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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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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
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1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
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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

Has Just Opened a Full Stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

Of the very Latest Fashions,

☞Come and See. [oc20-y.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

Fall and Winter Millinery.

MRS. N. A. HUTSON

Having just returned from the city with a fine stock and assortment of MILLINERY GOODS, is prepared to supply the demands of the ladies of Denton and vicinity, at reasonable rates.—Place of business—her residence on Gay street, directly back of Mr. Ed. Pritchett's Cabinet Shop, Denton. [oct27-tf.

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.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

Woman's Work.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons;
Teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons;
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word
Other's lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
And coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
And healing up the sick;
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—
Woman's work.

Letting fall her own tears,
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience;
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work.

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of deep repose—
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek!

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The lips know no smiling,
The noble heart no thrill.
Her couch needs no smoothing,
She craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

Fresh grave in the valley—
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not forget.
Face forever hidden,
Race forever run—
"Dust to dust," a voice saith,
And woman's work is done.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

The declining sun cast its horizontal rays into the west window of a neat parlor in a small New England cottage. From that west window, the eye beheld a pleasant and undulating country—now an open field, now a clump of dark, green hemlocks, contrasting finely with the brown withered, herbage of the pasturage. The south view was even more extensive. Here lay a broad valley in which the white houses were clustered along the margin of a small stream, that flowed over its pebbly bed with many a musical murmur in the summer season, but the liquid surface of which was now covered with skaters, whose flashing skate-steels, as they whirled and flew like swallows on the wing, caught the last rays of the declining sun.—Far, far away in the distance, over the village roof tops, over the threadbare woods, over the far distant meadows, were seen the spires of a great city, dimly sketched on the horizon, so vague and vapory, indeed, that the eye of the stranger might have confounded them with the lower stratum of mist that floated over them.

But we are forgetting that our business just now lies with the interior of Maple Cottage. The small, snug parlor we have mentioned, was furnished cheaply but tastefully. Neat white curtains were looped beside the windows. A plain sofa; a few cane-seated chairs; a small mirror; an engraving of General Washington; a secretary and bookcase composed all the furniture. Yet everything was neat, and well arranged.

A cheerful coal fire was burning in the grate. The table in the centre of the room was loaded with the plentiful cheer befitting Thanksgiving Day. At the head of the table, sat a pale dark-eyed man, with deep lines marking his thoughtful countenance, and snow-white hair parted from his forehead, and waving over his shoulders. Opposite him sat a very handsome woman, whose soft brown hair was beginning to be streaked with threads of silver, showing that she had sometime since passed the heyday of her youth. On one side of the square table was a beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, fair and blooming as a rose in June, with the warm hue of health on her cheeks, and the bright blood burning in her dewey lips. Opposite to her was placed a *vacant chair*.

And now one word of the tenants of Maple Cottage. That white-haired man presiding at the table, is Miles Milford; the lady opposite, his wife; the beautiful girl, a guest, Rose Darling, a neighbor's daughter; she has come by invitation to enliven the Thanksgiving dinner. But who shall fill that vacant chair? No guest is expected—yet the plate and knife and fork and napkin and water glass are duly set. With a certain sect, it is customary when a member of a family dies, ever after to retain his place at the table—his seat by the fireside. It is fondly believed that his spiritual presence fills these vacancies, obedient to the attraction of love that the grave cannot cover up. As the beautiful eyes of Rose Darling, glance towards that vacant chair, they fill with tears. Is it true, then, that there has been a death in the Milford family? No—not death—separation!

Miles Milford was a carpenter by trade.—He had served his apprenticeship, wrought for himself, and married his wife in that city, the spires of which can be seen from the dining-room table. He had led a hard life. His early youth was cursed and saddened by the intemperance of his father—early orphanage and poverty accompanied his first steps in youth. But he made his way, married, made a good living. One child only—a boy—blessed the union of Miles and his wife. He was a fine, healthy little fellow, and was dearly beloved, though not idolized or petted by his parents. And now we come to a sad confession. Whether it was weakness, perversity, or the fruit of a fatal legacy of blood transmitted by the erring parent, but, at that very period of life when his father had abandoned himself to bad habits, Miles Milford became addicted to drink.—He did not become an habitual sot—but at times he drank deeply, and was incapable of taking care of himself. This was the shadow on his hearth-stone—this wrung the heart of his wife, and agonized his boy—his boy who had met him in the streets and led him home when the father did not know him.

Suddenly, Miles Milford, when on the brink of utter ruin, when poor and in debt, when friends were forsaking him, and reputation was tarnished, broke from his evil course with a sudden wrench. The shadow fled from the heart-stone, sunbeams played there in its stead. Frugal, industrious, energetic, Miles soon freed myself from his indebtedness, and in a few years he had amassed several hundred dollars.

He had from early boyhood cherished a longing desire for a country life; a desire, which his occasional visits to the rural districts ripened into a passion. Since toil was to be his lot in life, agricultural labor seemed the most attractive. His boy, now eighteen years of age, who shared his confidence and his hopes, imbibed insensibly his tastes, and urged his father, when he had become a little forehanded, to make the experiment of farming. This step was finally decided on. A small farm, to be paid for in yearly instalments, was purchased, together with a horse, cow and farming implements. Such was the history of Maple Cottage. The future now seemed bright and cloudless—not a shadow on the hearth-stone. In the pure air and healthful occupations of the country, Miles Milford and his wife renewed their youth. The little farm blossomed like the rose. Father and son worked together manfully, side by side; and at the close of the first season had acquired practical knowledge enough, to warrant a conviction that the experiment would prove completely successful.

The next year, though the annual payment on the estate was made with some difficulty, yet the produce of the land paid a handsome profit over the expense of cultivation, and young Milford brought back a considerable amount of money from market.—The next year the crops were large, and additional help was necessary. Young Milford, now twenty-one, was obliged to go to market four or five times a week. He would return jaded and worn out—frequently so fatigued that he would be obliged to throw himself on the hay in the barn, and sleep for four or five hours. His father was afraid that the business was too laborious for him, and often urged the expediency of sending the hired hand to market; but his son readily convinced him that this would be a ruinous expedient—and the hired man could not be expected to do them justice. One morning, young Milford made his appearance very much agitated. He had taken in a valuable load of fruit the night before, delivered it to a wholesale customer, and set out on his return before daybreak. In a lonely part of the road, while dozing on his wagon, he had been set upon by a man who had suddenly made his appearance, and robbed of all his money—nearly fifty dollars. Miles was very much excited at this narrative, and proposed instantly to offer a reward—but his son begged that he would say nothing about the circumstance, as he suspected the individual and thought, with the aid of the police, he could bring the guilt home to him and secure him. Weeks passed on and no discovery was made. But young Miles proved unlucky in his sales.—He could not get near as much as his neighbors for better articles. They were going behind-hand with their cash. One evening he did not return at his usual hour from market; the day passed on, and no Miles. Evening came—hours passed—he did not return.—Milford insisted on his wife's going to bed, while he sat up and watched for his son.—Long after midnight—the rumble of the wagon wheels was heard. The father lighted a lantern and went out. The son clambered down from his cart, and staggered towards his father. He was intoxicated. He essayed to speak—but he could not find utterance. The afflicted father took him by the arm, and led him up to his room, and, after assisting him to bed, went down to take care of his horse, and then retire, broken-hearted, to pray and weep for the remainder of the night.

The next morning he had an interview with the misguided boy, who, full of contrition and promises, then confessed that he had drank, had gambled, had lost large sums of money, and now stood on the brink of ruin. The wretched father conjured him to retrace his steps, implored him to be true to himself by the love he bore his mother and himself, and the fair girl who had confessed she loved him; and the young man, with tears streaming from his eyes, knelt down and took a solemn oath never to bring sorrow to the breasts of those he loved by his misconduct.

Again, after days of anxiety, the shadow passed from the hearthstone—again the sunshine basked on them; but again it darkened, as sun and shade succeed each other in a fitful April day. The young man's promises proved of little worth. In the language of Scripture, he was "joined to his idols."—Habitual intoxication, habitual falsehood, and habitual dishonesty wore out at last the forbearance of his father. When his heart was breaking, he pronounced sentence against the sinner; he must go forth and seek another home, and leave father and mother to struggle alone against their misery. And the wanderer went forth.

Thenceforth, at each Thanksgiving anniversary, a plate was laid, a chair set for him at Maple Cottage. Four years had passed since his departure—since he had been heard from—and still the custom was kept up; still industry and neatness held within the cottage, though hope was growing faint, and it seemed almost certain that the Milfords must relinquish it, and the farm revert to its former owner.

Now we see why Rose Darling's eyes filled with tears when they rested on the vacant chair; why Miles Milford's hair was white as driven snow, though he was not yet fifty; and why those silver threads were woven in the tresses of his wife.

Miles had just craved a blessing on the feast before him, when the door opened. A tall, sunburnt man entered, with hesitation. He was clad in a long, ragged overcoat, soiled and patched; yet the color in his face was healthy, and the light of his eye pure and unclouded. Two women suppressed a scream at his appearance, but the master of the house stood up, and said, with a quivering lip:

"Miles Milford, answer me truly. Are you worthy to claim the welcome of a son, and to take your place at your father's table?"

Bursting into tears, young Miles clasped his father to his breast, and then rushed into his mother's arms and sobbed like a child upon her bosom. Rose Darling, also, gave him a warm welcome.

"You have given me the prodigal's welcome, father," he said, with deep emotion, laying his hand on the back of the vacant chair, "but I am hardly dressed well enough for a festival occasion."

"If the heart be in the right place, no matter for the garb it wears," said Milford.

"I cannot masquerade it any longer," said young Miles. "I was not born for a playacter, though I exclaim with Lear: "Off—off—ye lendings!" And throwing off his ragged surtout, he appeared in an elegant and befitting suit. "And I'm not in all respects like the prodigal son," he said, sitting down. "A kind Providence has favored me for your sake and mother's, and for one as dear as either. I have been in strange lands, where gold was to be had for the gathering. A traveler's tale, you'll say; but I have the proof about me. Here, father, are your notes to old Myers—they are all paid, and Maple Cottage is now your own."

Need we add that there was indeed a Thanksgiving in Maple Cottage that night? The next anniversary there was no vacant seat; but young Miles Milford sat in his own place, and on his right hand, Rose, his wife. Thenceforth no shadow ever rested on the hearth-stone.

Newspaper Patronage.

There seem to be a great many different ways of defining and understanding the phrase, "newspaper patronage," and as a party interested in a correct definition of the same, we give the following disquisition on the subject by one who knows whereof he speaks. It may serve, perhaps, as a mirror in which certain parties may be able to "see themselves as others see them."

Many long and dreary years in the publishing business has forced the conviction upon us that newspaper patronage is a word of many definitions, and that a great majority of mankind are either ignorant of the correct definition or are dishonest in a strict biblical sense of the word. Newspaper patronage is as changeable as a chameleon.

One man comes in, subscribes for a paper, pays for it in advance, and goes home and reads it with a proud satisfaction that it is his. He hands in his advertisement, and he reaps the advantage thereof. This is patronage.

Another man asks you to send him the paper, and goes off without saying a word about the pay. Time passes on; you are in need of money and ask him to pay the sum he owes you. He flies into a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not, and orders his paper stopped. This is called patronage.

One man brings in a fifty cent advertisement and wants a two dollar puff thrown in, and when you decline, he goes off mad.—Even this is called patronage.

Another man don't take your paper. It is too high priced; but he borrows and reads it regularly, and that could be called newspaper patronage.

One man likes your paper, he takes a copy, pays for it, and gets his friends to do the same; he is not always grumbling to you or others, but has a friendly word. If an accident occurs in his section he informs the editor. This is newspaper patronage.

One hands you a marriage, or other notice, and asks for extra copies containing it; and when you ask him to pay for the papers he looks surprised: "You surely don't take pay for such small matters?" This is called newspaper patronage.

One (it is good to see such) comes in and says: "The year for which I paid is about to expire; I want to pay for another." He does so and retires. This is newspaper patronage.

It will be seen by the above that while certain kinds of patronage are the very life of the newspaper, there are other kinds more fatal to its health and circulation than the coils of a boa-constrictor are to the luckless prey he patronizes.

NOBLE EXAMPLE.—Two schoolboys residing on a farm with their father, not more than five miles from Danville, in Pittsylvania county, Va., occupied their Saturday holidays and other leisure hours in cultivating a crop of tobacco, which they recently sold in Danville for the sum of three hundred and fifty-four dollars and seventy-one cents.—We hope every father who subscribes to our paper, will read this statement to his children, commending the example of these two shoolboys as worthy of imitation, as indeed it is.

DANIEL WEBSTER said: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God, and love for our fellow-men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten through all eternity."

THE WAY of the transgressor is hard.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]

Seventy Years Hence.

The seventy years of this century which are just now coming to a close have not been merely remarkable, but absolutely startling, in sudden transitions from old to new, in manners, in customs, in habits of thought, in modes of living, in means of locomotion, in mechanical appliances, in processes, in social tone, and in political and societary forces.—Franklin's intended mother-in-law objected to her daughter marrying a printer, because there were already three newspapers in America, and she feared the field was already so fully occupied that he would not be able to support a wife and family. How the good woman would start and stare, could she be brought back to life and introduced to the mysteries of a modern printing office. So would it be with the cook who could be taken from her ancient fire-place and confronted with the stove and range of to-day. So would it be with the artisan, the plowman, the builder, the stonemason, the type-founder, and so on through the round of occupations. Each would find it necessary to learn his trade, in a great part, over again; for within the past seven decades, steam, the railroad, the steamship, the magnetic telegraph, the sewing machine, the cylinder printing press, the cotton-gin, and many other wonderful inventions have all been born and have grown to a vigorous manhood.

Such being the broad and striking contrast between 1800 and 1870, the inquiry naturally arises, what will be the contrast between 1870 and 1940? Will that future bear to the present the same relative changes that the present does to the past? ° ° ° Forty years ago the idea of instant communication between points thousands of miles apart was but the dream of imaginative intellect; today it is a realization become too commonplace to excite ordinary wonderment.

Why, then, may not new means be found to so accelerate international communication, that we may yet see New York brought within two days' journey of London. In the interests of speedy locomotion, enterprise and skill have cut a canal for ships across an isthmus, and bored a tunnel for cars through a mountain. Why may not accumulated experience and augmented command over the forces of nature enable science to vanquish the difficulties of delving a thoroughfare beneath the bed of the ocean, and constructing a submarine railway from continent to continent? Assuredly, such an undertaking does not now appear more impracticable than would have appeared the scheme of laying a telegraph cable across the Atlantic, when Morse sent over the wires between Baltimore and Washington that significant first message, "what wonders GOD hath wrought," or why should it be regarded as an impossible accomplishment for balloons to carry passengers or freight across the sea in safety, far above the dangers of overwhelming waves and tempestuous blasts? These aerial voyagers are making rapid progress in utilitarian adaptation, illustration of which fact is seen in the frequent use to which they have been put by the beseiged in Paris. Confronted by such evidences, is anybody justified in scouting as ridiculous the idea that such atmospheric contrivances may some day become regular and reliable vehicles of transportation between distant points? Indeed, we may reasonably suppose that conveyances of this kind would not be half so surprising to the present generation as modern artillery would have been to Cæsar's legions.

Or, to pas to another branch of development, let us consider the question of light. Gas of the very best quality can be cheaply obtained by passing super-heated steam through iron pipes coated with certain chemical preparations. Why should not scientific invention and mechanical ingenuity give us a lamp that will decompose water; that will need only to be filled from the hydrant; and that, by turning a thumbscrew backward or forward, will emit a jet of flame or extinguish it according to desire? Going a step further, is it not possible, as some savan has suggested, that the rays of the sun may be preserved in an absorbed condition by some adaptable surface, to be given out again at will by night for illuminating purposes? Ericson has already made an approach in that direction, by concentrating the solar heat diffused over a considerable area, and compelling it to fill the stead of fuel as a heater for steam boilers. Moreover, the calcium and other lights show very suggestively what wonderful results may be accomplished by the application of natural laws to new conditions. It will hardly be questioned that we stand as yet upon the mere threshold of discovery in regard to heat and illumination.

So, too, with respect to agriculture. What effects will be wrought out in this direction during the next seventy years? Will man have invented the means of calling down rain at will? Will two blades of grass be growing where one does now? Will the farmer be able to create different soils out of the same materials as nature forms the diamond from the substance that constitutes charcoal? Will electricity be harnessed to machinery, and made to assist in the work of cultivation? Will chemistry be equal to the task of extorting from earth the constituents of corn, of wheat, of potatoes, of rice, and the like, as at present it is equal to the task of evolving from stench-breathing garbage the extracts of peppermint, or of lemon, or of cloves, or of nutmeg, and so on? In a word, what will be the material, intellectual and social development of the people of 1940?—That their condition, in these respects, will be far in advance of that employed by the present generation hardly admits room for doubt. That they will possess some of the triumphs of mind over matter, as indicated above, seems altogether probable; for it does not require the eyes of a seer to discern within the shadows of the future the dim outlines of a portion of these opulent results.—Although many may feel disposed to consider their realization as problematical, it should be remembered that their unlikelihood is not greater than the steam engine, the sewing machine, the ocean cable, and even the discovery of a western continent, once appeared to the masses of mankind.

HE must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his folly.

A Retrospect.

The Democrats have been raising a great crow of victory because they have gained a few Congressmen in the late elections. This is not surprising. They were brought so low, polically, that they could not have got lower without total annihilation. Gains of some sort were necessary to the party's existence; and with life at stake, the merest straw giving hope of prolonged ability to struggle was clutched at with enthusiasm.

But although the Democracy *have* gained a few Congressmen, to Republicans, as heretofore, belongs the real victory. They have developed a strength which no party in the last thirty years has equalled. Though their precise majority in the new Congress cannot be stated, it is known that it will not be less than thirty or forty, which is amply sufficient for all practical purposes. As is well said by the Albany *Evening Journal*, "This may justly be regarded as a brilliant and unsurpassed triumph." It is almost literally an unprecedented victory. Since the ascendancy of the Democratic party was first shaken, thirty years ago, no party has achieved such a success in the second year of its administration.

In 1840 the Whig party swept the country with the "Log Cabin" and the song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." It was an overwhelming victory. Harrison had two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes, and Van Buren only sixty. Yet in the Congressional elections of 1842, the Democratic party achieved a signal triumph, and John W. Jones, the Democratic candidate, was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives by one hundred and twenty votes against fifty-nine for John White, the Whig nominee.

In 1844 the Democratic party carried the country, and elected Polk to the Presidency. But two years later, in the second year of his administration, the Whigs carried a majority of Congress and elevated Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, to the Speakership. In 1848 the Whig party elected General Taylor to the Presidency. But when the Congressional elections of 1850 came around, the Democracy were again triumphant, and Linn Boyd, of Kentucky was chosen speaker. In 1852 the Democracy elected Franklin Pierce President by a very decisive vote. But the new-born Republican party soon developed commanding power, and after a stormy and prolonged contest General Banks, of Massachusetts, was chosen Speaker of the second Congress of Pierce's Administration.

The Democracy were again successful in the Presidential election of 1856, choosing Mr. Buchanan. The Congressional elections of 1858 were, however, hotly contested, and William Pennington, of New Jersey, the Republican candidate, was made Speaker of the House. In 1860 the Republican party, for the first time, elected a President, and Abraham Lincoln entered the White House. The rule still held. No intelligent person will forget how badly the elections of 1862 went. Notwithstanding the war, we lost New York. We lost everywhere. Our majority in Congress was greatly reduced. Had it not been for the secession of the Southern States we should have been in a minority. In 1864 we carried the country again, but Andrew Johnson, who became President by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, immediately went over to the Democracy, and the administration was practically Democratic. The old result followed. In 1866 the Republican party swept the country, and elected an overwhelming majority of Congress. The next corresponding period brings us to the present time.

It thus appears as an almost invariable law that the party holding the Administration loses its second Congress. Making proper allowance for 1862, there has not been a single exception to this rule from 1840 to the present time. Arguing from this remarkable fact, a politician might have predicted Democratic success this year with almost as much reason and certainty as Leverrier proclaimed and discovered, upon Bode's famous law and without any other basis, the existence of the planet which bears his name. Under such circumstances the Republican victory, which gives us from thirty to forty majority in Congress, may justly be regarded as a brilliant and transcendant triumph. It establishes with conspicuous and unparalleled distinctness the firm hold which the Republican party has upon the confidence of the country. It demonstrates one other thing. No reader has failed to remark, in pursuing this retrospect, that the party which carried the second Congress of an Administration has invariably carried the next Presidency. To this rule there has been no exception whatever. And so the general triumph of the Republican party in 1870 presages its grander triumph in 1872.—*The Reading Journal.*

John Chinaman in Oregon,

The following disposition was made of the Chinamen in the Oregon Legislature. If John accepts the situation he ought to be allowed to live anywere:

Mr. Hendershott, on October 21st, asked and obtained leave to introduce a bill—S. B. No. 97—to enable the State of Oregon to have a dead thing on Chinamen:

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

Section 1. No Chinaman shall be allowed to die in this State until he has paid ten dollars for a new pair of boots with which to kick the bucket.

Sec. 2. Any Chinaman dying under this act shall be buried six feet under ground.

Sec. 3. Any Chinaman who shall attempt to dig up another Chinaman's bones shall first procure a license from the Secretary of State, for which he shall pay four dollars.

Sec. 4. Any dead Chinaman who shall attempt to dig up his own bones without giving due notice to the Secretary of State shall be fined $100.

Sec. 5. Any Chinaman who shall be born without bones for the purpose of wilfully and feloniously evading the provisions of this act shall be fined $500.

Sec. 6 Metal Coffin, of Multnomah, and O. Graves, of Lane, are hereby appointed commissioners under the provisions of this act for the proper enforcement thereof.

Sec. 7. Nothing in the Burlingame treaty or in the Amis' queue bill shall be construed to conflict with the provisions of this act.

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