THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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℞ AYER'S Cathartic Pills,
(SUGAR COATED,)
ARE MADE TO
CLEANSE THE BLOOD AND CURE THE SICK.
Invalids, Fathers, Mothers, Physicians, Philanthropists, read their Effects, and judge of their Virtues.
FOR THE CURE OF
Headache, Sick Headache, Foul Stomach.
PITTSBURG, PA., May 1, 1855.
DR. J. C. AYER. Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of the worst headache any body can have by a dose or two of your Pills. It seems to arise from a foul stomach, which they cleanse at once. If they will cure others as they do me, the fact is worth knowing.
Yours with great respect, ED. W. FREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Carion.
Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., 7 Feb., 1856.
SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to say they are the best cathartic we employ. Their regulating action on the *liver* is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *bilious disease* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to them.
Fraternally yours, ALONZO BALL, M. D.,
Physician of the Marine Hospital.
Dysentery, Relax, and Worms.
POST OFFICE, HARTLAND, LIV. CO., MICH., Nov. 16, 1855.
DR. AYER: Your Pills are the perfection of medicine. They have done my wife more good than I can tell you. She had been sick and pining away for months. Went off to be doctored at great expense, but got no better. She then commenced taking your Pills, which soon cured her, by expelling large quantities of worms (dead) from her body. They afterwards cured her and our two children of bloody dysentery. One of our neighbors had it bad, and my wife cured him with two doses of your Pills, while others around us paid from five to twenty dollars doctors' bills, and lost much time, without being cured entirely even then. Such a medicine as yours, which is actually good and honest, will be prized here.
GEO. J. GRIFFIN, *Postmaster.*
Indigestion and Impurity of the Blood.
From Rev. J. V. Himes, Pastor of Advent Church, Boston.
DR. AYER: I have used your Pills with extraordinary success in my family and among those I am called to visit in distress. To regulate the organs of digestion and purify the blood they are the very best remedy I have ever known, and I can confidently recommend them to my friends. Yours,
J. V. HIMES.
WARSAW, WYOMING CO. N. Y., Oct. 24, 1855.
DEAR SIR: I am using your Cathartic Pills in my practice, and find them an excellent purgative to cleanse the system and purify the fountains of the blood.
JOHN G. MEACHAM, M. D.
Erysipelas, Scrofula, King's Evil, Tetter, Tumors, and Salt Rheum.
From a Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1856.
DR. AYER: Your Pills are the paragon of all that is great in medicine. They have cured my little daughter of ulcerous sores upon her hands and feet that had proved incurable for years. Her mother had been long grievously afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and in her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried your Pills, and they have cured her. ASA MOEGRIDGE.
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout.
From the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Methodist Epis. Church.
PULASKI HOUSE, SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 6, 1856.
HONORED SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief your skill has brought me if I did not report my case to you. A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating neuralgic pains, which ended in chronic rheumatism. Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the disease grew worse and worse, until, by the advice of your excellent agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills. Their effects were slow, but sure. By persevering in the use of them, I am now entirely well.
SENATE CHAMBER, BATON ROUGE, LA., 5 Dec., 1855.
DR. AYER: I have been entirely cured by your Pills of Rheumatic Gout—a painful disease that had afflicted me for years. VINCENT SLIDELL.
For Dropsy, Plethora, or kindred Complaints, requiring an active purge, they are an excellent remedy.
For Costiveness or Constipation, and as a Dinner Pill, they are agreeable and effectual.
Fits, Suppression, Paralysis, Inflammation, and even **Deafness,** and **Partial Blindness,** have been cured by the alterative action of these Pills.
Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, which, although a valuable remedy in skilful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substance whatever.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,
and for the relief of consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.
We need not speak to the public of its virtues. Throughout every town, and almost every hamlet of the American States, its wonderful cures of pulmonary complaints have made it already known. Nay, few are the families in any civilized country on this continent without some personal experience of its effects; and fewer yet the communities any where which have not among them some living trophy of its victory over the subtle and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. While it is the most powerful antidote yet known to man for the formidable and dangerous diseases of the pulmonary organs, it is also the pleasantest and safest remedy that can be employed for infants and young persons. Parents should have it in store against the insidious enemy that steals upon them unprepared. We have abundant grounds to believe the *Cherry Pectoral* saves more lives by the consumptions it prevents than those it cures. Keep it by you, and cure your colds while they are curable, nor neglect them until no human skill can master the inexorable canker that, fastened on the vitals, eats your life away. All know the dreadful fatality of lung disorders, and as they know too the virtues of this remedy, we need not do more than to assure them it is still made the best it can be. We spare no cost, no care, no toil to produce it the most perfect possible, and thus afford those who rely on it the best agent which our skill can furnish for their cure.
PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass
AND SOLD BY

National Police Gazette.
THIS Great Journal of Crime and Criminals is in its Thirteenth Year, and is widely circulated throughout the country.
It contains all the Great Trials, Criminal Cases and appropriate Editorials on the same, together with information on Criminal Matters, not to found in any other newspaper.
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Office opposite the market house
July 17th—1y Decton, Md

BOOTS & SHOES—a large lot both home-made and Eastern work always on hand & for sale at extremely low prices by
WM. T. ELLIOTT,
July 17 Hillsborough.

Poetry.

We Have Been Friends Together.

BY MRS. NORTON.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chesnut trees
In infancy we played,
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together,
We have laughed at little jests;
For the font of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lips,
And sullen gloom thy brow;
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves where slept
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there,
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together,
Oh, what shall part us now?

If We Knew.

If we knew the cares and crosses,
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him,
For his lack of thrift and gain—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our hearts a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
Whilst 'tis only birds of Eden,
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangling crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks, tear washed, are whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach in our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love towards erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits,
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say dear Father judge us
As we judge our fellow-men.

Miscellaneous.

Too Good to be Lost.—A young friend of ours, a clerk in town, who occasionally "takes a *leetle*" during the bilious season, a few days since, while preparing for himself a moderate "smile," was unexpectedly prevented from imbibing it at the instant by the untimely presence of a lady customer. Whilst waiting upon her, a lank and rough looking individual, hailing from the neighborhood of Double Creek, also entered the store. Soon he discovered the tempting glass upon the shelf, and began to cast alternate glances at it and our friend, till siezing a favorable chance when his back was turned, he quickly seized the tumbler and swallowed its contents as he supposed unseen. When the lady departed, the clerk who was aware of what had been done, looked in vain some time for his drink, till he dispairingly exclaimed,—

"What in the world has become of that stuff I just mixed to kill cockroaches?"

The lank individual, livid with fright, instantly responded:

"What, sur! was thar *any pizen in it*, fur I drunk it!"

Our friend, with emphasis and in a manner denoting great sympathy, told him there was, and advised him to procure an emetic at once. The "pizened" man did not do so however, but with the aid of his fore-finger thrust down his throat, he quickly relieved his stomach of the *pizen* which he had unconsciously swallowed, together with a considerable admixture of watermellons, canteleups, sweet potatoes, side-bacon, &c. This being over, he suddenly departed, leaving our friend to cleanse the floor at his leisure, and to resume his glass, with the gratification of not being sgain interrapted by his verdant customer.—*Kent News.*

A Printer in the Rochester *Union* office has received a "fat take," in the shape of a girl and a boy—twins. He says the copy was marked "solid" when it was given out, but the foreman 'double-leaded' the matter when he "made up the forms."

Sight Restored by Marriage.

The Cincinnati Press of Thursday last says:

A physiological wonder occurred a short time since, in this city, which will doubtless prove as interesting to our readers, as it already has to physiologists and oculists. A young and exceedingly interesting girl, residing on Eighth Street, whose name we suppress from motives of delicacy, and whose amiable disposition, elegant manners, and placid beauty of soul, had endeared her to all who knew her, was a year or two ago, compelled to discontinue her studies and leave school, in consequence of a partial loss of eye sight that threatened to become total.

She was entirely unable to read, and although she could see well enough to enable her to walk about, visit her friends, and entertain them when they called upon her, the threatened loss of sight gave her much annoyance and aroused the sympathies of all who become acquainted with the facts.

A number of our most skillful physicians were employed by the family, and she was even taken to some of our most noted oculists; but all their learning, dexterity, and management proved unavailing. Her eyes looked healthy, were beautifully pensive in their expression, and seemed deep as her soul was pure but they were, nevertheless, to her almost wholly useless.

Notwithstanding this rather melancholly physical defect, a young man, who had long been devoted to her, offered her his hand in marriage; she demurred, and through an excess of affection, refused to bestow it upon the man who had long since won her heart, stating that she never would give her consent to become a burden upon the man she loved. For a long time he persisted in his suit, and at length, through his praises and sighs, made her believe that life with her, even if she were wholly blind, were better than a Paradise where she were not.

A month or two ago her resolution was rescinded and she became his wife; and, strange as it may seem, from that day her eye-sight began to improve, and she is now able to read the finest print by gas-light, without pain and without any apparent optical injury. The case has caused considerable sensation among those who are conversant with the circumstances. Apart from its significance as a well-established ocular fact, it is a practical illustration of what has been cleverly and wittily said, "that Love is blind, but Hymen is the oculist who alone can open his eyes."

While we do not with some make light of such an affair, we must add that a great many get their "eyes open" after marriage.

A Domestic Romance.

The papers relate the following story:

One morning last week a scene occurred on the train from New York south, which for a time created an excitement among the passengers. Among those on the train was a lady about thirty years of age. She was good looking and attracted much attention from her air of melancholy.—At Princeton a sun-burnt but very handsome gentleman entered the car in which the lady in question was seated.

No sooner had the parties glanced at each other than the lady swooned.—On recovering herself, it appeared that the gentleman in question was her husband, whom she had not seen for ten years. He had started for California when the gold fever first broke out.—The parties at the time resided in Princeton, N. J. The husband was taken sick and did not recover for some time. Prior to his convalescence the lady had gone South in the capacity of a governess, and wrote that fact to her husband, who, unfortunately, did not receive her letter. No answer to his letter reaching him, he thought his wife was careless of his welfare. A feeling of home came over him and he returned to the States a few days ago. Meantime the lady had fallen heir to a large southern estate left her by a member of the famlly in which she had been teaching. These explanations being made, he once more united couple started on a southern trip together. There was a certainty of there being at least two happy persons on that train.

The Great Southern Staple.

The general introduction of cotton fabrics throughout the civilized world has created an ever-growing demand for that great staple, and in the nature of things, that demanded must continue to increase indefinitely and keep fully up with the production of the raw material. The increase of productions in this country has no parallel in the history of textile fabrics. In 1800, the cotton crop of this country amounted to nineteen millions of pounds—in 1850 to more than one thousand one hundred and sixty-five millions of pounds; the value at the first date $1,726,000,—at the last date $184,400,000, and the estimate of the crop sold this year, in real, and not export, value, is placed at $232,000,000. In the manufacture of this staple Great Britain employs about 1,350,000 hands and 38 million spindles, and consumes nearly 100,000 pounds, near three-fourths of which is from this country; and the highest English authority has recently estimated that at least four millions of British subjects are dependant on this manufacture for subsistence. In our own country there are manufactured 427 millions of pounds annually, employing say 100,000 hands and 600,000 spindles.

The Northern States take for manufacture say 350 millions of pounds, for which they pay about $38,500,000, and which they sell, when wrought into various fabrics, for about $140,000,000.

The total failure of a single cotton crop in the Southern States of this Union would throw out of employment in Great Britian, more than a million hands, and leave without the means of subsistence some four millions of souls, besides stopping hundreds of mills and rendering untold millions now profitably employed dead capital on the hands of proprietors. And in the Northern States it would have the same effect on a more limited scale. Besides rendering the vast amount of capital vested in that class of enterprise valueless, it would stop an annual income of over $100,000,000 now flowing from that source.

Again, our exports to foreign countries, on which we depend to meet our import debts, is, in round numbers, two hundred and seventy-eight million dollars, of which sum about one hundred and sixty-two millions dollars are for cotton, while the total amount of exports of every kind from all the Northern States is seventy-eight millions, less than half the value of the single article of cotton exported.

Great Britian has made great and expensive efforts to secure to herself supplies of cotton from India, and from Africa, so as to be independent of this country for the staple on which her wealth and prosperity very much depend; but she has not succeeded beyond something over a fourth of a supply of the inferior grades. There is but a narrow zone of the earth's surface on which cotton can be advantageously produced; and the most and best of that zone Providence has located in our own happy country.—*Family Journal.*

The Fall of Table Rock.

BY THE LAST MAN WHO STOOD ON IT.

George Wilkes writes this week from Niagara to his Spirit:

I said I had something to do with the falling of Table Rock, that broad shell on the Canada side, which in 1850 looked over the very cauldron of the seething waters, but which tumbled into it on a certain day in the month of June of that, by me, well-remembered year. About noon on that day, I accompanied a lady from the Clifton House to the Falls. Arriving at Table Rock, we left our carriage, and as we approached the projecting platform I pointed out to my companion a vast crack or fisure which traversed the entire base of the rock, remarking that it had never appeared to me before. The lady almost shuddered as she looked at it, and shrinking back, declared she did not care about going to the edge. 'Ah,' said I, taking her hand, you might as well come on, now that you are here. I hardly think the rock will take a notion to fall merely because we are on it.'

The platform jutted from the mainland some sixty feet, but, to give the visitor a still more fearful projection over the raging waters, a wooden bridge or staging, had been thrust beyond the extreme edge for some ten feet. This terminated in a small box for visitors to stand in, and was kept in its position and enabled to bear its weight by a ponderous load of stones heaped upon its inner ends. The day was very bright and hot, and it being almost lunch time at the Hotels, but a few visitors were out, so we occupied the dizzy perch alone. We gazed fearfully out upon the awful waters, we stretched our heads timidly over the frightful depth below, and we felt our natures quelled in every fibre by the deafening roar that seemed to saturate us as it were, with an undefinable dread.

'This is a terrible place!' said I. "Look under there and see on what a mere shell we stand. For years and years the teeth of the torrent, in that jetting, angry stream have been knawing out that hollow, and some day this plane must fall." My companion shuddered, and drew herself together in alarm. Our eyes swept the roaring circle of the waters once again; we gazed about in fearful fascination, when suddenly, turning our looks upon each other, each recognized a corresponding fear. 'I do not like this place!' exclaimed I, quickly.—'The whole base of this rock is probably disintegrated, and perhaps sits poised in a succession of steps or notches, ready to fall out and topple down at any unusual purturbation. That fisure there seems to me to be unusually wide to-day! I think we had better leave, for I do not fancy such a finish; and, besides, my paper must be published next week.'

With these very words—the latter uttered half jocosely, though not without alarm; I seized my companion's hand, and, in absolute panic, we fled, as fast as our feet could carry us, toward what might be called the shore. We burst into a laugh when we regained the land, and jumping into our carriage, felt actually as if we had made a fortunate escape. We rolled back toward the Clifton, but before we had proceeded two minutes on our way, a thundering report, like the explosion of an earthquake, burst upon us, and with a loud roar the ground trembled beneath our wheels. We turned to find that Table Rock had fallen. We were the last upon it, and it was doubtless, the unusual purturbation caused by our flying footsteps that disturbed the exactitude of its equilibrium and thrilled it from its final poise. In a minute more the road was filled with hurrying people, and during the following half hour we were told a hundred times in advance of the next morning journals, that a lady and gentleman who were on the Table Rock had gone down the falls. We are told that the trot of a dog would shake old London Bridge from end to end, when it would not be disturbed by the rolling of heavily loaded wains. Table Rock had not been run upon in the way I have described for years; perhaps never—and therefore when I hear it spoken of, I always shudder and feel as if I had had something to do with its fall.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is not only the oldest, but the best book in the world. The matter, the manner, the end, the harmony, the success of the Scriptures, together with their wonderful preservation, the character of the penmen, and the accomplishment of their predictions, should teach us their divine authority. Infidels may reject, skepties may doubt, and the licentious may sneer, but no one who ever wished to take away the foundation stone, could produce any *other equal to it*, on which the structure of a pious mind, a solid hope, a comfortable state, or a wise conduct could be raised. A view of the heathen world, a sight of mankind at large, will evidently show how far the light of nature can carry men. Revelation is the *sure word* (in the beautiful language of the apostle) whereunto we do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place.

We, who are saved by grace, have room enough in our Redeemer's character are so varied, and all of them so precious, that we may still gaze and adore. The Shepherd folding the lambs in his bosom, the Breaker dashing into pieces the opposing gates of brass, the Captain routing all his foes, the Brethren born for adversity, and a thousand other delightful pictures of Jesus, are all calculated to stir the affections of the thoughtful Christian.

MOVEMENTS OF GRAIN.—On Saturday, says the Chicago Press, the amount of wheat (including flour) received was 265,566 bushels, which are the heaviest receipts for one day ever known in the history of the city. The total receipts of all kinds of grain (with flour reduced) foot up 263,269 bushels. The shipments of wheat up to 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, amounted to about 200,000 bushels. The present high rates of freight have brought a large number of vessels into our river, strangers to the port, and almost everything afloat at all fit for the purpose is now finding employment in carrying of grain.

The Detroit Advertiser states that during the 24 hours ending on Saturday at sundown, about fifty grain-laden vessels passed that port, having in the aggregate about nine hundred thousand bushels on board.

Of the Saturday's receipts at Chicago, the Galena brought 76,000 bushels, Illinois Central 55,000, Burlington and Quincey 60,000. The Chicago and Northwestern is beginning to enter the field, the harvest being later along its line.—On Saturday, it brought 9000 bushels of grain into Chicago.

The N. Y. Tribune says that one shilling and sixpence sterling was paid on Wednesday as the freight per bushel for wheat to Liverpool by one of the screw steamers. It is but a short time since flour was shipped at the same rate per barrel. We believe the famine price of 1847 was only one and nine-pence per bushel.—*Boston Post.*

A fat man lost his appetite recently, and the unlucky finder being a poor man with a large family, it ruined him in less than a fortnight.

From the Providence Post.

THE TRUE ISSUE—*Sailing Under their True Colors!*—The Republicans of Massachusetts, at their State Convention last week, nominated for Governor John A. Andrew, who the Boston papers assure us is an abolitionist of the Garrison and Wendell Phillips stamp. This Mr. Andrew—the Republican candidate for Governor—last fall presided at an OLD JOHN BROWN SYMPATHIZING MEETING in Boston, and declared that "John Brown was right!" We ask the editor of the Providence Journal, and the conservative men of Rhode Island whether they think that "John Brown was right?"—Was he "*right*" in breaking into the arsenal at Harper's Ferry? Was he '*right*' in attempting to incite a servile insurrection in Virginia? Was he "*right*" in arming the negroes with fifteen hundred pikes, which he had procured with funds furnished by the Massachusetts abolitionists? Was he "*right*" in murdering five persons at Harper's Ferry, one of them the Mayor of the city, and in his endeavors to raise and equip a black army of infuriated negroes to massacre the white citizens—our brethren of the South? Is this the kind of Union which the Republicans wish to establish between the North and the South? It is not the Union which our fathers made. It is not the Union which our Federal Constitution recognizes. It is not the Union which can long hold together these confederated States. But Seward's irrepressible conflict," carried on by servile insurrections—by means of pikes and revolvers!

The people of Massachusetts are now called upon to sanction murder and treason committed in a slave State by voting for the avowed John Brown advocate and sympathizer for Governor of that once-honored Commonwealth! Will they do it? If they do it, they should be made to do it knowingly and deliberately; for the question should be incessantly rang in the ears of every voter in the State, "Are you willing to justify murder and treason, if only committed in a slave State, by voting John A Andrew for governor, who has declared that 'John Brown was right?'

Bell's Americanism.—The New Orleans Courier quotes from a speech of John Bell the following defence of Americanism:

"To propose an amendment to the Constitution by which Romanists shall be excluded from office, might justly be considered an attempt to establish a religious test; and to propose to exclude naturalized foreigners from office by an amendment to the Constitution, might, with truth, be said to be an attempt to proscribe them; but the organization of a political party, upon the principles or policy of withholding the support and suffrages of the members of that party in the public elections from Roman Catholics and naturalized citizens—and that is all the American party proposes to do—cannot by any fair reasoning, or ingenious sophistry, be shown to be an attempt to establish a religious test or to proscribe any class of citizens, nor, in regard either to Romanism or naturalized citizens, can the argument be maintained that the American party, in withholding from them their support in elections, is guilty of a violation of the Constitution in letter or spirit."

Abolition Outrages in Texas.—Extract of a private letter dated Houston, Texas, Aug. 23d, 1860, to a friend in Hartford, Ct.

"Tell your Abolition friends to go on and soon they will have the pleasure of seeing the negro reduced to such a state of hopeless bondage that they may well pity them. I solemnly declare that to-day the negro is not as free as he was two or five years ago; and why? Simply because his master has been goaded on to desperation by incendiary acts and speeches. Now he fears the negro and binds him down as you would a savage animal. One year ago all was peace and quietness here. The negro was allowed to go out and have dances and frolics; to-day, one dare not show his head after 9 o'clock in the evening.

Seven companies of patrols are organized and guard the city each night. Sixteen horse patrol scour the country around. Forty-eight vigilance men say live, banish or die, as the proof may go to show. And so it is all over the country. Men are hung every day by the decision of planters, lawyers, judges and ministers. It is not hot, impetuous acts, but cool stern justice. It is the saving of wife and daughter, mother and sister, from the hand of desecration. It is the stopping of scenes that would make the Druses and Turks blush for shame. * * * * We had one more fire."

A Green Lizzard in the Stomach of a man.—Mr. C. Hamilton, of Troy, was summoned last week to visit a brother, at Vergennes, Vt., who was pronounced to be in the last stages of consumption. Mr. H. found his brother in a very dangerous condition, but in spite of the opinions of all the doctors, he was convinced that consumption was not the cause. He induced a physician to insert a stomach pump, thinking there might be some foreign matter in the stomach. The pump soon became choked, and on being withdrawn brought with it a huge, green lizzard, alive and sprightly. The consumptive patient is rapidly recovering.

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