ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

AMERICAN UNION.

A FAMILY JOURNAL--Devoted to Literature, Morality, News and Politics.

VOL. 1 | DENTON MD., TUESDAY MORNING. AUG. 14, 1860. | NO. 5

Come in and Shut the Door.

Ah! do not stand so long outside,
Why need you be so shy?
The people's eyes are open, John,
As they are pa-sing by!
You cannot tell what they may think,
They've said strange things before!
And if you wish to talk awhile,
Come in and shut the door!

Nay, do not say, "No, thank you Jane,'
With such a bashful smile,
You said, when ladies whispered 'No.'
They meant "Yes," all the while!
My father, too, will welcome you:
I told you that before,
It doesn't look well standing here—
Come in and shut the door!

You say I did not answer you
To what was said last night;
I heard your question in the dark—
Thought on it in the light;
And now my lips shall utter what
My heart has said before.
Yes, dearest, I—but stay awhile—
Come in and shut the door!

WOMAN.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Woman—oh, what magic is
Contained within that word,
The holiest of the soul
Within their depths are stired,
Like sweet refreshing dews of eve
Her blending doth impart,
And comes with joyful smiles to bend
Hope's rainbow round the heart.

Come as angel's holy breath,
With eyes in which dwells truth—
Blend with the smiles that angels wear
In their eternal youth,
Endow'd with every beauty rare,
Above all earthly things,
She is indeed an angel-bright,
Without the golden wings.

And they who speak so boastingly,
"We would not be her slaves,"
And would not worship at her shrine,
Are either "*fools or knaves*,"
For there's no heart however rude,
In every age and clime,
But what has felt the witching pain
Of woman—so divine.

The human heart will ever crave
For woman's gentle love—
Yea, as a shipwrecked mariner,
For guiding stars above,
Its prayers shall be, let love's warm wings
Brood o'er my inmost breast,
E'en as the gentle dove
Broods o'er her shelered nest

Ellen Wharncliffe.

A Tale of the Revolution.

It was in the year 1774, and the westering rays of a July sun began to throw long shadows over the hills and vales where now the city of Charleston. At that time a small village which contained only about five or six hundred inhabitants occupied the spot with its two or three streets lined with white framed, and a few log-built dwellings, and everything wore an air of primeval simplicity and lack of everything like ostentation, for that was a day when fashion confined his traffic to another hemisphere, and the simple tastes of our hardy forefathers offered but little inducement for the "fickle god" to wend on his way hither.

In the immediate vicinity of Breed's Hill, where the towering shaft of granite now rears its pointed head, at the time of the opening of our tale, stood a neat, white-framed dwelling-house, surrounded by a beutiful garden taste fully arranged, and presenting a lovely sisterhood of flowers to the admiring eye of every passer by. In this house dwelt the Reverend Mr. Wharncliffe, a clergymen of the established church, but a man who had the interests of his adopted country much at heart, and who did not fail on every suitable occasion to denounce the tyranical acts of the British Parliament in no measured terms. For this he had incurred the ill will of many of the officers of the royal army stationed in the neighboring city of Boston, and various modes of annoyance were resorted to in order to punish him for his freedom of speech and manner.

Mr. Wharncliffe had but one child, a daughter named Ellen, in whom his affections were centered, and on whom all his future hope reposed. Shes was, at the time in which we introduced her to the reader about seventeen years of age, tall, and finely formed, and with a face which carried with it sunshine to every house which it entered, even though the clouds hung black and heavy over the bending arch of the murky sky. There could be no gloom when her bright smile was seen, and many a heart was lightened of its sorrows when her footsteps were heard ascending the steps to the door. Such was the young and lovely Ellen Wharncliffe, a being of light and purity, gentle loving and beloved by all who knew her.

We have said that it [illegible] afternoon of a [illegible] little village of [illegible] to the golden rays of the great luminary which was now retiring behind the western hills, and the patient and lowing cattle were returning to their owners from the hedges and the commons where they had been let loose to feed. Everything wore an air of quiet and contentment and peace, and a smile of the Creator seemed to have settled down upon all created things.

Mr. Wharncliffe was absent in Boston on business, and was not expected back by Ellen until sometime in the evening.—The charming girl was out in her garden, gazing upon the blushing flowers which reared their lovely heads in modest purity around her, fit emblem of her own innocence and truth, and every now and then her sweet voice would arise upon the fragrant air in snatches of song, as clear and melodious as that of some bright winged bird that caro's from the boughs of the forest trees.

Presently her gaze was fixed upon the figure of a man, who was running at the very top of his speed towards her. Curiosity prompted her to remain where she was in order that she might see what it meant, and in a few moments the fugitive, for such he evidently was, was close beside her panting with exertion, and the perspiration pouring in streams from his forehead.

He was a young man, not more than three or four and twenty, to judge from his appearance, and was dressed in a neat and faultless manner, and according to the fashion of that primitive day. His features were handsome and regular, his eye bright and keen, and his form athletic and manly, and cast in the finest mould. But he was now evidently much jaded by his race across the fields, and his breath came short and quick. It was some moments before he could articulate a word, and then his utterance was labored and difficult.

'For heaven's sake miss, give me shelter for a few moments! I am pursued by the British, and they are bound to murder me, if they can. Secrete me in some place, if you love your country."

The impulses of Ellen were kind and generous. She felt how deeply her countrymen trodden down by the grinding heel of power, and all her sympathies went forth in their behalf. Besides, she was instantly convinced that something of an unusual character must have occurred to have caused the stranger to thus appear before her, and her action was prompt and decided.

"Come with me," said she, in a low tone; "I'll endeavor to secrete you to the best of my ability."

The fugitive followed his fair guide into the house when he was conducted to a trap door leading down into a small cellar, which being covered a carpet and seldom used, would not be likely to attract the attention of those in pursuit. To remove the carpet, lift the door, and secrete the fugitive and then replace the carpet, was the work of an instant; having accomplished which, our heroine again repaired to the garden and appeared deeply interested in examining the flowers, but keeping at the same time an eye upon the fields which the fugitive had crossed to reach the house.

Presently a British officer on horseback, followed by sixteen dragoons made their appearance, and galloping rapidly across the fields in a few moments reined up in front of the house of Wharncliffe where Ellen was standing.

"Have you seen a young man running in this direction, recently?" inquired the officer, in a harsh voice as he removed his hat and bowed low to the young girl.

"Yes, I saw a man not long since running this way, but he passed on."

"I think not—with all due respect for your sex, miss. Had he passed on, he would still be in sight, for we are not so far behind him as to render it possible for him to have gained the woods yonder—We must research your house miss."

"As you choose, sir," replied Ellen, in a careless tone, "you are at liberty to pursue any course that you may think proper."

The officer and his men dismounted, and at once took their way into the house followed by Miss Wharncliffe. They looked in closets, meal barrels, under beds, up stairs and down stairs, but never once thought of taking up the carpet and searching beneath it, and so the fugitive remained secure in his dark retreat.

At length the British officer, finding that his labors were not likely to be crowned with success, ordered his men to mount their steeds again, and prepare to follow the object of their chase; and with many a polite bow he left the dwelling which he had so unceremoniously entered, casting a wishful glance upon the gentle Ellen, as he disappeared from the garden gate and bestrode his spirited white charger; and as he galloped off in the rear of his men who had already got two or three hundred yards the abrest of him, he muttered:

"Well, if I don't succeed in catching Davis, I've seen one of the loveliest girls that I ever laid my eyes upon. That girl shall be mine, so sure as my name is Captain Neville of His majesty's Light Dragoons!'

Leaving the cavalry troops to pursue their object, as they supposed: while that object was securely hidden in the cellar of Mr. Wharncliffe's house, let us return to the trembling fugitive, who, thus burrowed like a rabit in the darkness, heard everything that was transpiring above him, and knew that if his place of retreat was discovered, he would be dragged forth; conveyed back to Boston, and hung as a spy. When, however, he heard his pursuers take their departure, he felt a sence of releif, and a thrill of gratitude towards the fair being who had thus shielded him from the most terrible peril.

It was not long, however, before the carpet was lifted, and then the trap door being removed, a flud of golden light shed by the setting sun illuminated his place of retreat, and a sweet and silvery voice called out:

"You may now emerge in safety. The officers and soldiers are gone, and the coast is all clear."

The fugitive hurried from the cellar, and casting a look of tenderness upon his deliverer, he poured-forth his greatful thanks in so warm a manner that the cheeks of Ellen were as red as those of her brightest flowers. However, collecting her thoughts, she assured him that she had only done her duty to a fellow-being, and a distressed countryman, and that as the day was so far advanced, and her father would soon be at home, she would be pleased to have him partake of their hospitality for the night. This polite invitation the stranger accepted with many thanks, and taking a seat he entered into conversation with his fair entertainer, and soon convinced her that he was a young man of no mean ability and possessed of uncommon powers of mind.—In a short time Mr. Wharncliffe returned and was introduced to the young man by Ellen, and tea being served, the conversation became general. It was not long ere our hero gave his entertainers a history of the day, to which both listened with the deepest interest.

His name was Gilbert Davis, and he was the son of a gentleman residing in Cambridge, who being ultra American in his views hated the British most cordially and lost no opportunity of doing them a misschief. The son, sharing most fully in this feeling of animosity, and being withal extremely patiotic, determined to go to town, seek out the British general, and provoke him into a duel with him, and if he could not accomplish that object, he could at least ascertain the dissemable force of the enemy, and obtain much useful information for the committee of Public Safety, of which the mantyr Warren was at the time the president.

He accordingly went to Boston, but he could never manage to obtain the acquaintance of the general. He, however, procured all the necessary information in regard to the plans and movements of the enemy, and having remained for some days in town started for his home in Cambridge. By some means, however, it became known to the general that he was laden with valuable information, and Captain Neville with a number of dragoons was despatched to capture and bring him back at all hazards. The reader is already acquainted with the results of the pursuit.

[*Concluded next week.*]

A correspondent of the Louisville *Journal* has evidently "kept his eye on Maryland." Hear the earnest hearted fellow:

How bravely the Bell and Everett movements walks the waters in gallant Maryland. No traitors can avail there to "come o'er the counsels of the brave and blast them in their hour of might." No disgarded politicians, adventures now among the baggage followers of Lincoln, can play the Arnold. The mountain passes are watched by eyes as vigilant as were those among the passes of the Hudson in the ever-glorious days of West Point.

A Good Law.—The Legislature of New York recently adopted a law requiring that apothecaries shall sell poisons only on the written prescription of some "regularly authorizrd practising physician," or upon a record of the name and residence of the buyer, with those of a witness of sale, the apothecaries of that city, instead of cooperating with the legislature in the object sought, are opposing the enforcement of the law, and in this they are supported by some of the physicians. The words "regularly authorized practising physician" is the stumbling block in the law

---

The best idea of a thunder storm is when Wiggins came home tight. He came into the room where his wife and daughters were and fell wrop on the floor. After a short time he arose and said.

"Wife are you hurt?"

"No."

"Girls are you hurt?"

"No."

"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

Life is a farce to the rich, a comedy to the wise, and a tragedy to the poor.

The fear of the Lord is the begining of wisdom.

Useful Receipts.

[*We would be pleased to receive from our lady friends any useful receipts, original or selected, for this department.*]

To Clean Paint that is not Varnished.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting; have already some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned look equal to new, and, without doing the least injury to the most delicate color, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap; and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

To Restore Scorched Linnen.—If linnen has been scorched in ironing, and the mark has not gone entirely through, so as to damage the texture, it may be removed by the following process:—Take two onions, peal them, slice them, and extract the juice by squeezing or pounding; then cut up half an ounce of white soap and two ounces of fuller's earth, mix with the onion juice and half a pint of vinegar. Boil this composition well, then spread it, when cool, over the scorched part of the linnen, and let it dry on. Afterwards wash out the linnen.

To Soften Old Putty.—In removing old broken panes from a window, it is generally very difficult to get off the hard, dry putty that sticks round the glass and its frame. Dip a small brush in a little nitre or muriatic acid—to be obtained at the druggists—and go over the putty with it. Let it rest a while and it will soon become so soft that you can remove in with ease.

Softning Hard Water.—Some twenty years ago, a well was dug twenty feet deep, on the Cottage Hill Farm near Ravenna Ohio. It contained eight feet of water after being stoned—the earth about which was blue clay, and the water was very hard. The serious defeat was cered entirely, and the water softened permanently by putting into the well about four feet of gravel of the size of beans and upwards.

Copying Paper.—I noticed an inquiry for making paper to take the impression of leaves, &c. As I have the receipe for manufacture I can give the desired information:—To make black paper, lampblack, mixed with cold lard, red paper, Venitian red, mixed with cold lard: green paper, chormé green, mixed with sweet oil; blue paper, Prussian blue, mixed with lard

The above is to be mixed to the consistency of thick paste, and to be applied to the paper with a rag. Then take a flannel rag and rub till all color ceases coming off, excepting green paper, which must be pressed between sheets of white paper for ten hours. Use thin printing paper.

Directions for writing with this paper:—Lay down your paper upon which you wish to write, then lay on the copying paper, and over this any scrap of paper you choose, then take any hardpointed substance and write as with a pen. For taking impressions of leaves lay the leaf on the copying paper, over this any scrap of paper, and rub to get the leaf coated with the color, then lay the leaf on white paper, and rub as before.—*Rural New Yorker.*

I Don't Care if I Do.

In olden time before the Maine law was invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well stocked bar furnished accommodations for both man and beast. He was a good landlord but terribly deaf.

Fish the village painter, was also afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar room Wing was behind the counter waiting for the next customer while Fish was lounging before the fire with a thirsty look casting sheep eyes occasinally at Wing's decanters and wishing most devontedly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter he said:

'Can you tell me, sir how far it is to Brandon?'

"Brandy?" said the landlord, jumping up, "yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

"You misunderstood me," says the stranger "I asked how far it was to Brandon?"

"They call it pretty good brandy;" said Wing. "Will you take sugar to it?" reaching as he spoke for the bowl and the toddy stick.

The dispairing traveler turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, appears to be deaf, 'Will you tell me how far it is to to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish, "I don't care I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

Howstrangealinelookswithoutspace.

Moral and Religious.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

When you lie down at night, compose your spirit as if you were not to wake till the heavens be no more.—And when you wake in the morning, consider the new day as your last, and act accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you shall never see morning, or that day of which you shall never see the night; but which of your mornings and nights you know not.—Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be safely dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the fruit is ripe, it falls off the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for Heaven when our heart is there before us.

LOOKING AT THE SUN.

A traveler in the east relates that a pilgrim joined their caravan, who had long been engaged in journeying from one to another, of those places, held sacred by Mussulmans. It had been one of his religious acts to gaze constantly at the sun. His eyes had become nearly blind, and the muscles of his neck rigid in that position. Still, this earnest but deluded secker for salvation continued to destructive practice. Christian, you are bid to look at the Sun of Righteousness and be not blinded, but blessed with increase of sight. You have looked to him, and been saved from death. You must continue to look unto him for all that you need to sustain, to promote, to perfect the life implanted in your soul.—Paul says, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith." Happy is it for you, if your spiritual muscles are already become fixed with perfect steadiness in that position. He that looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God.

While we gaze steadfastly at the sun, other objects fade from our sight. So let us gaze at Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, and the sinful attractions of earth will fade away and be forgotten before His supreme glory.

FAITHFUL IN THE LEAST.

We have often admired the fidelity of that noble boy who stood "amid the battle wreck, when all but him had fled;" who, while the flames leaped wildly from shroud to shroud, waited his father's permission to go. This was fidelity—which, though it cost the boy his life, won for him a noble name. *Our* fidelity may never be called to a test so severe; yet there are tests, every day of our lives, by which we may prove ourselves, and know whether we have the principle of fidelity or not. The Scriptures say, "He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much,' and whenever we see a little boy or girl faithful doing the work appointed them, no matter how *small* that work, we have great confidence that when called to more difficult duties, they will not shrink, but do with noble fidelity even unto death.

I once heard a father say of his little son, "When I left anything for Samuel to do, I was always sure to find it well done." He said this while Samuel was lying in his coffin. The hands which had done so faithfully what they found to do, were now folded, cold, over the besom where a heart of true fidelity once beat. Their earthly work was done. Yet when the father said this, we did not feel so sad. We trusted that he had been as faithful to his Father in Heaven as to his father on earth, and hoped that his happy spirit was able to say to its Father, God, "I have finished the work THOU gavest me to do."

Our devil got up in a tremendous rage and set up two lines to fill out this page.

Jokers Companion.

SEPERATING THE SHEEP FROM THE GOATS.

Some time ago there resided in a part of New York, but a short distance up the Hudson, an individual who was a noted wag, and who had an irreclaimable habit of stuttering in fact he was generally known throughout the country as "stuttering Sam." This genius who had a great penchant for jokes, and withal a hankering after good old whiskey, seldom passed a day without playing some of his tricks. On one occasion he was assisting a drover who had charge of a large flock of sheep. It was on Sunday afternoon, in summer when they had occasion to pass by a country meeting house, whose doors were thown open on account of the heat that one of the sheep ran into the church. The drover not wishing to enter into the church then, made up his mind to send Sam, so calling Sam to him he said.

'Sam will you go in there and get that sheep?"

"W-w-what'll you g-g-give me," said Sam.

"A quart of prime old rye," said the drover.

"I I I'll do it," said Sam, and he entered the meeting house. The sheep seeing him following, ran up one of the aisles till he reached the pulpit, when he was soon caught by Sam, who seizing him by one of the horns, began to try to pull the sheep out.

"What are you doing there," said the minister roused at length from his brilliant sixteenthly by the loud noise.

"Oh, nothing. I I'm o only s sep prr at ing the s sheep f from the goats."

Notwithstanding the time and place, but few present could refrain from indulging in a 'snicker,' and Sam proceeded in triumph with his sheep to the drover.

Judge ——, late of Mississippi who was a gentleman remarable for a proclivity to tell hard stories on one occasion was seated in front of one of the principle hotels in Clinton amusing a group of gentlemen with his peculiar naratives, when he delivered himself as follows:

'Gentlemen in East Tennessee, where I was raised, I knew a man who had the most astonishing strength in his jaws and teeth I ever saw. I saw him once standing on the sunny side of a barn, with his old wool hat under his arm, filled with black walnuts, and he just put them in his mouth and cracked them as essily as you would crack a chestnut!" The auditons exchanged looks of incredulity. A quizzical and facetions blade known as Kentucky Sachelford was present and heard the Judge's story, and remarked. "No doubt Judge of the truth of what you said, some men are remarkably strong. Now, in South Carolina where I lived one of the neighbors was noted for the strength of his muscular arm. I remember to have seen him take a hard pine knot, place it in the hollow of his arm at his elbow, and by suddenly bringing his forearm upward, he split the knot into splinters and pressed out all the turpentine in a stream!" The narrative of Kentuck was received with peals of laughter. Judge M—— became indignant and springing to his feet with clenched fist and flaming eyes, exclaimed, "*Kentuck that's an enormous lie.*"

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls told them——"You are small botatoes!" "We may be small potatoes!" said one of them, "but we are *sweet* ones!"

An Irish judge said when addressing a prisoner, 'you are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

A pretty girl was lately complaining to a Quaker friend that she had a cold and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. 'Friend,' said Obadiah, 'thee should never suffer the chaps to come near thy lips.'

A young ensign of a regiment, stationed not far from Manchester resting in lodgings, the sitting room of which was very small was visited by one of his fashianable friends who on taking leave, said, "Well Charles how much longer do you mean to stop in this *nut shell?*" to which he wittily replied "until I become a kernel."

A poor young man, visiting a prison in Maine, inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of being in such a place. A small girl's answer was, 'that she stole a saw mill, and went back after the pond and was arrested.'

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc2929_scm3526-0022