kiss of that silent messenger—Sleep, as it touches the pillows of humanity. Dreamland too, is a beautiful country for the tired soul to journey through, when guided by peaceful thought; but a dreary, horrible waste to wander over in feverish vision. God giveth His beloved sleep; even to the eyelids of every living thing comes the seal of that precious benediction. All nature, the green fields, the everlasting hills, the great waters,—the very rocks and sand, seem to taste this refreshment.

Blessed be the kind Giver of sleep.

Welcome Saturday evening. Hail, silent Star Sentinels! Welcome sweet Moon.

We look out through the windows of meditation, and walk again in the memories of the week. The vision teems with thrilling pictures. Wall street looms up as territory convulsed with an earthquake; clouds of dust and gloom; tottering halls of commerce; trembling vaults of bullion; wild and haggard looking traders; and countenances of blank dismay everywhere, as though the situation were

"A wreck of matter,
And a crash of worlds."

The figure is true. There were those who lost all their gilded treasures in the general ruin, and had all their world of hope, and home, and future light crushed into shapeless void. Only the splinters of a shattered heart remain to fester and fret the little remnant of life. Right royal is the lot of the humble, honest, day laborer, whose single dollars are coined from the sweat of his brow, and whose children are not fed from the gambling tables of Wall street.

Thank God for the honest workman's peaceful slumber. Bless heaven for his little innocent's frugal meal and homely garments.

It is better than the gold gambler's jeweled torment.

It's ten years ago now—as we look back it seems more like ten days—that Will R——, an honest, intelligent machinist, made his mark in a certain clever invention. A few months poured into his lap a little heap of riches, enough to daze his young eyes, and whirl his unsophisticated mind out of gear. Casting off his mechanic's garb, and erasing the shop dust from his labor-tinted hands, he sought a new sphere in the gambling maelstrom of Wall street. Fortune, will-o,-the-whisp-like, led him on with varying success until he grasped a prize. Once swelled out with the bloated vanity of wealth, he scorned his humble origin, and forgot to know his fellows of earlier days. That strange distemper—speculation—wound its toils about his hands; he could not keep out of the seething waters of chance, but plunged into new and greater ventures. One day winning, another losing, an interval of suspense and again winning. So the months passed in intermittent flashes of fever.

The great crises of September 24th came—that unlucky Friday which foundered so many golden ships. The Gold Room never saw such a tempest. Men became delirious, and dived headlong into the mists of chance. Will plunged in with the rest. The whole community rocked to and fro with the shock. The bowels travailed. All was chaos, anarchy and doubt.

For days and nights the street was sleepless, and tried to untangle the dreadful snarl.

At last!

The end came. Will was bankrupt; lost!

Saturday evening!

It has always been an epoch of life with him. He had always turned his face homeward with sweet anticipations. There was photographed on his heart a picture of five sunny faces, five graceful forms, five musical voices chattering like the chimes of silver bells, to welcome "pa," on the threshold.

But now,—Great God! how changed.—How dreadful the anticipation. There was the same welcome in store for him, but how could he meet it? Home, with all its finer luxuries, must vanish under the Sheriff's heartless hammer. Down, down, with a headlong plunge, he must descend to the level of his former condition. His trade was all that he had left.

And an honest trade is the most solid possession in the world.

With pangs of self-reproach he entered his house. He had been away three days and nights down in the dens of Wall street probing the dreadful secret of his fate. To-night he had purposely delayed his return until a late hour,—until the little ones had nestled in sleep; for he could not bear to meet them at the threshold. As usual, his faithful wife met him prompt to the ring of the bell. As she stood in the doorway, the gaslight fell upon her blonde tresses and fair complexion, and as he looked upon her she seemed like an angel. Her deep blue eyes poured their glance of devotion into his; her white arms were flung about his neck, and two souls melted into one.

"Will!"

"Mary!"

"I am a beggar. All is lost. There is nothing left!" he gasped

"There is something left, Will. Our love—our children;—and the world is as wide and open as ever!" she replied, covering him with kisses.

"It is better to die than suffer this shame and remorse?" he cried.

"No! no! Will; it is better to live and labor, as we used to. We shall love each other all the more."

They passed up stairs to where the little ones were sleeping; kissing the fragrant lips of the cherubs, they stood with arms interlocked fondly gazing upon these little "shining ones." "God helping me, I'll no longer worship gold!" he exclaimed.

There were kisses and tears; the gas was turned low, and pillowed upon her breast, he said with a "good night kiss:"

"Darling, I am going back to the shop!"

Beautiful angels wrote down that picture in a book of gold, and hung it on the walls of heaven!

The life-preservers oftenest used in the battle field—Legs.

The Man that Wouldn't be Hanged.

The following incident has happened at Flessingne, in Holland: A wife, exasperated by the continual drunkenness of her husband, threatened him with death. Some days ago she attempted to put this threat into execution. There was but an attic above the sitting room. To this she ascended, made a hole in the floor, and passed a rope through it, one end of which fell to the floor below, while the other remained fastened in the attic. She then descended, made a slip-knot in the rope and awaited her husband's return. He at last arrived, and was much surprised to receive no reproaches on his bad conduct.

"There is something underhand here," thought he. "I must see."

We must premise that this scene took place in complete darkness. The husband, whose suspicions were roused, let himself fall into a chair and appeared to sleep profoundly.—After some snoring, he felt a rope passed around his neck. He then understood the little trick that was to be played on him, but did not move. His wife went up to the attic, and taking advantage of this moment's respite, the drunkard relieved himself of his rope and fastened it to the foot of the stove, which soon went up to the ceilling with a frightful noise, caused by the fall of some crockery which was standing upon it.

The wife, thinking the noise was caused by the fruitless struggles of her husband, ran to the police office to declare that she found her husband hung. The police arrived in hot haste, and a candle was lighted, when all started back at the spectacle which presented itself. The stove was swinging gracefully in space, and the husband sat gravely smoking his pipe. Instead of a suicide, an attempt to murder was established against the wife.

What I've Seen.

I have seen persons far more attentive to the concerns of their neighbors than their own, and prying into private affairs for the most abandoned purposes.

I have seen men of no intrinsic merit, rising on the tide of fortune and running with the popular current of the day, until by dint of impudence, they have grown into fictitious importance.

I have seen persons below mediocrity raised by political intrigue, to high and important offices; and I have seen such ones incapable of administering upon any abstruse point.

I have seen stupidity allied to office, producing a display of splendid ignorance, highly disgusting to men of sound judgement.

I have seen worth humbled and unworthiness exalted; yea, even so, that the last was first, and the first was last.

I have seen men who were all things unto all men, and I have seen all men suspicious of them.

I have seen affection covering the lowest cunning and darkest intrigue; yea, verily a wolf in sheep's clothing.

I have seen men strive to exalt one whom they knew to be unworthy, merely for the purpose of depressing a political rival.

I have seen men put on airs of redoutable courage, who would creep through an auger hole at the least show of resistance.

I have seen a little animal so inflated with pride, as to be almost full to bursting. It resembled a man too.

I have seen enough of this wicked world, its acting and doings, to cause me to exclaim in the language of the old adage, that "all is not gold that glitters."

Woman.

How can the rose grow without sunshine? How can the violet bloom on a salty soil?—Lo! women are flowers, that are always becoming more beautiful and fragrant the more they are guarded and cared for. But men should be keepers in the garden of beauty; they may rejoice themselves in the fragrance of the flowers, but they may not rumple them with rude hands. Just as the weed is rooted from the flower-bed, so should all that is base and common be removed far away from the neighborhood of woman!—Tread upon the rose with thy feet, and its thorns amaze thee; watch over it with love and care, and it will bloom and be fragrant, an ornament to itself and thee. Make thyself of thine own accord a slave to a woman and she will not bear it, but will herself bow before thee, and in thankful love look up to thee as her lord; make a woman by force thy slave, and she will bear it still less, but will seek by craft and cunning to obtain dominion over thee. For the empire of love is the empire of contradictions; the wise man makes this and acts accordingly. The more one has to do with women the more one learns to know them; and the more one learns to know them, the more one learns to love them; and the more one loves them, the more one is loved again—for every true love finds its response, and the highest love is the highest wisdom.

LUCK AND LABOR.—Many people complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Cobden, a distinguished writer, in England, thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is all the time waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labar turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines. Labor whistles.

Luck relied on chances. Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence. Labor strides upwards to independence.

A HARDY seaman, who had escaped one of the great recent shipwrecks upon our coasts, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves broke over him. He replied, "Wet, ma'am, very wet."

AN exchange says: "No man knows the full worth of a woman till he has loved her." Yes, but many a poor devil finds, after the honeymoon has passed, that the market rules entirely too high.

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