THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1870. NO. 49.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Md.

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.			GOING SOUTH.		
LEAVE.	A.M.		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,	12.05		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
Moerton,	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.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		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.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		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
Wilmingfon	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.

Md. Steamboat Company.



On and after Wednesday, June 1st, 1870, the steamer MASSACHUSETTS will leave Pier 3, Light St. wharf, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10 P. M., for Cambridge, Denton and the intermediate landings.

Returning, leave Denton Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 12-30 P. M. Thus making in connection with the Highland Light and the Dorchester and Delaware Rail Road, a daily line to the Choptank River, and all points on the Dorchester and Delaware, and Delaware and Eastern Shore Rail Roads.

The Massachusetts has had a new boiler placed in her and has been completely refitted, so that she is now as comfortable and reliable as any steamer in these waters. [je2-tf.

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.

H. MYERS,

PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock Maker,

SILVERSMITH,

JEWELLER, &C.,

my29-3w **DENTON, Md.**

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

SEWING, SCOURING, &c.

MRS. SALLIE SIMPSON, hereby announces her readiness to do sewing of all kinds, at reasonable charges. She has had considerable experience in the preparation of men's garments.

Grease spots and dirt removed from clothes, and garments scoured at moderate prices.

Jan 27-tf.

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

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.

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.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose my little lady
Your doll should break her head!
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "it isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

A MYSTERY OF PHILADELPHIA.

A HEART-SICKENING ACCOUNT OF TWENTY YEARS IMPRISONMENT AMID FILTH AND VERMIN—THE DESCENT OF THE POLICE—ARREST OF THE PERPETRATOR OF THE CRIME—FRATERNAL KINDNESS AND MOTHERLY DEVOTION.

[From the Sunday Dispatch.]

Within the past few days a discovery has been made of a deed of horror and cruelty which has caused an intense excitement not only in the vicinity in which it was perpetrated, but throughout the entire city.

Joseph Herriges, residing in a dilapidated frame building, at the northeast corner of Fourth and Lombard streets, was on Tuesday last arrested and held to bail in $5000 for appearance at court, to answer to the charge of having held an insane brother a close prisoner within his own house for twenty years, or thereabouts, treating him during that time with the greatest neglect and cruelty. On Thursday a gentleman called upon us to ask us to go with him to the place and make an investigation of the facts for the *Sunday Dispatch*. After some hesitation we agreed to accompany him, and, two other friends volunteering to go, together we proceeded to the locality indicated by the newspapers. We entered the adjoining house, occupied by Mrs. Gibson, from whom we, with much difficulty gathered the particulars of the story, and will give them in our own words.

About two weeks ago she moved into the tenement she now occupies, owned by Jos. Herriges, paying a month's rent, sixteen dollars, in advance. She had scarcely moved into the place before the rumor reached her, through the neighbors, that a man had been imprisoned in the house of her landlord for nineteen years, and she was told that if she heard noises at night she need not be frightened. This information surprised and worried her greatly, and she found, upon looking out of her second story, that the windows of the first and second story in the back part of the Herriges house were boarded up, and she could see between the slats, which were no wider apart than one inch, gratings of iron. She told this to her son, who regarded it as an idle rumor, and thought that, as the family had the reputation of being rich and penurious, these slats and bars were put up for a security against burglars. Mrs. Gibson, however, from the first night was kept awake by a noise like the cooing of pigeons, and occasionally she thought she detected the mutterings and groans of a human voice. This she told to her son, but he imagined she was nervous, and paid no attention to her representations.

On Monday of last week, however, her little girl, aged six years, came rushing down stairs, exclaiming:

"Oh! mother, there is a man up in that room! I saw him poke his nose through the boards just like a dog!"

Being busy, she did not at this moment go up to verify the child's statement, but when she did find time to do so, the man, or the apparition, had withdrawn his nose from the window; but she caught a glimpse of something that she thought was the hand of a human being, covered with filth, resting against the crack. Mrs. Gibson saw the mother in the yard and called to the prisoner:

"What are you there for? Try and pull off the board!"

He made some response, indistinct, but sufficient to convince her that a human being was actually caged up in that loathsome place. Mrs. Gibson talked a good while, hoping to elicit some explanation from the old woman who was still in the yard. No such explanation was given. She awaited the coming of her son, told him what she had seen and heard, and asked him to report the case at once to the police. Young Gibson, still doubting the existence of such barbarity, put his mother off, telling her to wait till night, and, if she again heard the noises she had complained of to awaken him, and let him discover from whence they proceeded. This she consented to do. About midnight the groans and mutterings became loud and continuous, and, calling her son, Mrs. Gibson directed his attention to them. Creeping out upon a shed which projected over the alley, young Gibson got as closely to the barred window as possible, and plainly distinguished the words: "They will murder me! George! George!" and other disjointed and incoherent sentences. Gibson then spoke, telling the prisoner to try to get out, and the latter said, "I'll promote you! I'll promote you!" Being fully satisfied that a fellow creature was confined there in the midst of a horrible stench, as soon as possible the next day he reported the case at the Central Station, and asked that the condition of the imbecile should be inquired into.

In the meantime Mrs. Gibson, like a brave as well as humane woman, went to her landlord and said, "You have a man penned up in the back part of your house! What is he there for?" After a moment's hesitation the landlord answered, "What is that of your business?" She replied, "His groans and mutterings keep me awake and frighten my children." "Well, then," said he, "move out as quick as you please." She answered, "I have paid my rent in advance for a month, and am too poor to lose it. Give me back the money or give me back what is still due me of it, and I will go at once." This he refused to do, and was very insolent. She left and went into her house, resolving to watch.

Instantly all was hurry and bustle within and without Herriges' house. The man was brought down stairs, and the work of cleansing commenced. Water was freely drawn, and our informant heard the murmurs and groans of the poor wretch as he submitted to their rough ablutions. His mother was seen brushing vermin from an old shirt in the yard. Soon the police came, and, entering the den, brought the poor prisoner out. His whole body, as we were informed by an officer, was incrusted with filth, in some places half an inch thick, and as hard as bone, utterly impenetrable by soap and water. He was barefooted. The lower part of his body was covered by a filthy petticoat made of a salt bag. He had over his shoulders the upper part of a chemise, and over that was thrown an old wrapper, which was the best his inhuman relatives could do in the time they had between the complaint and the arrest. Thus attired, he was brought out to the front door, and stood there a minute, blinded by the light of that sun whose rays for more than twenty years had never reached his darkened cell. He was covered with disgusting vermin. His hair and beard were matted into a sort of felt by filth. His nails were over an inch long, under which vermin had gathered until they had eaten his fingers into sores. Such was the condition of one of God's creatures, residing within the very heart of civilization and christianity, within hearing of the organ peals of four churches, surrounded by neighbors who for fully twenty years had nightly listened to his groans, and who were too cowardly or too apathetic to investigate the matter.

This was the story as told us by Mrs. Gibson, and which was verified by at least a dozen of the neighbors. She added, too that a sister of Joseph Herriges had been, there that morning and had asked her to remove, saying that, if she would get out of the way, they would pay her the rent back, and would reward her for going. Mrs. Gibson is poor, but, to her credit and that of her son be it said, she promptly refused the bribe, and had the woman arrested for endeavoring to tamper with a witness. This woman was put under bail of $500 to answer at court for her effort to get the witnesses out of the way.

Just as we had gathered the whole of Mrs. Gibson's story we heard that the mob outside had so frightened the proprietor of the place that he had left the house with the view getting an extra police force from the Central Station for the protection of his property; and that the crowd, recognizing him, had chased him with the intention of tearing him to pieces. As most of the mob had followed him, we made our way to his door, and, uttering the magic words, "Reporter for the *Dispatch!*" were admitted by the police having charge. Immediately on entering we encountered a witch-like looking old womam of eighty years of age, in a state of excitement and terror fearful to witness, who caught one of our friends by the hands, exclaiming: "Save me! save me!—They are stoning the house, and threaten to burn us all to death!" A moment before we had felt like joining the mob and helping to rid the world of such creatures; but the age and helplessness of the woman touched us, and, at once dispatching a messenger for a force of police sufficient to protect the house, we assured her that she should suffer no harm; told her that we had come to hear her statement of the case; see the rooms where her son had been confined, and, if possible, set the family right with the public.

A decent-looking woman showed us the way up a crazy flight of stairs, which we could hardly ascend, for the frightful stench which filled the entire house was so sickening that we felt ourself in danger of suffocation. Two rooms had been appropriated to the poor boy, she told us. The lower one, which she called the parlor, contained no article of furniture but an old frame of a sofa, without a vestige of seat, save the wooden slats. Over this was thrown a filthy rag of covering, which might once have been a bed-quilt or floor-cloth, but which was so stiff with dirt that its real character was not discoverable. The room, six by six, and five feet from ceiling to floor, had been just whitewashed, and the floor, scrubbed and wet, was still unutterably disgusting with the unremovable filth of years. Ascending to the second floor, which had a sloping roof—was, in fact, an attic—we found the room in which the poor prisoner had been confined. We entered his sleeping apartment; it, too, had been newly whitewashed and scrubbed, but was still so horrible that no pen could describe it faithfully. The window was still boarded up, and was without glass, we have been told by the neighbors, either in winter or in summer. A bed had been made up on the floor, and a tolerable spread had been thrown over it.

The gentlemen who accompanied us turned to the woman who had shown us up, and said,

"You have put a bed in the room! There was none here when he was taken."

She said, "Oh! the bed was here, but we have only put a spread over it. We have done nothing else."

Our friend replied, "Yes you have! You have scraped three inches of filth off the floor! You have whitewashed and scrubbed it, and the lime is still wet!"

She answered, "Well, the poor old woman down sairs was not able to keep him clean. She is eighty years old, and has been the most devoted and loving mother possible, feeding him with her own hands, and providing for him always the delicacies of the market—strawberries and everything else!"

"What was the cause of his being confined here?" we asked.

"Oh!" she replied, "he was a very intellectual boy, and was preparing to enter the High School. He studied so hard that his brain was turned, and he lost his reason."

"How long has he been immured here?" we inquired. "Just tell us the whole story, for we want to print it, and we desire to do both sides justice."

She said: "When first taken, his brother Joseph, who is one of the best men that ever lived, the kindest son and brother, had him removed to a public institution; but his mother being uneasy about her afflicted boy, induced his brother to bring him home. This he did, and called Dr. Goddard in to attend him. This physician told Joseph that his brother did not need anything but kindness and skillful nursing, and so they had kept him at home, and worked and slaved for him with an affection touching and beautiful to behold."

We asked how long he had been incarcerated in these rooms.

She said: "Not at all; he had the range of the whole house."

Finding she would not own to any imprisonment, we said, "How long has he been out of his mind?" and she replied, "Somewhere about eighteen years."

We asked, "Are you a relation?"

"No," said she, "only a neighbor, who came to stay with this poor old woman, who is nearly frightened to death."

"Has this poor fellow any other relations beside his mother and brother?" we inquired.

"Yes," she answered, "four sisters."

Just at this moment, Joseph Herriges, who had been attacked by the crowd, made his appearance, all disheveled and torn, and nearly dead with affright, escorted by a police force. After waiting for a few moments, until he had somewhat recovered from his excitement, we told him for what purpose we had come, and he seemed very glad to have an opportunity of telling his story. He said his brother had been a very intellectual young man, and that he (Joseph) had resolved to educate him. He had got him into the public schools, also into a night school, and had had him taught penmanship as well as cigar-making. The boy had attended a lecture on one occasion, and in coming down stairs fell over the banisters and struck his head, and gradually after this, he lost his mind.

"How long has it been since this accident?" we interrupted.

"About twelve years," he said, Then continuing, he added, "I took him to the Almshouse, and for one month he remained there under the care of Dr. Robert K. Smith, resident physician. His mother and this sister (pointing to the one who had represented herself as a *neighbor* only) visited him there each day. At last I yielded to the entreaties of my mother, brought him home, and called in a physician, Dr. Gardiner, who said, after attending him some time, that he could do nothing for him. I have devoted my life to the care of him. I washed him daily. Whenever I attended to my own wants I attended to his. I combed and fed him. I even put the food in his mouth."

Then we asked, "How came he to be covered with vermin and filth?".

"How?" he exclaimed, with a half-startled, half-idiotic look, "was there vermin?—Well, I don't know how he got such; I never saw any."

We asked, "Was he violent, that you kept him confined in that cage?"

"Oh no!" he replied, "he was docile as a lamb."

"Then," said one of our friends, "why those slats and irons in the windows?"

"Well," he rejoined, "we were afraid a fit might come on. If he got in the street he might talk and say strange things." He added, "You will do me justice, won't you?—They say that I have kept him in prison to get his share of the property. He has not a cent in the world. This one house is the property of my mother during her lifetime. This is all she has, and it has to be divided amongst six of us at her death."

"How about the two houses in Lombard street, and the two on Fourth?" interrupted the gentleman who was with us.

"Oh! those are mine," he responded: "I worked and earned them myself."

Our friend said, "You told me this morning that your father died in Oregon and left all this property to you alone. How about that?" He stammered out, "Don't interrupt me! I want to tell a straight story, and you throw me out."

He then went over all that he had said in his own defence, and begged us to report him correctly, and to ask the public not to judge the case until it should come to trial. We assured him that we would "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," but would tell the story of Mrs. Gibson, as well as his own, precisely as we heard them.

Another sister, who had just come in, pronounced Mrs. Gibson a liar; said the suit had been instituted through malicious motives, and entreated us not to give publicity to her statement. We, however, would not consent to suppress anything, and so left.

On Friday we went in again to see if there had been any new developments. We were very cordially received by the sister who had at first represnted herself as being only a neighbor—"not a relative at all." She thanked us for the sympathy we had expressed for her mother; but we were really not entitled to any thanks on that score, it having been one of our friends who strove to quiet and soothe the poor old creature. She then went over her own and her brother's version of the facts, given the day before, contradicting herself many times. She said:

"The papers say he was a boy of eight years when we put him in these rooms, and that is a falsehood, for he was a man of twenty-three or twenty-four when he went insane."

We did not remind her that she had told us, the day before, that he was just about getting into the High School when his reason forsook him. We withdrew after this last statement, and, mingling with the crowd which surrounded the house, we heard that a rumor was in circulation to the effect that about twenty-two years ago the father suddenly disappeared, and was reported to have gone West. He was never seen or heard of again by the neighbors.

The poor creature, degraded so far below decency as to present scarcely any semblance to humanity, is now at the Almshouse, and the physicians there say that no such sight has ever met their gaze before, accustomed as they are to disease and filth. He is like a trained dog. When they say "Get up!" he jumps to his feet. When they say "Lie down!" he does so, opening his mouth, &c.

He cannot feed himself; and the doctors say that he is so discolored by the absorption of filth that it will take years, if he lives so long, before he will look like a white man.

These are the facts of the case as we have gathered them from the neighbors, as well as from the parties concerned. We ask, can all the annals of heartlessness and crime produce a more cruel and distressing story?

Do a Good Turn When You Can.

How little we think, as we travel
Through life's ups and downs day by day,
What good each might do for his neighbor,
Did all of us go the right way;
How many a good fellow whose talents
To elevate science would tend,
Is lost to the world's gaze forever,
And all for the want of a friend.
Then stretch forth thy hand like a brother;
For remember that life's but a span,
'Tis our duty to help one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

Some boast of their wealth and connections,
And look with contempt upon those
Of lower degree—quite forgetting
The means by which they perhaps rose.
So be kind to the poor and the lowly,
Ne'er utter a word that's untrue;
Praise the maxim which says: act to others
As you would they should act unto you.
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
Since life after all's but a span,
Let us try to assist one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

[FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.]

Enigma.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 4, 9, 10, 2, 18 is one of the States in Europe.
My 1, 23, 12, 23, 14, 23 is a State in the northern part of Africa.
My 3, 6, 23, 18, 17 is a river in Europe.
My 23, 16, 2, 23 is one of the United States.
My 5, 20, 12, 12, 2, 1, 10, 14 is a river in the United States.
My 7, 23, 24, 19, 23, 18 is a city in England.
My 5, 2, 7, 8, is a transitive verb.
My 11, 23, 25, is a proper noun.
My 12, 2, 14, 16, 10, 21, 26 is a proper noun.
My 22, 23, 10, 9 is useful in many ways.

My whole is the name and address of a young lady, much respected for her amiable qualties—residing at Henderson, Md.

SQUEEDUNK.

THE REASON.—"How is your father getting along now?" I said to the little daughter of a man formerly a poor inebriate, but whom, some months before, I had induced to sign the pledge.

"He is getting along very well," was her reply.

"Has he kept his pledge?"

"Oh! yes," she joyfully said.

"Are you sure he has?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure."

"How is it you are so positive of this?" I asked.

"Why," said she, and her face was radiant with joy, "he never abuses mother any more; we have always plenty to eat, and never takes off my shoes to pawn for drink now. This is why I know it."

A JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one-third, at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster as the ranks grow thinner they that remain till now become weary, and lie down and rise no more. At three score and ten, a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety, these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarches. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, and lonely, marvels, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.—*Bishop Burgess.*

KNOW ye the printer's hour of peace?—Know ye an hour more fraught with joy than ever felt the maid of Greece when kissed by Venus, amorous boy? Tis not when news of solemn note, his columns all with sadness fill; nor yet when brother printers quote the effusion of its blunt, worn quill.—But, O! 'tis when the weather is fair or clad in rain or hail, or vapor, I've come to pay you for your paper.

WE have seen in our exchanges how an Iowa woman helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat. It is now explained that the way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake the broom at him when he sat down to rest, and terrifying him in other ways. We don't want an help about raising wheat.

A FELLOW in Indiana put one end of a gun-barrel in the fire and looked down the muzzle to see whether it was loaded. A coroner's jury decided that his suspicions were correct.

A Paris theatre is going to open a side door, and advertise that beautiful women will be admitted there by paying $2 extra. The other door won't get sight at a woman.

A LADY describing an ill-tempered man, said "He never smiles but he seems ashamed of it."

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