ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY
Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1870. NO. 51.

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. [je10-1y

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.

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,	12.05	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
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 3.20, 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.

BOATING BUSINESS.

The subscribers respectfully announce to the farmers, merchants, and others of Caroline county that they are now running the schooner F. J. Henry between Greensborough and Baltimore, stopping each way at Denton to receive and land freights. We have a large granary and wharf at Greensborough for the reception of grain and all other freights.

All orders must be accompanied with cash or delivery of grain to meet with prompt attention.

We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage, and promise our best efforts to give satisfaction. The business will be conducted under the firm of Case & West.

THOS. D. CASE,
je9-tf. SIMEON N. WEST.

All orders and freights will be attended to for us, at Denton bridge, by Mr. W. T. Willis.

CASE & WEST.

A Kiss at the Door.

We were standing in the doorway—
My little wife and I—
The golden sun upon her hair
Fell down so silently,
A small white hand upon my arm,
What could I ask for more,
Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
As she kissed me at the door?

I know she loves with all her heart
The one who stands beside!
And the years have been so joyous
Since first I call her bride!
We've had so much of happiness
Since we met in years before,
But happiest time of all was
When she kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold,
Of fame, or matchless power?
It does not give the happiness
Of just one little hour,
With one who loves me as her life—
She says she "loves me more"—
And I thought she did this morning,
When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,
With all its wealth of gold,
Is very small and poor indeed
Compared with what I hold!
And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
I only think the more
Of "one" who waits my coming step
To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
The frost upon her head,
I know she'll love me just the same
As the morning we were wed;
But if the Angels call her
And she goes to Heaven before,
I shall know her when I meet her,
For she'll kiss me at the door.

At the Nick of Time.

A lounge through a village in the cool of the day is so charming, you know, to the one just from the city! The avenue of drooping elms, the pretty gardens in front of the nice white houses, the side glimpses of green fields and the dark slopes of high hills, and, withal, the quietness, were grateful to lounging Rob Mahon. He sauntered on to the boarding house, and seated himself on the piazza, and lighting a cigar smoked quietly in a sort of revery as the sun went down, and the villagers came out from their houses and passed and repassed. It was just as Rob was turning his idle eyes lazily back from following a young couple just then going by, that he saw the other couple who, as his friends well knew, afterward interested him strangely. They were a gentleman and young lady. The former was about forty years of age, tall and well dressed, with a high, narrow forehead and beetling and shaggy brows, as Rob had an opportunity to observe, for the gentleman, at that moment, carried his hat in his hand as though to let the evening breeze cool his head. He did not have a pleasant expression, Rob noticed. He has been described first, though he was seen last, or rather not last, for Rob looked first at the lady, then at the gentlemen, and finally at the lady again. Rob had looked at multitudes of ladies daily in the metropolis, in the streets, in the drawing-rooms, at the opera and theatre; and shining ones too. The lady wore no panier, no chignon, no little bit of a strip of gauze hat, no fluttering ribbons, no glistening silk. She wore a broad brimmed straw hat and a plain calico dress. Her figure was tall and slender, and her tread was elastic and eager. Her hair fell in long tresses over her shoulders, and reaching below her waist. Rob saw that her cheek was pale. Her profile was in part hidden under the brim of her hat, which she was holding down.

"Well," he thought, "can it be that the country produces such creatures as that? I never thought I could sigh over any lady not clad in fashionable attire. After all, the variety and glow of fashion is no other than a sort of ritual symbolical of the womanly that sometimes shines in the faces of these witches."

He arose from his chair, still with his face turned towards the retreating figures.

"I wonder who she is," he muttered. "I think I'll follow her and find out where she is going."

He stepped down and sauntered on at a safe distance behind the two. He saw them turn from the main street into a by road, too grassy to be much traveled, down which, in the twilight, he saw a single solitary farm house, that was partially concealed amidst trees and shrubbery. He saw the two turn and go into the house.

Not impelled by merely an inquisitive spirit, and drawn by fascinstion which he could not have described, Rob now hastened forward and hid himself in the shrubbery not far from the door. Presently he was startled to see the girl come out at the door and walk to a large tree that stood in front of the house, and there lean against the tree, her breast heaving as though she was very much agitated. A passionate flood of tears relieved her, and then she quietly dried her eyes and stepped out from under the shade of the tree, and lifted her face with a proud expression toward the full moon, whose brightness was increasing as the twilight was waning. In a few minutes the man came forth and softly approached her from behind, and wound his arms around her waist.

She started and sprang away from him, and turned to him with a look of indignation and scorn.

"Good for her!" fell from Rob's lips.

The eyes of both turned toward the shrubbery where he was concealed. Had they caught his words? Each looked puzzled.—Perhaps they concluded it was the wind, or some noise from the village. They turned away their eyes again, and gave their attention to the subject that evidently was absorbing their minds. Rob would liked to have kicked himself for having spoken aloud.

"Dear Floy," said the man, addressing himself to her in an oily tone, "you know that it is my love for you that actuates me."

"Then do not foreclose and rob my father of his all. Wait a little, until he can pay you."

"But it is by means of this gentle force that I would have you constrained to accept my proposal. After marriage you would learn to like me."

She stamped her foot.

"Never," she cried—"never would I marry you. The thought is abhorrent. The act would do violence to virtue, and make the truth within me turn to shame. Never. I will work until these hands shall blister, ere they shall clasp yours falsely to call you husband. Do your worst."

"You force me to it."

"I do not force you to the mean resort of robbery."

"The law does not call it so."

"Then the law's a lie."

"The law is just."

"What you propose to do is robbery.—You can call it by no other name. The man who thus uses the law has no mercy, no christianity, no love of his neighbor in his heart, and he fears not God. Look, my father is coming. He is well on in years—too old again to earn a competency. Have you no pity? Cannot that sight move you to mercy?"

"It is you who have no pity for him, who are not merciful.

"It is false," she cried, stamping her foot again, while the indignation returned to her face in double force. You demand me to yield my womanhood, to disgrace my sex, to do violence to every better instinct of my nature. Though to save my own father from starvation, I would not do it."

The old man approached them.

"Won't you give me a single week, Mr. Grill?" he asked of the man.

"Not a single day," replied the man in a harsh tone. "The money must be forthcoming by to-morrow at 4 o'clock, or I foreclose."

"Can't you borrow it, father, anywhere?" asked the girl.

"Nowhere, Floy. I have tried in vain.—Money is extremely scarce every one says. I have prayed to God to send me a deliverer."

At that instant Rob Mahon stepped forth from the shrubbery upon the green, his eyes fairly burning in the light of the moon.

All turned and looked at him in wonder. He walked forward and faced the old man and his daughter.

"God is just and merciful, young lady," he said, turning his eyes to hers, "though, as you think, the law may countenance robbers. You are a woman, true and loyal to your sex; and could I sound your praise to the world, I'd do it, saying that I believe you would desire no such parade of the glorious womanhood that shines within you.—Blessed is the man who secures your love, for you will make a true and loyal wife.—Old man, your prayer is heard. I do not know what brought me hither to conceal myself in the shrubbery, unless it was a sort of witchery which hung about your daughter's steps, and the strong desire I had to do her homage. I had no anticipation of being a witness to a scene like this. I am no eavesdropper. That I can loan you money, and will loan it to you, is also true. What is the amount that you would raise?"

"Sir——"

"I know you would thank me; but no matter. Tell me how much you need."

"Five hundred dollars; but——"

"You shall have it by to-morrow noon. Good bye."

Rob was gone ere they had the chance to thank him. There was a late train down to the city that night, and Rob was on it.—Next day, at 11 o'clock, he had returned and was at the boarding-house again smoking a quiet cigar on the piazza. Some one touched him on the shoulder, when he turned his face and saw Grill. Grill was smiling.—The smile merged into an oily laugh.

"How are you?" he said, extending his hand for a shake.

Rob looked at him without taking the hand or replying. Grill put his arm over Rob's shoulder caressingly.

"Let me alone," said Rob, hitching away his shoulder.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Grill, seating himself on the settee beside Rob. "You were witness to a nice little scene last night;" then he added in a confidential tone: "The Idemans are a family of no respectability.—Being a stranger, you are likely to be taken in by them. But they have no respectability whatever."

"That I believe in as I do in lying," said Rob.

Grill drew back and straightened himself, and drew his brows and scowled at Rob.

"Do you mean to say that I would lie?" he demanded.

"You are a liar and a scoundrel!"

Grill rose to his feet. So did Rob.

"Shall I kick you down those steps?"—asked Rob, getting ready.

"No."

"Then walk yourself off!"

Grill walked away. Rob turned his steps toward the Idemans.

He found Floy dressed up. She need not have taken that trouble to suit him.

"Here," he said, with the familiarity of a brother, as he handed the money to her; "Give that to your father. Here is my address. He handed her a card. "He can write to me when he is ready to repay me. Tell him not to feel anxious about that.—Good-bye." And Rob turned to leave the house.

By what sort of ingenuity, now, do you suppose that girl staid the departure of that young man? She did not bid him good bye. She turned away and leaned her face in her hand, and her elbow on the mantle.

"Won't you bid me good-by?" he asked.

She turned to him without speaking and they looked into each other's eyes. He reached out his hand, and she took it and he held her hand in his.

"There are some moments," he said, "in which we may read one another's history as thoroughly as tho' we had been years about it. We come to understand one another, and to feel happy, provided—well, suppose I tell you frankly that I am in love with you?"

"That is what my heart would say to you, sir; but how brief is our acquaintance!"

"Let it be lengthened—eternally, if you will. Only before long, give me your answer."

Floy gave her answer in a week.

"Didn't I appear at the nick of time?" asked Rob of Floy, on their wedding day.—

Benevolence—A Sermon by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Owing to the intense heat yesterday the attendance at Plymouth Church was not so large as usual, though all of the seats were occupied. Mr. Beecher preached from Hebrews, xi. chap., 4 verse: "And by it he being dead yet speaketh."

The desire to live after death is common to all human beings. Even in this life the most humble person aspires to better his condition. This is true in a certain degree of some of the lower animals. The ox has no desire to be more than he is, but in the horse and dog we see signs of aspiration.—The man who is content to live in a lower sphere of moral development is as vulgar as the clod. One naturally clings to the race and objects among which he had labored, but in all men there is a longing for an extension of existence. Men who devote their life exclusively for their own benefit die thoroughly when they do die. The world has no time to look after fools, nor has it room for rubbish. We do not so much remember the caress as the benefit. The desire to elevate the degraded is what makes man noble. Selfishness is short lived, and it moves in small circles. Only that part of a man's life which did good is likely to be felt in society long after his death. No man ever followed a legitimate and honest business who did not benefit others a thousand times more than himself. When this fact is recognized, men will work with a far different spirit than they do now. Men die, but good works perpetuate their memory. Any man who has helped to beautify a city need have no desire to write a book. He will be remembered. The man who builds a manufactory with improved machinery is a public benefactor. All that prompts industry augments the nation's power. The machinery of the world represents its manhood. When Howe invented the sewing-machine, he left a greater legacy than is possible among a generation of millionaires. Fulton lives on every steamer that plows the Hudson. He crosses the ocean, and fills the world with his fruits. You hear the voice of Arkwright by the loom and spindle, and every garment bears the impress of his genius. Watt lives in every town and hamlet where the engine is known. The old mythology of Vulcan is outdone. The man who makes a road through the wilderness is a benefactor and his name should be chiseled in marble. The men who are building our bridge over the river to New York, are working for every little foot that hurries home from the shop. A man is not remembered because he invents a good machine, but because the machine becomes a public benefactor. Gold can't embalm a man. Men are embalmed after death, but they are only mummies after all. To-day the mummies of the past are used to boil the modern teakettle. Girard slipped into immortality because he gave a portion of his gold to the poor. Who knows the rich men of Queen Elizabeth's reign? The bubbles of New York will soon be pricked and forgotten. What does the thirsty traveler care for the clouds that bring the rain?—Men drink up wealth and damn the man who produced it. The men who planted the rose of beauty all over New England live to-day in the hearts of their descendents. The comfort and gladness that are produced by trees, cost little. No man is so poor but what he can plant a tree. One dollar expended for benevolence sanctifies all the rest of a man's fortune. We cannot too much thank the man who laid out two of the finest parks in the world. Mr. Olmsted may be content to rest with an epitaph of these words: "Here lies the man who was once the Superintendent of Prospect and Central Parks." Public charities follow in the wake of human life, as commissions followed the army during the war. You die in a few years, but a score of centuries cannot stay the hospital which you leave behind. The most important institutions are those which prevent suffering. Reading-rooms are yet in their infancy, and they are yet to become more like homes. When Christianity makes an offering it is bound to give the best which it has wrought. When we build mission chapels we should make them better than our churches. They who establish academies and universities live as an angel lives. By no heavenly arithmetic can we compute what blessings they have been the means of conferring on mankind. No man should refuse to draw the sword which will slay ignorance. He who makes men desire to live a better and truer life is the world's best friend. In the single character of Geraldine by Scott, there is more beauty and goodness than in many treatise on moral philosophy. The man who suffers for a virtue makes his name immortal, and his voice will be heard long after his death.—*New York Tribune.*

MAKE NO MAN FEEL HIS INFERIORITY.—Nothing is more insulting than to take pains to make a man feel a mortifying inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, etc. In the first place it is ill-bred and ill-natured; and in the two latter articles it is unjust, they not being in his power. Good breeding and good nature incline us rather to raise people up to ourselves than to mortify and depress them. Besides, it is making ourselves so many friends, instead of so many enemies.—A constant effort to please is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing; it flatters the self-love of those to whom it is shown; it engages and captivates more than things of much greater importance. Every man is in some measure, obliged to discharge the social duties of life; but these attentions are voluntary acts, the free will offerings of good breeding and good nature; they are received, remembered and returned as such. Women in particular, have a right to them; and any omission in that respect is downright ill-breeding.

A YOUNG lady was alighting from an omdibus, when a ribbon fell from her bonnet to the floor of the stage. "You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger. "No I haven't, he's gone a fishing," replied the damsel.

New York claims Saratoga as a "suberb."

Fulton's First Steamboat.

A ROMANTIC STORY OF HOW HE WON HIS BRIDE—THE OLD BOAT STILL FLOATING

A correspondent of the Geneva *Courier* relates the following story of the Kate Morgan, the little steamer which for more than a generation has piled on Cayuga Lake, her owners obeying the behest of the first proprietor, to "run her till she busts:"

Before the Chancellor Livingstone stemmed the current of the Hudson, yet after the little Clermont had stirred the quieter waters of the Collect Pond, the whistle of the Kate Morgan awoke the echoes in Taughanic Glen, and her paddle-wheel dashed the spray upon Cayuga bridge. There is a bit of romance attatching to her name and building.

Old General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, had a noble estate on the eastern bank of the lake, not far from where the present Wells College now stands. Between his only daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, and young Fulton had long existed a tender attachment, which, however, the poverty and obscurity of Robert led the General to severely frown upon. Fulton went to New York. He labored long years in perfecting his invention: his day of triumph came and then he wrote to the stern father relating his success and asking for the daughter's hand.

"Nay," wrote back the incredulous old soldier, "I believe what I see with my own eyes. Come you back, scapegrace, to the lake; build and sail a steamboat past my own door, and then, and not till then, shall you have my daughter Kate."

Need I say that Fulton came joyfully back, that a steamer was built as rapidly as circumstances would permit, that she was launched, and in due time did sail triumphantly past the General's door! But let me add that; according to an express stipulation made by the sly Robert in case he succeeded—when the Kate Morgan sheered in towards the General's dock a small boat was seen pushing out containing the original Kate, her grim father, and a gentleman in clerical vestments. They were soon on board, and there, amid the waving of flags, the ringing of bells, and the blowing of whistles, the proud inventor and his prouder bride were made one. A glorious sweep up and down the lake completed the first bridal trip by steam ever known in this country.

Before we leave this historical boat let us go below a moment. Here are the old fashioned engines, inscribed "Treman, Cartwright & Co." They were the first engine builders in the United States, and furnished both Fulton's and Fitch's boats. Cartwright was the father of the well known Peter Cartwright, the Western backwoods preacher.

Glance now at the cabin. Its upholstering was furnished by A. T. Stewart, at that time an enterprising young tradesman, keeping a little seven by nine shop in Chambers street. Though the lustre or the goods has long since passed away, its durability remains to attest to the honesty and good judgment of the young dealer, and by which he has since risen to be the foremost merchant of our country.

Avoid Wine.

There is one obvious and over-shadowing influence which does more than all other influences combined to seduce the young from sobriety to drunkenness. We refer to the conventional and absurd custom of making the swallowing of some intoxicating drink one of the rites of hospitality, and one of the stereotyped courtesies of social life. So pervading, so resistless, so effective, so fruitful of evil, so remorseless is this custom in our own land, that it deserves to be known as the Fountain of Drunkenness.

Its fatal power for evil lies in the fact that it meets every boy and every man in his weakest hour, and tempts him to take his first and second drink—and that done, a thirst is kindled within which renders outside social pleasure no longer necessary, and the tempted one is added to the army of drinkers and tempters.

From high to low, through all classes and conditions, the moment a man has himself become an occasional or moderate drinker, that moment he feels bound by this enslaving custom to say to every friend he meets or entertains beneath his roof, and to every stranger to whom he is introduced, "come and take something." This is not always the form of the invitation, but the meaning and results are the same. And in most instances these solicitations to drink are given in a manner and under circumstances which render a refusal difficult and embarrassing.—Indeed, any man who has had occasion to do both things, will testify that it often requires more moral courage to decline a glass of wine than face a battery of Artillery. A "code of honor" prevails in many drinking circles which regards a refusal to drink as a personal affront to the one offering the "courtesy. Probably the most damaging charge that could be made against a society man in fasnionable quarters, would be, "He refused wine from lady!"

Avoid wine.

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 washer-woman, and who are always behind with their 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 rent, owe for tailoring, for shoes, etc., can have anything 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?

PRINTERS sometimes make sad mistakes. A dancing master's card was made to read thus: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

—MAXIM for the Salad Season—Two heads are bettter than one.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3529-0112.jpg