THE AMERICAN UNION.

Devoted to Politics, News, Science, Literature, Morality, Local Matters, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.

VOL I. **DENTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1860.** **NO. 9.**

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Poetry.

Sing To Me.

Sing to me, beloved,
Sing to me, to night,
While we sit beneath
The moon's full silvery light,
When the little stars
Fill the ether blue,
Sing to me, beloved,
Of lovers fond and true.

Sing to me, beloved,
Of maidens bright and fair,
With eyes of heaven's own blue
And golden locks of hair,
Of sunny lands afar
Across the deep blue sea,
Sing, oh sing, beloved,
Sing, to night, to me.

Sing to me, beloved,
Of knights so bold and brave,
Who for their lady's fair
Have crossed the ocean wave.
Sing to me, beloved,
Some gentle, sad refrain,
Sing to me, beloved,
Some well remembered strain.

WILLIE WARE.

Select Story.

HOW I WON MY WIFE.

BY AUGUSTIN D——.

My name is Duddlepud.

Nothing extraordinary in the name, I believe. Nobody is laughing, I hope; some people may not care, I do. I don't like to hear a parcel of cowardly snickering giggles when I mention my name; if they don't like the name, let 'em leave it alone; I'm sure I'm not going to take a cannon rod and ram it down their throats.

However, as I said at the commencement, my name is Duddlepud; I don't know it should be, but it is. I don't think that that illustrious ancestor of mine who originated the name, or chose it, or found it, or got it, or put it on himself, or—anything—has left himself at all open to the admiration or thanks of his posterity—quite the contrary, I think that he was a—(the editor of this paper objects, I believe, to the use of oaths by their writers—so I will drop the expletive and say) a FOOL! (The compositor will merit the eternal thanks of the author if he will use as *big* type as he has in the case—or as his foreman will allow—in sitting up that word.)

To return again. My name is Duddlepud; now I come to think over it there are a great, a very great many more awkward sounding, less poetical, names, than this of mine, tacked onto as unfortunate individuals—who don't growl over their fate a whit less or more than I do; there are Schwabs and Cobbs, and there are Roaneys and Sphooneys, and an endless lot of others; therefore why should I grumble; I don't grumble. I am contented; nay, even I am happy; why shouldn't I be with such a dear good wife to bear her half of it with me; I set out to tell you how I won her.

My name is Duddlepud; (I believe I told you so before, but it's a long, long name, and requires to be impressed on the memory;) I do not know whether it was my name—which is, it may probably strike you, the least trifle singular—or whether it was my diffidence, or my limited prospects, or what else; however, I became very soon aware of one thing, and that was, that I did not stand in that position in the affections of my Arabella—Miss Arabella Prettilips of Stuyvesant Place, that it was my ambition and hope to obtain.

I knew that she was not influenced by her parents or her friends, (I tell you she was a superior creature and not at all the girl to be influenced,) therefore, as she had it all her own way, either she did not love any one at all, me included, which latter way just as bad as the first would be; if it should be.

This was a state of affairs I would not stand. It was excruciating to me. To be in love, real downright, earnest LOVE (with, BIG letters all the way through;) with a woman, and not to know whether she wanted your love, or whether she wanted some one else's love—curse it (that's a slip) it was perfectly awful.

And there was my confounded bashfulness, or timidity, or diffidence, or anything else you choose; I couldn't muster up the spunk necessary to mention anything like love to her; the nearest I ever approached the subject was to call her attention one dark evening, when we were coming from the theatre together, to the *loveliness* of the night, and I believe she rewarded the courage I had mustered to utter even that word, by calling me stupid, or something else of the kind.

This cavalier in love, I tell you, plays the deuce with a poor devil's heart.

I visited her regular ever Wednesday and Sunday, for two years, not to mention the *off nights* for theatre going and soforth. I read up every week, so as to have plenty of tales and things to talk on, when I should see her; but what was the use of it all? There were half a dozen others visited her just as regular as I, and with far more effect, —for while I would sit aside fizzing away like a bottle of fresh soda, corked, (Cork—Diffidence!) with the conversation within me bursting to break forth, *they* (her and the others) were continually chatting and laughing away, most to kill.

I tell you, I felt like a live lobster in a pot of boiling water; like a frog jumping about without his skin; like a Strasbourg goose getting immortalized; like—well, like the most uncomfortable, unimaginable, things you can imagine —in my love experience.

She was a pretty girl, this Arabella of mine, too, and what was even better to the connoisseur in beauty, she had a superb figure; when she was not under the influence of her flirting evil spirit, I knew that she had a good, sensible mind, properly appreciated the true duties and position of a woman, and had a real good heart. Well, I am not one of those fellows who merely marry a woman to set her up as a sort of toy wife, neither am I one of those who marry only to have some one to mend my clothes and cook my victuals; I am old fogy enough to believe that there is such a thing in the world, yet, as true and honest love and wedded bliss; and I believe that Arabella, if properly nursed with generosity and devoted care, could realize this dream for me; also, I believed that no one really and truly understood her nature, and could make her lastingly happy, so well as I—I, who loved her for those little bits of her real nature that I was permitted to experience; for her mind and not for her beauty.

Well, thus I stood with her; while no one else was by she played, flirted, promenaded, laughed; talked and toyed with me—actually set me wild with her manœuvers (oh! she was a high one)—until some of the others came along; then, off she was. Where was I?—Poor I was left to pout and sulk in the corner, until she got tired of the others; then she threw herself by me, took my hand, pulled me, and actually laughed me out of my jealousy.

Oh dear me! * * *

I came to the conclusion one day that it was all confounded nonsense to suppose things could go on it this way forever.

Either I must play the fool no longer,
And face her with the all-important declaration,
Or—

I couldn't contemplate that or; it even makes my blood run cold to write it now. At any rate, I was determined to do something. And something awful I determined it should be.

I knew these fellows that were visiting her, and taking her to theatres, and making her presents, and all that sort of thing, only done it to her because she was the prettiest girl they knew, and she was 'quite the idea' to be seen with in the streets by their friends; and I knew that they no more truly *loved* her than they truly appreciated her worthiest qualities.

I was egotist enough to believe that I could make a woman (whom I might love) as truly happy as the reality of that dream is permitted to mortals.

And I further believed that none of those others that courted her could do the same, or anything at all like it.

So with this belief, I think you will acknowledge that I was perfectly right in determining to do something, and while I was about it, to make it

An awful something!

I would'nt propose to her. 'Gad I was afraid that against the sparkling appearance of my rivals I should make no show, and therefore be rejected (that wouldn't do in the least you know:) besides, I hadn't the spunk!

No. My idea was to exhibit to her, in its true light, my disinterested love—and my rivals' superficial attachments.

I thought.
And I thought,
And as a clencher—
I thought again.

Altogether, I did a considerable mess of thinking!

* * * * * *

I had an interview, in one corner, with her maid.

There was a bribe.

(There generally is—in these cases.)

I gave her a small package.

She was to give this small packege to her mistress—in a certain way.

I had just purchased this small package half an hour before at my friend Gay's, who keeps a *Deutche Apotheke* on the corner.

I gave several winks.
She gave me several winks.
Then she went in.
And I went home.

* * * * * *

I called next Sunday to see her.
She could not be seen!
I called on the Wednesday after.

They said she had been fearfully ill—that her face and neck had turned as black as ebony—the doctors could find no bodily ailing—but she was mentally invalided by her sad condition.

On Sunday again I called.
She received me, veiled.

When I alluded to her condition, and uttered my sympathies in the most feeling manner I possibly could; knowing, as I did, the secret and the cause of her trouble—the tremulousness of her voice in thanking me for my sympathy touched my very soul.

I already repented of the act—although its effect had not begun to work yet.

Imagine a pretty woman waking up one morning—*bathing her face*—and then going to the mirror to arrange her toilet, discovering her face to have changed from its roseal tint into a jetty blackness!

That was just precisely her case.

No wonder the poor girl turned sick at heart and sick of brain.

Who wouldn't?

However, this was my plot, the result of my vast course of thinking, and of that package which I had given to her maid.

* * * * * *

I called more frequent after this. I found no rivals there, now. The information which they had got concerning the state of the features of their *adored*, quite calmed their enthusiasm; they "were very sorry, you know, and all that sort of thing"—but for'—"they couldn't think of visiting a black woman." ('it wouldn't half so much matter, you know, if she was all black—but, she was only 'aff and 'aff.')

Need I say to you I had it all my own way, now?

I did.

My experiment had succeeded.

One evening—it was a Wednesday evening I believe—we sat together in her dimly-lit parlor. She seemed quite despondingmore so than usual; whenever she answered my timid questions her voice was sadly soft. She always wore a veil, yet I could fancy a tear trembling, ere it fell, resting upon her eyelash. I held her hand in mine—it was as black as an Arctic night;

I felt a queer beating at my heart;
I knew my face was growing fiery red;
I felt as if I was choking.

I coughed to relieve myself—and in an instant all the tender romance was gone.—She withdrew her hand, I took out my pocket handkerchief and wiped my forehead, and then——

Then I proposed!

In the coldest, most confounded, straightest, grammatical manner, I proposed to her.

What might have been a soft, tender, romantic, lovelike avowal of the divine passion, by a most infernal little cough, was changed into the most business like declaration that ever took place between two hearts.

At first she said I was foolish.

This warmed me.

I represented my constancy and earnestness and truth.

Then she said she was unworthy of me.

This fired me.

I told her how I had long and carefully studied her true beauties and goodness—how devotedly I loved her for her real worth.

Then she referred to her misfortune.

I strongly denounced those who affected love for a woman only for her facial beauties.

She refused to yield herself in so disfigured a state to me.

I persevered.

She yielded.

[N. B.—Any woman will if you only try long enough and hard enough.

* * * * * *

In three weeks we were married,

All her old beaux laughed consumedly at me, I suppose, to think how nicely I took their "leavings" and married a *black woman.*

But—

(There is a BUT; there always is in matters of this kind.)

But in one month after my wedding day my Arabella's skin was as white as a lilly, and her face more beautiful than ever.

The powder of copperas and other ingredients which I had made up, and which had been put in the water, (that was the package I got from Gay's,) had entirely worn off.

My plot had succeeded.

I had won my wife.

And I was happy.

She has looked over my shoulder as I have written these concluding lines——

"It was contemptible!" she says, "and an act unworthy of origin in a manly brain.'

I cannot help blushing.

"But," she continues, and she kisses me, "I cannot but acknowledge that I am far happier as it is, than, I can believe, I might have been had your plot not succeeded,"

I blush again—this time with pleasure.

Duddlepud is forever happy.

Farmer's Column.

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

The White Chester.

A friend, on whose sincerity we have perfect reliance, and who, we are bound to say, has some very nice Chester Pigs for sale, writes as follows:

"I find that my *Chesters eat very little—much less than the common hogs.* A thriving young sow, six months old, has never been known to eat a whole ear of corn at a time, even after fasting half a day—while a very large sow, with seven pigs, is found to be much more easily satisfied with food than a common sow without pigs, and not half as large. A neighbour of mine thinks that his hogs of the common breed are *smaller than they were a year ago,* and another, that it costs more to fatten his than the pork is worth; while several others are known to have given up raising pork altogether, on account of the trouble and expenses of confining and feeding their hogs. Would it not be better for all these to try the Chesters? If you think these facts likely to be useful to any of your readers, you are at liberty to publish them, and perhaps it ought to be done in justice to this very valuable breed of hogs."

We are willing to do the Chester ample justice. The comparison with them of which we spoke in our first article on the subject, was not made with that "common breed" our correspondent mentions, of which, in his neighbour's experience, the specimens are "smaller now than they were a year ago." We had an excellent stock of country hogs, black, red or tawney, and blue colored, hardy, thrifty animals, that with very little care, and in good pasture or other range, gave us very good hogs. It is no doubt a cross made years back on the common country hog with some very good improved breed, and which had combined with many good points of the improved breed, the healthy, vigorous constitution, which high bred animals are apt to be deficient in. If that "common breed" our correspondent speaks of, has had any chance at eating, or even "rooting," (we have heard of a farmer, who would diligently call his hogs in the evening, and after counting, admonish them to "go root,") but if they have had any chance of improvement at all, and so failed, they ought to be extirpated, as beasts of prey pernicious to agriculture.—*American Farmer.*

Harford County Ox.

Wm. B. Stephenson, Esq., a well known citizen of Harford county, fattened the past winter an ox ten years old, which he had worked six years, to the large weight of 2935 lbs.—within a fraction of 1400 lbs nett and sold him for $11 per cwt.—$154. Last year he fattened his mate, who nett 1300 lbs. The two cost six years ago, $130, and after doing five years' work, sold for something more than $300. This ox had a year's run on grass and was fed moderately with grain from November to March. Is it not a very strong argument in favour of substituting oxen for horses in all the heavy work of the farm, that you may buy at three years of age or more, and work them at least four years moderately, with a certain increase in value, and often, as in this case, with a large increase.

A friend of ours has a fancy that on a grain farm his working stock should be composed entirely of Devon oxen and brood mares. The oxen should do the breaking up of his turf and all heavy work, the mares (one-half of which should breed each year) should work the corn and do all light, quick work of the farm, and raise colts.—*Amr. Farmer.*

REMEDY FOR THE GLANDERS.—Seeing an inquiry through the columns of the *Field and Fireside* by W. C. M., for a remedy for the glanders, I will give you my father's remedy, which he has used with success. Crude antimony, a piece about the size of a chinquapin, given in a little wheat bran, or some food readily eaten by the horse, once a week, the next morning a table-spoonful of sulpher; the following morning a tablespoonful of saltpeter; the forth morning about half a teaspoonful of assafœtida; continue the above directions for several weeks after a horse has been infested with glanders.—*Corres. Southern Field and Fireside.*

Experience proves that when cattle or horses are fed on dry corn and hay, they will consume from two to three ounes of salt per day, if permitted free access to it, and if fed on new hay or grass, the consumption amounts to from six to seven ounces a day. Little things are what keep the ball rolling. Give the cattle salt.

Wit and Humor.

"Hellow, Steward!" exclaimed a fellow in one of the steamboats, after having retired to his bed. "Hellow, steward!"

"Here, massa."

"Bring me the way-bill.'

'What for, massa?'

'I want to see if these (big) bed bugs put down their names for this berth before I did—I want them turned out.'

A brave old darkey, during the last miller excitement, had boasted that 'he wa'nt afraid ob de angel ob de Lord. No sah!'

The darkey slept in a room finished off with a rough board partition. One night just as he was getting into bed he was startled with a knocking on the partition which made it all jar again.

'Who dar?'

'The angel of the Lord!'

'What ur want?'

'Want Sambo!'

Out went the light, and under the bedclothes went Sambo.

'No sich nigger here, sah! been dead dese tree weeks."

A tall girl, named short, loved a certain big Mr. Little; while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lady named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longing to be even with Little's short comings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before Long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long.

A physician thus addressed a surgeon, while in their patient's chamber:

"You must not forget to phlebotomize the old gentleman to-morrow.'

'I won't suffer it!' cried the sick man, in a fright.

'Don't be alarmed, sir,' replied the surgeon, 'the doctor orders you to be bled.'

'Oh, as for the bleeding,' replied he 'that matters little; but as for the other, I would sooner die than endure it.'

Bill Swilling was sent to jail for habitual drunkenness. One of his old cronies was asked, "why don't you bail him out?' Bale him out!' he replied, 'why, man; you could not pump him out.'

A droll fellow was asked by an old lady to read the newspaper, and taking it began as follows:—

"Last night, yesterday morning, about two in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it broke his right ankle off above the left knee, fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years after that on the same day an old cat had twenty turkey gobblers, a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and knocked the old Dutch churn down, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb old man was talking French to his old aunt Peter.'

The old lady taking a long breath, exclaimed—

Du tell!'

'Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty or not guilty? 'Arrah! mursha, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the ividence?'

'My good woman,' said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, 'have you got the gospel here?'

'No, sir, we havn't, replied the old drone, 'but they've got it awfully down to New Orleans.'

An Irishman, said the Pittsburg *Post*, working on the canal, lately walked into, the water, and coming across a large turtle, with heads and legs extended, retreated under great excitement, hollering to his companion that he had found a box full of snakes.

A Scene.—Dry goods stores are sometimes the scenes of humorous conversations.

The other day a young lady stepped into a well known establishment in town and inquired of a fine looking young clerk:

'Sir, have you any mou-e-colored ladies' gloves?"

"Mouse-colored ladies, miss?"

"Yes—a sort of gray, just the color of your drawers," meaning the store-drawers of course, which were painted gray.

"My drawers, Miss," ejaculated the young man, glancing downward to see if everything was right and tight. "My drawers, Miss," why I don't wear any!"

The young lady was carried home on a shutter.

Why would a printer make a good postmaster? Because, understanding the "boxes," he could correctly *distribute the letters.*

CONUNDRUM.—Why is it that *Lincoln* can't run? Answer—Because his *boots are stationary.—Norwich Aurora.*

P. S.—To understand this joke our readers must bear in mind that Lincoln, as a member of Congress, once received a pair of boots under a "*frank!*"

A printer meddling with the verdict of a coroner's jury, struck out a comma after the word "apoplexy," making it read thus: "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing appoplexy in the minds of the Jury."

Miscellaneous.

Singular Scene in a Jury Room.—The grand Jury of Lebanon county, Pa., last week returned a true bill against B. R. Hall, charged with forgery and attempting to pass a forged check on the Lebanon bank. The indictment against him for horse stealing was ignored. A singular occurrence took place in the room while the jurors were deliberating on the latter bill. A gentleman appeared before them in regard to the theft, stating that he would be able to recognize the thief if he could see him. Some member of the grand jury then asked the witness to look around and state whether the expected thief was present.—He carefully examined every countenance in the room, and swore positively that the horse thief was sitting behind the table, pointing to a respectable member of the jury. The jurors knowing the high character for integrity sustained by the gentleman pointed out, who is a respectable and estimable citizen of Lebanon, after recovering from their astonishment, at once discharged the witness and ignored the bill against Hall. This singular affair caused considerable amusement among the people of Lebanon, at the expense of the very respectable gentleman who was mistaken for a horse thief!

HOW TO EFFECT A CURE.—Prof. Fowler, in a lecture at Lancaster, Pa., gave the following receipt as a cure for tobacco chewers:

Throw away the weed, eat nothing for two or three days, drink plenty of cold water, and then take a good sweat. If this is done in a close room, the exhalations from the skin will give the room a strong odor of tobacco. This will sweat the poison all out of the system, and with it departs also the appetite for tobacco.

If the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if the youth be trifled away without improvement, riper age will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

There are many doublings in the human heart—do not think that you can find out the whole of a man's real character at once.

A HIT—A PALPABLE HIT.—The Louisville Journal has the following short and decisive hit at an over hasty opponent:

Nobody denies the patriotism of John Bell.

We deny it.—*N. C. Patriot.*

We know you do; we meant you when we said that *nobody* denied it.

HIGHFALUTIN.—Somebody at a political meeting in Delaware, very improperly said some uncivil things of Gen. Winfield Scott, where-upon Mr. Briggs arose in his defence. The following is his eloquent speech:

"Mr. President—Whoever says Gen. Scott is not a patriot, should be kicked out of the back door of public contempt; rolled down the gutter of degradation; picked up with the tongs of general execration, and buried in the waters of oblivion."

GEORGIA TAXES.—Georgia is one of the most flourishing States in the Union, and one of the best governed in the South, and yet it is one of the least taxed, which is the secret of the great development given to its manufacturing industry. The Governor and Comptroller have assessed the per cent tax upon the property this year at 6 cents on the $100. Taking all the taxes, State, county and city, and in no part of the State will they be higher than one eighth of one per cent.

Buttons are sometimes made to do duty for which they were not originally intended, when the contribution box is passed round. A venerable preacher, at the West, announced a collection somewhat as follows:—"My Christian friends, a collection will be taken up for the benefit of the heathen in the Sandwich Islands.

And here I wish to warn those of you who put in buttons, against the too prevalent custom of flattening down the eyes, which, while it has no effect in deceiving the poor heathen into the use of these articles for coin, nevertheless renders them totally useless for buttons.—*Waif.*

GIVE a man the necessaries of lifes and he wants the conveniences. Give him the conveniences and he craves the luxuries. Grant him the luxuries and he is for the elegancies. Let him have the elegancies and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together and he complains that he has been cheated both in the price and quality of the articles.

VERY ODD.—Vanity Fair says that the three ages of a Senator are Mile-age, Postage, and Patron-age.

Probably why so little was written in Dark Ages, was that people could not see to write.—*Waif.*

☞ Woman has many advantages over man:—one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her life time.

☞ A bill that should be defeated in *the house*: the mosquito's bill.

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