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THE AMERICAN.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AND MISCELLANEOUS READING.

"The name American must always exalt the pride of Patriotism."

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May 15, 1866. 13tf

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Dec. 12, 1865:1y S. ANGLE.

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July 2, 1865 16—tf

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J. F. LONG, M. D.

January 29, 1866. 51tf

Dr. Y. S. DEAN

WOULD inform his friends and the public generally, that he still continues the practice of Medicine in all its various branches. Office at Mr. Andrews' weaving room, where he may be found when not professionally engaged. Feb 19, '66:tf

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Nov. 21, 1865. 41—tf

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Beg to refer to McCubbins, Foster & Co., Salisbury; Tod R. Caldwell, President of the W. N. C. R. R., Morganton; J. A. Rosebro, Statesville, N. C.

March 12, 1866. 34tw

Life, Letters, Speeches, &c.,
OF
HON. A. H. STEPHENS.

I WOULD be pleased to receive the names of all persons in Iredell County, who wish to purchase this very popular and valuable work. It is handsomely gotten up, and contains 824 pages of interesting and instructive reading matter. Now is the time to secure this work, as it can be obtained only through the Agents of the National Publishing Company.

J. B. BAIRD, Agent.

POETRY.

Written for the American.

Unconscious Wisdom of a Child.

"He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man."

Before the fire, in a chair,
Sat an old man, dosing there;
His hands were tremulous and thin,
His nose almost met his chin,
His teeth were gone, his lips were dry,
Dim and sunken was his eye;
His brow was furrow'd deep with care,
And his head was smooth and bare,
Save a few locks, long and white,
That lay like winter snow in sight;
There was a hollow in his cheek,
And his voice was low and weak;—
He was helpless, he was old,
And he felt the Winter's cold.
There he sat, and dosed, and read,
Sometimes hearing what was said,
And, sometimes his cheeks were wet
With his memories and regret,
For his house, built by his hands,
All his goods and herds and lands,
He gave his son, child of his love,
Who, he thought would grateful prove;
But the son took home a wife,
Partner of his wealth and life:
She was worldly, vain and proud,
And her tongue was long and loud.
Children, like clusters on a vine,
Soon their arms and hearts entwine,
And to feed and raise them all,
They on "father's" comforts call;
He their frugal board must share
Stripped of all its dainty fare,
While she in costly silks may shine,
And treat her friends to cake and wine.
To her spouse one day she says
With all her witching wiles and ways,
"Some stylish friends will be here soon—
I think, my dear, they'll come at noon:
We have no place for all to sleep—
Children and servants we must keep,—
'Father's' room is quite large and new,—
I think, my dear, that room will do:
He to the shed-room then can go,—
Only a few nights you know"—
"Father is feeble, weak and old
And the nights are very cold—"
"I'll put a pallet on the floor,
Just behind the open door,
That will be quite nice and low—
He will not fall—he totters so;
I'll wrap him in a blanket warm,
And there, I'm sure, can be no harm."
Her spouse, convinced, a blanket got,
And went unto the lonely spot—
"Why! that's my nicest blanket, dear,
Indeed! I cannot have it here!—"
"But, my dear, 'tis warm and wide,
And will tuck in, just at the side—"
"Here are quilts—I cannot tell—
A smaller one will do as well."
And then, with her old winning laugh,
She said, "this is too large, by half."
Their little boy played on the floor,
Just within the open door.—
"I'll cut it with my knife in two,
And keep, dear 'pa, one half for you."
Think you the child knew e'en a shade
Of the lesson it conveyed?
The father, stung with self-reproach,
Forbade his wife more to encroach.
When he *his* father gently led
Unto the old accustomed bed,
He said, with feeling in his tone,
That he of late, had seldom shown,
"As I would have my son to me,
Will I, my father be to thee."

—MIGNONETTE.

Statesville, N. C.

Written for the American.

Preventatives of Intemperance and Its Kindred Vices.

ESSAY II.

I have not, kind reader, forgotten my promise to give you something further on my prescription for the prevention or cure of all moral delinquency. I have placed INTEMPERANCE at the head of the list, as deservedly occupying, in our account of the matter, the front rank—being, as it is, a kind of parent stock, a sort of universal fountain of wickedness.

I. We said: *Have a home and keep it*—cherish a love for it, making it the scene of all your employment, the centre of all your enjoyment. "Marvelous!" did I not hear some reader say? "What a prescription for the prevention or cure of any evil whatever. Who would ever have thought of such a thing!" I expect a great many of you would not have thought of it, obvious as is the truth, simple as is the reflection; and yet could I point you to the thousands a faithful adoption of the prescription, and adherence to it would now cure; and to the millions it would prevent from falling into vice, you would be disposed no longer to smile at its simplicity. The simple truth is, my friends, especially my young friends, I am afraid of, and I am afraid for, the man, old or young, who has no home; and I am equally afraid of, and for, the man who has *no love for home*. What! a mere cosmopolite, a mere citizen of the world, alike at home anywhere! Bah!—Save me from such a creature. I am afraid of him. I told you so a little ago. I am afraid for him, I also said. I am afraid that he ought not to be trusted. "Without a home and without a heart," says Abbott.—In general how true.

We were never made to be mere cosmopolites, nor mere citizens of the State, nor of the community—no; no; but to be members of the little world denominated, "THE FAMILY!" It is God's ordinance. The Domestic Constitution—The Family—is of God's appointment. "God," says David, "setteth the solitary in families." Again he says: "Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him *families* like a flock." And a special blessing we find promised to families. "I will be," saith Jehovah, "the God of all the families in Israel."

Maintain, then, the family, as His ordination, who made us; who knows best what is good for us; and who, at a very early period in the history of our race, said: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him." Maintain the family as the source of the purest earthly happiness; as the palladium of your civil liberties; as the only hope, under God, of the Church of the Redeemer. I have said it a hundred times, and I now repeat it, that it is to *the family* we are to look for whatever is lovely, honest, and of good report among men—as the nursery, where must be reared good members of civil society, and good members of the Church;—and, as a general truth, if they are not under the proper training, reared there, they will be reared nowhere; but your children will grow up, and go forth to wither, and scathe, and blight, and destroy.

Ye, who are heads of families, "think on these things." Think on the power God, in his providence, has put into your hands for good; and study to employ it for his glory, and the good of your families, of the Church and the world. And ye, who, in the good providence of your heavenly Father, are growing up, in *pious families*, think of the blessings you enjoy—think what would be your condition, cast off upon the world, without the little refuge and sanctuary *home!*—without parental instruction, without parental admonition, without parental care, without parental restraint: and be not unwilling to be taught, to be admonished, to be cautioned, and warned, and restrained, and controlled. Believe it possible, that your parents and guardians know better than you, what is best for you. Be not too anxious to imitate the prodigal. Be not in such haste for the portion of goods that falleth to you. The history of the prodigal proves that he had better have remained at home with his father, and submitted longer to parental instruction and control; and so likewise proves the history of thousands, that have imitated his example.

I might notice in passing how careful aged persons should be in making a change in their homes. We have known those who could not leave, in old age, the home to which they had been long attached, and enjoy themselves in a new one. But should, in the providence of God, a change become necessary, then, make your son's, or daughter's, or friend's home yours; and feel at home there. I know indeed that our aged fathers and mothers will soon all find a home in the grave—"our long home"—but until borne thither, have, my aged father! my aged mother! a place that you feel to be, and that you call, HOME!

Again, are you mere *children* growing up in your parent's family? Try to realize your advantages, your opportunities for good, and your obligations to your parents. And would you be virtuous, respected and happy, study rather to be industrious, obedient and contented at home, than to be wondering where you can go to get away from home.

Have you but lately entered upon the duties, and enjoyments, and trials of home?—Seek to render your new home a scene of delight, as well as the seat both of your labors and enjoyments. CIVIS.

Extraordinary Revelation in Connection with the Wirz Tragedy—Wirz Offered his Life if he would Implicate Mr. Davis.

The astounding revelation made by Butler concerning the suppressed diary of Booth and the consequent official murder of an innocent woman, is followed by another little less astounding or disgraceful to the parties embraced in it, concerring the lawless trial and execution of the unfortunate Wirz. The disclosure is made in a letter from Richmond to the New York *World*, bearing date March 27th. It is as follows:

It is, perhaps, not generally known that during the incarceration of Wirz and Major Winder in the Capitol Prison they occupied adjoining cells, and enjoyed facilities of communication, one to the other, by word of writing through an aperture not observed, doubtless, by the jailor. No one was permitted to see either, *unless by special privilege from the Secretary of War*. On the night previous to the execution of Wirz three men entered his cell, of course by permission of Stanton, and proposed to him, that if he would agree to implicate Jeff Davis in the alleged conspiracy to starve the Northern prisoners confined at Andersonville his life would be spared. Wirz replied that he would not save his own life by sacrificing that of another innocent man. The parties thereupon left the cell, and Wirz immediately communicated all that transpired to Major Winder. The Maj. some time after met Mrs. Davis in New York, and revealed to her what is here stated, backing it up by an affidavit, which he gave her, and which she now holds. The trial of Davis would involve revelations which would shock humanity, and test to its fullest whatever sense of justice or feeling of national pride is still left at the North. It is not unreasonable to presume that popular indignation would be aroused to a pitch that would render it unsafe for the concoctors of the vile plans devised to secure the sacrifice of Davis' life, to prolong their residence among a people whose fame and character they so grossly outraged.

Should not the names of the trio who made this infamous proposition to Wirz be traced out by some means? If the *World* would initiate some movement to that end, it is probable that some light might be obtained which would fix the identity of these villains. The time is eminently auspicious for such an enquiry, now that the rogues are divulging each other's iniquities. It may be that Maj. Winder has some information which would give a clue to the names of the party. If he has, he should be induced to furnish it and then the wretches should be held up to the universal scorn and contempt they so richly merit.

The most oneasy critter I ever pursued was a bob-tailed bull in fli time.

THE WIFE OF HENRY CLAY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Lucretia Hart, who was for more than half a century the wife of Henry Clay, was born at Hagarstown, in Maryland, in the year 1781.—While she was still a child, her father, Col. Thomas Hart, emigrated to Lexington, in Kentucky, which was then a village consisting of a few log huts. In 1797, when she was sixteen years of age, there was but fifty families residing in Lexington; and, of all that beautiful and fertile country surrounding the town, but a small part was yet in cultivation. Primeval forests would be seen in every direction; panthers, bears, wolves, wild turkeys and deer were frequently shot within a half a mile of the rude log court house. It was at this frontier town, peopled, however, by polite farmers from Maryland and Virginia, that Lucretia Hart passed the years of her youth and early womanhood.

It could not be expected that amid such scenes, she would acquire the arts of the drawing room, much of the knowledge which is stored in books she did acquire, however, an abundance of such knowledge and skill as her situation acquired. Few women have ever understood better the management of a plantation than Lucretia Hart.

The country was rapidly filling up. In November, 1797, among the emigrants who arrived from Virginia, was Henry Clay, then nearly twenty-one years of age, and one of the most brilliant young men of htat State. The son of a Baptist preacher, he had in his boyhood found employment in Richmond, where, attracting the notice of an eminent judge, he had been assisted by him in studying the law. Although much courted in the polite society of Richmond, and though his talents were eminent and acknowledged, there were too many old lawyers in the place to admit of the speedy rise of a young man who had nothing but his talents to recommend him. So, on getting his license to practice, Henry Clay emigrated to the new State of Kentucky, and hung out his tin sign at Lexington. He was so poor that he had net the means of paying his weekly board, and he used in after years to say, that he thought he should be perfectly comfortable if he could make a hundred pounds a year.

His facinating manners, his courtly address, and his ready conversation made him immediately a favorite with the people of Lexington, and he soon had the pleasure of receiving a fifteen shilling fee. He rushed into practice which brought him a reputation and money far beyond his expectations.

It was invitable that this attractive youth should find himself at home in the amiable family of Col. Hart, whose hospitable mansion was the centre of the best society of Lexington. When Mr. Clay had resided but a year and a half in his new Kentucky home, he offered his hand to one of the young ladies of the house, Lucretia, who accepted it, and they were married in April, 1799. About the same time, Mr. Clay became the possessor of a beautiful plantation of about six hundred acres, situated a mile and a half out of town. It was one of the finest farms in the State, and it was the possession of this estate which enabled Mr. Clay to spend so many years of his life in the public service without impoverishing himself.

Of very little use, however, would this plantation have been to a statesman who spent half the year in Washington, if it had not had a mistress capable of conducting its affairs with vigor and judgment. If the services of Henry Clay were beneficial to his country, then his country should remember with gratitude that it was his wife who really gave him the leisure and independence which enabled him to be a public servant.—During his long absence at the seat of government, she directed the slaves, managed the crops and conducted the dairy. Even as late as 1832, when Mr. Clay was at the hight of his celebrity, his wife used to supply the principal hotel of Lexington with thirty gallons of milk every morning. An extensive green house was under his wife's care; the clothing of fifty slaves devolved principally upon her; not a gallon of milk, nor a pound of butter, nor any of the vegetables from the garden went to market without her supervision. She was the first up in the morning and the last to bed at night, and no body of slaves in the State were better cared for than hers. Besides this, she presided gracefully at the table of her husband, and knew how to acommodate herself to all his guests, whether in high or low degree.

Do you remember, reader, that interesting passage in one of Mr. Clay's early speeches, in which he draws a pleasing picture of a Western farmer's home? I have no doubt that when he drew it he had his own plantation in his mind although he modestly substituted the name of one of his neighbors.

There it was that the statesman's wife, not only gave him leisure, but supplied him with arguments; for just such a wife was Mrs. Clay, and just so proud was she to take a stranger into her neat dairy, into her storehouse, and point out her household treasures. For many years Mr. Clay's whole wardrobe was composed of material spun and woven either by his wife's own hands, or under her directions.

At the present day some ladies consider it a great hardship to be the mother of only a few children. I was myself acquainted with a lady who had six children, and kept a servant for each child; and, notwithstanding this assistance, she considered herself one on the most laborious of women. With absolutely nothing to do, she felt herself crushed with care and toil. How different it was with the mothers of the olden time! The wife of Henry Clay, besides performing the arduous duties I have mentioned, became the the mother of eleven children, six daughters and five sons.—Two of her daughters died in infancy, and two others at the age of fourteen. The two remaining daughters lived to be married, and to be mothers, but died early in their married life—to the inexpressible grief of their parents.

But these were not all the domestic afflictions of Mr. and Mrs. Clay. Their oldest son, in consequence of an accidental injury, lost his reason as he was approaching manhood, and became at length so violent that it was necessary to remove him to an asylum, where with a few short intervals, he resided for twenty years. Occasionally when he appeared more rational and quiet than usual, he would be brought home; for it was exceedingly painful to Mrs. Clay to banish the afflicted child from her house. We have a letter from one of the sons to his father, which shows how much the family endured before they would consent to removal:

"Theodore endangered the lives of all in the house with him. He was worse than he ever had been. To look at him was enough to melt the heart. His health wasting away, his face pale and emanciated. The day exhausted in forming suspicions of plots and conspiracies, the night in useless and terrible alarms. Let me say with a full knowledge of what I owe to you and to my mother, that we should allow the best physicians to operate with the most subtle and distressing disorder. When he was in the hospital before, his health was reestablished, and his mind certainly improved. Let us then curb our feelings, and not destroy our brother and our child by mistimed affection."

The young man continues at great length to argue the point with his parents, and to excuse the sending away of the maniac during their absence.

Mr. Clay's second son upon attaining manhood, entered into the manufacture of hempen goods. The fourth son, Henry Clay, Jr., graduated second in his class at West Point, and fell at the battle of Buena Vista. The two younger sons embraced the profession of the law.

Occasionally, during the long public life of Henry Clay, his wife accompanied him to Washington; and, during the four years of his holding the office of Secretary of State, under John Quincy Adams, she passed much of her time at the capital. She was living there when her husband fought his celebrated duel with John Randolph, and although more than a week elapsed between the challenge and the encounter, and the secret was known to many persons, she remained ignorant of it to the last. One of the persons who knew what was impending was Col. Benton, of Missouri. The eccentric Randolph came into his room one day, and abruptly said:

"Are you a blood relation to Mrs. Clay?"

"I am," said Col. Benton.

Randolph then said that put an end to a request which he wished to make of him which was, that he should be his second in a duel with Henry Clay. Col. Benton, in his Memoirs, gives us a glipse of the family scene the evening before the duel, after all efforts to prevent the meeting had been fruitless. It is a brief but most pathetic passage:

"It was Friday evening," he says, "or rather night, when I went to see Mr. Clay for the last time before the duel. The family were in the parlor, company present, and some of it stayed late. The youngest child went to sleep on the sofa. Mrs. Clay was, as always since the death of her daughter, the picture of desolation, but calm, conversible, and without the slightest apparent consiousness of the impending event."

At half past four next day the duel occurred; so that Mrs. Clay never heard of the hostile meeting until she heard that it had been bloodless.

The daughters to whose death Col. Benton alludes, died in circumstances peculiarly distressing to their parents. Both had reached the interesting age of fourteen, and were most tenderly beloved by all the circle of their relations and friends. Lucretia died at home, in 1823, when both her parents were at Ashland to watch her dying bed and follow her to the grave.—Eliza left Ashland with her parents in the spring of 1825, when her father was removed to Washington to take the post of Secretary of State. They had gone as far as Cincinatti when she was taken sick, but after resting a day or two was able to resume her journey. Soon however new symptoms appeared, and Mr. Clay was obliged to leave his family and proceed to Washington alone. Nine days after the intelligence reached him that she was no more. The next day the Southern mail brought news still more distressing; that his daughter Susan, aged twenty, the wife of a gentleman residing at New Orleans, had suddenly died.

It is impossible to convey in language and adequate conception of the grief caused to both the parents by these sudden and repeated bereavements. Mrs. Clay, as Col. Benton remarks, was for years the picture of desolation. Her husband, on one occasion, when addressing a jury, chanced to use the phrase, "vicissitudes of human life," in allusion to the domestic afflictions of his client. As he said these words, a torrent of painful recollections rushed upon his mind, and he was so overpowered with emotion as to be obliged to sit down. No one present could account for the scene, until Mr. Clay, in apologizing for the interruption, disclosed its cause, when the whole court was dissolved in tears.

Mrs. Clay lived with her husband in happy married life for the space of fifty-three years. She had not the consolation of witnessing her husband's dying moments. She was at Ashland when her husband died at Washington, June 29th, 1852; and the chief solace of his last days was receiving minute accounts of his family at home. Accompanied by a committee of the Senate the body of the departed statesman was borne to his home near Lexington, and placed in the principal apartment of the house, were the funeral solemnities were performed; whence it was conveyed to the cemetery followed by a great concourse of people. Mrs. Clay survived her husband for several years, and her remains now repose by the side of his in the family vault. The family estate is still in the possession of one of her sons.

Politics among the Colored People.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* regrets, with much reason the evil likely to result to the colored people of the South, through the contests of politicians have been the ruin of many a man of narrow means, by taking him from his business, and entailing upon him expenses he could not afford; and now those of the community who can least afford it, are to be dragged here and there to conventions, when their daily labor is needed for their daily bread. Indeed, it will be well for the colored people if they are not destroyed in the scramble to which they are subjected, unless protected by their own instincts and good sense.

They cannot but understand that the men who are claiming a sort of property in their votes, are really their worst enemies. The Radicals claim great merit for bestowing on them the right of suffrage. But was it from any love to the colored people? Why is it that in many of the Northern States, they will not allow the few colored people there to vote? Look at Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and Ohio, and others. If these men had indeed any love for the *Southern* Africans, they would show some little regard for the few in their own midst. They cannot think it *dangerous* to let such a mere handful vote. It is because they do not like them, and they will not consent to treat them as equals, that they drive them away from the polls at the North. And how many colored people have they ever elected to Congress? They will praise Fred Douglass' speeches, but they will not *vote* for him.

Why, then, when they will not let even a few colored men vote at the North, do they require that a great multitude vote at the South? Persons who hate their neighbors do not love strangers. If Northern men despise the colored people who are among them, they do not love those who are here at the South. It is because they dislike the Southern white people, that they do these things, and because they both hate us, and do not care what harm they may bring upon the colored people, that they do here what they will not do at their own homes. And provided they can accomplish their own ends, they seem not to care if they destroy the colored people. They simply use them as the monkey used the cat, to pull chestnuts out of the fire. They think if they give the colored people here the power to vote, they will vote for *them*.—They are afraid the white people down South will vote against them; and they take this plan of gaining the consent of the Southern States to their remaining in office and feeding at the public crib.

Now the colored people ought to see without any difficulty, that the scheme had nothing in it but mischief for them, as well as for the whites.—The men who contrive it, do not *intend* them any good; or they would have begun their policy *at home* and long ago. They must be *very much* opposed, indeed, to allowing colored people to vote, or they would not drive off their own handful from the polls when they expose themselves to an attack for such gross inconsistency. And if they were not entirely indifferent to the true interests of the race, they would not now be trying to get up a strife between them and the white people among whom they live, and who give them employment.

No people can thrive if they are opposed to each other. The blacks of the South cannot expect to prosper if they put themselves in opposition to the whites of the South. Such of them as like the Yankees better than they like us, ought to go to the Yankees. We are afraid they would soon get *cruel*. Those who stay, ought to remember that a friend close at hand is better than a friend at a distance, and ought to cultivate kindly relations with the people among whom they live. And they ought to remember that their interests, and the interests of the Southern white people, are the same. When the Northern people lay heavy taxes on tobacco, and on cotton, the black man at the South suffers from it as much as the white man; but these men care nothing for that. It is in order to keep up the power of doing this *very* thing, that they have given the Southern colored people votes, expecting that they will have no better sense than to vote against their own interests by voting for them! If they can only pull the chestnuts out of the fire by the black man's aid, they do not care if his hands are burnt off and his life burnt out, in the operation.

And look at those men in our own midst, who are trying to use the colored people as cats-paws. Who are they? Are they men of any substance or standing? Can they do anything to help anybody, even if they wished? Have they got any employment for the colored people? Are they men of any influence in the community? Are they men of any learning or character? And what do they want?—They show very plainly that all they wish is to get the black man's money and to get office. They know that they would stand no chance for office anywhere in the world where people have bibles and have sense, except by disturbing the peace of the community, and riding in an excitement. They are simply trying to cheat the colored people by pretending to be their friends in order to get their half-dollars and their votes. They are trying to use them as cats-paws.—*Rich. Enquirer.*

Certain Results of Governing the South by Military Force.

In proposing to govern the Southern States by military satraps the Radicals have undertaken a task that may be pleasant to contemplate, and may not be found very difficult to execute. For a season, at least, the system of Polandizing the South may work easily, from the very inertia of the Southern people. It has its drawbacks, nevertheless, and not the least of these is that the more the South is impoverished the worse it will be for the North and the worse for the blacks. The greater the oppression, the stronger and more embittered will be the hatred of the victims for the oppressor. The strength of a republic lies in the unity of its people. Reduce eight millions of them to the condition of Helots; dictate to them what they shall and what they shall not do; insult them, harrass them, and at the same time tax them heavily; and the only result that is possible is there will be weakness where there might have been cohesion more or less perfect. If it be the object of the Radicals to rule the South by force, they must have read history to no little purpose if they do not see that sooner or later, force will answer it. They cannot violate the Constitution in one section of the country without violating in all. If they can subjugate ten States to their arbitrary will, and govern them by military edicts, how long will the remaining twenty-six States be able to preserve their independence unimpaired?

Before long they will begin to discover that the "reconstruction" of the South, though it may serve to feed the revenge of the North, will carry with it, nevertheless, its pains and penalties. The greater prostration of the South the heavier will become the burthen of Northern taxation. Already trade languishes, the financial situation is precarious and the prospects for the future are dark and menacing. We are advancing from bad to worse, and this deplorable condition of things, as Mr. Lunt truly says, "has been brought about by those juggling mutations of policy which have been forced from time to time upon the popular majority by the factious leaders to whom they have been in the habit of looking for their opinions." By and by will come the crash, and then, if ever, will follow the popular upheaval. But the Union as we once knew it will be a thing of the past.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Religion.

That is a bad religion which makes us hate the religion of other people. That is a bad sect of Christians which encourages its members to think contemptuously of all other sects of Christians.