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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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VOL. XI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1870. NO. 5.

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
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.		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
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.

Md. Steamboat Company.



The steamer Massachusetts will resume her trips to Cambridge, Denton and intermediate landings, on Wednesday, July, 27th, leaving Baltimore Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 10 P. M., and leaving Denton on the return, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 12 o'clock noon, making in connection with the Steamer Highland Light, a daily boat, Sundays excepted, from Baltimore to the Choptank, and a daily boat, Saturdays excepted, from the Choptank to Baltimore.

This arrangement will enable the citizens of Baltimore to visit the Eastern Shore, and spend Sunday in that garden of the State, without loss of time for business purposes.

jy28-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:

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
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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.

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

The Great Choptank



HOTEL,

ALEX. STEWART, Pro'pr.

DENTON, MD.

Is now open to the accommodation of the public. No pains will be spared to give general satisfaction.

Opposite the Court House.

jy14-2y.

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 Footsteps of Decay.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy,
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives, like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of Death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallows all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide,
To that sad wave!
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of earth can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair—
Age came, and laid his finger there—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on.

LELA, THE ORPHAN.

"As if he hadn't enough to support already," said Mrs. Arlington, sourly.

Lela Vincent stood wistfully looking up into her aunt's face, a slender, pale-cheeked girl of fifteen, while the stout dame, in the purple silk, surveyed her with no welcoming gaze.

"Your uncle is crazy," said she, tartly.—"Wasn't there the House of Refuge or the Poor House, and all those other places for you, but he must bring you here? I really don't know what the world is coming to."

"I am very sorry," said Lela, with a quivering lip; "I—I wish I had died when mamma did."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Arlington; "I don't believe in silly sentiment. Go up stairs and ask nurse to make you as useful as possible."

And this was Lela Vincent's welcome to her new home.

"Aunt," she said, timidly, after about a month's snubbing, at the hands of the whole Arlington Family, "the woman that keeps the little corner store says she wants a shop-girl—would you have any objection to my inquiring for the place?"

"Mrs. Arlington rolled up her eyes in aristocratic dismay.

"You! a shop girl!"

"But, aunt, I want to earn my own living."

"You want to disgrace us all, more likely, Lela Vincent; I'm astonished at you.

Go up stairs quick, and don't let me hear another word on the subject."

Lela cried to herself when she was all alone in the nursery, save the baby who slept in the cradle by her side. How bitter to her lips was the bread of dependence, no one can picture. Nor did there seem any outlet or possible escape. Arranging the nursery, dusting the parlor, sewing the buttons on Freddy's jacket, telling stories to rebellious Susy, sent on perpetual errands, until her feet ached so she could hardly stand on them, ordered around by every one, and praised by none, it was scarcely strange that Lela Vincent found her young life a weariness.

"Oh, Rosa," she said sadly, one night as she stood by holding the paper hair-pins as as her cousin was being splendidly attired for a party, "how nice it must be to wear such a dress as that and go to parties every evening. How I should like it."

"You, echoed Rosa, with a contemptuous laugh, as she shook out the folds of her pale silk dress. "You will never go to a party."

"Why shouldn't I," said Lela, piteously, "I am only a year younger than you."

"No," said Rosa, "but you are a dependent on papa's charity, mamma says, and really no better than the lady's maid, only you happen to be the child of papa's sister."

Lela colored deeply and said no more.—"No better than a lady's waiting maid!"—Yes, that was the estimation in which she was held by the whole family—she had known it before, yet Rosa's words cut deeply.

So the time went by, and Lela drooped like a flower that had grown up in the shade.

"Seventeen to-morrow," she thought, and Rosa had such a nice little party when she was seventeen—gifts and boquets, and friends coming to congratulate her, while I——"

She checked herself in this not particularly pleasant train of thought—some one had entered the parlor, and she recognized Mr. Chalower the gentleman who was recognized in the Arlington mansion as "Rosa's beau."

Lela blushed and caught up her feather duster, for she had been dusting the furniture, but Mr. Chalower intercepted her retreat.

"You are Lela," he said pleasantly; "I have heard the children talk about you sometimes."

"Yes," said Lela, shyly. "Rosa is not in this morning, I believe."

"I'll wait for her," said Mr. Chalower.—"Meanwhile you needn't run away."

But so agreeable did he make himself that when Rosa entered the parlor in a velvet sacque with ermine trimming, and the sweetest of smiles on her lips, she was astonished to find Lela sitting by the fire with the feather duster in her lap, and her bright face lighted up with animation and intelligence.

Until that moment it had never struck Rosa how very pretty her cousin Lela was growing.

Yet as she sat there, with rosy cheeks, silken brown hair hanging over her face, and deep blue eyes shining with a wistful, half-pensive light, Rosa began to realize that Lela might be a dangerous rival.

Her cheeks crimsoned vindictively.

"Lela," she said, after she had exchanged greetings with Mr. Chalower, "you may go up stairs. The nurse-maid's place is scarcely in the parlor."

"I thought she was your cousin," said Mr. Chalower.

"She is," said Rosa, biting her lips, "but mamma supports her out of charity."

"She is very lovely," said Mr. Chalower.

And the next time he called he inquired not for Rosa but for Miss Vincent.

"She has left us," said Mrs. Arlington, smiling sweetly. "Lela is very capricious and has got tired of the asylum we were able to afford her."

"Left you? and of her own accord?"

"Yes," was the softly uttered falsehood.

"And where has she gone?"

"We do not know," said Mrs. Arlington, taking out her lace-edged pocket handkerchief. "It was a great trial to us, but—"

And then Mrs. Arlington went up stairs to call Rosa.

As Frank Chalower walked slowly homeward, marvelling within himself as to what had become of the lovely young girl to whom he had taken such a sudden fancy, he chanced to glance into the lighted window of a store at the corner of the street.

Surely that was Lela's pale, meek-featured face behind the counter—and Chalower entered at once.

"Lela."

The face was rosy enough now.

"Yes, Mr. Chalower," she said quietly "it is I."

"And how came you here?"

"I had no where else to go when Aunt Arlington turned me out of doors—and Madam Fanchardi was very kind to me, and——"

"So," said Frank Chalower, slowly, "your aunt has turned you out of doors. And for what?"

The violet-blue eyes were veiled for a moment beneath their semi-transparent lids.

"I don't know, unless—at least she said it was very bold and unfeminine of me to sit in the parlor and talk to you as if I were as good as Rosa. And she said she would teach me to know my place, and told me to go out and never let her see my face again, and——"

"Lela, don't cry," interrupted Chalower, although he himself was not unaffected by the sight of her tears. "She's a manœuvering old vixen—but I shall not fall into her nets. But Lela, you must not stay here."

"Where else can I go? Madam Fanchardi gives me four dollars a week and my board, and I cannot starve."

"Will you let me take you to my sister's house?"

"Yes," said Lela, innocently. "Why not?"

So Frank Chalower took the pretty young girl to a house on St. Janarius Square, where Mrs. Rivers, his sister, received her with some surprise, but a very cordial welcome.

"Frank," she said to her brother when Lela had gone up stairs with Fifie, the French maid, to arrange her hair for dinner, "who is this sweet little fairy?"

"My future wife," said Mr Chalower composedly.

"You are not in earnest."

"Yes, I am."

And Mrs. Rivers knew her brother well enough to be aware that this seeming caprice had beneath its surface the elements of an immovable resoultion.

Just three months subsequent, Mrs. Arlington and her pretty daughter, Rosa, called on Mrs. Rivers. The polite hostess received them with her usual quiet, undemonstrative manner.

"My dear Mrs. Rivers," said the matron, smiling suavely, "what has become of your brother?"

"We haven't seen Mr. Chalower in an age," simpered dimpled Rosa.

"He has been very much engaged," said Mrs. Rivers.

Has he? and how!" persisted Mrs. Arlington."

"One thing has been—matrimony," roguishly answered Mrs. Rivers.

Matrimony gasped mother and daughter simultaneously, while Rosa's carmine cheek grew pale. "He has not been getting *married?*"

"Yes, he has," said Mrs. Rivers. "Would you like to be introduced to his wife? she is at present my guest—in fact the wedding only took place this morning."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Arlington "we should like it of all things," while Miss Rosa, less ready with a falsehood than her illustrious mamma, kept silent.

Mrs. Rivers opened the door of an adjoining apartment, and there, in a colored poplin dress, looking as lovely as a rose-bud, stood Lela.

"Aunt," said our forgiving little heroine, as she came forward with extended hand, "have you no congratulations for me?"

Mrs. Arlington had, for she was a woman of the world; but when she and Rosa were safely out in the street, she set her teeth firmly together and muttered:

"One would almost think there is such a thing as fate."

Not Fate, Madam Arlington, but Providence, and the lovely young orphan had been under His care.

A LOVING heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him.

Mr. Stevens' Estimate of his own Life.

Hon. A. K. McClure, in his address before the Literary Societies of Washington and Jefferson College, thus spoke of Mr. Stevens:

"My life has been a failure," were the sad words I heard uttered by Thaddeus Stevens when he was setting his house in order for the inexorable messenger. He was the great Commoner of the Nation's sorest trial, and had witnessed the triumph of his earnest and consistent efforts for the disenthrallment of the oppressed. He was content when braving popular ignorance and prejudice against education and freedom; but when he became the acknowledged leader of the House, and saw the substantial success of his cherished principles, his ideal life was not fulfilled.—To himself his life appeared as does the statue fashioned to rest upon some high pinnacle. It seems ungainly, ill-proportioned and wanting in symmetry and harmony; but as it rises to the distance from which it was designed to be viewed, its awkward, shapeless lines disappear, and its grace and beauty win the admiring gaze of the multitude. He had his measure of infirmities, but there have been few so sincerely devoted to their convictions, and who would so willingly forego honors and applause for conscience sake.—When posterity shall read of him, it will be as one of the grand central figures in the panorama of a nation's redemption, and his frailties will be unrecorded—the common tribute the historian pays to the fallibility of men whose names are immortal. I thought that he, of all our statesman, had most nearly realized the hopes which inspired his noblest efforts; but he had learned the lesson that the ideal destiny of every life points to the unattainable. How much he dreamed, and how keenly he lamented that he only dreamed, there are few prepared to tell.

Sleep and Death.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Angel of Slumber and the Angel of Death, fraternally locked in each other's arms, wandered over the earth.

It was evening: they reclined upon a hill-side, and the habitations of men were not far off: a sad stillness pervaded the air, and the evening bell of the village was hushed. Still and silent, as is their manner, the two beneficent genii of mankind reposed in a mournful embrace, and night came rapidly on.

Then the Angel of Slumber rose from his mossy couch, and softly scattered from his hand the invisible slumber-seeds. The wind of night wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the wearied husbandmen, and forthwith sweet sleep descended upon the inhabitants of the cottages, from the gray-haired sire to the cradled infant. The sick man forgot his pains; the unhappy his sorrows; the poor his cares: every eye was closed.

And now, his benign labors being ended, the kind Angel of Slumber again lay down by the side of his thoughtful brother, and said, cheerfully:

"When the red morning awakes, then will mankind bless me as their friend and benefactor. O, how sweet it is to do good unseen and in secret! how delightful is our duty!"

Thus spake the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death looked upon him with silent sorrow, and a tear, such as immortals shed, gathered in his large eye.

"Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like thyself rejoice in their gratitude: the earth calls me her enemy and the disturber of her peace."

"My brother!" replied the Angel of Slumber, "will not the good, when they awaken, own thee as their friend and benefactor, and will they not bless thee? Are we not brothers and messengers of our Father?"

Thus he spake. The eye of the Angel of Death sparkled, and he clasped his brother more fondly in his embrace.

Girls, Don't Talk Slang.

An exchange says:

"Girls, don't talk slang! If it is necessary that any one in the family should do that, let your big brother, though I would advise him not to talk "Pigeon English" when there is an elegant, systematized language that he can just as well use, but don't you do it. You have no idea how it sounds to ears unused or averse to it, to hear a young lady, when she is asked to attend some place of amusement, answer, 'Not much,' or if requested to do something she does not wish to, 'Can't see it.'

"Not long ago I heard a miss, who is educated and accomplished, say, in speaking of a young man, that she intended to 'Go for him!' and when her sister asked her assistance at some work, she answered, 'Not for Joe!' Now, young ladies of unexceptional character and really good education fall into this habit, thinking that it shows smartness to answer back in slang phrases; and they soon slip flippantly from the tongue with a saucy pertinence that is not lady-like or becoming. Young men who talk in that way, do not care to hear it from the lips they love or admire. It sounds much coarser then.—And, really, slang does not save time in use of langage, as an abbreviation. No! is shorter and more decided than 'Not much,' and 'I am sure' is quite as easily said as 'I'll bet.' More than one promising wedding has been indefinitely postponed by such means; for, however remiss young men may be themselves, they look for a better thing in the girls of their choice, and it does not help them to mend a bad habit to adopt it to.

AS WE STAND by the sea-shore and watch the huge tides come in we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed: soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

FINE SENSE and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Speech by Senator Conkling.

The New York Republican Central Committee had a meeting at Saratoga on Thursday week. In the evening Senator Conkling was serenaded and made a brief address, in which he talked of the political situation at home and abroad in cheering words. Mr. Conkling said:

I am assured that the motive of this visit is personal in part. I hope it is; in the unceasing round of politics nothing is so good as the kindness and regard of those we esteem and value. In return for your presence I offer my thanks and well wishes to you all. You are Republicans—I am a Republican; we were never more earnest Republicans than now. Your presence is gratifying because it means more than personal regard for any man. It means a readiness to carry the old flag, with the old dash and determination, and to win the old victories; the unity of the Republican party, concord and harmony among Republicans *everywhere*, is the meaning of us all. The work of the Republican party is not finished, nor is there any other party able or willing to finish it. The Republican party has done much indeed, more than any political organization in history.

It has rescued a great Government from conspirators and traitors; it has conducted successfully the greatest and most costly war of the human race; it has administered Government and finance in a period of transactions and events more complex, vast and novel than any in the annals of recorded time. Beyond all this, it has emancipated 4,000,000 slaves, and placed them on their feet clothed with the garment of American citizenship. It has re-created half a continent, it has established liberty and right everywhere, and made the name of America respected, if not terrible, among the nations of the earth.

War has gone from us—its bloody shadow falls on France—its tramp rocks thrones, and kings are seasick now. Perhaps war has gone with avenging hand to smite the sick man who dominates the land of Lafayette—perhaps war strikes the hour for the Emperor who plotted and schemed against us in the day of our trial. However this may be, God grant that no harm may come to Germany. Germany sympathized with us, the sons of Germany fought for us, and cheers of victory went up in the German tongue from the burning battle-fields of the rebellion.—Germany's Constitution is like ours. Prussia believes as we do, in education for all, and Republicans everywhere join me in the hope that no harm is in store for Germany. Returning to our own land, war, as I said, has gone. America, blest with the opportunities, and charged with the responsibilities of a dear-bought peace, is either to be crushed by the weight of her magnificent destiny, or to rise to a height of a civilization and grandeur which the nationalities never reached and the centuries never knew.

In the career before us, as in every free system, Government is to be directed by political organizations. The Republican party is now directing national affairs, and it has never failed in the presence of emergencies or events. It cannot be spared, the nation needs it yet. It has a Congress of which it does not become me here to speak. It has a President who has never disappointed a just expectation, and who, as a patriot, a soldier, a President, and a man, has earned the confidence and admiration of his countrymen.

Turning from the greatest of military commands and of military successes, he assumed the most complex and commanding of civil trusts, and he has so borne himself in his great office that every reasonable expectation has been realized.

Were we ever stronger abroad than now? In what has the Administration failed at home? The revenue has been honestly collected—so honestly that for fifteen months, with sources of revenue curtailed by Congress, the receipts have exceeded by $66,000,000 the receipts for the corresponding period under the preceeding Administration. The public debt has been rapidly diminished, the public credit lifted up at home and abroad, and yet taxes have been dismissed until but few remain. Eighty millions of taxes have just been dispensed with, $57,000,000 of internal taxes and $23,000,000 of customs duties. Is there more that men had a right to expect?

Such stewardship deserves, and will receive, the public approbation. New York's great seal should attest the general approval, and with concord among members of the same household of faith, New York's great seal will attest it. We have, at last, an act of Congress under which an election may once more be held in the city of New York—a law seeking to substitute a fair election for that scandalous farce which has so often been enacted on election days.

The provisions I speak of will call into being inspectors to watch the registry, the vote, and, above all, the count, and the Marshal is empowered to preserve order and safety at the polls.

With a fair election, and votes fairly counted, we need only conciliation and unity among ourselves, and then action, earnest action, and New York will pronounce for the Republican party and the administration of General Grant. To this end let us all work.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Mackrel inhabit the sea generally; but those which inhabit the grocery alwus taste to me as though they had been fatted on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eatin', and also afterwards. If I kin have plenty of mackrel fur breakfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

THE latest and most ridiculous error in typography was that of a line in an exhibition programme, where for "The burial of Moses" was substituted "The barrel of molasses."

SORROWS gather round great souls as storms do around mountains; but, like them, they break the storm and purify the air of the plain beneath them.

MAKE a slow answer to a hasty question.

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