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. 21, 1875. NO. 14.

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 "		5.00
1 "	12 "		10.00
¼ column, one year,			15.00
½ " " "			30.00
1 " " "			60.00

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Poetry.

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That the earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood-water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbor-bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master has passed away?
I know that helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, wife;
Wee Jack is beneath the wave,
And blue-eyed Freddie sleeps, wife,
In yonder yew-bowered grave,
Where the early daisies cluster
Around his baby bed,
And the thrush sits chanting softer
In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,
When the harbor-bar doth moan;
But a darker grief will be yours, wife,
When you're left in the cot alone;
But a few more flows of the sea, wife,
And a few more ebbs of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side.

The red sun is low in the West, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in days of yore;
We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far off shore!

MATRIMONY.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY G. STANLY MCDOWELL.

'Oh Auntt Mercy, I can never do it!'

'Nonsense, child! You can if you only will. Phillip Mann is as worthy a man as you will ever find, and it is silly in you to think you cannot love him. Besides, see all that he places at your feet if you will only be mistress. A most magnificent brown-stone front on Fifth Avenue, and all the *coupes*, and park wagons, and phætons unrivalled in beauty and excellence by all New York. No other young lady of your set ever had such a chance, and never will have unless you are foolish enough to give up Philip Mann and allow one of them an opportunity of capturing him.'

'You do not think I could marry a man for his money, his residence, or his splendid equipages? The man who wins my hand and heart, and leads me to the matrimonial alter, must be one whom I love with my whole heart, and he must be worthy of that love. Then, whether he be as rich as Croesus of old, or the most indigent man in the circle of our race, I know I can be happy with him, and that I will be insured a greater amount of future happiness than could otherwise fall to my lot. No, dear aunt, persuasion has no weight with me.'

'But your father, your mother, the whole family, look forward to your marriage with Philip Mann with a sense of pride in the thought that they are to be connected with the wealthiest family in the city. You must be more thoughtful of them than thus to disappoint them.'

'And must I sacrifice my future happiness to the family aggrandizement? Must I go to the altar despising, detesting, the man who is to become my husband, and there vow to love, honor and obey him whom, above all my acquaintances, I hate? Must I perjure myself before God's own alter by a promise I know I never can keep? It is wrong in you to urge it upon me.'

'It need be no sacrifice on your part.—You have said you love no other man, and you can at least try to love this one, and you could easily do so. You are silly if you do not embrace this offer. When I was of your age I received such an offer, I never would have been foolish enough to throw it aside—never!'

'Then you prefer marriage without love, if it brings wealth, to marriage with love if no fortune comes with it?'

'Love will come afterward. With all that he will throw around you, you cannot be wholly unhappy, and you would be an ingrate indeed if you could not love him.—My training was different from what yours seems to have been.

'I never received any training in such affairs. I profess to have a mind of my own, and am going to use my own judgment and exert my own authority as far as my future happiness is concerned. I will not marry him. It is useless for you to urge me further.'

'Then if wealth is of so little importance to you, I suppose you will see a drayman, some of these days, to whom you will take a fancy, and whom you will be wanting to marry.'

'If I loved him I certainly should be willing to do so.'

This was more than the scheming aunt could bear, and, sweeping across the floor, she left the apartment haughtily, and with the air of an injured queen, flinging back the words, as she did so,—

'You will repent this rashness—this obstinacy—see if you don't. Aunt Mercy has not lived fifty years to know nothing of matrimonial affairs.'

'Of the scheming part of them, surely,' retorted the young lady, defiantly.

'Aunt Mercy.'—Mercy Lovejoy was a sister of the young lady's mother, and, owing to her husband's death, had taken up her abode with her sister. Having nothing very interesting to occupy her time, she was exclusively devoting herself to a human trade, her niece, Rosa Blondelle, being the article to be bartered. She rather prided herself on the number of matches she had brought about, and, of course, was anxious to add another to her list, which she believed to be the crowning one of all. She met with poor success, but did not despair. She was not one of that sort. Upon reaching her room she devoted herself to the task of agitating another plan to meet her purposes. What the result of her cogitations were we shall see.

Rosa Blondelle, the young lady in questions was the eldest daughter of Ralph Blondelle, a wealthy merchant. She possessed all the sterling beauty and perfections usually accorded to story heroines, and besides this she was the owner of that blessed quality which so many of her sex at the present day plainly lack—good common sense, and a judgment and will independent of family influence.

She would not submit to be ruled by the caprices of her aunt even to the exaltation of her own financial position, and the wishes of her parents did not suffice to turn her from her course to the glittering bubble so temptingly offered from the distance.

She was a true woman in the widest acceptance of the phrase, and, as the purest jewels are the most difficult to obtain, so she had been no easy conquest. She had had many excellent offers from the modern Croesuses of her acquaintance, but she had not yet met her ideal—she was free.

Unlike many—very many—she could not be induced to stoop so low as to record a lie upon God's book by vowing to love a man for whom she held no affection. She still looked for her ideal, and whether he came in the vestments of incalculable wealth or in the garments of unidolized poverty, she was as willing to accept him for a future partner, and to cast her lot with his.

Phillip Mann was, financially, a promising young man, who, but a short time before, had fallen heir to a large fortune by the death of his father. The mother had died some years before, and left her son without the blessings of a mother's guardian influence just at that age when that influence is most needed and felt. It was rumored that Philip was a 'wild young man,' but, sustained by his millions, he possessed an *entree* to the best society, and whatever he might have been privately, publicly he moved in the first of social circles, and was, or at least acted, the gentleman.

Upon the death of his father, being the only child, Philip found the management of a large mercantile house devolving upon his shoulders. But, much as a critical *surveillance* of business was necessary on his part, he remained the same easy-going man of society, and many times when he should have been attending to his business interests he was 'frittering away his time' in society.

A young man under the parental roof may have time for such indulgences; but when he goes forth and becomes a man of the world, he should give up a great share of his former frivolous amusements, and devote himself, not incessantly but uniformly and stringently, to the preservance of that which the industry and self-denial of a father may have placed in his hands, or to the acquiring of that which is to aid his own children in the warfare they will have to wage with the world.

In conceit of his own wealth, and influenced by the sociability with which he was received by the family, he had ventured to ask for the hand of Rosa Blondelle. He readily received the father's consent to woo her, and so determined to place his fortune before the young lady and know his fate.

Not many nights after the one on which Rosa and her aunt had discussed the matter so unsatisfactorily to Mrs. Mercy Lovejoy, Philip Mann set out upon his matrimonial mission, resolved upon 'settling the affair,' and inwardly believing that, if she were only unmarried, the Queen of England would accept him. Like the conqueror, he could exclaim *veni, vidi*, but, when he came to the *vici* it was necessary to insert *ne* to convey the fact that he did not conquer. A flat refusal, although almost stunning him with the surprise it gave him, aroused, in his mind, a knowledge of the fact that man cannot always win by wealth alone, and he left the house a wiser and less conceited man.

But Aunt Mercy, with the ingenuity of an inventive mind, was busily weaving and throwing out the gossamer threads to entrap the man of the millions into another web, which she was, with judicious revolvings, so placing as to insure success. She had alighted upon a younger sister of Rosa and was endeavoring to make a match between her and Phi ip Mann. Her chances of success were more promising, for Miss Maud was less of the character of sister and mother, and more resembled her aunt in her thoughts of such matters.

They were sitting *vis a vis* in the lady's *boudoir*, and were discussing the matter privately—confidentially. It was easily determined, the *modus operandi* of the campaign, for they were decided *uno animo*.

'Now Maud,' began the match making aunt, 'since Rosa has refused to accept Phillip Mann, you must be turning your attention in that direction.'

'Must I take what Miss Rosa discards? Can not I find one who will make a first offer of his hand to me? answered Miss Maud, not wishing to appear too eager, yet fully intending to do no less than her aunt had proposed. And mark the characteristic in the girl of the *beau monde*. 'The offer of his hand,' without a mention, much less a thought, of the heart.

'You might until you had lived long enough to be an old maid a dozen times over, and not get an offer from one who had never made a proposal of marriage to any other woman. You will have to accept some one that has been discarded by some one, and to me it would be more desirable to accept one my sister had rejected, than one whom some one much my inferior had thrown aside.'

'But if I must accept a proposal second-hand, I might, by waiting, find one who has been rejected by some one who moves even in a higher circle than I do.'

'That would be difficult; besides, it is a risk you would have to run, and, moreover, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Don't put off Phillip Mann with the hope of getting better than he, or, you may, perchance, get none at all. His fortune is a great thing in the balance, and not to be held lightly. You can reap a vast amount of pleasure from the use of his wealth. Every one will look up to you, and every one will envy you your great good fortune. There are many ladies almost crazed over him, and who are trying their best to capture him for their daughters—the hypocritical match-makers. Oh, how I do despise them! I don't propose to be a match-maker myself, but if I can create any happiness by a union in matrimony I consider it charitable to bring it about

'I am much of the same opinion that you are. I do not love Philip Mann, yet cannot say I do not take an interest in his calls and if he were to propose I verily believe I would accept him. In truth I know that I would.'

'You should show your wisdom by doing so, my dear—you would increase your opportunities for future pleasure, and help to raise your own family to a yet higher position in social circles. Wealth can do almost anything now-adays, at least when judiciously applied.'

'Well, aunt, be assured I will not let the opportunity slip if it only comes. But I have a few calls to make and must be going. If Philip comes, keep him until I return. I will bring a proposal out of him this time or I am mistaken.'

He did come, and Aunt Mercy kept him.

That evening he made another propasal to a member of the Blondelle family, and was gladly, eagerly, accepted. In imitation of two lovers they sealed the life contract with a kiss.

'Bacio di bocca spesso cuor non tocca' is an Italian saying, but, without doubt it stands to-day one of as great truth as it did in the ancient day of its origination.

To shorten a tedious narrative of the wedding preparations and of the wedding itself, Mr. Philip Mann and Miss Maud Blondelle were married a short time afterward at church, in grand style, eclipsing all former weddings of the season.

In due course of time the young wife went to take charge of the large house on Fifth avenue, of which her sister, through honor to herself, had deprived herself.

It is needless to mention all the new and magnificent things that were procured for the young housekeeper, nor to mention all that surrounded her to contribute to her ease and luxury. She was married and settled, and it was such a consolation, Aunt Mercy thought. No doubt she could go to bed now and sleep with a feeling of satisfaction, and not be worried about the disposal of a young niece. She seemed to have an intuition of the infeasibility of any plan proposed. Consequently she determined to rest for awhile.

Thisgs went well at the new household for a while, but happiness proved transient.

Besides being young, altogether too young for a wife, Maud was inexperienced, never having given a thought on the matter of home-keeping, which is vastly different to house-keeping. Many can keep house, few can keep home.

The latest novelettes composed the extent of her reading, and were the boundary to her acquaintance with literature.—Books that might have aided her in after life she shunned. They were so serious, dry and uninteresting! She was, at best, indisposed to action, and only the wildest "blood and thunder tales" sufficed to arouse her to a pleasant state of excitement.—Dickens, Scott, Bulwer, Cooper, all frightened her—one with his lengthy exordiams, another with his mighty array of historical facts, another with his disclosed knowledge of physiognomy, and the last with his sympathies for an injured and falling race. The home volumes of Holmes and Stowe never entered her hands. She knew nothing of what was expected of her as a wife—knew nothing of just what she was soon necessitated to exercise—a wifely influence.

Phillip, contented at home for a few weeks, soon lost his interest in domestic life when he became better acquainted with the woman to whom he had joined himself, and came to know just how little she was capacitated to take charge of a home. It became the old story of debauchery and drunkenness, and in an incredibly short time his whole immense estate was deeply involved. Ruin stared them in the face, and the echo of disgrace sounded from the distance. Soon Maud went home to her parents to live—the Fifth Avenue house was sold—Phillip Mann was incarcerated in prison for crime—in three months his lifeless body floated from the gallows.—But who is ready to believe all this to be the result of a loveless marriage? Alas! while half the crimes spring from this cause, or some other ultimately associated with it, it is credited to something else.—People do not care to acknowledge the truth about it.

It is a woman's place, upon having a house given to her, to make a home, a home where husbands and sons will be held by the magnetism of herself, and the attractiveness to be more than partners; they should aspire to become wives—and may be, mothers.

But we must abridge our story. We have endeavored to show one result of the "Popular Matrimony' so prominent at the present, and so draw the curtain. Probably we shall lift it again.

Rev. Robert Collyer on Rest.

Mr. Collyer took for his text John ix. 5: "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary.' He said: I suppose it has been the lot of most of us, a good many times in our lives, to realize that to sit still now-and-then may be as high and true a thing as to be at work. In the course of the year the spring comes and wakes the world intense activity, then summer brings the burden and heat of the day, then autumn perfects, through the still hours, what the spring and autumn have wrought; so have we all been aware, now-and-then, how the soul works up into an energy so great that we feel like doing everything all at once; and then again, after that, comes a time when we feel equally called upon to be quiet. If we obey the latter voice we find a certain completeness has come in the rest and stillness that never could have come in the busy turmoil of toil. But it is no doubt true that the time when we are most active seems to most of us to be our best condition. It is seldom quite clear to us that we can do as good service to God and man by being still as by stirring about in this active time; especially do we begin to feel that to do nothing is to be nothing. It is just as if we should do nothing while sailing on the rapids of the St. Lawerence in a boat alone, while the majestic motion of the water about us overcomes us; so the life around us appears to us, sometimes as remote and uninteresting as the Sanscrit. 'Work while it is day!' is the watchword of the age, and it is always day. Time now means time to do things; the psalm of life is not 'Be still and know that I am God!' but always 'Let us, then, be up and doing. How did this question of activity or stillness appear to Christ?—Here are two sisters representing both sides: Martha activity, and Mary stillness. Three times they appear in the Gospels, and always in these separate characters. Martha active and warm-hearted, bustling about and talking, never very careful what she is saying, as such women generally are. Mary quiet, sitting still and listening, only speaking once in all these three scenes.—Martha troubled about many things, receiving and entertaining the company, seeing that everything goes right, now in the kitchen now in the parlor; while Mary sits still, contented to drink in the truth from the lips of Jesus. A stirring soul to Martha, wide awake, neglecting no duty, never thinking, perhaps, that there may be a duty in doing nothing at all. Which touchest most this great soul? The Evangelist says that Jesus loved Martha and Mary, and mentions Nartha first, as if to offset the cloud that passes over her in the other Gospel. They are alike to Jesus. How natural it was that he should love both;—that he should alike admire the two qualities that found their expression in them! How good it is when both of these qualities are found in one man or women, glad to be active, not ashamed to be quiet. Stillness may not be the stillness of mere stagnation, but that of a soul still as the heart of the sea is still, because its waters are so deep. Mary could not bustle about getting dinner as her sister did. I do not believe it would have been fit to eat if she had.—Think what was going on in the house that day! Here is one whose words can open the very heavens if they will only listen to what he says. But never a word does good Martha hear; her mind is taken up with the preparations for dinner, and the chickens and cake fill her soul. She cannot hear anything else. Now, twenty or thirty years after Luke comes that way with a brooding mind and says to Martha: 'Do you remember such a time when the Master was here?' 'Oh, very well!' Well you remember a story he told at that time about a wild boy who went off and came back again, and what he meant by it?'—'Not a word of it!' The woman cries, 'I had enough to think of getting dinner;—but there is Mary, who would not do anything that day but sit at the Master's feet while I had to do all the work; perhaps she can tell you.' Yes, she can tell about it! She calls up the great vision, and the Evangelist takes it down, and there is the bread of life coming down from the heavens and filling hungering souls everymore in the wonderful story of the Prodigal Son. In some such way as this were all the Gospels written, taken down from the lips of those who sat still and listened. Active, busy, unresting men and women bring the world up to a certain standard, but there is a certain work that only quiet souls can do, and they find ther duty there. We all believe in work, but we feel that blessings can only come in loving solitude also.—*Commonwealth.*

SOME ladies, this season, wear wings on their hats—but it doesn't make 'em angels.

The Power of Gentleness.

Every one is ready to admit the charm of gentleness. After a fierce encounter with the bluster of the world, its clashing opposition, noisy passions and turbulent energy, it is unspeakably refreshing to turn to the man or woman of tranquil mind and unruffled tember, whose soft voice and gentle manner allays the ferment and restores the equilibrium that had been destroyed.—The soothing influence of gentleness is gratefully acknowledged, the attractiveness fully appreciated and the winning and lovely nature apparent to all.

Very few, however, of those who most willingly yield tribute to the charms of gentleness ever think of it as a power. It is so soft, so mild, so utterly opposed to anything like violence or compulsion, that the ideas of strength, persistence or force seem utterly at variance with it. It is not uncommon to attribute weakness and insipidity to one who is habitually gentle in demeanor, and to accord firmness and energy only to active persistence and vehemence of manner. This is a great mistake. Of course, there are a plenty of strong characters with rough and stormy bearing, and weak ones with soft and mild deportment; but there is no necessary connection between the two. True gentleness is ever dignified, and is not only consistent with strength of character, but usually results from it. Surely, it takes force of mind and will to bear the troubles of life with calmness to subdue impatience and murmuring, to conquer tumultuous emotions, to overcome evil passions, to be self-contained—in a word to cherish a gentle spirit. Some of the strongest natures, with the most excitable temperaments, having the fiercest temptations to conquer, and the sorest afflictions to endure, come by that very strength, to the most patient and gentle. If any one succeeds in curbing his inward disposition, he finds it comparatively an easy matter to curb the outward expression, and the gentleness that results from a governed and well poised character is altogether different from the mildness of a weak and irresolute nature. There is, however, no better proof of a really weak character than a tumultuous or violent demeanor. It betrays a lack of self-control, self-respect and dignity, and a fear that others may discover it. The greatest man will ever be the gentlest, for he needs not employ forcible and arrogant measures to impress the world with his merits.

The chief power of gentleness, however, lies in its influence over others. It is not only a passive effect, but an active agency. There is scarcely a stronger one in the whole human category. There is no idea more common, and yet more mistaken, than the authority must be maintained by sternness and severity. Continually do we find the parent, the teacher, the employer, or the officer avoiding all gentleness in their behavior to those under them, under the delusion that thus only can they preserve their supremacy and ensure obedience. On the contrary, the submission thus gained is only that of the letter, not the spirit. It is unwilling, forced and temporary; whereas the gentle and respectful manner that honors the individual while commanding him, will ensure a glad acquiescence and grateful fidelity. If there are any who especially entitled to gentle treatment, it is those we are pleased to call inferiors, either in age, education, station or circumstances. They are peculiarly susceptible to unkindness and indifference; they are are in a measure dependent upon us for their happiness, and they naturally look to us for an example to follow in their treatment of others. No thoughtful and generous man or woman will suffer rough careless and unkind words to pass their lips in such intercourse. Gentle and considerate conduct will induce for more valuable service than any harsh authority can compel, for one can influence the mainsprings of all actions by a wakening love and gratitude, while the other can only obtain a sullen and reluctant performance of compulsory tasks.

The chief superiority of gentleness, as a power in the world, lies in the fact that it affects the heart, and through it the actions, instead of aiming directly at the actions themselves. Gentleness flavors strongly of sympathy and prepares the one thus treated to receive in good part whatever is offered. Indeed the manner is often more important even than the matter; a favor may make an enemy and a conflict may make a friend, according to the manner in which they are conducted. Whoever would wield an influence over another will best succeed by a constant sympathetic manner, for thus only can he win over his cordial and friendly regard. Gentleness is also an important power in increasing human happiness. If any doubt this, let him compare the household where it reigns, with that to which it is a stranger. In the one will be patience, forbearance, gratitude and love; in the other fretfulness, disputes, jealousies and heart-burnings. Children should be brought up in an atmosphere of gentleness and affection. Their home life is their greatest educator, and its influence will attend them through all subsequent years. If they meet with a uniform and dignified gentleness of deportment at home, they will insensibly carry it abroad, and thus through the rising generation may the power as well as the charm of the gentleness be most fully and widely developed.

A celebrated wit once said of his debts that it was neither his interest to pay the principal nor his principal to pay the interest.

Extinct Characters.

The Richmond *Whig*, in describing some of the peculiarites which Virginia has lost, says:

Before the war Virginia was famous for a great number of marked and queer characters. They abounded throughout the State. Every city, every town, every county, and every neighborhood had them. They were worthy to adorn and illustrate comic almanacs. Not only were they queer in their dispositions, manners, notions, and talk, but they were queer in appearance. Excentricity was expressed on every part of them. Many of them had such faces as are seen on old-fashioned door-knockers or umbrella-handles. If the whole number could have been taken in a group, they would have formed a collection that would have been the wonder of the world. Some had hooked noses, hollow cheeks, sharp eyes, and pointed chins. Some had noses like Bardolph, and mouths that could take in a whole dish at a mouthful if it was to their taste, just like the old Virginia country fire places, that could take in a half-cord of wood at a time. Some were so fat that they might have sat for pictures of Falstaff. They "larded the lean earth as they walked." However variant in appearance, nearly all of them had two things in common—the love of liquor and the love of country. We put liquor first, because the inspirations of patriotism were generally the results of liquor. The writer has before him as he writes the picture of seven such characters that he once saw at a fish-fry—all living within a range of five miles. They were indeed a strange lot.—Some of them had considerable property; others had none, but lived upon their friends. When they tired of one house they would go to another, and they went to no houses that did not furnish good grub and plenty of liquor.

But there were queer characters of a different sort, who cared nothing for high living—men who had some pet theory that they were everlastingly preaching up.—Then there were the news-mongers, who would go to the country store, gather up all the news of the neighborhood, and start off to give it circulation. There were men who did nothing but fish all day along; others who spent their time in hunting squirrels and other varmints. There were people who went through a range of counties mending clocks, who abounded in gossip. The peddlers were universally distrusted, but as universally unwelcomed, for they had the very articles that were needed in every household, and that could not be procured at the neighboring store. Every neighborhood had its pet beggar, as well established as was Edie Ochiltree, "the King's bedesman."

Nearly all these odd characters have disappeared. In those good old times of which we speak almost everybody was well off, and society could afford to maintain a small army of these queer people, who afforded general amusement. They were like strolling players, going from place to place, and welcomed wherever they went.

Where are they now? It is the rarest thing to see one now-a-days. They have disappeared and no one can tell where they have gone. They certainly were not killed in the war, for they were non-combatants. Perhaps their accustomed grub failed them, and they died of starvation and broken hearts—"fracted and corroborate," as "Pistol" said of "Falstaff."

Such characters are the products of a plethora of prosperity, of the "canker of a long peace." In times of difficulty and poverty there is no peace for them. War and trouble eradicate excentricities, smooth down insinuosities, and reduce people to a common level. Those who cannot undergo the process of assimilation pass out of sight and die off. There is no room for them.

The time may come—we hope it will—when some of these characters may reappear. They break the monotony of life, and some of them are not only embellishments to society, but supports to it.

One character, higher than all the rest, stands out from the canvas—a character quite common a half century ago, rare just anterior to the war, and now extinct—that of the real old Virginian, the cock of the walk in his neighborhood, whose virtues were integrity, hard-heartedness, and love of State, and whose characteristic embellishments were a ruffled shirt, a gold-headed cane, a blue coat with brass buttons, and a buff waistcoat. Those respectable and influential old codgers were autocrats.—They were generally magistrates, frequently members of "the Assembly," and were authority in all neighborhood and county matters. They had true grit, and would have died before they would have surrendered their "rights in the Territories."—They believed in the resolutions of '98—99, drank the best brandies and wines, and "chawed" excellent tobacco. Their prejudices and opinions were immovable, and their self-reliance and self-respect were such that they would scarcely have deferred to kings. As politicians, they were as bitter as soot. Some were Whigs and some Democrats. The former read the Richmond *Whig* as they did their Bible, and believed every word it contained. The latter swore by the Richmond *Enquirer* as the great sheet anchor of the country.—Those good, brave, hard-headed, hospitable old gentlemen have become extinct, like the mastodon and the dedo.

HE fondly hoped it would have been a boy, but it wasn't, and ever since then he's been wringing his hands and murmuring, "Alas, alas."

A Perpetual Motion.

HOW MR. HOYT PROPOSES TO DRIVE STEAMSHIPS AND RUN SEWING MACHINES—SOMETHING TO SURPRISE VISITORS TO THE CENTENNIAL.

There is a man in Lewiston, Me., who as firmly believes that he has discovered the principle of perpetual motion and self-creating power as he believes that the name he has inherited from his father is Hoyt. His friends ascertain a singular confidence in the discovery. None of them have ever seen the machine running, and their confidence is based partly upon the fact that Mr. Hoyt has devoted fifteen years to the elaboration of his plan, and partly on their inability to discover a flaw in the theory. The beauty of this self-creating power is that it requires no fuel, neither blows up nor bursts through dams, may be operated by a three-year-old child of limited intelligence, and never takes occasion to run away like the enslavened horse, or to kick out behind like the impatient mule. The machine is a constant and untiring generator of power. It may be added that upon all other topics Mr. Hoyt is perfectly sane.

The motive power lies in cannon balls. My Hoyt describes his motor as follows: There is a hollow iron wheel, like a railway wheel, but much larger and without flange. Inside the wheel are four large iron tubes, beginning at the axle and running by the perimeter. The tubes are not straight; they curve so that each forms an arc of seventy or eighty degrees. The inside of the curve faces the direction in which the wheel is to revolve. In each tube are two heavy cannon balls, which can roll from axle to circumference or from circumference to axle. The curvature of the tubes is such that on one side of the wheel the cannon balls are always at the circumference, and on the other side always at the axle. The side where they are at the circumference, and where their weight exerts the greater leverage, will of course be weighted down, and the wheel will turn until the heavy point reaches the bottom; but this partial revolution brings the cannon balls in this next tube to the circumference, and that becoming in its turn the heavies' point, causes another quarter revolution of the wheel. This operation being constantly repeated by the succession of cannon balls in the succession of curved tubes, the wheel constantly revolves.

This is the broad principle of the machine, which, as will be observed, draws upon the law of gravitation for its motive power. One side of the wheel is constantly heavier than the other side, therefore the heavier side keeps continually going down and the lighter side going up; hence the wheel continually turns itself, its shaft, and whatever belting may be attached to the shaft.

There is also an ingenious arrangement of levers, so complicated that it would be difficult to explain it without a diagram, but which utilizes the momentom of the cannon balls as they fall to the circumference, and transfers the force thus acquired to the tube coming next behind, using it to start the next pair of cannon balls away from the axle.

Mr. Hoyt thinks that it would only be necessary to have a very heavy wheel and very heavy cannon balls to drive machinery of the largest construction. He is ready to contract for the Cunard or any other line of steamships to supply them with his wheels, and argues that the advantage of his motor to ocean steamers would be not only the saving of fuel but the gain for cargo of the large space now occupied by the coal bins. He also says that he has now a small wheel in operation, and that his wife's sewing machine has been run by it for the last eight months. He is constructing a larger machine for the Philadelphia Exposition, and has applied for a patent.

Mr. Hoyt declines to exhibit his wheels or to give any more lucid explanation of its principle than that already suggested; "for," he very reasonably argues, "If I should tell all I know, some dishonest mechanic might steal the idea and anticipate me at the Centennial."

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from a sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an over-worked brain. It will build up, and make strong, a weary body. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the headache. It will cure the heartache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, freedom from too much care, a clear stomach, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

Especially for those who are over worked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

NEXT year will be both leap year and centennial year. What a rush there will be to the parsons.