THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL I. **DENTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1860.** **NO. 14.**

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

℞ 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. TREBLE.
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

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 MORGRIDGE.

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 SIBLEY.

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 family in 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 few are 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, for 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 diseases, and all 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

FLUID.—Etherial Oil, of superior quality, for sale by WM. T. ELLIOTT
July 17 Hillsborough.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CLOTHES,

No. 311 South Second St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

CHAS. VEZEY. | WM. HILES

*** We cater to the public taste.

july 18-1y

NEW GOODS!

Great Inducement to Cash Buyers!!

I have now opened at my Store in Greensborough, a large and complete stock of new

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

which I wish to sell for CASH, or its equivalent in TRADE, and I am determined to offer them at prices so low that all must be satisfied that I prefer *cash* to *merchandise*. If persons dealing in this market will but give me a call, and make a comparison of prices, I am sure, from my long experience in the business, and general knowledge of the wants of the people, I can sell them goods, and rare bargains at that.

My stock is now complete, embracing a variety suited to the season and commensurate with the wants of all classes of the community. All I ask is an examination of my stock and a comparison of prices
sep 17 WM. H. COMEGYS



AMERICAN UNION.

DENTON, OCTOBER 16, 1860.

UNION AND DISUNION.—There appears to be a misrepresentation, by all the opposing parties in this country, of the principles of the Constitutional Union Party, or it is because of a total ignorance of the position the Union party occupy, before the country, that it is assailed as a party without principles. The bold and reckless assersion of the Breckinridge democrats, that the Union party have neither principles or platform, is a libel upon the good sense, sound judgment, and the best talent of some of the most brilliant intellects in the land. It is an impeachment of the motives and objects of some of the best patriots, and a doubt as to their capability of judging for themselves in the choice of selecting their own rulers. Did George Washington, the model President, or any other of the early Presidents, come before the American people upon party platforms, asking their suffrages upon mere abstract questions, with their views ultra on one subject to suit that particular locality, and in another section so modified as to suit the notions of another latitude. No, they would have scorned so base—so mean an act; and at this day with all the political depravity in high places of government, it is an insult to the intelligence of the honest masses of the people.

The Constitutional Union party, advocating the election of Bell and Everett to the highest office in the gift of a free people, have before them a higher and more sacred duty to perform. We have spread out before us a country vast in extent; possessing all the elements of national wealth and greatness—diversified with every variety of climate—rich in resources—a commerce that rivals the world—a government, in all its departments, executive, legislative and judicial, that is unequalled on the globe—a Union of confederated States, operating and co-operating with each other, like the revolving sattelites in the solar system a round the great luminary; each State acting in its proper sphere and its sovereign capacity, while the Constitution operating over all in its sovereign capacity, gives to each and to all, that Union and Equality which is their common inheritance. It is the development of our resources; the adaptation of climate to every pursuit; our great commercial and other interest, and above all, the fostering care of the government; the Union of the States, and in a political, civil and religious point of view, the equality of our citizens, that has made us a great and mighty nation. It is the Union of the States and that great *Magna Charta*, the Constitution, as it was framed by our fathers, and as construed by our wisest and best statesmen; with good and wholesome laws, wisely administered and rigidly enforced, that has made us a happy and a prosperous people.

To maintain inviolate these incalculable blessings—to preserve the Union as it is—and forever crush out disunion—are the great national principles which the Constitutional Union Party proclaim to the people of the United States. Yet, we are told, it is a party without principles. If as it is alleged, it is a party without principle, there is not a single principle contained in the Union or the Constitution, and our fathers were deceived; we have been deceived—all is an illusion. We believe no such doctrine. Who is there to be found living under the Union and Constitution that are insensible of its advantages and its blessings; of the mighty shield thrown around him for his protection, whether immediately under its stars and stripes at home, or wandering in a foreign land. To continue these blessings and perpetuate the Union, to unborn millions of our race, is the great mission of the Constitntional Union party of this country. It proposes to maintain the Union and the Constitution at all hazzards. Let what will come, under no contingencies that may arise, will it countenance disunion. If internal war, intestine strife, sectional rancour, and universal discord should rage throughout every State, from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it would still cling to the Union as our last and only hope of safety—as the great political ark in which rests all our constitutional rights, and around which every patriot may rally to uphold and defend it from the savage assaults of the political Cæsars of the country. If we believed the Constitutional Union party would, for any cause whatever, right or wrong—under any cirtumstances that might arise, go for a dissolution of the Union, we would immediately denounce it as a vile political party, and unworthy of the suffrages of enlightened freemen. We would not remain in the ranks a single hour.

But how stands the case with the other political parties claiming the support of the people. Mr. Douglas, we believe, was questioned in his Norfolk speech, to know that if Mr. Lincoln was elected, if it would be a sufficient cause for a dissolution of the Union, and he answered promptly—NO!—It is said by some of the Virginia newspapers, that because he answered in the negative, some of his supporters denounced him and went over to Breckinridge. Mr. Yancy says boldly on the stand, that if certain contingencies arise, he is for a dissolution. Supporters of Breckinridge all over the country, hold the same opinions. In our own county, here in Maryland, we have heard members of the Breckinridge party declare the same doctrine. It appears to be the almost unanimous sentiments of that party, that in certain contingencies, they are for disunion. What those contingencies are, they do not state. It may be for light or trivial causes, or for some real or imaginary wrong, however small it may be, yet enlarged and magnified, it might with them, be a pretext for dissolving the bonds of Union, cemented by the blood of Revolutionary martys. We think, the Breckinridge democracy, an unsafe depository of power while it promulgates such doctrines, and we would advise them to heed the warning of George Washington; "frown down the first attempts at disunion."

The Republican party hold the same opinions, that if certain things occur, they are for disunion. In the event of the accession of either party to power, the Union exists only conditionally, and as a creature of secondary importance. Thus we go.

The Constitutional Union party ask for no contingencies—seek for no circumstances as an excuse for a dissolution of the Union, and under none that may now or hereafter arise, will they go for dissolution. Let it then, no longer be said, that the Union party have no principles. We hurl back the slander and defy any party to produce better, or those more worthy of the confidence of the people. What is there more dear to the people of this country than the Union and the Constitution? Let these safe-guards of the people be swept away, and where then is your nationality? You may then bid farewell, a long farewell to all that we hold sacred as a nation, either in a civil, social or religious point of view.

☞ *Who can beat them?*—Mr. Willis Charles, residing at Federalsburg, in this county, raised this season, five Pumpkins, weighing respectively 50, 62, 85, 90 and 93 pounds. Average weight of each 76 lbs. Total weight 380 lbs. They were indeed, "sum punkins" and very hard to beat at that.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WYEK.—In the Museum of Berlin,—remarks a writer in a Newark contemporary—in the hall devoted to Northern Antiquities; they have the representations of the Idols from whom the names of the days of the week are derived. From the Idol of the Sun, comes Sunday. This is represented with his face like the Sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course around the world. The Idol of the Moon, from which cometh Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the Moon in his hands. Tuesco, from which cometh Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and peculiar gods of the Germans, and is represented in his garment of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, after whom Wednesday was named, was a valiant Prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to, for victory. Thor, whence Thursday, is seated on a bed, with twelve stars over his head holding a scepter in his right hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand and a bow in his left. He was giver of peace and plenty. Seater, from whence is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

Honesty is the best policy.

Poetry.

The Parting of Summer.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou art singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunsent
Of thy last lingering day,
Oh! tell me o'er this checquered earth,
How thou hast passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free,
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,
Is the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams,
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue, rejoicing streams.

To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In sweet delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound:—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longing wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the home of earth again!

And unto me glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed.

In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
'Mid these thy melodies have ceased
And all thy roses died.

But, Oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar.

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this,
May that next meeting be.

HOW STEWART MADE HIS FORTUNE.

Probably the most stupendous success in mercantile career, of no extraordinary length, has been that of A. T. Stewart, the present great wholesale and retail dry goods dealer.

A. T. Stewart is a countryman of O'Connell, Brien the Brave, Curran, the late Duke of Wellington, Powers, the actor, Grattan, the Emmetts, and Teddy the Tiler. Forty-one years ago he landed on the western side of the Atlantic, alone and unfriended. He came from the county Tyrone, near the bushes. When he reached New York in 1819, Mr. Stewart must have been twenty four years old, and soon after he could have been found at No. 59 Rose street, directly opposite the Quaker church, where 'he taught the young idea how to shoot,' or in plain Irish kept a school. How long Mr. Stewart was occupied in a task that would have tried the patience of Job, I dare not say, but I have no doubt it was a most excellent preparatory school, to teach patience to the future immense favorite and successful waiter upon the caprices of lady dry goods purchasers.

Mr. Stewart is now about the age of sixty five, having been born in Ireland in 1795 or '96. After the yellow fever in 1822, he opened a retail dry goods store in Broadway, in an old wooden tenement directly opposite to where his great marble palace now stands. His store may have been twenty-two feet wide, and about twenty feet deep.—He was next door to the celebrated Bonafanti, now nearly forgotten. At that time Mr. Stewart was not a large or even a small dealer in dry goods.—His store was not large enough. He kept hosiery, laces, silks, and the more costly fabrics. He attended the great auction sales ragularly, and never missed a sale of dry goods.

He invariably upon these occasions bought what was called 'tumbled lots,' or more properly speaking 'sample lots.' At a great "shelf sale" samples would be flung upon the long table, before the auctioneer. The buyers would handle them, stretch, pull, try on the goods, if gloves, and tumble them in fine style.

It was curious to a philosopher to watch the rapid transition over Stewart's face. He always stood close to the auctioneer, and as he invariably bought the sample lot, his face expressed anxiety, his hands reached out and grasped as many of the articles as he could compass, especially laces, and drew them near himself to prevent more tangling. When a lot of goods was closed up, then the samples would be sold separate, and rarely brought half price. Then Mr. Stewart was in his glory. He bought all, conveyed them up to his little store, and as he was very expert in redressing up gloves, hosiery, laces, &c., he would soon make his sample lots equal to the original goods before they had been mussed at the auction sales. Then followed the triumph of the patient, humble little tradesman. He could undersell anybody in that trade, of course, and ladies of fashion were not long in finding out that fact. In this modest, way he worked along, slowly but surely, from 1822 to 1828. Then he found his business greatly increased. He was the best judge of laces in New York, and he sold the best at the lowest prices—lower than the great dealers, Fountain & Co., Vandervelt & Flanden. Stewart, by practicing economy, industry, and absolute devotion to his profession and business, soon came alongside of his great and sometimes overbearing rivals. He was humble, attentive, sold very cheap, and the best of goods—he neither tried on dodges or gouges; he was regarded as a worthy young beginner, and very soon the fashionable Misses Mason, Jones, Jay, Homes, Stuyvesant, and others of their set, became his constant patrons, and he soon had all that profitable trade.

He was forced to move. Three stores had been erected in Broadway, between Warren and Chamber streets. Bentijack Weems moved in the corner store, Fountain & Co., moved next, and Stewart in the third store. His was only thirty feet deep. The rest were their present depth, and all only three stories high, but occupied above by families. In this store Stewart continued until 1832. Then he moved down to a two-story store between Murry and Warren streets; his business increased so rapidly that he had to enlarge his store by deepening it an additional twenty feet, and raised it to three stories. In the course of five years more he was obliged to deeped it thirty feet more and put on two more stories, making it a five story store.

About this time Stewart adopted the plan of employing as clerks the handsomest young fellows he could pick up in this country or even in England—his customers were the most fashionable and dashing young women in the city. Many of our readers will remember a partly bald-headed man who used to walk up and down the store, when it was opposite the City Hall. This walker was named Johnson; he had been brought up in a fashionable dry goods store. He came to New York, and offered to go into Stewart's store for no salery; he was accepted. The first year Stewart gave him $400; the second $1,200; the third, $2,500; and the next year gave him an interest in the business of one-eighth; he left the concern of A. T. Stewart & Co., some ten years after, with $100,000, and went to England, taking $20,000 and leaving $80,000, which Stewart invested in Kentucky bonds. When he reached England he was induced to start a club house; he sold out his $80,000 Kentucky stock, and lost every dollar.

In the year 1837, when all was gloom and confusion in the commercial world; when failures were so common that the concern that did not fail was regarded with astonishment, Stewart was as lively in the crash of commercial elements as a stormy petrel in a wild hurrican. Everybody was breaking. What did the farseeing Stewart do; he reduced his stock to cost and sold for those prices. Old women who had stockinged their gold and silver marched to Stewart's to take advantage of the awful sacrifice that unfortunate merchant was making; and though they did not want the goods, yet like Mrs. Toodles, they might 'want'em one of these days,' when they could not be had at such low prices.

Stewart was overrun with cash; he took the same money received for goods sold at cost, went into the market, and bought the same style of goods that he had sold, for 40 per cent. less than he had obtained! During all the disastrous panic Stewart retailed every day $5,000 worth of goods. While others all around him were breaking he was coining money; he was the father of "Selling off at Cost." He was the originator of an idea among retail dry goods dealers that has saved thousands of men from ruin, and made fortunes for tens of thousands of humbugs, by "selling off at cost."

Mr. Stewart moved quietly and calmly among the tumultuous commercial elements of 1837.

In 1848 he moved to his present marble palace. He had bought Washington Hall of young John Coster for $50,000, and for a few thousand dollars more two additional buildings and lots on Broadway, corner of Chambers street. Upon this magnificent site he erected the present store. The whole cost of the ground and the palace erected did not reach $300,000. To-day it would sell at auction for from $800,000 to $1,000,000.

He paid Pitroon Van Rensellaer $540,000 for the Metropolitan Hotel and out-buildings. It is now worth and pays an interest of ten per cent, on $1,000,000; and would bring at auction $800,000; he owns nearly all of Bleecker street, between Broadway and his present residence, and in fact owns more real estate then any other man in New York, except it may be Mr. Wm. B. Astor. But Mr. Astor's income is not so large as Stewart's.

In January, 1859, he was worth fourteen millions of dollars; his sales at the store are $10,000,000 annually; his profits exceed $800,000, of which he now, and ever has received, one half.

He lives moderately and quietly; his house was built by Depau, but cost Stewart only twenty thousand dollars.

He married Miss Clinch, a sister of Mr. Clinch of the grocer firm of Townsend, Clinch & Dyke. They have no children. So unostentatious is Mr. Stewart in his religious, opinions, that few know whether he is a Catholic or Protestant.

Mr. Stewart lives plainly, and is very simple in his habits. He never splurges, and cares nothing for fashionable society, or for any but the set habit has flung him among. He now and then gives a great dinner party, and his guests are found among the substantial commercial men of his acquaintance. At Mr. Stewart's dinners the service is of solid gold. He can and does entertain splendidly.

Mr. Stewart is only sixty-five years of age. Girard lived to be ninety-two, and Astor was ninety. Mr. Stewart is more likely to live to be one hundred, than either Girard or Astor at sixty-five were likely to live to ninety.

In 1836, Mr. Stewart was worth one million five hundred thousand dollars.—He has averaged from that time to the present, a business of four millions a year, for twenty years past. His profits have been fifteen per cent.; that is, six hundred thousand dollars per year, or fourteen millions dollars; his half share is seven millions two hundred thousand dollars; add the compound interest to that, and to his original capital in 1836 and it reaches fourteen millions of dollars. The rise of real estate owned by Mr. Stewart, over the price paid, is, in 1860, over five millions; and I do not believe that he is worth less to-day than eighteen or twenty millions of dollars, and a large portion of it is in real estate that is rapidly rising in value. I stated a few lines back that in ten years Mr. Stewart would be worth one hundred millions of dollars. I will now prove it.

His business to-day is eight hundred thousand dollars a year profit to himself. In ten years at compound interest, ten millions. Add to that seven per cent., or twenty millions, and compound interest for ten years and with the rise of real estate, and Mr. Stewart's wealth will reach pretty near eighty or one hundred millions of dollars.

If he lives to be ninety years old, he will be worth two hundred and fifty millions, and the richest man in the world—far exceeding the Marquis of Westminster in England—whose income is a million and a half sterling, or about seven millions of our money in dollars.

As three to three and a half per cent. is quite a good income from property in England, the Marquis may be set down as fairly worth two hundred millions of dollars, which, at three and a half per cent., gives him seven millions of dollars annually, or a million and a half pounds sterling.

The best thing that Mr. Stewart can do to earn an earthly immortality, is to buy Ireland before he dies from Great Britain, and set her up in business on her own account among the nations of the earth.

At a town meeting in Ireland, it was voted "that all persons in the town owning dogs should be muzzled."

"Can you return my love, dear Mary?"—"Certainly, sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love."—"Never fear, dear, the longer you stay away the better I shall like you!"

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc2929_scm3526-0060