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

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BY

J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

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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

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.

Comfortable stables and a No. 1 ostler.

Opposite the Court House.

jy14-2y.

MANTUA MAKING.

Fall Styles. Winter Styles.

We would announce to the ladies of Denton and vicinity that we are prepared to perform mantua making in the highest style of the art. We have now, and are constantly receiving

The Latest Fashions

from the great emporiums, and feel ourselves able to please the most exquisite. We have a large assortment of patterns cut in the city by which we can cut or make dresses of any style.

Patterns for Sale.

May be found at the residence of Mrs Todd.

JULIA PARK,

oct6-tf. ADDIE M. TODD.

LADIES The EUGENIE is the most useful article ever invented for your use. Circulars free. Mrs. Morgan, P. O. Box 2436, N. Y. jy38-3m.

GENTLEMEN, The GRANT CIGAR TIP is a novelty and a pleasure. Sample 30 cents. A Grant, P. O. Box 4390, N. Y. [jy28-3m.

MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS for sale at THIS OFFICE.

DO THY LITTLE---DO IT WELL.

Do thy little—do it well;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim—
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little; though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ's apostles made,
"Gathered fragments" when He bade.

Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile
Mock and taunt thee for a while.
Do thy little; never fear
While the Savior standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw;
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little. God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring;
God employeth every thing.
Do thy little; and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp, the sweat of death—

Then the little thou hast done
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown thy pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed.
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies.

—*Anon.*

"FORGIVE HIM."

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Forgive him!" said Mrs. Stearns. "O, Lowell, forgive him!"

The speaker was an aged woman and a widow. Her head was white with the frosts of many years, and her mild features were deeply marked by the hand of time. There was a tear in her eye, and her face was clouded with sorrow. She spoke to her son, a middle-aged, strong-featured person, whose countenance betrayed a firm-willed, unbending heart, but yet who appeared an upright, honorable man.

"Forgive him!" repeated the white-haired widow, as she raised her trembling hand towards her son. "He is your brother—your only brother. "O, if you know your own heart you will forgive him!"

"Never!" spoke Lowell Stearns in a firm, deep tone. "John has wronged me—deeply wronged me, and I should lie to my own soul were I to forgive him now."

"And have not *you* wronged *him?*" asked the widow impressively.

"I wronged him? How?"

"By withholding from him your love; by treating him so harshly, and causing him to sin," answered his mother, kindly.

"Cease, mother. When you say I have caused him to sin, you are mistaken. He has chosen his own path, and now he must travel in it."

"Lowell, you are the oldest, and from you should come the love that can alone heal the wound between yourself and John."

"Listen to me, mother," said the stubborn man, with a spirit of bitterness in his tone, "John has been unjust to me—he has been unmanly and unkind. He has injured me beyond reparation."

"No, no, Lowell," quickly interrupted his mother, "not beyond reparation."

"Yes,—he has injured my feeling by the most fatal of malice and ill-will. He has lied about me to my friends, and even assailed my private character."

"And cannot you forgive all this!" she asked, tenderly.

"Perhaps I might," returned Lowell Stearns; "but," he added in a hoarse tone while his frame quivered with deep feeling, "he has done more than that. He has spoken of my wife, and——, but I will not tell it all. I cannot forgive him this."

"Forgive him, and be happy. His heart is as kind as yours, and he is all generosity and love to his friends. More than forty years have passed over John's head, and during all that time he has not spoken one unkind word to his poor mother."

"And did ever I speak unkindly to you, my mother?" asked Lowell, in a half hushed voice.

"No, no. You and John both have kind hearts, and it grieves me sorely to see you as you now are. Ah, Lowell, I fear you do not realize how noble a thing it is to forgive those who have injured you."

Lowell Stearns made no reply to his mother. He saw that she was unhappy, and he knew that he himself was also unhappy.—In former years he had loved his brother, and he knew that he had been faithfully loved in return. The trouble which had so unfortunately separated them, had been trival in fts begining, but Lowell's sternness of will and John's hastiness of temper had kept the fire on the increase. The first fault had belonged to the younger brother, but a word of explanation at the time might have healed it without trouble; now, however, the affair had become too deep and dangerous, and there was but one way for remedy. That way the aged mother would point out.

"Lowell," continued Mrs. Stearns, speaking in a trembling tone, "I can spend but a few short days longer on earth. I feel that the sands in my glass have most all run out, but before I depart, I hope I may meet my two boys together in love—I hope I may see them once more bound together in the bonds of friendship. When you were babies I nursed you and cared for you, and tried to do a mother's duty. I tried to make you both fit for the great world. As you grew older I promised myself a full share of happiness in your companionship, and naught has come to dim the joy of my widowed heart, till this sad cloud lowered upon me.—I love my children—I love them both alike—and yet they love not each other. Lowell, my son, one thing weighs heavy upon me: should this thing last till I am dead, then how will you and John meet at my corpse? How will you feel when you come to—"

"Hush, mother," uttered the stout man, trembling like a reed. "Say no more now; this evening I will speak to you my mind."

o o o o o o o o

John Stearns sat in his easy chair in his own cozy parlor, and about him were his wife and children. Everything that money could procure towards real comfort was his, but he was not happy. Amid all his comfort there was one dark cloud to trouble him. The spot where for long years uurtured a brother's love, was now vacant. No, no, vacant, for it was filled with bitterness. He knew that he was in fault, but he tried to excuse himself by thinking that his brother hated him. This, however, did not ease his conscience, for he knew that he was lying to himself.

While he sat thus he heard a rap at the front door, and in a few moments one of the children told him that "Uncle Lowell" wanted to see him.

"Tell him to come in," said John; and after this he made a motion for his wife and children to leave the room. "I shan't budge an inch," he muttered to himself. "If he thinks to frighten me he will find his mistake."

Before he could say more his brother entered the room.

"Good-evening, John," said Lowell, at the same time laying his hat upon the table.

John Stearns was taken all aback by this address, and he could hardly believe his own ears, but he responded hesitatingly to the salutation. For an istant he looked up into his brother's face, and during that instant there flashed across his mind a wish that he had never offended.

"John," continued Lowell, still standing, "you well know what has passed to make us unhappy."

"Yes, I know, answered John, hardly knowing what tone to assume.

"Well, my brother," continued Lowell, while a tear glistened in his eye, and at the same time extending his hand, "I have come to bury the evil that has risen up between us. If you have wronged me, I freely forgive you, and if I have been harsh and unbrotherly toward you, I ask that you will forget it. Come let us be friends once more."

Like an electric shock came this upon the ears of John Stearns. A moment he stood half bewildered, and then the tears broke forth from his eyes. He reached forth his hand, but his words were broken and indistinct. He had not expected this from his stern brother, but it came like a heaven-sent beam of light to his soul, and in a moment more the brothers were folded in a warm embrace. When they were aroused, it was by feeling a trembling hand laid upon their heads, and when they looked up they found their aged mother standing over them.

"Bless you, my children, bless you," murmured the white-haired parent, as she raised her hands towards heaven, "and O, I pray God that you may never be unhappy more."

John Stearns knew that his mother had been the angel who had touched the heart of his brother, and it did not alter his forgiveness.

"O," he murmured, "I have been very wrong—I have abused you my brother,—but if you can forgive I will make it all up."

"Your love will repay it all John. Let me have your love, and I will try never to lose it again."

"Now I am truly happy," said the aged mother, as she gazed with pride upon her sons. "Now I can die in peace. O, my boys, if you would have your children sure of happiness in after life, teach them that forgiveness will heal social wounds which can be healed in no other way. Many a heart has been broken from the simple want of that talismanic power."

Both of these brothers tried to bless their mother for the healthful lesson she had taught them, and they failed not to teach it to their children as one of the best boons that could be given them for life.

The Waterloo of To-day.

The village of Waterloo is a straggling street of stone cottages, where Wellington slept after the battle and where he dated his despatch. The room in which he slept is pointed out. You can get a glass of pale ale there. They have to keep a large stock of pale ale in this neighborhood to supply the young Englishmen who come to look at the field of glory. Waterloo village is now noted chiefly for little girls who run after the carriages of visitors and stand on their heads, hoping that their gymnastic feats may draw a penny. They are quite expert. It was worth a penny to see them run and suddenly gather their skirts between their knees (for these young ladies are exceedingly decorous), and fling their heels in the air. This is about all there is of Waterloo, except the church, and the principal thing about the church is the graveyard. Next to Wellington the great man in this part of the world was one Serjeant-Major Cotton. Unfortunately, like Wellington and Napoleon, he is dead. The major was in the battle of Waterloo, and all the guides and other important people about here are nephews and nieces of his, or descendants in some degree of his female relatives, or of his wife's relations, I do not know which. He was the original and only infallible guide, and somebody wrote a book for him about the battle, showing that he knew very little about it. One thing the major could do. He could draw a plan of the battle with his stick in the dust on the field, and generally in doing this he would rake out a bullet, one of the relics, and was prepared to sell it on the spot at a price in accordance with the surprising incident of finding it just in that way. There has been a large crop of old bullets raised on the field. They grow about two crops a year in good times.

AN EDITOR, who was evidently insane, or had a strong and vivid imagination, recently got off the following:

I had a dream the other night,
When every thing was still;
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.
Each wore a look of honesty,
And smiles were round each eye,
As they handed out the stamps,
Saying "How is that for high?"

Origin of the Names of States.

Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 16, 1777, from the French, *verd mont* (the green mountains).

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I have learnt," says Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean Sea.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Moeheakannaw word, signifying *long river*.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom the territory was given by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Cartaret, to whom the territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn's daughter—Sylvania.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this Bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I, in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30th, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 16 4, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX of France.

Georgia was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1814, from its principal river, it being an Indian name, signifying *here we rest.*

Mississippi was so called in 1600, from its westerm boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the *whole river*, i. e., the river formed by the Union of many.

Indiana was so called in 1806, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called in 1302, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1721, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1805, from the Lake on its border.

Arkansas was so called in 1812, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday: in Spanish *Pascua Florida.*

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.

Iowa was so called from its principal river.

Oregon was so called from its principal river.

Minnesota, or the Wandering Water.

Mark Twain's War Map.

About as funny a thing as "Mark Twain" has perpetrated recently is a war map, which appears in the Buffalo *Express.* It gives, with startling distinctness, the fortifications of Paris, a good deal of the surrounding country, a comparatively liberal amount—considering the cost—of the river Rhine, some portion of the Erie canal, and numerous other things unnecessary to mention.—The map, with a few trifling exceptions, is as complete as it is possible to make such things on brief notice. "The reader will comprehend at a glance," says "Mark," "that the piece of River with the 'High Bridge over it got left out to one side by reason of a slip of the graving tool, which rendered it necessary to change the whole course of the river Rhine or else spoil the map. After having spent two days in gouging and digging at the map, I would have changed the course of the Atlantic Ocean before I would have lost so much work."—The following official communications will show that we have not spoken too highly of the work.

It is the only map of the kind I ever saw.
U. S. GRANT.

It places the situation in an entirely new light. BISMARCK.

I cannot look upon it without shedding tears. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is very nice, large print.
NAPOLEON.

My wife was for years afflicted with freckles, though everything was done for her relief that could be done, all was in vain.—But, sir, since her first glance at your map, they have entirely left her. She has nothing but convulsions now. JOHN SMITH.

If I had had this map I could have got out of Metz without any trouble.
BAZAINE.

I have seen a great many maps in my time, but none that this one reminds me of.
TROCHU.

It is but fair to say that in some respects it is a truly remarkable map.
W. T. SHERMAN.

I said to my son Frederick William, "If you could only make a map like that, I would be perfectly willing to see you die—even anxious. WILLIAM III.

"THE FIRE-PLACE" is the name of a drinking saloon in Chicago. Any one can get warm by it for ten cents, or red-hot for a quarter.

A Jersey City woman recently entered a store and tried for half an hour to warm her feet at an iron safe. She "never did like them ere kind of stoves," she said.

MOTTO for an Arab tribe—Up and Bedoin.

WHO WILL SHOO THE FLY?

This world's a world of sin and woes,
Which sadly needs reforming;
But still upon its course it goes,
Despite our growls and storming.
We want bold men to fill each breach—
Look danger in the eye;
"Shoo fly!" we cry, when perils reach—
But who's to shoo the fly?

Each folly new that fashion flings
About us like a netting,
May well deserve a laugh, yet clings
Until it forces fretting.
To break our clogs—to meet the blame—
To lead our hue and cry—
Deserves a hero's name and fame;
Who dares to shoo the fly?

We bell the cat at risk of claw,
But stings smart worse than scratches;
We live 'neath many an absurd law,
Which galls us where it touches;
But still 'tis less to bear the yoke
That twists our necks awry,
Then face the scorn, the sneer, the joke,
On him who shoos the fly!

[Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.]

Biographical Sketches of Noted Colored Men in Caroline County.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, SR.

The subject of this brief sketch was born near Federalsburg, in this county, about the middle of the last century. Of his parentage I have been unable to learn anything definite, except that he was born out of wedlock, and, in consequence of that circumstance, in accordance with an ancient statute of Maryland, in force in colonial times, served, as the term was, until he was thirty. He seems to have conceived a passion for the sea, and dared the dangers of the mighty deep in many long voyages to the West Indies and European ports. The war of Independence breaking out, and being hard chased on several occasions by cruisers and privateers of His Britanic Majesty, he determined to enter the naval service of the colonies. In one of the several engagements in which he participated, and was complimented by his commander, Capt. Frazier, of Dorchester county, he was wounded by a musket ball in his thigh. This leaden messenger he carried to his grave. In a conversation had with the author, when quite a boy, he stated that, in this action, he was guilty of disobedience to orders; for, upon seeing on one of the boats of the enemy, a man whom he supposed had fired the shot which took effect in his thigh, he could not resist the temptation of returning the compliment. The old man, with sorrow and contrition depicted in his countenance, told me that his aim was but too fatal, for the poor fellow fell to rise no more! When the engagement was over, and the prize was captured, he saw his late enemy weltering in his blood. Such is war! When, oh! when, in the history our race, shall the red hand of this rampant, gigantic, monster be stayed!

After the war he appears to have resumed his favorite vocation, and trusted himself again to the mercy of the winds and waves. But, as was true in the days of Homer, so in his,

"Man must decay
When man contends with storms."

Infirmities compelled him to give up the sea, and marying in Baltimore, he returned with his wife to the place of his nativity.—Here he followed the trade of ship carpenter until increasing infirmities induced him to apply for a pension, which was granted by his native State. He survived his wife and children many years, and stood alone like a blasted pine or withered hemlock, a relic of the past.

In his younger days he seems to have entered with zest into the sport of that time—kept gamecocks, engaged in wrestling, fighting and drank sufficiently of the mighty cider and brandy which greatly abounded in those primitive times. He was the sworn enemy of witches and boggles of every kind, and bid them defiance. Perhaps your young readers are not aware of the fact that our forefathers were greatly annoyed by the aforesaid witches and boggles. The author recalls with horror the wild tales that he heard, from the lips of hunters and others equally reliable, including some venerable ladies, in his boyhood, of haunted houses, graveyards, lonely glens, olden churches and running streams, the favorite haunts of these restless sprites, and is happy to chronicle the fact that they have well nigh ceased their malign doings in this part of the world.

It may be a matter of interest to know that, in the early history of this State, the subject of this memoir and his brother Richard were voters under the law regulating suffrage at that early day. Our forefathers do not appear to have been impressed with that wholesome fear of the dangers of colored suffrage which so greatly disturbs the mind of our friend Charlie, of the Denton *Journal* and many others who have the good of their country at heart in an equal degree with that of our clever contemporary. If the truth must be told, we are inclined to think that the danger of negro domination in these latitudes is purely imaginary. At least we think that we must have greatly degenerated from that manhood which distinguished our fathers, if, with the greatly preponderating numbers of the white race, we should be obliged to turn over the government, as we formerly did that of the labor, into the hands of these same colored persons. Should we conclude to do so silly a thing we shall really deserve to be governed by them, since the fact is clear that somebody must govern. But we wander away from the text and must return.

Our old friend took the matter of his disfranchisement by the new suffrage laws, enacted by the wise men in his later years, greatly to heart; but what disturbed him more than all the rest, was the sage advice of the colonization men, who suggested his emigration to Liberia or Guinea, or some other favored spot in that highly civilized land. The old man's indignation got the better of his habitual stoicism, and we are sorry to chronicle the fact, that he even violated the commandment with reference to profane swearing, and cursed the whole scheme, in the bitterness of his spirit. He swore that sooner than an old soldier like himself, who had fought and bled for his native land, would emigrate in his old age, in colonization boat, even to those highly favored regions of the earth, that he would die on the shore.

"Time hovers o'er impatient to destroy,
And closes all the avenues of joy."

The vigor of the old soldier began rapidly to fail. "Strength departed from his limbs and agility from his feet." Living alone and solitary in his own house, we were told that he reflected much and profoundly upon the vanity of mere human hopes and expectations, and that his reflections led him to seek shelter and a hiding place in the shadows of "that Great Rock in a weary land," which he learned, from the sacred pages, was cleft to take every way-worn wanderer in. One morning when the glorious sun was shedding his light upon ocean, field and glen his bright beams shone through the window upon the face of the silent old man, whose spirit had fled from its tenement of clay until the resurrection morn.

Weeping neighbors clothed him in the habiliments of the grave and bore him sadly to the place appointed for all flesh. In an old and neglected grave-yard, near this village, he sleeps the long, long slumber of the grave. The winds through the branches of the solemn pines moan his requiem. Honor to the brave, of every land, nation, tribe and tongue, who do their duty. Let the young of his race march with soldierly and measured step to his lonely grave, and fire a volley over his ashes, as a fitting tribute to the dead veteran. ANTIQUARIAN.

[For THE AMERICAN UNION.]

Western Correspondence.

CONTINUATION OF OUR TOUR THROUGH THE TERRITORY—THE TWENTY MILE PRAIRIE—THE WILD TURKEYS—CHAT WITH TRAVELERS, &C.

MARSHFIELD, 10th mo., 6th, 1870.

If not too late, I would like to tell the readers of THE UNION something more about our tour through the Territory. The illness of one of our party, and my own sickness, has prevented my writing sooner. The hour arrived when we must bid adieu to the Grand river and its surroundings. Yes, lovely scenes, we have enjoyed your quiet beauty, and will now leave you to the protection of Him who formed you.

On leaving the springs we entered the twenty mile prairie, an extent of land bounded only by heaven's blue expanse; and how we luxuriated in this labrynth of ocean-like grandeur! O, the beautiful clouds that wound themselves about the shoulders of those distant hills! How lazily they floated along! But 'tis mockery to attempt description. Only think of travelling twenty miles without seeing a house, tree or drop of water, save the dew gems. But few travellers tent out on the prairies, on account of the scarcity of water. The grass is high; on some parts it measures four or five feet. The Indians burn the prairies every winter, which drives the deer and wild game into the forests, where they hunt them.

On ascending one of these proud looking elevations, a flock of wild turkeys suddenly called forth the energies of our gentlemen, and the ladies were left alone to guide the caravan. We very much enjoyed their eagerness to get game. Miles and miles did they stealthily creep through the tall grass—sometimes with little success; then again they would come richly rewarded.

The dogs seemed to be weary of "well doing," and refused to do their masters' bidding. The consequence was, one of them was badly stunned with powder and shot, which reminded him of his duty. We drove on till we reached about the middle of the prairie, and whilst waiting for the gunners a wagon and several travellers stopped and inquired, "Where are you going and where are you from?" "Do those men yonder belong to these wagons?" I answered, "yes, all this train belongs together," to which one of them replied, "Are you going to Texas?"—I said, "no, we are travelling to see the country, and to learn something of the habits of the Indians." They did not seem to be in a hurry, but questioned us extensively till the gentlemen of our party turned their steps towards us; then they moved on, as if doubting our truthfulness.

The sun is very hot on the prairies, yet the air was pure and we could see the distant hills rise before us like mountains capped with snow clouds. Arrived at the Neosho river, which is a beautiful stream, uniting with Spring river and emptying into the Grand. Here we pitched our tents, and enjoyed the scenery till time to journey on towards Seneca. Everything seemed to welcome us now. We had our trials in the start. Our trip home was fraught with many pleasantries. We had a stage ride with an Indian editor, who gave us much information about the tribes at Tallaquah, their manner of living, their schools, &c., &c. We parted at Marshfield, our starting point, highly delighted with the trip.

I hope my next letter will be from Lincoln Cave. H.

DRUNKENNESS IN DELAWARE.—Rev. Mr. Lightbourn, of Dover, Grand Worthy Chief Templar of this State, in an address to the people, makes the following statement: With a population not exceeding 150,000, Delaware spends or rather wastes annually, for spiritous liquors, three million seven hundred and seventy thousand three hundred and fifty dollars ($3,770,350). In the county of Kent there are seventy-five (75) licensed places where alcoholic liquors are sold. In the town of Dover—a population of 2,000—in one year the quantity of liquor sold amounted to $30,000. What a fearful picture rises up before the imagination!—These figures only set forth the waste of money, and the quantity of "liquid death and distilled damnation" consumed by the people of Delaware; but who shall tell us of the ruined fortunes, tarnished reputations, crushed and broken hearts, hetacombs of precious lives sacrificed? Could we bring up the forms of those who, maddened by the wine cup, stained their hands in the blood of their fellow men, and ended their days upon the gallows; or could we evoke from the "pit of fire" those who have gone down to a drunkard's hell, we should have some conception of the burning tide of desolation which the demon has been rolling over our unhappy land.

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