**The American Union**

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DENTON, MD., BY
JOHN H. EMERSON.

**Terms:**
$1,50 per annum, invariably in advance.
No subscription received for less than 6 months.
The UNION circulates among farmers, mechanics and business men generally.
Postmasters are requested to notify us of a failure to take the paper from their office

# The American Union.

VOL. XVI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY OCT. 14, 1875. NO. 13.

**Rates of Advertising.**

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## Poetry.

*For the Union.*

### A RETROSPECT.

BY J. R. LEE.

I close my book and calmly sit and muse
Upon the past,
The brief, bright past sometimes o'er cast with clouds
That hide the view,
And as I sit and dream, a vision
Of childhood's days and happy innocence,
When I knew not care, or sin's alluring ways
Comes before me.

How bright the faded scene, how dark the one before
Just further on,
On me hope's promise, on the other doubt and dread
Of what may come;
The one is known, and from its glowing surface
Are seen contentment, joy peace and love;
The other black as Erebus, silent dim and mute,
Is chill and lone.

No shadowy form of coming happiness or woe
From out it dawn;
No beacon sentinel proclaims the awakening
Of coming morn;
Around, above, beneath the sable dismal view,
Blank, uncertain, unintelligible stands,
No cheering sound or warning voices proclaims
The coming doom.

As memory quickly scans my backward path,
So swiftly past;
I see again the flowers that by its margin bloomed
Too bright to last!
They budded, bloomed, lived their Summer hour,
Like fitful pleasures on life's changing scenes,
They're gone, and memory will again recall
Their joys or pain.

We often think of what we might have done,
If we had known,
That by youth's flowery pathway, the gates of sin
Are open thrown;
That just within their gates the tempter stands,
To lure us from our upward, onward road;
Remember death in pleasure's cup doth sleep
Too soon to wake.

I hear again the Siren's sweet alluring song,
More plaintive sung.
Than all earth's melody from hill or glen
That out them rung;
Yes, 'tis sweet to live those happy hours again,
If but in memory—yet, the time will come
When they will turn to ashes and bear bitter fruit
Of death and sin.

Young man—my brother, pause and think
Before you trust,
Or lend a willing ear, you will soon pass away
And sleep in dust,
And at his bar, where will those talents be
That he has given you but to improve?
Are they not buried? Stop, remember well,
For God is just!

## The Little Black Fiddle.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

It hung in the garret, on one of the bag nails there; all around the usual lumber of an old house—trunks, broken chairs, a supueranuated chest of drawers, a spinning-wheel, and cobwebs.

Years and years ago a tramp had been taken in at the door, in a fainting condition. He lay all day in a stupor on the settee where they had placed him; and, moved with pity, and in some slight consternation as to what was to become of him and of themselves too, if this state continued, the household did what they could for him. Just before dark he began to murmur a broken jargon of English and foreign tongues, and took his little black fiddle from his side, and gave it to Mr. Brooks with as impressive an air as if he bestowed a kingdom, the children looking on, wide-eyed and opened mouthed. Then he died, and was burried, and nobody ever knew anything about him; and the children twanged the fiddle awhile, and at last it was hung up in the garret, and there had been the end of it.

The little fiddle hung forgotten on its nail; but the children grew in strength and beauty every day, and made the house nearly as lively as the ark must have been in all the forty days before it rested on Ararat. Sometimes the little fiddle vibrated to their laughter, and gave it a faint echo from its hollow breast, but that was all the share they had in it.

What a cheerful group they were, Belle and Jessie and Fred and Frank, and the twins were always rolling over each other, and chuckling as if that was the freshest joke in the world. They were just as cheerful after a dozen years had passed, and the children were becoming men and women, childish boisterousness was becoming high-bred gaiety, and the special talent was developing that belonged to each of them.

But the general talent of that family was for charity. They had a genius for it—a genius, as Mrs. Brooks' neighbors used to say,—for turning themselves out of doors in order to let somebody else in; a little house, but the largest you ever knew, for it held the most—hospitable to rich and poor, the wayfarer never leaving it unrefreshed, the sufferer uncomforted.

Yet the means to do so much were but limited. Mr. Brooks had but a small income; Mrs. Brooks found it necessary to count every penny twice over, to turn piece and re-make, and never to waste a crumb. But, when that was all done, there was always something for the widow and fatherless; and the moment there was anything to do, either for North Street or the Five Points or Borrioboola, Mrs. Brooks' door was the first one rapped at. And what a vivid interest it was that was taken throughout that house in every case that came up, from the time little bright heads could cluster together, the little fingers hold a needle, the little legs run an errand! You could never see a prettier sight than those bright heads, those glowing faces, those pitying eyes. "My bunch of blossoms,' Mr. Brooks used to call them, and say they gave their honey to every bee that vagabondized about them. And by-and-by, when Belle was eighteen, and Jessie just turning over sixteen, and the rest coming on, this same sympathy with all suffering was as active as of old; and Jessie's lovely face seemed every day to grow lovlier with the melting tenderness she felt to every one that needed a gentle word or deed, and when she sang her songs in the evening, the trait seemed somehow to have strained itself through the rich sweet tones of her voice, and to make the hearer's heart respond to its touch and always fill his eyes with tears.

"Our Jessie,' the father used to say, "ought to have different instructions with that voice. If you had not been such a Sandemanian, wife all your life, we should have laid by enough to send her to Italy, and have her voice cultivated as it should be.'

"Well, dear, would you throw away all your pleasant memories of pain relieved and all the benefit it has wrought the children' character, and take it out in music?' his wife would ask. "I would like to have Jessie's voice attended to; but bless you, it would do her more harm than good.'

"Harm!" said Belle once, as they talked it over.

"Yes, dear; we all have our vanities, and to nurse one's pride—'

"Oh, mamma, but to stand up and lift your voice to a thousand people! Think of that! Of the delight she could give to so many, and then of the fortune she could make and the things she could do! We would have that children's hospital, and—'

"Very true,' sighed Mrs. Brooks.

"Very true,' sighed her husband. "It would take fifteen hundred dollars to send Jessie to Italy. She would be too old to have it do her voice any good by the time I would get so much together.' And just there came the minister's wife to see about the concert she was getting up for the benefit of the poor DeMaurice children, whose parents—lately organist and soprano in the little church—were lost in the *Destroyer* on their way to Europe for some purpose, at which concert Jessie was to sing a song if she could find the courage.

"You needn't be afraid, Jessie,' said the good minister's wife; "there's nobody in the audience knows a note more music than you do.

"Oh, but he will—the violinist, you know; and Madame Reuter, if she comes—

"She's coming. We're to pay expenses. And she represented the case to Signor Pazzani, and told him they were the children of musicians, and he volunteered. It was too good of him! They're to stay with me.

"Oh, not both of them, Mrs. King;—one's enough with all your care. Send one here,' said Mrs. Brooks.

"Well, I shall be glad to, really. I'll send you the signor. Now, Jessie, sing 'The harp that once through Tara's halls,' just as if you were on the platform, and we were all down on the seats before you.'

And so Jessie sang it, and her voice swelled out as if a young sibyl sang, with the words,

"Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes—
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives."

And the minister's wife cried and went home.

One afternoon next week Madame Reuter came down, and Mrs. King brought the Signor Pazzani into the Brookses' parlor, and left him.

It was not much preparation the Brooks had been able to make for their distinguished guest; they could only fill his room to overflowing with Belle's flowers, that grew and blossomed in every window the winter long. As for their table, it was always a miracle of snow and silver and parsely trimmed dishes, and it was impossible for them to make much difference. They found, though, that it was of no consequence, for the signor was indifferent to everything but bread and fruit and salad, and presently looked about him for the young lady who was to sing. "You are she,' he said presently to Jessie, and began talking with her about her music while he crumbled his bread. But it was not until some hours after they left the table that he came down from his room and demanded of her what she could do.

Poor Jessie had no more idea of hesitating or refusing than if an angel of annunciation had appeared and bidden her. She went instantly to the piano, though Belle ran before her to play the accompaniment. Belle had to play the prelude twice over, though, before Jessie could command her voice; and in the first measure it trembled so that she was afraid she would have to stop, and she was as pale as death. "Courage, courage, my child,' cried the signor, and she took a little and went on; and soon she forgot the signor and her fright, and singing as freely as a bird in the wild wood. "It is grand! it is delicious!'—cried the signor, in his own tongue, which Jessie and Belle understood tolerably. "It is a voice in a thousand. In a thousand? A voice in a million! It is the nightengale's! and it must have care, study, training—Italy!'

Jessie shook her head, and felt very much like crying. She knew if she ever showed a desire for Italy, her father would cramp himself, her mother forego her comforts, the children deny themselves everything; they would sell the piano, move into a meaner house, live on little and give nothing away. She had never intimated that she thought the thing worth while.—Now she shook her head, and ventured to say in such Italian as she had: "It is impossible. Please don't speak of it; it would only make a grief here. But thank you for the kind words.'

And then the signor gazed hard at the lovely face with its Madonna-like oval and its great soft dark eyes, and said: "Nothing is impossible. Now I must seek my violin. It was to come by express, but has not, the good house-mother says.'

"No, it had not come, and, what was more, it never would come in its old shape. The express had met with an accident, and all its contents had been shattered. The violin that the Queen of Holland had given Signor Pazzani, that Jacques Stainer had made himself in the Tyrol two hundred years ago and more, was nothing but a handful of chips.

It would have been ludicrous, if it had not been in reality harrowing, to see the signor's grief and rage when he heard of the destruction of his darling, and had the broken bits put into his hand. He remembered nothing more about Jessie's voice, about the evening concert; he sat down among the fragments, like Marius in the ruins of Carthage, and bewailed himself.

It was an intensely cold and still winter's day; there was not a sound to be heard in the village, save now and then a distant sleigh-bell, the dropping of some huge icicle, or the loud report of some nail as it sprung with the frost in the rafters. As the signor sat there now with the broken volute of his violin in his left hand, and the other hand wound in his hair distractedly, one of these nails went off, as you might say, with more of an explosion than usual upon the frosty silence of the afternoon, followed by a clear, resonant note that for half a moment seemed to fill the house with silvery vibration. They all heard it and looked up bewildered; and suddenly Jessie, with a joyous cry, sprang to her feet and darted from the room. The garret door had been left open by somebody, she found. In a moment she was back, and had placed in the hands of the signor, whose mood of frenzy had been succeeded by one of silent desperation, the little black fiddle.

"It fell from its nail,' she was saying. "It was that we heard. It wanted to come and comfort you, you see. Is it good for anything? Can you mend your own with it? It is so old!'

"Why do you bring me this my child?' he asked, sadly, but took it, and ran his eye over it. Something seemed to strike him as he did so. He bent his head quickly, lifted the violin to his ear, and tapped it and listened, ran his finger down its lines, took out his handkerchief, and dusted it minutely. His hands began to shake; he was holding his breath; he was comparing the measurements of the black fiddle with certain figures in a memorandum-book drawn from his pocket. He peered into its every dimension in a sort of mad haste. He took a magnifier, and then with a bit of chamois leather began rubbing the end of the little black fiddle as if he were polishing a jewel. All at once he cried out:

"Aha! Behold it! It is here! Read it, my children, read! "*Sotto la disiplina 'd A. Stradivarius, Cremona.* I. H. S.' It is his, the Giuseppe del Jesu's, when the great Antoine Stradavarius has had it in his hands; has looked at its sides, its table, its *ouies*, its lustrous varnish; has drawn the bow across it; has said it was good! Quick! where are my strings? We will see; we will see. There is no bridge. That is all right. The bridge would not have answered. My Stainer bridge is whole yet.'

He was silent in a long but hurried unrolling and fastening of the strings, an endless tuning and hearkening and tuning again, and then the walls of the room were vibrant about them, and Signor Pazzani was playing on the little black fiddle; and the sweet, powerful sonority, the suave, silvery, intense tones, the mellow but majestic strength, were ringing in their ears "like the humming of a swarm of angels' wings,' said the signor, suddenly leaving off, with his bow in the air.

"Ah, look at it! What grace in the curves! how severe the volute! How purple and rich and full of lustres it will come out when I shall restore it!' he cried, gayly, smiling on them one and all. "It will be mine; you will not think of keeping it; you can none of you play on it,' he began to implore. It is a Guarnerius, the Giuseppe del Jesu's. It is worth money—it is worth more; you shall have a thousand, you shall have fifteen hundred, you shall have two thousand dollars for it,

"Oh, hush, indeed!' cried Jessie. "Of course you shall have it, Sir. It is valueless to us; it is yours!'

"Stay, stay a moment, Jessie,' said her father. "The little black fiddle is mine. That poor old vagabond, fallen from his high estate, gave it to me. It is a way bread has on coming back upon the waters after many days. If the signor wants to pay me a thousand dollars for it, we will compass the other five hundred by ourselves and you shall go to Italy.'

And the next morning Signor Pazzani went off with the little black fiddle tucked under his arm, and Mr. Brooks went to the city with him to secure Jessie's passage in the next steamer that sailed for foreign shores. And the little black fiddle had some share in it, after all.

## S. Teakle Wallis' Letter.

NEW YORK, September 24, 1875.

*William W. Spence, Esq., Chairman of Committee of the Merchants' Independent Organization, Baltimore:*

*Dear Sir*—I have already telegraphed you my respectable acceptance of the nomination for the Attorney Generalship of Maryland with which your organization has seen fit to honor me. That nomination having been adopted by the Citizens' Reform party in Baltimore, and officially recommended to the voters of the Republican party by its State Convention, it is due to all concerned that I shall frankly state, in the only manner that my health permits, the considerations which have induced me to let my name be placed before the public.

My necessary absence from home has precluded that personal interchange of views between us which was to be desired. But I think that we thoroughly understand each other on all points important to be understood. The leading one of these is, that it is no part of your purpose or mine, by the movement in which we are engaged, to break up the Democratic party in Maryland, or to set up a new party in its stead, or in any way to hinder the legitimate triump of the principles which it has heretofore represented. On the contrary, so far as this movement concerns the Democratic party, its work, as I understand it, is exclusively one of purification and reform—an effort to assist in making the organization and purposes of that party more worthy of its professions, and of the devotion with which the true men of Maryland upheld its principles when it cost more to do so than now. Upon this subject, however, I shall ask your leave to speak more fully as I go on.

The next point is, that it is no part of your purpose or mine, directly or indirectly, openly or covertly, to disfranchise, proscribe or interfere with the rights of any citizen because of his religious faith or the place of his nativity. I should justly offend you by alluding to this, did it for a a moment occur to me that such purposes have been ascribed to you with any shadow of justification. But efforts have been made, on the hustings and though the press, to raise a false issue with you, in advance, by charging you with hostility to your Catholic brethren, and a desire and design to invade their political rights, through your present organization, or the others which have united upon your candidates. Concerning such an accusation, I do not think it becomes me, in accepting your nomination, to be silent. I am not a Catholic, and consequently have no personal interest in vindicating the rights of Catholics. Neither do I say what I am about to say, to flatter or conciliate Catholic opinion—for the demagogism which bids for Catholic votes is quite as despicable, in my eyes, as that which panders to anti-Catholic intolerance. But I was educated at a Catholic college, and am indebted for what little I am, in a great measure, to the teachings which I had there from the clergymen of the Catholic Church. From my boyhood to this hour, many of my truest and most honored friends have been members of the same communion, clerical and lay. If there is anything in their faith or lives to make a man unworthy of the privileges of an American citizen, I have never seen or heard it, or suspected it. I should, therefore, be false, not only to my clearest convictions of personal and political integrity and duty, but to every obligation of gratitude and manhood, if I were to lend myself to the prescription of Catholics for their religion in any manner or under any disguise.

The whole antecedents of my life on this point are known to those of my fellow-citizens who knew me at all, and I had hoped they would satisfy all who desire to be just, that if your organization, or any other, had contemplated a campaign of religious proscription, it would hardly have turned to me for aid. It has been kindly suggested, I am aware in this connection, by some amiable persons who are wiser than I, that although I am perhaps honest on the point in question, I have been duped and hoodwinked by designing people—meaning probably, yourselves. It is quite possible, I admit, for the best meaning persons to be made the tools of rogues. It is even possible that such a thing may occur with the nominees of a Democratic Convention. Whether it is likely to be deemed the fact in my case, must depend upon the public estimate of your integrity and my intelligence.

Having thus endeavored to state what your movement does not mean, as I understand it, and what I do not mean in representing it, permit me to say a little more definitely what I understand what it does mean. I understand it to embody and give utterance and practical effect to the protest hitherto made, for the most part in private only, but made in private everywhere for some years past by the best men in Maryland—against the corrupt and degrading influences which have controlled and directed, and still control and direct, the ruling politics of the State. I understand it as an effort to arrest the progress of venality and extravagance in State and municipal legislation; to drive out and set to honest labor the drones who are billeted on so many of the public offices, in order that they may cheat at the public expense, what they needed at the primaries and the elections. I understand it to be your purpose to investigate fraud, and to expose and punish it if you find it, to turn the public revenue from the channels of waste and misappropriation to those of public utility; to restore your government, in fine, if you can, to its original uses as a public servant, and not a private machine. If this is your programme, as I understand it to be, I am not at a loss to know how it can otherwise than challenge the sympathy and support of the public.

Since the year 1867, when the Democratic Conservative party, with its constitution of that date came into power, it has been practically reigning without opposition. It has made or marred what it has pleased to make or mar. It has had the right to be supreme, inasmuch as it has represented a large majority of our people.—But with its right to govern came its obligation to govern uprightly and with decency. It owed this to the minority not less than to itself, and I have no doubt that it assumed the reins of government with a determination as a party to do its duty to both. But it has been corrupted, as all parties and dynasties are corrupted, by excess of power. Like most absolute monarchs, it has taken to its pleasures and let its favorites prey upon the State. It has had predominance enough to make its nomination in general eqivalent to election, and has been unscrupulous and reckless in the choice of its nominees, as its present lists before the public will, in great part, painfully show. It has had numerical force enough to dispense with the good opinions and the ballots of the best of its voters, and it has accordingly treated their opinions with contempt. It has had official control of the elections, and when its nominations have driven voters disgusted from the polls, it has stuffed the ballot-boxes and elected its candidates, or magnified their majorities, at its pleasure, by fraud.

These are not matters of doubt or speculation, but of fact—familiar, common fact—known well as such to every active politician, to every man who knows what is going on about him—known to, or within the reach of every newspaper editor and reporter in Baltimore. I do not mean to say that such things have been universal, but I do say they have been the rule and not the exception, and that in Baltimore for years back they have been staring every honest man in the face and defying him. It is idle folly, or worse, to pretend to deny them. Like yourselves and thousands of members of the party, I have felt the shame of these things, but, being a member of the party, and as anxiously solicitous as any man in it for its success in the country, I have earnestly desired that it should correct them through its own organization.—Two years ago I publicly repudiated the unauthorized association of my name with an independent organization professing the purpose of reform. But, in so doing, I used language which I beg your permission to repeat, because it shows that the opinions which I express to-day are not the growth of the moment, or suggested by my present position. What I said (August, 1873,) was this: "In common with a large number of private citizens, I have lamented the injury which has been done to the good name and prospects of the Democratic Conservative party in many portions of the State by corrupt practices, unworthy nominations, personal intrigues and low counsels. I believe that no party can long retain respect or power under such demoralizing influences, and I am free to say that I do not think the Democratic Conservative party will deserve to retain either, unless it mends its ways in these regards, and that speedily."

The Democratic Conservative party has not mended its ways, nor has it heeded anyone's counsels, and if judged to-day by the influences which control its organization, it has ceased to deserve the respect which belongs to its record and its principles. Need I dwell upon the influences of which I speak? It is matter of glaring notoriety that the nominations of the Democratic party in Baltimore, and in many counties of the State, have, for some years past, been mainly forced upon the public by the corrupt devices of a clique of politicians, without patriotism, without public spirit, without title, personally or politically, to the public confidence; and, for the most part, without capacity for anything but intrigue, place hunting and plunder.—It is equally notorious that the legislation of the State in nearly all matters, and especially those which "have money in them," has been under the same corrupt and almost absolute control. There is scarcely a citizen who has gone to the Legislature, with an application for any measure of public or private utility, out of which "money" could be made by the lobby, who has not felt the controlling pressure of its hand upon him, no matter how honest and expedient the legislation he has sought to invoke. The fact is as well and as generally known in Maryland as the influence of Tweed was known at Albany. Equally well known, too, whatever the ballot boxes may have been made to show to the contrary, is the fact that the interest taken in the elections by intelligent and honorable Democrats, has gone on decreasing from year to year in consequence.—They have largely ceased to take part in primary meetings which they know to be an insolent imposture, or to trouble themselves with voting for the nominees of conventions which are packed and manipulated by trick and fraud. The indifference which comes from weariness, and an honest, but mistaken, sense of party fealty, have prevented them hitherto from giving vent to their disgust, except in the way of private denunciation. But, since the exhibition made at the late Democratic State Convention in Baltimore, not only on the floor of the Convention, but through all the disreputable scenes and orgies which surrounded it, the patience of the most patient has given way at last, and he must be blind to the signs of public feeling and opinion who does not see, throughout the State, the evidence of active and pervading indignation. That the will of the majority of the Democratic party was absolutely overridden in that Convention in its nominations, and that the Convention was deliberately packed to override it is felt and resented, I am sure, to-day, by the mass of the Democrats of Maryland.

In such a state of facts what is the remedy for the evil? It is childish to seek it in the spontaneous self-reformation of a "Ring," which must die its political death in the very act of reforming. Nor can relief come from protest, denunciation, lamentation and acquiescence. These have been tried, *ad nauseum*, for years, and have only made things worse. It cannot be found in the election of a ticket, placed before the people by the very combinations with which they are disgusted—for no candidates, however personally honorable, can escape the pledges, the compromises, the associations, the influences, without which their nomination could not and would not have been made. That a corrupt Ring deliberately forms and nominates a ticket, intrigues for it, forces its nomination and presses its election, without expecting to make something by its success, is too absurd to think of—unless, indeed, the people are pastoral enough to believe that the Ring has abdicated its sceptre in a fit of virtue, and lain down to sinless dreams.

What, then, I repeat, is the remedy?—It is idle to talk about "the public mind" being "now at last awake." If, as heretofore, it does nothing but awake it had as well remain asleep. Equally puerile it is to deliver homilies about the duty of good men to go to the primaries and send better representatives to the conventions. Good men will be cheated as often as they go, for a citizen who has to follow an honest occupation for the bread of his family will never be a match, in tactics, for a trickster whose whole thought and business in life is political chicane. The only relief is to be found at the polls. It is to be found in the determination of men of integrity and sense to show, at every cost, that party nomination shall no longer be equivalent to election; that they will permit no ticket whatever to be put upon them by fraud; that they will not only not vote for unworthy candidates, but will not be led away by considerations of personal respect for individuals from abating a public nuisance and wiping out a party disgrace. All over the country men are rising up to the conviction that it is necessary for them to look to something better and worthier when they vote, than party watchwords, labels and endorsements. Here, in New York, the Democratic Governor of the State is triumphantly giving to that conviction all the force of manly precept and noble example. Even in Massachusetts whole districts of Republicans have honorably manifested their disgust at the practices of their party, by flinging its nominated tickets to the winds, and pouring their numbers, for the time, into Democratic majorities. And he is weak, indeed, who supposes that by so doing they dismember or destroy their party. It has come to this, I think, all over the country, and the next Presidential election will show it that the best way and the surest to strengthen the hands of a party is to make them clean before the people, though present defeat and disaster be the only process of cleansing them. This, at all events, is the faith in which I abide. I am, as I have said, a member of the Democrat party, and as anxious as any other for its success in national politics. I think I am entitled to say this, because I have steadfastly supported it for nearly twenty years; am bound to it by no obligations but those of conviction, and have served it at some sacrifice. But I care not one jot or title for its success, except in so far as I think it deserves success, and although I look forward with hope and desire to the time—not, I trust, far off—when the vote of Maryland shall swell a Democratic triumph in the nation, I confess it would only bring me humiliation to know that Maryland had nothing better to contribute to the political regeneration of the country than the morals and the practices which I have denounced. It is because I believe just such humiliation to be in store for all, unless those who see it foreshadowed are prepared to do something to avert it, that I have consented, as a Democrat, to take my share of whatever party odium may attach to the effort. And for one, I have no hesitation in confessing that if "Democracy" in Maryland is to mean hereafter the corruption and the shame to which the party has permitted itself to be brought by the influences which now direct it, no triumph will strengthen its hold upon my poor allegiance.

Nothing, as you will bear me witness, was further from my expectations or desire than to represent our common opinions on this occasion as a candidate for any office. Considerations, personal to myself, the strength of which has increased rather than grown less since I first presented them to you, render it at this time as unwelcome a thing as it could well be to me, to add to the responsibilities already upon me. The condition of my health precludes me utterly from appearing on the hustings, and, indeed, from undertaking any of the labors of a canvass. I have, therefore, earnestly and anxiously pressed you to name some other person in my place. You have been pleased, notwithstanding, to urge my acceptance upon grounds which I have not felt at liberty to disregard. I have never considered it the right of a citizen, for reasons of personal convenience, to refuse his services to a public movement which he believes important and approves, and which those who share his opinions believe and assure him that his intervention will materially promote. While, therefore, I am sure that you altogether overestimate the value of my co-operation, I feel that you are entitled to it for what it may be worth. You will not misunderstand me, I am sure, as affecting the slightest insensibility to the honor you have done me, nor to that for which I am indebted to the Citzens' and Republican Conventions, in their prompt and cordial acceptance of my nomination. The Attorney Generalship of Maryland is a distinguished place, and has been dignified by some of the greatest intellects which have adorned the American bar. I could only hope, at best, to follow in their footsteps at the farthest distance, but I should have been proud and glad, under other circumstances, to have the privilege of doing that. The personal considerations to which I have alluded forbid me, however, to associate the present opportunity with any aspirations of my own.

It is needless for me to add, that with the convictions I have expressed, I recognize the propriety of your uniting on your ticket representatives of both the parties into which the country is divided. It must be conceded, I think, that you have acted with a fair regard to all things proper to be considered, in selecting two of your candidates from the Democratic ranks. I have, from time to time, differed in political opinions with both of the gentlemen to whom you have been pleased to assign me as a colleague, but am fortunately in antagonism in national politics with only one of them now. The Democratic party, however, in its nominations, has so perpetually invited me to forget past differences, and has assigned to me as associates or leaders, and required me to make friends of so many whom it once taught me to regard as the very mammon of unrighteousness, that it would not become me as a Democrat, now, to be more exclusive than it is.

If I had no better reason for regarding any antagonism of opinion between my distinguished friend, Mr. Harris, and myself, as otherwise disposed of, I should certainly have the right to regard it as "sent to the rear' by superior authority in 1867, when the Democratic Conservative party of his county invited him to represent it in the Constitutional Convention.

At this distance from home, and without any means whatever of forming a judgement of my own, I shall not pretend, even for the purposes of encouragement, to express any opinion as to your prospects of success. I am gratified to know with unfaltering confidence those who are in a better position to judge look forward to the election of your candidates. In many regards, you have great and obvious success already. Confessions of delinquency, and the need of reform, have thus early been extorted from political assemblages, which never admitted them before.—Promises of better things have been prodigally made, in quarters, where, till now, it has been heresay to think that better things could be. People who have hitherto regarded "voting the ticket' as almost the first duty of man, have begun to talk seriously of invading its sacred precincts, and striking off the names of nominated knaves. Even if your movement should result in in nothing more than thus arousing the public conscience, and giving a practical direction to its dictates, no candid man can say that it has been without noble fruit. That it may go far beyond this, and work out its own good purposes, to their thorough consummation, by its own trusted hands, I sincerely hope. I wish that I were personally able to do more in its behalf.

Renewing my acknowledgements, I am,
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
S. TEAKLE WALLIS.

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CHRIST's people are a peculiar people—they are chosen out of the world. They are to be dissimilar to the world in spirit and in life—in the world, and yet not of the world. And because of this the world hateth them. Some think the world has ceased its hostility to Christianity, and that the day of persecution is past. But let individuals live truly godly in Christ Jesus, and they will soon discover that this hostility is not diminishing at all. The compromising sort of Christianity which is too prevalent in these days of course does not provoke opposition.

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SALLIE MORRIS, a pretty Newark girl, is a "mild reader." She said to a bashful beau, the other night, "Why, I believe you are going to kiss me!" She was correct.