Denton Journal.

1847. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &c.,—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1878

VOL. 31. DENTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 4, 1879. NO. 22.

THE

Denton Journal

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

Denton, Caroline Co., Md.,

BY

GEO. T. MELVIN, EDITOR.

At One Dollar a Year in advance.

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ONE SQUARE, 3 times, $1.00, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

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Of all kinds executed with neatness and dispatch. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Local and other correspondence solicited, but *anonymous* communications will receive no attention.

The JOURNAL *has the largest circulation, is the largest in size, the cheapest and best paper published in the county, and as all the business men take it, it is the best advertising medium.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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EASTON, MD.

JAMES E. HIGNUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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july12-y.

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june16-y.

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June30-y.

OSWALD TILGHMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office nearly opposite the M. P. Church.
july7-y

WM. R. MARTIN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne Counties. [nov3-y.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
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DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

P. F. THOMAS. J. F. BATEMAN.
Thomas & Bateman,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET. [dec2-y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

GEO. T. MELVIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in Caroline and the adjoining counties.
☞Loans on first mortgages negotiated.
mar23-tf.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar19-1y.

S. H. MELTON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
FOWLING CREEK P. O.,
feb2-y. CAROLINE CO., MD.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

CHAS. E. SHANNAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,
EASTON, MD.
☞Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c.
nov9-1y.

DENTISTRY

DR. T. J. SMITHERS,
EASTON, MD.
Office over Elliott & Rathell's Shoe Store. Entrance on Dover Street. [jun2 1y

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his services to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [dec21-y

J. W. LOCKERMAN,
AUCTIONEER,
CONCORD, CAROLINE CO., MD.
After having had fifteen years experience still offers his services to the public and guarantees satisfaction. may4-78-tf.

ESMA LOWE,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline county. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. jfeb21-tf.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather opposite the Court House.

Legal Notice.

The undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regular attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

CLEMENT SULIVANE,
may25-y. Attorney at Law

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER.
DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims

CHAS. R. STRAUGHN,
DENTAL SURGEON,
DENTON, MD.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county.
Will be in Greensborough on Saturdays and Hillsborough on Wednesdays.
All operations performed with care, and work guaranteed. [4-2 1y.

John B. Gerhart,
BRICKLAYER AND PLASTERER,
RIDGELY, MD.
HEATERS, RANGES and GRATES set and all kinds of furnace work. Plaster ornaments furnished and put up.
9-28-y.

J. P. WANSER & CO.,
COMMISSION DEALERS IN
Berries and Peaches,
AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
161 WEST STREET,
NEAR PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
5-11-6mo.

TO FARMERS!
SHELL LIME.
Four and Six months credit given, when desired on Lime, if applied for before April.
BOWEN & MERCER,
Baltimore, Md.

Casper Miller,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
DENTON.
I HAVE opened the tailoring business on Low St. Denton, adjoining the residence of F. A. Sisk, Esq., where I am prepared to all work in first class order relating to my business.
1y Sep 14 CASPER MILLER,

J. W. HENRY. L. D. HANDY
JAS. M. MASLIN. G. H. HARPER.
S. E. Smith,
—WITH—
HENRY, MASLIN & CO.
Wholesale Dealers in
Notions, Hosiery,
—and—
White Goods.
Nos. 6 and 8 Hanover street, Balto. Md
may25-6m.

BLACKSMITHING
AND
HORSE SHOEING,
BY
MILES W. GREEN
AT his shops between Denton and Col. Carter's residence. Mr. Green guarantees to shoe horses so as to stop them from forging or interfering. If he fails to do this he will not charge anything. Call and see him at his residence near Col. Carter's, and you will find him the same accommodating Miles W. Green. [jan19-6m.

EDMOND P. SANGSTON,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
MAIN STREET,
GREENSBOROUGH, MD.
THIS certifies that E. P. Sangston has finished his trade with us, and we can recommend him as being thoroughly competent in every respect.
C. W. BLAKE,
Baltimore, Nov. 23, 1877.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for sale.
WORK DONE ON REASONABLE TERMS.
☞*All work guaranteed.* [12 3-tf

Eastern Shore Marble Works.
EASTON, MD.
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES,
BUILDING WORK, &C.
CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED
I will deliver and set up my work at the graves put good foundations under it and fasten properly for less than city prices.
nov24-y. B. TOMLINSON AGT.

VETERINARY SURGEON!
Dr. AUTHUR MITCHELL,
DENTON, MARYLAND,
GUARANTEES to cure the most violent cases of Spavin, Ring-Bone, Cutting, Burning, Blistering or injury to the Hair and all other diseases of horses.
He can be found at his shop near the Brick Hotel, where he keeps on hand a large stock of first rate
Hand-Made HARNESS.
For Sale Cheap.
HARNESS REPAIRED, AND CARRIAGE TRIMMING DONE CHEAPLY.
☞Also machine made harness at low figures.
Country produce taken in exchange for work.
apr20-

BOARDING HOUSE
At Queenstown
WHERE transient Boarders and the travelin public can be accommodated at the
SHORTEST NOTICE
AND ON THE
MOST REASONABLE TERMS.
Persons going to Baltimore can leave horses and carriages here until their return and the
BEST ATTENTION
given and charges moderate JOSEPH SHINN.
aug-tf. Queenstown, Md

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Ring, bells, ring, with your mellow din,
Ring the old year out and the new year in!
Like the voices of birds from the old gray spire,
Let your silvery music rise higher and higher;
Floating abroad o'er the hillside bare
In billows of sound on the tremulous air,
Let it rise and fall with the fitful gale:
Tell over city and wood the tale;
Say that to-night the old year dies!
Bid the watchers look to the eastern skies,
For the beautiful halo that tells afar
Of the welcome rise of the new year's star!

Ring the o'd year out, with its sighs and tears,
Its withering heart-aches and tiresome fears;
Away with its memories of doubt and wrong,
Its cold deceits and its envyings strong.
All its pandering lures to the faltering sense,
All its pitiful shams and cold pretense.
We will heap them together and bind them fast
To the old man's load as he totters past.
The ills that he brought he may take again;
Keep we the joys, let him bury the pain!
Ring soft, oh bells, as he goes to rest
Far in the shades of the darkening west!

Ring, bells, ring, with a merry din!
The old year has gone with its cares and sin!
Smiling and fair, at the eastern gates,
Clad in tinted light, the new year waits!
Welcome him in with the rosy band,
Who waits the wave of his beckoning hand.
Hope, with her wreaths of sweet spring flowers—
Joy for the summer's growing hours.
Plenty and peace for the fruitful fall,
And love for all seasons—best of all,
Ring merrily, bells!—o'er the blushing skies
See the beautiful star of the new year rise!

Early Life of Daniel Webster.

FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The year following my birth my father removed from his first residence, which was a log-house on the hill, to the river side, in the same town; a distance of three miles. Here, in the meadow land by the river, with rough, high hills hanging over, was the scene of my earliest recollections; or, as was said in another case, "Here I found myself." I can recollect when *it was* 1790; but cannot say that I can remember further back. I have a very vivid impression, indeed, of something which took place some years earlier, especially of an extraordinary rise in the river. I remember how the deluge of rain beat, for two days, on the house; how all looked anxiously to see the river overflow its banks; how the waters spread over the meadows; how the boat coming from afar, on the other side of the river, was rowed up till it almost touched the door stone. How Mr. G.'s great barn, fifty feet by twenty, full of hay and grain, sheep, turkeys, and chickens, sailed down the current majestically before our eyes, and how we were all busy preparing to fly to the mountains, as soon as our house should manifest a disposition to follow G.'s barn. I remember, or seem to remember, all these things. I did, indeed, see as much of them as a child of five years could see, for I think it was in 1787; but still I am of opinion that my impression is from narrative, and not from remembrance of the vision. Plain, intelligible, and striking things of this kind, I have learned, make an impression on young minds in recital, which it is difficult afterward to distinguish from actual personal recollection.

I do not remember when or by whom I was taught to read; because I cannot and never could recollect a time when I could not read the Bible. I suppose I was taught by my mother, or by elder sisters. My father seemed to have no higher object in the world than to educate his children, to the full extent of his very limited ability. No means were within his reach, generally speaking, but the small town schools. These were kept by teachers, sufficiently indifferent, in the several neighborhoods of the township, each a small part of the year. To these I was sent, with the other children.

When the school was in our neighborhood it was easy to attend; when it removed to a more distant district I followed it, still living at home. While yet quite young, and in winter, I was sent daily two and a half or three miles to the school. When it removed still further, my father sometimes boarded me out in a neighboring family, so that I could still be in the school. A good deal of this was an extra care, more than had been bestowed on my elder brothers, and originating in a conviction of the slenderness and frailty of my constitution, which was thought not likely ever to allow me to pursue robust occupation.

In these schools nothing was taught but reading and writing; and of these, the first I generally could perform better than the teacher, and the last a good master could hardly instruct me in; writing was so laborious, irksome, and repulsive an occupation to me always, my masters used to tell me that they feared, after all, my fingers were destined for the plow-tail.

I must do myself the justice to say that, in those boyish days, there were two things I did dearly love, namely reading and playing; passions which did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over, (have they yet, altogether?) and in regard to which neither the *cita mors* nor the *victoria læta* could be said of either.

At a very early day, owing, I believe mainly to the exertions of Mr. Thompson, the lawyer, the clergyman, and my father, a very small circulating library had been bought. These institutions, I believe, about that time received an impulse, among other causes, from the efforts of Dr. Belknap, our New Hampshire historian. I obtained some of these books, and read them. I remember the Spectator among them; and I remember, too, that I turned over the leaves of Addison's criticism on Chevy Chase, for the sake of reading connectedly the song, the verses of which he quoted from time to time as subjects of remark. It was, as Dr. Johnson said in another case, that the poet was read and the critic was neglected. I could not understand why it was necessary that the author of the Spectator should take such great pains to prove that Chevy Chase was a good story; that was the last thing I doubted.

I was fond of poetry. By far the greater part of Dr. Watt's Psalms and Hymns I could repeat *memoriter* at ten or twelve years of age. I am sure that no other sacred poetry will ever appear to me so affecting and devout.

I remember that my father brought home from some of the lower towns Pope's Essay on Man, published in a sort of pamphlet. I took it, and very soon could repeat it, from beginning to end. We had so few books, that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought they were all to be got by heart. I have thought of this frequently since, when that sagacious admonition of one of the ancients (was it Pliny?) has been quoted, *legere multum non multa*.

I remember one occurrence, that shows the value then attached to books. The close of the year had brought along the next year's almanac. This was an acquisition. A page was devoted to each month, and on the top of each page were four lines of poetry; some moral, some sentimental, some ludicrous. The almanac came in the morning, and before night my brother and myself were masters of its contents, at least of its poetry and anecdotes. We went to bed upon it; but awaking long before the morning light, we had a difference of recollection about one word in the third line of *April's* poetry. We could not settle it by argument, and there was no umpire. But the *fact* could be ascertained by inspection of the book. I arose, groped my way to the kitchen, lighted a candle, proceeded to a distant room in search of the almanac, found it, and brought it away. The disputed passage was examined. I believe I was found to be in the wrong, and blew out my candle and went to bed.

But the consequences of my error had well-nigh been serious. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and just as I was again going to sleep, I thought I saw signs of light in the room I had visited. I sprang out of bed, ran to the door, opened the room, and it was all on fire. I had let fall a spark, or touched the light to something which had communicated fire to a parcel of cotton clothes; they had communicated it to the furniture, and to the sides of the room, and the flames had already begun to show themselves through the ceiling, in the chamber above. A pretty earnest cry soon brought the household together. By great good luck we escaped. Two or three minutes more and we should all have been in danger of burning together. As it was, I think the house was saved by my father's presence of mind. While others went for water, he seized everything movable which was on fire, and wrapped it up in woolen blankets. My maternal grandmother, then of the age of eighty, was sleeping in the room.

At Fryeburgh I found another circulating library, and made some use of it. I remember to have read, while at Fryeburgh, Adams's Defense of the American Constitution, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Goldsmith's History of England, and some other small things. I borrowed Blackstone's Commentaries, also, and read, I think, two or three volumes of them. Here also I found Mr. Ames's celebrated speech on the British Treaty, and committed it to memory From September, 1802, to February or March, 1804, I remained in Mr. Thompson's office and studied the law. He was an admirable man, and a good lawyer himself; but I was put to study in the old way—that is, the hardest books first—and lost much time. I read Coke's Littleton through without understanding a quarter part of it. Happening to take up Espinasse's Law of Nisi Prius, I found I could understand it, and, arguing that the object of reading was to understand what was written, I laid down the venerable Coke *et alios similes reverendos*, and kept company for a time with Mr. Espinasse and others, the most plain, easy, and intelligible writers. A boy of twenty, with no previous knowledge on such subjects, cannot understand Coke. It is folly to set him on such an author.

There are propositions in Coke so abstract, and distinctions so nice, and doctrines embracing so many conditions and qualifications, that it requires an effort, not only of a mature mind, but of a mind both strong and mature, to understand him. Why disgust and discourage a boy by telling him that he must break into his profession through such a wall as this? I really despaired. I thought I could never make myself a lawyer, and was almost going back to the business of schoolkeeping. A friend has recently returned to me a letter written by me to him at that time, showing my feelings of despondence and despair. Espinasse, however, helped me out of this in the way I have mentioned, and I have always felt greatly obliged to him.

I do not know whether I read much, during this year and a half, besides law books, with two exceptions. I read Hume, though not for the first time; but my principal occupation with books, when not law books, was with the Latin classics. I brought from college a very scanty inheritance of Latin. I now tried to add to it. I made myself familiar with most of Tully's orations, committed to memory large passages of some of them, read Sallust, and Cæsar, and Horace. Some of Horace's odes I translated into poor English rhymes; they were printed; I have never seen them since. My brother was a far better Latin scholar than myself, and in one of his vacations we read Juvenal together. But I never mastered his style so as to read him with ease and pleasure.

At this period of my life I passed a great deal of time alone. My amusements were fishing, and shooting, and riding; and all these were without a companion. I loved this occasional solitude then, and have loved it ever since, and love it still. I like to contemplate nature, and to hold communion, unbroken by the presence of human beings, with "this universal frame thus wondrous fair;" I like solitude also as favorable to thoughts less lofty. I like to let the thoughts go free, and indulge in their excursion. And when *thinking* is to be done, one must of course be alone. No man knows *himself* who does not thus, sometimes, keep his own company. At a subsequent period of life, I have found that my lonely journeys, when following the court on its circuits, have afforded many an edifying day.

Heroscope for the Ladies.

We extract the following "Horoscopes" in each month in the year, from an old paper; it is, to say the least, a very amusing production:

JANUARY.

He who is born in this month will be laborious and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he will be complaisant and withal a very good singer. The lady born in this month will be pretty, prudent housewife, rather melancho'y, but yet good tempered.

FEBRUARY.

The man born in this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

MARCH.

The man born in this month will be rather handsome; he will be honest and prudent; he will be poor. The lady be a jealous passionate chatterbox.

APRIL.

The man who has had the misfortune to be born in this month will be subjected to maladies; he will travel to advantage and love ladies to disadvantage, for he will marry a rich and handsome heiress, who will make—,—what no doubt all understand. The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with agreeable wit and great talk.

MAY.

The man born this month will be handsome and amiable; he will make his wife happy. The lady be equally blessed in every respect.

JUNE.

The man born now will be of small stature, passionately fond of women and children but will not be loved in return. The lady be a giddy personage, fond of coffee; marry at the age of twenty-one, and be a fool at the age of forty-five.

JULY.

The man will be fair, and suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female of this month will be passably handsome; with a sharp nose, but fine bust: of rather sulky temper.

AUGUST.

The man will be ambitious and courageous; he will have several maladies and two wives. The lady be amiable and twice married.

SEPTEMBER.

He who is born in this month will be strong, wise and prudent, but too easy with his wife. The lady round-faced, fair haired, witty, discreet, amiable, and loved by her friends.

OCTORER.

The man of this month will have a fine face and be a gay deceiver. The lady be large, liberal and full of novelty.

NOVEMBER.

The man of this month will have a handsome face and florid complexion; he will be wicked in his youth and always inconsistent—promise one thing and do another, and always remain poor. The lady be pretty; a bit too fond of talking—have two husbands who will die of grief; she will best know why.

DECEMBER.

The man born in this month will be a good sort of person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady be amiable and handsome, with a good voice, and a well proportioned body—be twice married, remain poor but continue honest.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—There never was a woodcock seen on the Pacific.

There never was an ocean steamer that burst her boiler.

There never was a dog that went mad west of the Rocky Mountains.

There never was a beech or sycamore tree struck by lightning.

There never was an eel caught on the Pacific coast.

There never was a steamer or locomotive struck by lightning.

WE love most things because they are loveable; we love them for their own sakes; all but a tooth-ache no man ever loved that for its sake.

The Wall of Self-Denial.

THIS image among the Life Thoughts of Rev. H. W. Beecher, should lead many a one to such musings as these: Yes, it is even so. This is a wall of which I have thought too little; one which I have never constructed, or kept up with sufficient care. By such neglect, I see that I have suffered great losses of most valuable goods. Often, as I may say in figure, has a valuable beast escaped from my pastures, and often have suffered from the incursions of depredators upon my garden and fields. More than half that I might have now been worth in the better treasures of life has, I doubt not, been taken from me in this way. But there is more to regret. I have been so long accustomed to a culpable neglect in this matter, that I can hardly hope to establish myself in a true practice. Much have I meditated upon the subject; many good resolutions have I made; but temptations, as old friends eager for their usual entertainment, are with great difficulty resisted. Habits, running in the old ruts, carry me along so much more pleasantly than any attempts to keep new tracks, I am too often persuaded to give up the contest and risk all possible consequences. This I know to be unreasonable, unmanly, even foolish; but still I find it difficult to establish any considerable amendment of practice.

These thoughts are sufficiently humiliating; and they ought to have a salutary effect. But how true the bitter reflection of poet Young!

"'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more."

Is there no divine wisdom within our reach, by which we can do, as well as know, what the merest common sense so obviously requires?

Let us add, as a farther inducement to the stern efforts that may be required for our amendment, Self-denial is not merely a wall, the erection and keeping up of which is absolutely necessary to the security of all our best possessions; it is a tonic and stimulant of our spiritual existence, indispensable to our efficiency in every good word Many a one, whose life is of comparatively small value, might by the practice of this single virtue, be raised up to the dignity of a benefactor of his race. Self-indulgence, in even small matters, is a perpetual interference with the real discharge of the higher duties of life. With various customary and mechanical functions, it may have little to do; but, wherever mental energies are concerned, or stern volitions needed, the absence of this ministering spirit is a drawback of the most serious character.

Especially is this the case in regard to pious activities, where conscience plays so large a part. A sense of habitual sinning in the refusal to deny ourselves, seems to erect an almost impassable barrier between us and the sphere of activity where the presence of God must be felt. There is a sense of incongruity between a sinner's character and a saint's work, which can hardly be for a moment resisted. Then too, we cannot avoid the apprehension that in all such works we require Divine assistance; and that we are so separated from God by our sin, as to put the hope of his co-operation out of the question.

Well has a German philosopher said, "*In self renunciation alone can the entrance upon real life be said to begin;*" and of course any signal failure here must issue in everlasting death.—*Protestant Churchman.*

A Just Reduke.

I once heard this anecdote of Judge Parsons, said the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the great Massachusetts advocate and lawyer. It is said, that being about to try a mercantile case, he ordered a jury to be summoned, and among the names were that of Col. Thomas P. Perkins, the leading merchant of Boston in that day, and a personal friend of Judge Parsons. When the officer made his return, he laid down a fifty-dollar bill before the Judge.

'What is that?' said Parsons.

'Col. Perkins says he is very busy indeed to-day, and prefers to pay his fine.'

Take that back to Col. Perkins,' said the Judge, 'and tell him to come here at once; and if he refuses, bring him by force.'

When Col. Perkins appeared the Judge looked sternly at him, and said what do you mean, sir, by sending money when you were summoned to sit on this jury?"

Col. Perkins replied: "I meant no disrespect to the court, your Honor: but I was extremely busy fitting out a ship for the East Indies, and I thought if I paid my fine I might be excused."

'Fitting out a ship for the East Indies, sir!" shouted the Judge; "and how happens it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?"

'Your Honor, I do not understand you."

"I repeat, then, my question, how is it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies? If you do not know, I will tell you. It is because the laws of your country are properly administered. If they were not you would have no ships. Take your seat, sir, with the jury."

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others,

Never give a promise that you do not fulfil.

The New York Daily Newspapers.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in his sermon on New York by gas-light recently, said:

Hastening on, up a few blocks, what are these majestic buildings, all ablaze from foundation to capstone? The printing houses of New York daily newspapers. We get out and in, and go up from editorial rooms to type setters' and proof-readers' loft. These are the forges where the thunderbolts of public opinion are forged, great torrent of opinions, of accidents, of crimes, of political wrath, of ruined reputations and of avenged character. Who can tell the mightiness for good or evil of a daily newspaper? Fingers of steel picking off the end of telegraphic wire the facts of religion and philosophy and art and information from the four winds of heaven. The Associated Press began in 1855 to pay $200,000 for news, some of the newspapers paying $59,000 extra for special dispatches, and others, independent of the Associated Press, with their own wire rake gathering up the sheaves of news from all the world. It is high time that good men understood that the press is the mightiest engine of all the centuries. By the high water mark on type-case you can tell the ebb or flow of the great tides of civilization and Christianity. The combined circulation of New York daily newspapers in 1835 was only 10,000 a day. Now it is 500 000, and, at the estimate that five people peruse each paper, they have 2,500 000 readers per day. It used to be a mystery how, according to the Bible statement, nations were to be born in a day. It seems to me easy now. Get the telegraphic operators and the editors converted, and in twenty-four hours all nations will see the salvation of God. In midnight in New York there is nothing more full of solemn import than the night printing-press. But with what acheing eyes and exhaustion of health the work goes on. I noticed that night that not more than one out of ten seemed to have brawny health. The malodors of ink however complete the ventilation, and the necessity of toil at hours when God has drawn the curtains of the world for natural sleep; the pressure of publishing every morning or evening, whatever breaks down; the temptation to intoxicating stimulants in order to keep up the nervous system through hours of untimely occupation—temptations which only the strongest can resist—make the lives of newspaper men something to be sympathized with. Don't begrudge the three or five cents you pay for the newspaper, for, in addition to the knowledge gained, you are paying for sleepless nights and smarting eyeballs and fatigues of brain and early sepulture.

Receipt to Prosperity.

1. Let every youth be taught some useful art and be trained to industry and thrift.

2. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain proportion of his earnings.

3 Let every youth set out with a fixed determination to engage in business for himself, and let him put his determination into practice as early in life as possible.

4, Begin in a small safe way, and extend your business as experience shall teach you is advantageous.

5. Keep you own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand.

6. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerable certain income—sufficient to live on comfortably.

7. Never get into debt. A man who owes nothing can never fail.

8. Let every man who is able to buy a farm upon which to bring up his sons do so. It is on the farm that the best men morally and intellectually are turned out.

9. Bear in mind that your business can not be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers. An all turkey, all buzzard system of business, can never succeed in the long run. Both parties to transact must be mutually benefitted if the trade is kept up.

10. Experience has shown that a scrimping policy with employees is not the most profitable for the employer. Live and let live is the better theory.

11. Never get your business so much extended that you are driven to take in a partner.

Does Money make People Happy?

The match of Hannah de Rothschild and Lord Roseberry is reported not to have turned out as well as was expected, and something very like a separation is in contemplation. I am less inclined to place credence in this report, because both these young persons have an army of enemies—people whose interest it was to oppose the match—and as long as these latter live they will never keep their tongues off the young earl and his Jewish Countess. A great deal of the venom spread about them comes from American sources. There be those on your side who could murder Archibald Primrose, Earl of Roseberry, in cold blood, for his having broken off his plighted troth with Butler Duncan's daughter. It is currently reported that the firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., would have failed long and long before it did, had not the intention been to see through this great marriage for the daughter of the senior partner.—*London Letter.*

OF 16,000 houses in Philadelphia, 60 are mortgaged.

The Confidence of Woman.

Here is a quiet description of what every woman has been, or hopes to be—a bride. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sisters to whom she dared impart every embryo thought and feeling, brother who has played with her by turns, the counselor and counselek, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all to be forsaken at one fell stroke, every tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is changed, and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond, grateful adieu to the life that is passed, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hope, who can coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroyed the confidence that love had inspired.

HE was a "cull'ed tramp" and approached Captain Jase Phillips as the train hauled up at Pewee.

"Is you de capt'in ob de kears—"

"Yes'" replied Jase.

"Don't want fo' ter hire any deck hands, duzye?"

"No! I'm not running a steamboat."

"Zactly! Mout I ride straddle ob de cow-snatcher to de nex' landin'? I'se busted, an' a long ways from home."

"Get on. All aboard!"

And the negro straddled the "cow-snatcher." Ed Gilligan pulled the throttle wide open, and the train had not gone more than half a mile before the engine collided with a cow, throwing it over a fence into a cornfield, and the negro after the cow. Next day, coming down, the negro limped up to Jase at the same depot, and said:

"Boss, I didn't ride fur wid you on dat cow-snatcher, kase, ye see, de cow wanted to ride dar too, an' dar wa'n't room fo, bofe uv us, so got off togedder up h'yar in the co'nfield fo' to rest. De next time I rides wid ye I'll freeze to de tail-gate of de wagon. Hit's safer."

WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS.—A South Carolina paper correctly says the country needs fewer men who seek office and more whom the office seeks.

Fewer dogs and more sheep.

Fewer truckling demagogues who are anything or nothing, as interest dictates, and more brave men who dare to do their own thinking, and say what they think.

Fewer great men made to order, and of small material, and thrust in front of men who have a capacity for greatness.

Fewer impetuous young men, eager to rush into print and raise the devil generally.

Fewer wire-pullers in popular conventions, and more people.

Fewer leaders to knuckle to popular prejudices and more real leaders to combat such prejudices when wrong.

Fewer bar rooms and more schools.

Fewer fences and more pastures.

Fewer scrub cattle and more good cows.

JOSH BILLING'S HUMOR.—An enthusiast iz an individual who believes about 4 times az much az he kan prove, and proves about 4 times az much az ennybody else believes.

Nature seldom makes a phool, she simply furnishes the raw material, and lets the feller finish the job to suit himself.

Young men, learn to wait; if yu undertake to set a hen before she iz reddy yu will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.

When you have bored the bull's eye, set down and keep still; folks will think then that yu kan hit it enny time yu have a mind tu.

I don't rekollekt ov ever doin' ennything that I was just a little ashamed ov but what somebody remembered it, and waz sure once in a while to put me in mind ov it.

PENALTIES.—The penalty of popularity is envy.

The penalty of thin shoes is cold.

The penalty of tight boots is corns.

The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights.

The penalty af marrying is a mother-in-law.

The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder.

The penalty of having a haunch of venison sent to you is inviting a dozen friends to come and eat it.

The penalty of interfering between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied by blows from both.

The penalty of remaining single is having no one who cares a bitter for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirts.

WORK AND TROUBLE.—The longer I live the more do I become satisfied that nothing is so good for people who are in deep trouble as real hard work,—work that not only occupies the hands, but the brain, work on which one lavishes the best part of the heart. I know it requires a great deal of resolution to break away from the apathy of a deep sorrow or a heavy trouble, and resolutely put one's hand to the new or long-disused plough; but the effort once made, if there is anything in the individual he or she will never turn back. And after work real work, work with the hands, head and heart—after this will come trust, and with trust will come peace.—*Dr. Ewald.*

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