The American Union

Is Published Weekly at Denton, Md., by

JOHN H. EMERSON.

Terms:

$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.

No subscription received for less than 6 mos.

The Union is sent to any post-office within the county free of postage.

Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office.

The American Union.

VOL. XII. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY SEPT. 21, 1871. NO. 9.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions		$1.00
1 "	1 month		1.50
1 "	3 "		2.50
1 "	6 "		4.00
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½ column, one year,			15.00
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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.

WM. W. LOWE,

Agent Cecil Fire Insurance Company,

LENTON, MD.

Address all letttrs as above. [je15-6m

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REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

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Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. [jan1-y

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JUMP & RIDGELY,

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DENTON, MD,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

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IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

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Respectfully announces his readiness to call sales in any part of Caroline, Talbot or Dorchester counties. Charges less than any auctioneer's. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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J. GILMOUR & SONS, Proprietors.

The only Hotel in Baltimore furnished with a Passenger Elevator and Fire Escapes. Has accommodations for 300 Guests. Terms, $3 per day. Opened May 1st, 1871.

my11-1m H. H. FOGLE, Manager.

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NORTHWEST CORNER OF

Fayette & St. Paul Sts.,

BALTIMORE.

Terms - - - $1.50 per Day.

ISAAC ALBERTSON, Prop'r.

July 24, 1867.—y

T. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.

Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,

GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST,

Denton, Md.,

Will visit Greensborough 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—Nearly opposite M. E. Church. [ap1

E. P. JUMP. JOHN JUMP.

E. P. JUMP & SON,

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruits, Oysters, Poultry of all kinds,

AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,

114 Light Street Wharf, (Up Stairs,)

BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Consignments respectfully solicited, and prompt remittances made. (All orders will be promptly attended to when accompanied by the cash. [je29.6m.

J. S. HUTCHINSON, Burlington, N. J. W. B. CONAWAY, Federalsburg, Md

R. H WOOLSTON, Medford, N. J.

WOOLSTON, CONAWAY & CO.,

WHOLESALE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Strict attention to consignments. Orders for shipping promptly attended to. [mr16

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COMMISSION MERCHANT

STAND NO. 4,

Opposite 142 West St.,

Between Barclay and Vesey, NEW YORK.

Sales Reported Daily.

Returns Once Each Week.

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J. Rhodes & Co., Federalsburg, Md.
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W. S. Goslin & Son, Baltimore, Md.
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A. P. Sorden, Denton, Md.
J. M Emerson " "
Dr. D. Stewart, Port Penn, Del. [ag4-y

Established March 25, 1855.

F. E. MARINE,

GENERAL

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 53 West Pratt Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

All kinds of Country Produce, except Liquors, sold at the highest price.

Refers, by Permission to

Mr. Thos. Higgins, Vienna, Dorchester Co
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Mr. F. J. Henry, Cambridge, " "
Mr. Wm. McMahan, New Hope, Md.
Mr. B. G. Stevens, Potter's Landing Md
Mr. John Nichols, Gilpin's Point, Md.
jy28-y.

Poetry.

For the American Union.

LOZIE LORE.

AIR—"*The Picket's Last Watch.*"

'Neath the old Cedar shade, is the sweet little grave
Of my own dear kind charming Lozie,
She peacefully sleeps and we'll let her sleep on
In her sweet little grave nice and cozy;
She passed from this earth in the bloom of her youth,
To the land that is ever found flowing
With the richest of joys, this world never knew
And no cold earthly strife's ever blowing.

This world was too rough for one kind as she,
Too sinful for one of such beauty,
But while in this world she was e'er kind to all,
And was ever found doing her duty.
Her actions were kind, by all was she loved,
She e'er cheered her friends when in sorrow,
And helped them through troubles and dangers and snares,
That their joys might be full on the morrow.

Her life was e'er like the mild summer's eve,
So peaceful and quiet and pleasant:
There was joy with poor hearts, for her kindness to them
When my dear charming Lozie was present;
She has gone from this earth to inhabit her rest,
And none can my love from her sever,
I will try so to live that when this life is past,
I may live with my Lozie *forever*.

BLOOMING GROVE, IND., Aug. 5th, 1871.

For the American Union.

ROWING.

BY DON O'HOOTIZ.

Dip, dips the steady oar,
Making sweet, soft music as it rears
O'er the little whirpool it has made,
Which receeds, and last doth fade
As we near the destined shore.
While the oars still dip, and whirl pools still are formed,
And sweet music still is made;
Endeared are those passed, but their going not mourned—
A going that cannot be staid.

Dip, dips the steady oars,
And pleasures follow in their wake,
Which are known a little while,
As on their joys we kindly smile,
Though but a faint draught we partake.
Rowing toward the eternal shores.
Joys come and are gone, as the whirpools made,
Yet dwell in memory evermore,
And to renew them in reverie is sweet as we near the shade
Of the vast eternal shore.

NOT A DROP MORE, DANIEL.

Daniel Aiken had become a common drunkard. So fully had he come under the dominion of his appetite that he was perfectly miserable when he could not obtain the means of gratifying his thirst. He had neglected his family until his wife's father had taken her and her children to the paternal roof. He had spent all substance for drink and was kept from the poor house only by performing menial services for his food, and by the kindness of Thos. Edgerton, a member of the Society of Friends, who had known him from his youth, and had a strong hope that in the course of time Daniel would see his folly and turn again into the right path. The leading merchant in the place had let him have drink as long as his money lasted, but would trust him no longer. He was loafing about the store one bright moonlight evening, pleading with the merchant to trust him for a drink. His reply was:

"Not a drop more, Daniel."

He remained a while longer and left.—As the cool air of the evening fell upon him, he all at once began to give utterance to his feelings in the following strain:

"Not a drop more, Daniel. Am I drunk or am I sober? I am sober. Not a drop more, Daniel. Did Haskins think a drop more would hurt me? No, but my money was gone. He has got the Bible my mother gave me. He has got the shoes my wife bought for Jenney, and paid for with her own earnings. Not a drop more, Daniel. Daniel, what say you to that? I say so too. I once had clothes and now have nothing but rags. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I have others as good as when Mary and I were married. I had once, too, a good watch but that is all gone. Not a drop more, until I have another as good as the one I pawned to Haskins for a drink. I have seen the time when I had a nice good horse and buggy, and I could ride into the village in as good style as any man in the place. Not a drop more, Daniel, till I own another horse and buggy as good as I once had. I once had cows which furnished my family with butter and cheese, but Haskins has them. Not a drop more, Daniel, till those cows or others as good are mine again. I once had this wallet full of bills, but now there is not a cent. Not a drop more, Daniel, until this wallet is well filled again."

By this time he had reached the place where he had once resided, and he stood and leaned against the fence, and mused for a time in silence. He viewed the desolateness of the scene by the light of the moon and his eye ranged over the house and barn once his own, which had become out of repair. He then said:

"Once I owned this house and barn.—Here I was born. Here my father and mother died. I was the pride of their hearts, but I brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Here I commenced my married life, and all that the heart could wish was mine. Here Mary and I took comfort till Haskins came and opened his rum shop, and now he calls it his. In that south room my children were born, and here my Jennie died. Oh how sorrowful she looked when she saw me take her shoes and start for the store to pawn them for rum, while she lay sick.—And then how she begged me before she died, never to strike her mother again. I can see her now, her pale face, her wasted form, but she cannot come to me again.—And oh, my wife, how shamefully have I abused you! It was not your Daniel that did it. No, it was that vile rum that Haskins sold me. No wonder you were taken from me by those who loved you, and would not see you abused. They won't have me in the house. They will not let me live with you. Not a drop more, Daniel, till the house is mine again. Not a drop more, Daniel until these broad acres are again in my possession, and that wife and children are living in yonder rooms, and we are a happy family once more. Not a drop more, Daniel, so help me God, till all these things are accomplished. I thank you, Haskins, for these words. I shall not forget them."

He had become so much occupied with his thoughts, which were spoken in a tone so loud, that he had not heard a wagon which by this time had reached the road, in which was seated the kind-hearted Quaker who has been mentioned. He stopped his horse and heard distinctly the language used. As he closed his soliloquy he turned and saw Thomas Edgerton, who said:

"Daniel, does thee mean to keep thy vow?"

He answered "I do."

"Thee has promised a great many times that thee would drink no more. What makes thee think thee will keep thy vow?

"I know, friend Edgerton, I have often, often vowed to drink no more; but now I feel different from what I ever did before. My heart is broken. I feel my weakness, and I believe God will help me this time."

"God grant it may be so, Daniel. Get in and take a seat. Thee must be hungry; go home with me."

On the way the Quaker drew out of him all that has been written; and he advised him to go to California. He told him to go to New York and work his passage round the Cape. He determined to do so. The Quaker furnished him with suitable apparel.

"Thee wants to see thy wife and children before thee goes?"

"Yes sir, friend Edgerton, I do; but they have become estranged from me. If I went, perhaps they would not believe what I say. It is better that I should not see them. Indeed it is better that they should not know where I am. I want to surprise them, as I hope to do by coming back a sober man, and with money enough to make them comfortable. I prefer that you and your wife should be the only persons in the place to know where I am and what I am doing."

Thus, while riding toward the quiet farm house of the quaker, the whole thing was arranged. When they reached the place, the horse was put in the barn, and they entered the house. He said to his wife as they took seats by the fire:

"Amy, thee may put on another plate. Daniel will stay with us a few days and then will go to California."

The benevolent Quaker was confident that Daniel Aiken would keep his resolve.

At length, when everything was in readiness, the horse was harnessed, and before daylight Daniel Akin was on his way to a railway station. He had not been in the village since the night when the words, "not a drop more, Daniel,' were uttered. He was missed from his customary haunts, but it was supposed he had gone off on a spree, and so nothing was thought of his absence. His wife's father lived in an adjoining town, and some thought he had gone there.

No inquiries were made, for many rejoiced that he was missing and none cared for his return.

He had been gone somewhat more than a year, when the Quaker was in the store of Haskins and remarked that he wished to hire a pasture the coming season.

"I have got one I will let you have free of rent if you will put the fences in repair, said Haskins.

"Where is it!" asked the Quaker.

"On the Akin farm."

"If thee will rent it at that rate thee must have let it get badly out of repair."

"It is so, indeed; I cannot leave the store to see to it. The house is poor, and the family that lived in it were too shiftless to buy wood, and burnt up all the rails.—I had rather sell it than rent it."

"It cost me some sixteen hundred dollars."

"Yes, but thee paid in goods and charged thy own price on them."

"To be sure I did. Akin could not get trusted anywhere else, and I felt that I was running a great risk in letting him have goods. I charged him accordingly just as anybody else would under the circumstances."

"Thee has not told me what thee would take for the place. I will give thee eight hundred dollars for it, if that is any object to thee."

Haskins thought long enough to conclude that the interest of eight hundred dollars was far better for him than the farm, for the use of which he realized hardly anything, and said:

"You can have it."

"Thee can make me out a deed to-morrow, and thee shall have thy money. By-the-way, does thee know what has become of Daniel Akin?"

"No. He has not been in the village for more than a year. At any rate I have not seen him."

We may tell the reader what Haskins did not know. The Quaker had that day received a letter from Daniel Aiken, stating that he was at the mines, hard at work and sticking to his motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel," and that he had laid up a few hundred dollars, and desiring him to inquire what the place he once owned could be bought for. Mr. Edgerton had taken the method above mentioned to find out Haskin's views. So confident was he that with money in his pocket, that he ventured to purchase it, for the purpose of keeping it for him.

He wrote to Akin what he had done, and about three months afterward received a letter stating that by express he had sent five hundred dollars in gold to a banker in New York, with orders to sell it and remit proceeds to him, to go towards the farm.—Gold commanded a large premium, and the five hundred became more than eight hundred before it reached Mr. Edgerton's hands Akin requested him to draw a new deed giving the whole property to his wife, Mary, and have it duly recorded and left with the Register of Deeds.

In this letter he said: "If, perchance, I should ever break my resolution, I have secured a home for my wife and children. I prefer, however, that they should know nothing of this for the present. If I live to come home I will give Mary the deed with my own hands; if not you can do it. Now that the farm is bought you had better stock it, for I still stick to my motto, "Not a drop more, Daniel.'

Another year passed. By this time the Quaker had stocked the farm with young cattle and sheep. The fences were put in repair, and everything but the house wore a tidy appearance.

Another remittance came which paid for all the stock, and left an overplus with which to repair the house.

Carpenters were busy, and the villagers who chanced to pass that way found that extensive repairs were going on; still no one presumed to question the Quaker in regard to his plans.

These repairs all completed, furniture found its way to the house. A yoke of oxen was seen on the farm. The villagers were astonished to see the Quaker driving an elegant horse and riding in a new buggy.

He received this short note one day: "I have arrived, all safe and sound. Please get Mary and the children."

Riding over to the adjoining town he called at Mary's father's and invited her and the children to go home with him and make him and his wife a visit. They accepted the invitation and he took them home.

The next morning he said: 'Mary, I suppose thee has heard that I have bo't the old place. I have got it fitted up, and I want thee and thy children to ride over and see it after breakfast. I think thee will like it."

They rode over, and were surprised to see the changes that had taken place. They could scarcely believe their own eyes.—Over the mantle in the sitting room was a frame, and under the glass, in large letters, were the words:

"NOT ANOTHER DROP, DANIEL!"

Mrs. Akin said: "Oh, if Daniel could only have said those words and stuck to them this beautiful place would still have been his."

The Quaker said: "Then thee don't know where Daniel is?"

"No. I have not heard a lisp from him for over three years."

"Thee would like to see him?"

"Yes, indeed!"

As they went up the front stairs, Daniel Aikin slipped down the back ones, and took his stand in the sitting room. When they returned Mrs. Akin noticed a stalwart man standing in the room, with his back to the hall door, and started back for an instant. The Quaker said: "It is a friend, Mary." Upon this Daniel turned around, and in the man with heavy beard and moustache, she did not recognize her husband.

"Don't you know me, Mary? Have you forgotten your husband?"

We leave the reader to imagine what the meeting was.

The Quaker said: "I must go and get Amy. Mary this house and farm are thine. Daniel has the papers for thee. Thee will live happily now—for that (pointing to the frame over the fire-place) is his motto now, and it will be his during life."

A YOUNG man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she sometimes helps herself, and don't use scissors.

"MAMMA," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

"Gently the *deer* are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five due bills presented to him at one time.

A GENTLEMAN whose daughter had married a man by the name of Price, was congratulated by one of his friends, who remarked, "I am glad that you have got such a good price for your daughter."

Miscellaneous.

Perfect Machinery.

All machinery, the most perfect piece of mechanism which ever came from human hands, will wear out, because there is friction. Its cogs, its wheels, its bearings, its axels and its cylinders all move upon one another, more or less directly. Such motion implies friction, and friction causes loss of substance necessarily. Millions of money are expended every year for the purchase of oils and other lubricants, to lessen the wear and waste in the running of our locomotives. the trains on our railroads and the machinery of our numberless mills and manufactories. But the living human body came from the hands of the Infinite One. It is perfection of mechanism, and has within itself the power of growth and development; and more, it makes its own repairs and provides its own lubricants; works incessantly, day and night, Summer and Winter, seed-time and harvest, for a hundred years. It never stops, it never wears out, until the work is completed for which it was made and the Master Builder bids it run no more. It is made of its hundreds of muscels, and hands, and sockets, and hinges, and pulleys, all playing upon or dragging across each other. The very smallest of these motions involves waste; indeed, not a single crook of the finger, not a bend of the arm, not a twinkle of the eye, not a thought of the brain, but is at the expense of some solid portion of the human machine; and yet, at the end of a century, it remains whole in all its parts, while the most perfect constructions of man come to a dead stop in a very few months, and would stand still forever, unless some new cog, or pin, or pully was applied. But the tongue which speaks today spoke a hundred years ago just as well, and the eyelid winks as easily at forescore as in infancy. It does not even wink tiredly. And all this, not because there is no waste of substance in this wonderful frame of ours, but because it is as promptly repaired as made.

A Sad Little Story.

A very curious incident, illustrative of the power which can be exercised over the animal creation by kindness and careful training, occurred but a few days ago at Scottsville, Kentucky. The sister of officer Harry Mansfield, of this city, had raised a mocking bird which she taught to go and come at her call, and in return for all the kindness bestowed upon it, exhibited a peculiar fondness for her. Last Monday Miss Mansfield was taken ill, and, to while away the tedium of the sick room, she had the little pet brought to her bedside and day and night it cheered her with its sweet carols, bringing to mind many happy thoughts of field and meadow, sunshine and song. As her illness grew more alarming, and day after day brought no relief from sufferiog, the warblings of the little songster rather served to annoy than please her, and so turning on her pillow, she said to him, 'Birdie, birdie, you worry me.' Strange to say, the words seemed to be understood, for immediately the song was hushed, and the bird retired within itself as it were. On the next day the lady died, leaving, it would seem, a command of silence upon the bird, which will never be broken, for, although several days have elapsed since, and every effort has been made to induce him to sing, he refuses to respond with song to any lips but those of his once mistress.

A Touching Story.

In the cemetery of Nashville, Tennessee, a stranger was seen planting a flower over a soldier's grave. When asked, "Was your son buried there?" No, was the answer.

Your son-in-law?

"No,"

"A brother?"

"No"

"A relative?"

"No."

After a moment the stranger laid down a small board which he held in his hand and said:

Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out I was a farmer in Illinois I wanted to enlist, but I was poor. I had a wife and seven children. I was drafted—I had no money to hire a substitute, so I made up my mind that I must leave my poor, sickly wife and little children, and go and fight the enemy. After I had got all ready to go, a young man whom I knew came to me and said: "You have a big family, which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you." He did go in my place, and in the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded and taken to the Nashville hospital. But after a long sickness he died, and was buried here, and ever since I have wanted to come to Nashville and see his grave; so I saved up all the spare money I could, and yesterday I came on, and to day I found my dear friend's grave."

With tears of gratitude running down his cheeks, he took up a small board and pressed it down into the ground in the place of a tomb stone. Under the soldier's name were written only these words:—"He died for me."

"WHERE do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveler, "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail, so mind your own business."

Religious Reading.

Jesus a Companion.

I see two men, whose heads are well frosted, walking together under yonder elms.—In heart they have been "Siamese twins" for thirty years. Neither has scarcely a thought which he keeps from the other; Their love on earth they expect to perpetuate in Heaven. They have locked arms—and hearts.

Now, yonder intimate fellowship represents to me the intimacy which exists between Jesus and his disciple: for whom he bled. Such a companion should Jesus be to me every day and every hour of the day. A believer should make his Saviour a perpetual companion, everywhere and at every moment. Christ offers to walk with us He says, "Lo! I am with you always." What companionship so sweet as his?—What so bracing, so instructive, so purifying? What else so "make our hearts burn within us" by the way?

Christ's presence with believers is one of the best protectors under temptation—one of the best stimulators to duty. Jesus is "made unto us sanctification." His spirit of holiness. And when we live in daily communion with him, we cannot but grow holier ourselves. Yonder friends catch each other's ways insensibly. So we may hourly grow like Jesus.

The sense of Christ's immediate presence is a constant check upon our appetites and sinful desires—as well as a constant spur to our spiritual indolence. Does the tinder of our temper catch fire? Are we provoked to a cutting word or an irritating retort? One look from the gentle Jesus should be enough to seal the lip and smooth the ruffled brow. Are we ever tempted to overreach our neighbor in business? Selfishness whispers, "Other people do so; it is the custom in our trade. But what will Jesus say? How will our account-books look when he audits them? A Christian who does not keep Jesus with him in the counting room will hardly dare to meet him at the communion table.

And so on through all the circles of daily life, with its varying occupations, and its ever-rising temptations. If my loving Master is always at my side, how can I consent to play the coward, or the cheat, or the trifler, or the trickster? How can I wound Him in the house of His friends? A low, sweet voice seems to be often saying to me, "Don't do that! For My sake, don't do it!"

Nowhere is the presence of Jesus more real or more comforting than in a sick chamber, or in the room that has grown suddenly dark under the wing of death.—"Christ comes to me in the watches of the night," said a ripe old saint, who had lain for months on a bed of torture and pain.—"He draws aside the curtains and says to me, 'It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid. Then there is a great calm. Here I lie pained without pain, without any strength, and yet strong." The man who locks arms with Jesus will never be deserted. When the last hour draweth nigh, and when the last farewells have been spoken to the sobbing wife or child, this never failing friend will sweetly whisper, "Fear not! I am with thee. Where I am, ye shall be also. Having loved my own, I will love thee to the end."—*Cuyler.*

An Unusual Request.

Some years ago a congregation in an English town was electrified by a strange request from the pulpit. They were used to hearing praying prayers asked by parents "for a child near unto death," or "for those who had embarked on the ocean."

But the request which we now refer to was of altogether another kind; it was new them and new to us. "A young man, who has just come into possession of a very considerable fortune, asks the payers of this people that he may be preserved from the snares to which it will expose him; and also that he may make such use of it as may bless his fellow-men and glorify the great Giver."

Is it any wonder that the people started and looked about them to see who this wonderful young man could be?

The adulation and gifts which earthly friends lavish upon us are almost sure to make us love and honor them more. But not so with the gifts of God. So perverse, is our nature that his gifts too often lead us away from him, and make us feel so strong in ourselves that we cease to look to him as the source of our blessings.

If the poor have reason to ask prayers for submission, surely the very rich have greater need to plead, as did this humble English gentleman, for prayer that they may be saved from the temptation to which their wealth exposes them, and that they in their possessions may be alike consecrated to God and his work on earth.—*Wesleyan.*

WHEN Albert Barnes preached before a seminary class on their graduation he said: "Young gentleman, one thing never forget; preach your best sermons in the country! I have charge of a city church. I have noticed that young men preaching for me, choose their best themes and their best thinking, because they were addressing a city congregation. It is a mistake. I tell them so, and I tell you so. The mass of a city congregation read little but the daily papers; and read and think as they live, on the run. On anything but business or social pleasure they think less than they read. People, in the country read books; they have time, and they take time to think, and if you must make a difference, preach your thoughts in the country.

Temperance Column.

Over the Falls.

Niagara is the sublimest spot on the continent, but almost every year it becomes the scene of some new horror that makes the blood curdle to read of it. A few weeks since, it added a new chapter to the ever-growing volume of the woes of strong drink. Three young men, who had become intoxicated to the point of perfect stupidity, undertook to cross the Niagara river about three miles above the cataract. The owner of the boats refused to let one to them, but, by some means they got a boat, and lunched out for the Canadian side.

The little skiff was soon caught in the swift current of the rapids. A strong and steady arm alone could save it. The oar man, who was the nearest sober of the wretched trio, stood up in the boat, seeing the terrible danger, gave a shreak and leaped overboard to ashore. The current was too stron him. He buffeted the fierce rapids few moments until his little strength gave way, and then he was whirled along helplessly to the verge, and shot over the cataract.

His two stupefied companions lay asleep on the bottom of the boat, and never awoke until their affrighted spirits awoke in eternity. Their frail boat leaped off the awful cliff of waters like a bit of cork, and in an instant they were engulfed in the foaming maelstrom beneath. The next morning a single leg of one of the poor wretches was picked up on the Canadian shore, showing that their bodies must have been dashed to fragments in their descent among the rocks below the cataract.

The Word of God describes a drunken man as "one who lieth" (asleep) "on the top of a mast" in the midst of the sea.—But it adds a new horror to the picture to lie in the sleep of drunken insensibilty on the foaming edge of Niagara. Probably the wretched creatures in the boat fancied themselves on a delightful sail as they swept so swiftly through the waters. They awoke from the enchanting slumber in the jaws of death.

This terrible tragedy at Niagara is but a picture of the cataract [illegible] which *one hundred thousand* [illegible] trymen were swept dur[illegible] months. Commissioner Wells reports that immense number as going down into the vortex of "death through intemperance" *within one year.* How many fathers and mothers have stood on the bank and seen their sons whirl over into the abyss, God only knoweth.

But every young man or woman who is playing with the wine cup is venturing towards the rapids. The liquor-sellers furnish the boats; it is their *trade* to "hire" them for "pleasure excursions." Every young man as he launches into the habit of drinking, laughs at the idea of any danger. "Who's afraid not I!" In a little while he is helpless on the bottom of the skiff, and shooting towards the brink of perdition. All the warning cries of pulpits, and press, and parental love cannot awaken him. He is *drugged* with the dramseller's dose of death. He will wake up when he gets into eternity—not before.

Sometimes a poor slave of the bottle sees his danger, and, like that third man at Niagara, jumps out of the boat. But it is too late. He has gone too far, and the *disease* of drunkenness has become incurable. His will has become powerless. He cannot control himself. The *rapids* of fatal habit are too strong for his enfeebled resolution. Now and then one, by the help of the divine grace reaches the shore.—Temperance Societies pick up a few strong swimmers, and assist them with the rope of a total abstinence pledge. But the vast majority of habitual drinkers go *over the falls.* Young man! the first glass you take is a step into the boat. The voyage may begin with a song—but it may end in the shriek of a LOST SOUL.

Golden Words For The Young.

It is safer for me to abstain than to drink. If I should indulge in drink, I am afraid I should not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and, with others of a stronger nerve and firmer purpose, go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge, I am not safe. If I abstain, my child will not be cursed with a drunken father. We talk of the dignity of human nature, and of relying upon our self-respect for security; but there is no degradation so low that a man will not sink into, and no crime so hellish that he will not commit when he is drunk. There is nothing so base, so impure, so mean, so dishonest, so corrupt, that a man will not do when under the law of sin—of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law.

But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet with my views on the subject it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to do also, and being unable to stop, pass the path of the drunkard. My example would, in that case, be evil, I might morally and religiously oblige myself that which may but will injure him. If I touch, nor handle, nor my example will not drunkards.—*Gov. Bu*

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