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. 7, 1875. NO. 12.

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
½ column, one year,		15 00
½ " " "		30 00
1 " " "		60 00

☞ All advertisements collected before first insertion.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

BY MRS. JENNINGHAM.

To all there is a magic spell
In the sacred name of "Home!"
Keeping its memory undefiled,
However far we roam.
The rustic porch the old fireside,
While smiling faces met;
The kindly ring of loving words
We never can forget.

The thoughts of Home blent with the gale,
And, with the breath of flowers,
Are with us when our skies are clear,
And when the tempest lowers;
We take an old accustomed place
Amidst the household band,
Their voices ringing in our ears,
Whether on sea or land;

The soldier on the battle-field,
The sailor on the main,
The matron midst the mingled cares
Of pleasure or of pain;
The girl with eyes of starry light,
As yet undimmed by tears,
The bride, whose raident, blushing face
Joy's softest impress wears.

Our homes on earth should be as shrines,
By wife or mother blest,
And yet how oft they whisper low
Of sorrow and unrust?
Take a wild bird, from moor or fell,
Confine it in a cage,
Its golden bars a prison seems,
And not a hermitage.

Many are won to penitence
By woman's constant prayers,
Which, like the host that Jacob-saw,
Ascend the golden stairs,
The prayer of Faith availeth much,
True zeal brings blessings down,
And oft the misery hearts conceal
Merits a matyr's crown.

'Tis said that woman's place is Home,
Her duties chain her there;
Chains leave their impress on the soul
Of those that fetters wear!
The light of "Home" is mutual love—
Guard well the sacred flame;
If clod distrust find enterance there
The word—is but a name.

—*Balto. Sunday Telegram.*

Tom Garner's Dream.

In the month of June, not many years ago, it was my good fortune, accompanied by some friends, to visit the Thousand Islands upon a short pleasure excursion.

Our little party arrived at the village of Alexandra bay on the American shore late in the afternoon of a sultry day. We were wearied by a long and dusty ride across the flat country that there skirts the great river but soon forgot our troubles in viewing the glorious sunset that we were just in time for. It was so early that we were greeted at our hotel as the first guests of the season and in the morning had our choice of boats and fishermen.

We had planned a trip of a dozen miles or more up the river, with the view of passing the night upon one of the Islands there and of returning on the morrow. As our boatman rowed us leisurely along up the broad river, around and among the islands, with our trolling lines all out, many a fine pike and pickerel was tempted to take the enticing bait and was safely landed in our boat.

In the course of the day one of our fair companions caught two *mas quin on ge*. This was an exploit that she might well be proud of, for the true *mas quin on ge* is quite a rare fish even in these waters, his native home. He is one of the most excellent as well as one of the most gamey fish in our Northern waters, and should not be confounded with his near relative, although greatly inferior fish, the great Northern pickerel, as he too often is. The *mas quin on ge*, I give the old Indian name from Charlevoix, often weighs more than fifty pounds when caught, and is as sprightly and rapid of movement as the brook trout. He often affords the most exciting sport to the fishermen, and his firm but delicate, light, salmon colored flesh is prized by the epicure. So our fair friend suddenly found herself quite a heroine among the fishermen, for many an old frequenter of these waters can scarcely boast of having taken a single one of them.

Late in the afternoon we came to the little island upon which we had thought to spend the night. There was a single cottage upon it, containing a half dozen rooms or more, built for the accommodation of transient summer guests, and an ample ice house in which we secured our stock of fish.

The only guest upon the island when we arrived there was a retired officer of the United States navy, who, when in active service, had often cruised in these waters, and had now come to spend a few days in quiet meditation among the familiar scenes of former hardships and dangers.

Strangers meeting in the wilderness or in lonely places like this quickly learn to waive all mere formalities; so at our coming, the old officer gave us at once a kindly greeting, and we were soon on as familiar a footing as though we had known one another for long intimate years.

After supper we all sat out upon the cottage porch that faced the broad, open stretch of the river called Kingston bay, watching the coming on of the evening shadows and listening to the soothing, monotonous cry of the whippoorwill upon the Canadian shore. As the sun went down in splendor, beneath the western rim of shining water, the report of the evening gun at the distant British fort in Kingston harbor came booming across the bay. The sound of the gun seemed to awaken tender memories in the mind of the old officer, and we thought as he turned musingly away, we saw a tear trickle down his weather-beaten cheek.

Just as the sun was gloriously rising out of the gleaming sea of islands to the eastward I went out upon the porch. The old officer was already there to bid me good morning. In another moment the sound of the British morning gun boomed across the bay.

'I never hear,' said he, 'that single gun at Kingston, but I think of poor Tom Garnet, an old mess mate of mine, who was killed there in the last war with Great Britain. But sit down, continued he, and let me tell you his story.'

And there in the dewy freshness of that early hour of the summer's morning we gathered around the old man, to hear his story in the very scene of its enactment.

During the war with Great Britain of 1812, there were stirring times in these waters. Each nation strove for the mastery of the lakes, and ships and fleets were built and fitted out on both sides with marvelous celerity. It was not an uncommon thing in those days for a sloop of war to be launched all ready for active service from our ship yards, whose timbers forty days before were growing greenly in the forest.

In November, 1812, I was a young sailor on board the staunch brig Oneida, that was commanded by Lieutenant Woolsey, and was attached to the American fleet then cruising under Commodore Chauncey. For a day or two, our fleet had been chasing the British sloop of war, the Royal George, among the Thousand Islands, and in the early hours of a bleak morning, had driven her into Kingston harbor. Then occurred the daring assault upon the Royal George by our little fleet under the very guns of the frowning fort, that reflected so much honor upon our gallant seamen.

Tom Garnet was a sailor on board our brig. He had been for many years in the British service, but had lately enlisted in our navy, and was ordered on board our vessel. Tom had not been long on board before he became the universal favorite of all the officers and men, and being a most thorough seaman was made captain of the forecastle. Tom was brave to a fault, unshaken in the performance of every duty, and always at his post. But he was as gentle as a woman, and at times an irrepressible sadness seemed to weigh down his spirits and cast a settled gloom over his life. Some great and abiding sorrow was weighing heavily upon the heart of poor Tom, but none of us knew what it was.—What was our surprise then, on the morning of the battle, to see Tom's face beaming with smiles. A great change had suddenly come over his brooding spirits, and Tom was as light hearted as a child. His comrades quickly noticed the change, and wonderingly inquired the cause.

'Oh! I shall be with them to day,' said Tom, 'I shall see them to-day.'

'With whom?' inquired his comrades.

'With Mary, my wife, and our child in heaven,' said he, with great earnestness.—'Last night I thought I saw her disembodied spirit among the angels in my dream, and a little one was by her side whom I had never seen, and they beckoned me to come. I am sure I shall go to-day, and be with them at last. But you cannot understand me,' continued Tom, 'until I tell you all about how it has been with me. In the first place, let me divide between you my comrades what few things I have. When I am gone they will remind you of poor Tom. As soon as the morning breaks we shall go into action and I shall be killed.—They seemed to tell me so.'

The sailors were at first disposed to laugh at what they supposed were Tom's disordered fancies, but his great earnestness of manner, indicating his firm belief in the truthfulness of his presentment, and having so high an appreciation of his noble character, they checked their hilarity, and each in turn received from his hand some little trinket, or a part of his wardrobe as a keepsake.

And the sailors of poor Tom's mess then gathered around him in the forecastle, in the gloomy dawn of that wild Canadian autumn morning, while the fleet was putting on sail to engage the enemy, and listened to poor Tom.

'My father,' said Tom, 'was a well-to-do English farmer, who lived in the days of our childhood back in the country about forty miles from Liverpool. I was his first born and heir, and when I became of age I married the daughter of our nearest neighbor. We were to settle down upon the farm and take care of the old folks, who were already well along in years. A few short, happy weeks flew quickly by, and our honeymoon was over. Then my father loaded his cart with corn and sent me off to the distant town to exchange it for some things for our housekeeping.

'When I left the old home farm that morning, with my cart and oxen and load of freight, Mary, my wife, kissed me good bye again and again.

'You will not be gone long, will you, dear Tom?' said she.

'It was our first and last parting. But twenty years of toil and hardship have not wasted the sweetness of her last kiss from my lips. And her image—how bright and beautiful her image appears to me this morning, as I see her in my memory standing at the old farm gate, bidding me good-bye as I drove the oxen down the lane out of her sight towards the great city.

'I had never been in town before, and it was to me full of wonders. After I had sold my corn I bought some things for our house, and had loaded them on my cart, all ready to start on my homeward journey, when I was roughly seized by one of the king's pres gangs, that were the terror of every seaport town in those days, and of which I in my simplicity had never heard before. In spite of my tears and entreaties I was rudely bound, hand and foot, and dragged, more dead than alive, on board of one of his majesty's ships, that was on the eve of setting sail upon a long East Indian voyage.

'On the morrow the ship sailed. My oxen were left to wander uncared for through the streets of the city, with my precious load of what was to have been our household goods, and before I had the least opportunity to send a single word home to my wife and family to relieve the dreadful anxiety that my long and unaccountable absence must have occasioned them, we were far out upon the broad ocean.

'In the course of a few months we entered the Indian ocean, and it was seven long years before our ship again cast anchor in the harbor of Liverpool upon her return voyage. During this long time I had never heard one word from home or friends.

'After our arrival at the home port I was soon paid my hard-earned wages and received my discharge. I soon reached the welcome shore, and at once hurried out of the now dreaded city towards my old home in the country. I was so changed in appearance by years of exposure under a burning sun, that I was sure no one would know me. But haggared and worn as I was, my heart was light at the thought of soon meeting my dear wife and friends once more, and so I pressed eagerly onward until night overtook me. I was afraid to call at an inn, lest from my dress and appearance I should excite suspicion and be arrested as a deserter from the navy. Finding a stack of straw in a lowly nook, I crept under it and slept through the night. In the morning a dense fog enveloped everything, and I grouped my way on without knowing whither I was going. It so happened that I wandered into the king's broad highway just in time to fall in with another press gang who were passing by. They seized me at once, and utterly regardless of my entreaties, and in spite of my situation, hurried me on board of another vessel that was soon under weigh for the distant coast of South America.

'After we had been cruising about for several years in the Southern Pacific, I managed to escape from my captivity, and crossing the Andes alone and on foot, arrived after many wanderings and hairbreadth escapes, weary and worn, at an Atlantic port. There the first opportunity afforded for sailing was on board of an American man of war that was homeward bound.—Impatient to leave, I enlisted in the American navy as a common sailor for the term of one year. Our ship arrived in New York harbor a few months ago. I was soon transferred to Commodore Chauncey's fleet, as you now see me.

'I have never heard one word from home since my wife bid me good bye at the old farm gate, and that is now twenty long years ago. But last evening, as I swung in my hammock, I fell asleep, and I saw her in my dreams, as I have told you already. She and our little one must have died in my absence, and I shall be with them to day.'

'When Tom had concluded his story,' continued the old officer, 'there was not a dry eye in that circle of hard faced men, and in a moment after the command came harsh and loud to clear the decks for action. And then our little ship rolled gallantly up under the guns of the fort and poured a broad side into the Royal George. Soon we saw a light puff of smoke curl upwards from one of the batteries on the shore, and a nine pound cannon shot went crashing across our deck.

'It struck poor Tom, and he fell dead at our feet. As his body lay upon the deck with face upturned, there was a smile playing upon his stiffening features that will haunt me to my dying day. Death had to him no terrors. He welcomed its coming. It opened to him the door of heaven, to show him those he loved. The smile upon his face was a smile of recognition.'

As the old man concluded his story, he arose from his seat and bid us good bye.—And now the strangest thing about this story of Tom Garnet is its truth, for it is not all romance, but is veritable history.—Dr. Hough, in his 'History of Jefferson county, N. Y.,' on page 471, places upon record an account of Tom Garnet's singular presentiment and death, which is substantially the same as the one I have woven into the wrap of my story.

Says the learned historian, in concluding his narrative, and I use his very words:—'Chauncey's Fleet sailed and engaged the enemy's batteries in the harbor of Kingston, as above related; the first shot from which was a nine pound ball, that crossed the deck of the Oneida and passed through the body of Tom Garnet, at his post. He fell instantly dead, with the same smile upon his countenance that habit had impressed. This singular coincidence and verification of presentment is so well attested by authentic witnesses that it merits the attention of the curious.'

As the morning sun rose glorious in the heavens we left the little island, and it soon grew dim and shadowy in the distance; but the story of poor Tom Garnet was impressed indelibly upon our memories.

For the Union.

Is it Lawful for a Christian to Dance?

Mr. Editor:—Now that the season of festivities is about to open, will you allow me space in your columns to say a word in time, in hopes that some may be induced by moral suasion to pause before entering upon that class of amusements, which almost invariably run riot. And it is to this class we wish to show that *Dancing* especially belongs.

We start with the proposition that *Dancing has been all through its history, and is now a sinful amusement.* If this be true then our question must be answered in the negative. It is not lawful for any one who lays claim to the Christian character to dance. Is it true? The facts alleged in proof are those drawn from first, the *historical*, and second, the *moral* argument.

If we appeal to the history of dancing, we shall find it condemned by the *good* of all times. The early Greek and Roman moralists classified it with play-acting, and condemned both on substantially the same grounds. Plato, Livy, Aristotle and Cicero censured it. They considered it very demoralizing as well as an indication of low character. "When Cato charged Murena, the Roman consul, with having danced in Capadocia, Cicero considered the charge so disgraceful to his client, that had he been unable to disprove it, he would have abandoned his cause." *O tempora? O Mores!* Cardinal Bellarmine could say would permit their daughter to be whirled around in that most demoralizing dissipation! It is disgusting to all delicacy and refinement, and perilous to that purity and shame-fastness, which are woman's brightest ornaments. With these weapons she can slay every lewd Sisera that dares invade the sacredness of her home. Such a scandal should not be tolerated by any one who pretends to the christian character. Even every honest man of the world is candid enough to declare that it is of such brazen immodesty as to scorn all christian profession. But do I hear some christian apologist saying—"I grant all that you say of this particular dance, but is there not another mode which can be innocently indulged in? Shall there then be no distinction between the amusements of the world, and the amusement of the family of God. Have christians no perception of the connection between the less exciting and the more exciting forms of this amusement? Do they not see how generally the one has now come to resolve itself into the other; or the worthlessness of the distinction in *principle* between Ahab, who serves him much? "But if they do not, and if upon a comparison of the teachings of Holy Scripture with the facts in the case no conviction ensures, and no incompatability is discovered between dancing and a christian profession, and no cause for censure when those who practice it are admitted to the communion, then we have no more to say."

It is hardly necessary to repeat arguments which are so clear to every one about the dangers to health from exposure, the passing from heated rooms into the cold, damp atmosphere of night, riding long distances with nothing but the thinest covering for the body, the subsequent wasting consumption, and cutting short what might have been an useful life, the restless and dissipated habits so often engendered by this amusement—all of which is sound and conclusive, and ought to forbid every one from engaging in it, who has any care for their health. There are examples of the wrecks of humanity strewn in our midst, and many a man can cite an instance in which the ball room has proved the death chamber to some fair and promising young girl. Where is the man or woman who would like to pass from the hall of dancing to the hall of judgment. What is the import of that well authenticated case of the mother who "could not see the harm of dancing;" "could see no force in objections to it;" "wished to see them if she could;" encouraged her daughter in the practice, attended her to the ball to enjoy the admiration which she would win, and when in the ardor of the performance the daughter was struck with death, she begged that she might be taken out of the ball room? As life was ebbing fast, she became more urgent, and said "If my child must die, for God's sake do not let her die in the ball room." "Where shall we take her?" "Anywhere," she said, "but here." Why should she be so anxious to take her daughter out of the ball room, when a little while before she could see no harm in dancing? Nay, did she not all the time have convictions against it, but gave the lie to them by her words? Does not this description fit the case of many a one, if he would only speak out his thoughts? In all such cases a good old rule to follow is this—never go into any company or place, where we cannot ask God to go with us, and the ball room by common consent is one of the places from which religion must be excluded. How often then does it happen that weak brethren are offended, and those outside of the fold kept out because professing christians dance. When persuading men to come into the church how often do you hear the reply—"I cannot go into that church whose members dance, I have no confidence in their piety." Shall we by our love of pleasure cause a soul to perish for whom Christ died? O, if we have any love of God left in our hearts, if we sincerely long to see all men saved, let us be careful to practice Saint Paul's injunction to "take heed lest by any means this liberty of ours become a stumbling block to them that are weak." If dancing cause our weak brother to offend and fall away, then let us dance no more while the world stands.

In all that has been said, we do not wish to be understood as seeing all this evil in the *literal* dancing. If this were all it could be easily remedied. But the *literal* can never be separated from the *practical*. The injuriousness of its occasions, the irreligious atmosphere of the places of its performance, tend to wean the heart away from serious thoughts, from prayer, and from God.

Where are the amusements which can be innocently indulged in as riding and walking, the social converse, music, painting, poetry, the culture of fruits and flowers, with the thoughts which are everywhere suggested by the works of God in nature—these are lawful, and are sufficient to occupy all the leisure which a christian can have in a world like this.

It is high time to be about our Father's business, we have no time to spare to save both ourselves and them that hear us.—The times are evil, and are we not individually responsible for much of this evil?—The weakest and youngest among us is responsible for a single life, that outwardly there be a correspondence with what we believe in the heart and profess with the lips. Every stream of evil is made up of single drops, and each doop is a single life. Make our lives good before God and we know what a powerful influence it will have over others.

We come then to the question, to what extent ought the christian life to be consecrated in the world nowadays and in a community like this we live in? How far ought the christian man, and the christian woman, and the christian youth to stand apart and alone? In the common occupations of every day life it is manifest that the holy man and the worldly man will not be much unlike; for the same food and clothes must be obtained in pretty much the same way by both. It is not intended that a separation shall take place here, that cannot be until hereafter. But at this point their commou life must end. The secret motives which govern his plans, his business, his amusements, his use of his property and his tongue, the disciple of Christ must show himself called by a distinct and peculiar calling. He is to stand apart in all these respects that every observer of him is to take knowledge that he not only *has been* with Jesus, but that, there being two armies *always*, he belongs now to the one and not to the other.

Oh, you who bear the name of christians, baptized and "chosen" to represent your Lord before men, gird up the loins of your mind. It will cost self-denial. It will bring on you the wonder, the criticism, the sarcasm, perhaps, of your social sect.—What then? Your Lord and master before you endured the cross, despised the shame for you. Will you not then cheerfully meet the trials of the christian life and resolutely take up its crosses for that glory that is to be revealed? And when thou art beaten stand like an anvil ever giving back the same, clear, ringing note.

CHRISTIANUS SUM.

The Cuisine of the Grand Union.

A correspondent while a guest of A. T. Stewart's hotel in Saratoga descended to the kitchen and obtained some interesting facts and figures. He tells of the force employed in the hotel and how one thousand people are daily fed. A few days ago (says Laertes,) I walked with the steward, Mr. Walker H. Johnson, during the breakfast hour, through the larder, kitchen, laundry, and servants' quarters of this vast temporary village. The head cook, Edward Schelcher, recieves twenty-five hundred dollars for the season at Saratoga; yet it is not considered a large salary. He has thirty cooks and assistants under him, and is responsible only to the steward, who is autocrat over two hundred and twelve waiters, fifty laundry women, thirty-two cooks and assistants, and a constabulary of storekeepers, contractors for supplies, and runners. The chief barkeeper, Jerry Converse, who had opened six thousand eight hundred and sixty-three quarts of wine up to noon Monday, is absolute over wines. The following is a statement of the food consumed each day in this hotel during the summer past:—Number of eaters in the house—Four hundred and fifty persons on July 4th; eight hundred after July 5. Average, one thousand to twelve hundred, not including nurses and children. Number of employees, five hundred. These are official figures in Mr. Johnson's hand writing. Amount of stock used per day—Beef, eighteen hundred pounds; whole chickens, fifteen hundred pounds; beef tongues, twenty; eggs, six hundred dozen; milk, eight hundred quarts; cream, two hundred quarts; flour, eight barrels; whole sides of best beacon, forty; berries, four hundred quarts; oranges, eight hundred; tomatoes, forty bushels; whole lambs, ten; mutton racks, four hundred pounds; barrels of potatoes, fifteen; ears of corn, four thousand; pies, four hundred; puddings, four hundred; ice cream fifty gallons; peaches, thirty bushels; watermelons, one hundred and fifty; nutmeg melons for breakfast, eight hundred. The ice cream in the hotel is frozen by steam, the freezer being connected with a band passing over a wheel, so that it turns in the ice cistern and equally freezes the cream in a few minutes. The same attachment grinds the coffee. The potatoes are mashed at the rate of one barrel in five minutes by a wooden cylinder working in a colander. A machine also shaves the Saratoga potatoes. The soft soap to wash the clothes is all made of refuse fat; the clothes are washed by steam machines and ironed by great mangles rolling over rollers wound with sheets and table clothes. The laundry is a separate edifice, clean and large enough for a gentleman's mansion. The cooks are of four nationalities: German (meats,) French (*entrees,*) Italian (pastry,) and Spanish (*ragoutos.*) A cupboard of bread is required every day for toast, and bread is baked and toasted by five persons, working all day from 5 o'clock A. M. to 9 P. M. The meats are roasted on spits turned by steam before a separate furnace, the grease dropping into pans of water, which is afterwards skimmed for gravy. The dishes are washed by a force of thirteen persons, who do nothing beside; a special service dispenses the cream and butter. Nine men cut up the meat into steaks and chops. Nine gunners supplied with amunition, are out on the mountains, perpetually killing birds, which are paid for at seventy-five cents apiece uniformly. The chickens are received in barrels from Syracuse; all the provisions except the milk, come from New York city, and are ordered by telegraph.

A colored preacher down South took for his text the words, 'Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God,' which he divided in three parts, as follows: 'First, skin worms; second, what they done; third, what the man had seen eat up.'

Chivalry Dead.

Porte Crayon writes: It was really the discovery of printing that killed chivalry, soul and body. Then the power that comes of knowledge passed over to the unarmed people. The unlettered prince could no longer delegate the writing and reading of his letters to a hired valet, and the doughty Douglas dared no longer boast,

"Thank Heaven that no son of mine
Save Gawain ever penned a line."

It became a question of learniug to read, instead of learning to ride. Life is not long enough for both. Warriors were superseded by philosophers, tournaments by scholastic disputations; study bowed the stalwart frame, the pen cramped the iron hand, Latin and Greek quelled the passionate energy, while subtleties and dogmas addled the simple brain of knighthood, incidentally engendering more quarrells than the gunpowder, percussion and nitroglycerince since discovered have ever been able to settle. It was the discovery of printing, then, overturned chivarly, and is undermining many other ancient systems that people don't suspect. Whatever of knightly spirit remained to the nineteenth century, high-cocked bonnets and Colt's revolvers will certainly exterminate. "The age of chivalry is indeed past."

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Christian Friendship.

Friendship, founded on the principles of worldly morality, recognized by virtuous heathens, such as that which subsisted between Atticus and Cicero, which the last of these illustrious men has rendered immortal, is fitted to survive through all the vicissitudes of life; but it belongs only to union founded on religion, to continue through an endless duration. The former of these stood the shock of conflicting opinions, and of a revolution that shook the world; the latter is destined to survive when the heavens are no more, and to spring afresh from the ashes of the universe. The former possessed all the stability which is possible to sublunary things; the latter partakes of the eternity of God. Friendship founded on worldly principles is natural, and though composed of the best elements of nature, is not exempt from its mutability and frailty; the latter is spiritual, and, therefore, unchanging and imperishable. The friendship which is founded on kindred tastes and congenial habits, apart from piety, is permitted by the benignity of Providence to embellish a world, which, with all its magnificence and beauty, will shortly pass away; that which has religion for its basis will erelong be transplanted in order to adorn the paradise of God.—*Robert Hall.*

Silent Men.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was almost wholly performed in Committee of the Whole, of which George Washington was the chairman; but he made two speeches during the convention, which were of a very few words each. The convention, however acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity, and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldcn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest trouble was in finding men of deeds rather than of words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience, when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said, by reserve. The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

Not Prejudiced.

"Mark Twain" found it necessary to give a description of an acquaintance, once, and especially desired that nothing in his description should be understood as indicating prejudice against the subject—he should endeavor to confine himself to bare facts; and this is the array of facts: "A long legged, vain, light-weight village lawyer, from New Hampshire. If he had brains in proportion to his legs, he would make Solomon seem a failure; if his modesty equaled his ignorance, he would make Von Humboldt seem as unlettered as the back side of a tombstone; if his stature were proportioned to his conscience, he would be a gem for the microscope; if his ideas were as large as his words, it would take a man three months to walk around one of them; if an audience were to contract to listen as long as he would talk, that audience would die of old age; and if he were to talk until he said something, he would still be on his legs when the last trump sounded; and he would have cheek enough to wait till the disturbance was over and go on again.

A LADY correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: "Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys' nature." Mothers often do—with an old shoe.

It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for the hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you have passed on.