ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1870. NO. 44.

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.	GOING SOUTH. LEAVE.	A.M.	P.M.
Delmar,	11.00	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.		
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

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.

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.

J. W. LOCKERMAN.

AUCTIONEER,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.,

HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [jc10-1y

HOUSE & SIGN PAINTING GRAINING

AND

Paper Hanging

Done to order by

J. BARTHEL,

je24-1y Denton, Md.

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK

Opened on Saturday, April 23rd,

A FULL STOCK OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Of the very Latest Fashions,

☞COME AND SEE. [ap28-y

MANTUA MAKING.

Latest Spring Fashions.

Having just received from the great emporium of fashions the latest spring fashion plates and patterns, we have opened at our old place of business, and solicit calls from our lady friends.

Dresses Cut and Fitted,

or anything else in our line of business done in a neat and tasteful manner.

JULIA PARK,
R. A. DUNNING.

Denton, April 14-tf.

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;
jc10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

WIN AND WEAR.

There's no royal road to greatness;
Men must ever climb to fame;
All the wealth in miser's coffers
Wouldn't buy a deathless name.
Is a noble goal before you?
Would you great achievements bear?
Brothers, then be up and doing!
Brothers, you must "Win and Wear."

Toil and labor—never stopping
Till you make the prize your own:
For you know 'tis constant dropping
Wears away the hardest stone.
Never slack sublime endeavor;
Nor 'mid cheerless toil despair;
If you'd rise above your fellows,
Brother, you must "Win and Wear."

'Tis the lesson nature teaches
All throughout her wide domain;
And the text from which she preaches
Is "That labor leads to gain."
Moral worth and honest merit—
Better crowns than monarchs bear—
These you never can inherit—
Brothers, you must Win and Wear."

Love for the Dead.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instrinsic impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on a long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms that excited them, and turn with disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced.—Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished, like a blossom, from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would forget the most tender of parents, though to remember were to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushing in the closing of its portals, would accept of the consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and, when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved, are softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its lovliness, who would root out such sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the brightest hours of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure, or the bursts of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living, Oh, the grave! the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

Aye! go to the grave of buried love, and there meditate; there settle the account with thy conscience of every past endearment unregarded of that departed being, who can never, never, never, return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindnes, or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; and then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou will lie down sorrowing and repentent upon the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear,—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living. —*Irving.*

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question.—Many good boys and girls feel that they can not behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company.—There is but one way to get over this feeling, and to acquire graceful and easy manners; that is, to do the best they can all the time at home, as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teachings so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness, which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers.—The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all best things, especially for good manners.

Waiting.

There's a chubby little infant in the cradle, his fat feet just looking out from under the blanket, his eyes sparking with health, his fat fist jammed into his mouth. He's a mere nothing—only a baby. But he is waiting. Some day he will be a man, and will take part in the bustle of the great business life. Years are before him—long life is his, hands tender will guide them over rough places until he has man's years and man's independence. Only waiting.

There's an old man seated in the nook of the hearthstone, his head white as snow, his life almost gone. He is waiting. Though he hears not your kind words, there are voices from above, voices so soft and gentle, and sympathetic, that tell him: "Wait a little longer old man—a few days more of this life, and then we will carry you safe over." And the old man waits and listens for the glad news. He has been young, old, has traveled thorny paths and flowery walks, seen bright suns go down in the midst of dark and cruel storms, and now he knows that a few more days will see him home—see his spirit hovering over the earth—up there where the old are young, and where young are blessed. Only waiting.

All of us are waiting. We may go far from home, seek the bustle of business, seclude ourselves from the world, be good or bad, amass fortunes or live in poverty, and our day must come. The thought is with us, we cannot make it stay away. Death, death, and yet live as if it would never come. The infant in the cradle may not live a year—the old man in the corner may see our grave before his comes. Cannot the world change? Cannot we all be better men and women—have better, nobler thoughts—give more heed to death—seek a safer road to heaven? Are there any so good that some evil has not crept in? Are there any so bad that they could not be reformed?

Life, oh, what is life—a day—an hour? A rough journey, tears, sighs, sadness, and then the voice bids us come over the threshold of death for eternal judgment.

PICKING THE EARS.—Dr Hall says "picking the ears" is a most mischievous practice! In attempting to do this with hard substances, an unlucky motion has many a time pierced the drum; nothing sharper nor harder than the end of the little finger, with the nail pared ought to be introduced into the ear, unless by a physician.

Persons are often seen endeavoring to remove the "wax" of the ear with the head of a pin; this ought never to be done; first, because it not only endangers the rupture of the ear by being pushed too far in, but if not so far, it may grate against the drum, excite inflammation and an ulcer which will finally eat all the parts away, especially of a scrofulous constitution; second, hard substances have often slipped in and caused the necessity of painful operations to fish or cut out; third, the wax is manufactured by nature to guard the entrance from dust, insects, and unmodified cold air, and when it has subserved its purpose it becomes dry, scaly, light, and in this condition is easily pushed outside by new formation of wax within.

Occasionally wax may harden and may interfere with the hearing; but when this is the case, it is the part of wisdom to consult a physician and let him decide what is the remedy; if one cannot be had, the only safe plan is to let fall into the ear three or four drops of tepid water, night and morning; the saliva is better still, for it is softer and more penetrating, but glycerine is far preferable to either; it is one of the biandest fluids in Nature, and very rapidly penetrates the hardened wax, cools the parts, and restores them to a healthful condition. If in a week there is not a decided improvement in the hearing, medical advice ought to be had at once, as next to the eye, the ear is the most delicate organ of the body.

TITE BOOTS.—I would jis like tew kno who the man wuz who fust invented tite boots. Enny man who kan wear a pair ov tite boots, and be humble, and penitent, and not indulge in profane literature, will make a good husband. He will do more than that; he will do to divide up into several fust klass husbands, and be made to answer for a whole naborhood. Oh! for the buty of Venus to make a bigg foot look hansum without a tite boot on it. Oh! for the payshunce ov Job, the Apostle, to nuss a tite boot and bless it, and even pra for one a size smaller and more pinchful. I hav bin led to the above assortment ov "Oh's" from having in my possesshun at this moment, a pair ov number nine boots with a pair ov number eleven feet in them. I supposed I had lived long enuff not to be phooled agin in this way, but I hav found out that an ounce of vanity weighs more than a pound of reason, espeshily when a man mistakes a bigg foot for a small one. I hav promised mi two feet, at least a dozen times during my checkurd life, that thay never should be strangled again, but I find them to day az full of pane az the stummick ake, from a sudden attak ov tite boots. But this iz solemnly the last pair ov tite boots I will ever wear; I will hereafter wear boots az bigg az mi feet, if I have to go barefoot to do it. I am too old and too respectable to be a fool any more. Methuseles iz the only man that I kan kall to mind now who could have afforded to have worn tite boots, and enjoyed them; he had a great deal of waste time to be miserable in, but life now days iz too short, and too full of aktual bizziness to phool away enny ov it on tite boots.—*Josh Billings.*

TO-MORROW.—Who can tell how much is embraced in this expression? Though a few years intervene between it and us—though it will soon commence its course—who is there that can read its single page and pronounce the character of its events? To-morrow!—Those who are now walking the avenue to Pleasure, led by the hand of Hope, may be subjects of intense sorrow. Prosperity may be changed into adversity. Those who are now on the mountain summit may be in the valley. The rosy cheeks may be overspread with paleness, the strong step may falter—death may have overtaken us. To-morrow! It may entirely change the course of our lives. It may form a new era in our existence.—What we fear may happen.

[FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.]

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 11, 4, 2, 8 is a piece of wood.
My 10, 3, 8 is something that crawls on the ground.
My 4, 9, 7 is false.
My 4, 3, 8 is on a boot.
My 8, 3, 13 is a dangerous thing.
My 11, 12, 6 is a common noun.
My 1, 2, 9, 13 is not pleasant.
My 4, 12, 8 is in the woods.
My 11, 5, 12, 8 is pleasant to the ear.
My 11, 7, 4 is to dispose of.
My 10, 5, 8 is not small.
My whole is the name of a school girl at Henderson. JACK.

[FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.]

Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 11 is a personal pronoun.
My 10, 8, 9 is a common noun.
My 3, 4, 10 is not consistent with christianity.
My 6 10, 8, 3 is an active transitive verb.
My 6, 1, 1, 5 is found in the Adirondac mountains.
My 12, 8, 9, is a common noun.
My 9, 4, 10 is an article of commerce.
My 2, 8, 5, 13 is a common adjective.
My whole is the name of a school boy residing at Henderson, Md.

POWHATAN.

A GOOD NAME.—Before all things, and beyond all price, is a good name. Eminent wisdom has declared that it is "rather to be chosen than great riches."

It stands for and is the label of a man's character. The name one bears, or the accredited reputation, represents his manly worth, his solidity, his virtues and honor.

No power can bring back the fragrance of a good name once blasted. No tongue can declare its value, no mind can conceive the vacuum made by its loss. With it poverty becomes a handmaid, without it wealth is a disgrace.

With it humblest stations of life are blessed and ennobled; without it the highest titles, the most honorable positions and the most favorable human relations are marks of humiliation and insignia of worthlessness.

THE following, entitled "Young Americay" is from an old paper:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To smoke cigars and look so sage;
And if I should a moustache wear,
(Although the hair is rather spare,)
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my little whiskers by.
Big aches from little toe-corns flow,
Long beards from downy faces grow;
And tho' my beard is short and young,
Of tender growth and lately sprung,
Yet all the whiskers in the town
Once existed but in "down."
But why may not Ike Blobb's face
Be covered like others of his race?
Exceed what Tom and Dick have done,
Or any man beneath the sun?
Where are the whiskers far or near,
That do not find a rival here?
Or where the boy but three feet high
Who has more fuzzy beard than I?

BOOKLESS HOUSES.—We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owners perhaps never think.—Give us a house furnished with books rather than handsome furniture. Both, if you can; but books at any rate. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor that in our day, books are so cheap that a man every year may add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and beer would cost him.

SMART DOG.—The story goes, that as a well-known sporting gentleman of this city, who owns a handsome pointer, was passing through one of the streets in the northern part of the city, he was startled by seeing his dog come to a dead point. The gentleman looked around, expecting to see some bird, a pigeon, or at least a cat, but there was nothing in sight. Observing that the dogs attention was fixed upon some object across the street, the owner walked over, and the mystery was at once solved; upon a door, in silver letters, was the name, "A Partridge." Smart dog, that.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

MINDFUL of the traditional relationship of a dog to sausage, a waggish rhymer pens the following "ode" to his favorite puppy:

"Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
Drinking his milk from a china cup,
Gamboling round so frisky and free,
First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea;
Jumping,
Running,
After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna."

A LADY refused to relieve a beggar, but heard him say in a deep tone:

"Then I must resort to my first resolution."

Thinking this allusion must be robbery or suicide, she turned back and gave him money and asked what he meant to have done.

"Oh!" said he. "I intended to go to work!"

THE Springfield *Republican* speaks of an agent sent to collect funds for a college, who, on reporting after he came back, an excess of expenses over subscriptions, added: "But, gentlemen, I have found great encouragement to pray."

A BEAUTIFUL woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to cover herself with a green veil, than the sun has to wear green spectacles.

IT is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

[Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.]

"Be not Weary in Well-doing."

This is a scriptural command, and how forcibly and beautifully it applies to the workers in the cause of temperance. Well-doing consists, in a moral sense, in every work that has for its object the overthrow of vice and the building up of right; and to all who are engaged in the grand and glorious labor of banishing intemperance from our land—restoring peace and harmony—drying the widow's tear, and stilling the orphan's cry, these words apply.

Many grow weary because they cannot see the immediate results of their works, and we find them folding their arms—faltering by the wayside and leaving the work for more valliant ones. They lose sight of that immutable law of philosophy, "effect ever follows cause," and that the seed they are sowing will assuredly spring up and bring forth much fruit. They do not remember that every effort to maintain the right must and will accomplish a great result, and the total of these results will be a grand, triumphant victory to the worker. Remember, dear sisters and brothers of the "temperance cause," "that the greater the obstacles to be overcome, the greater the victory when 'tis won," and the more spontaneous will be the plaudits of a regenerated and disenthralled mankind.

A moral reform cannot be brought about in a few moments; it is not the result of an hour's labor—not the result of well-wishing or desire—but of long continued perseverance in one direction, buffetting against popular opinion, prejudice, error, money and all the agencies of the "fiend of darkness." Especially is this true in regard to the cause of temperance. It will require many years of patience and perseverance to hurl "King Alcohol from his tyrant throne." He has an immense army of troops that haste with alacrity to obey his imperious mandates.—Many bright and shining talented ones lend their aid to further on his kingdom of ruin—many of whom it may be said as was of Cicero, "He is a host of himself." I am truly sorry that such is the case, but I cannot flatter. I desire to utter the truth; I desire that Good Templars may be led to reflect upon the magnitude of the work before them, and, like true men and women, knowing their duty, dare do it. It will require more heroism, more moral courage than was ever exhibited by warriors and statesmen in all the "hoary past." In vain do we call to mind a Hannibal, a Scipio, a Leonidas, an Alexander, but these all pale before the true, devoted worker in the "temperance reformation."

We find that this evil of intemperance exists all over the broad earth—an evil whose black waves have rolled down the tide of ages. I said it could not be subdued in a moment; no, nor in a score of them, or even in a score of years. "The grim fortress of intemperance" scarcely yet begins to tremble, and our enemies walk boldly upon its sin-cursed walls, and sneer at our labors to overthrow it. A few have grown pale, as our shot and shell have demolished a portion of the citadel, yet many tell us "there is no danger," and though our lingual artillery has been for years hurling the red-hot shells of God's eternal truths against the blood-cemented walls of this "hell-born fortress," yet the inmates have scarcely been aroused from their profound revelry. Within is the sound of drunken orgies; the blood-besmeared altar of Bacchus still is bowed before; many pay their shrine with more than Mahommedan devotion at it, unconscious of the din of war without.

Now, dear brothers and sisters, if we are ever successful in accomplishing the heaven-born mission of our order, we must persevere and have unity of action. How often have I witnessed the sad scene of brothers and sisters, instead of contending against the foes of our order, turn from fighting the enemy, and level their guns upon each other, and sometimes so fierce is the conflict that some dear brother will leave our ranks and go over, under flag of truce, to our enemies. O, for unity of action! Let us lay aside our old prejudices, long cherished opinions, and merge all into one great and grand struggle for the success of our order. We owe it to God, our fellow men and ourselves. Let us cease to discuss paltry themes, and unlimber our guns; fall upon the ranks of our enemies, shouting the well known battle cry of our noble order.

Notice the result. If we all grow weary and desire to be placed upon the invalid list, or, what is worse, desert and go over to the enemy, what a night of darkness would settle upon the entire earth. If the rum power should gain the ascendency, the black waves of sin would roll fearfully along, crushing beneath their awful depths everything that is good and noble. If there were no faithful ones to fight for God and humanity, what a pitiable condition our country would soon be in.

Now, Good Templars, organize your forces and march along; give battle to the rum-fiend wherever you find him; and if one of your comrades becomes weary, or goes to the hospital, fill his place with a new recruit and march on. If you should be overcome in one engagement, do not grow weary but rally your forces and strike anew at the heart of your foes.

"Be not weary in well-doing;" do not yield because the conflict is fierce and long. With God and right upon your side, you must be successful, if you faint not. The same strong hand that has led millions of struggling freemen on to victory will lead you, and you will triumph over the minions of sin. Go on, dear friends; put your trust in God and

"Conquer you must, for in God is your trust,
And the tri-mottoed banner of temperance shall wave;
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

BILLIE.

HENDERSON, May 2nd, 1870.

"I WISH you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you would not give me such long *wait* for mine," replied the grocer.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3529-0085.jpg