THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL I. **DENTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1860.** **NO. 16.**

ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

Stage route from Felton to Easton.

GOING SOUTH.

Leaves Felton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday; arrives at Denton at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Leaves Denton for Easton same day at 4½ P. M.

GOING NORTH.

Leaves Easton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, arrives at Denton at 12 o'clock, M. Leaves Denton for Felton at 1 P. M. same days.

Head of Sassafras to Denton.

Leaves Head of Sassafras for Denton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday; arrives at Denton at 4 o'clock P. M. same day.

Leaves Denton for Head of Sassafras every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 o'clock, A. M.

From Denton to Harrington.

Leaves Denton every Tuesday and Thursday at 8 o'clock and arrives same day at 4 o'clock, P. M.

From Denton to Federalsburg.

Leaves Denton for Federalsburg every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 4 o'clock A. M., arrives same day at 6 o'clock, P. M.

J. ALBURGER, P. M.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of the Circuit Court.—Hon. R. B. Carmichael.
Clerk of the Circuit Court.—R. J. Jump
Register of Wills.—Geo. H. Moore.
Sheriff.—James G. Redden.
State's Attorney.—Thos. H. Kemp.
Surveyor.—Willis Corkran.
County Commissioners.—Thos. Saulsbury, Charles Lane and Twiford Noble.
Clerk to the County Commissioners.—A. P. Sorden.
Judges of the Orphan's Court.—Wm. G. Nicholson, Wm. A. Foard and Bennett Todd.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

1st *District.*—T. J. Earickson, Thomas Straughn.
2d *District.*—Thos. Numbers, Benjamin A. Richardson, S. L. Chaffinch.
3d *District.*—Doct. F. Roop, Wm. Sisk.
4th *District.*—Wm. Lookerman,

CONSTABLES.

1st *District.*—Esma Lowe.
2d *District.*—Jonathan Evitts.
3d *District.*—Nathaniel Perry.
4th *District.*—R. J. Willoughby.

ROAD SUPERVISORS.

1st *District.*—Vincent Bartlett.
2d *District.*—John Bishop.
3d *District.*—Joseph Patchett.
4th *District.*—Perry Taylor.

TRUSTEES OF THE POOR.

Dr. P. O. Cherbonier, Wm. Goslin, Jas. M. Whitby, John Thrawley and A. Y. Collins.

A CARD.

Wm. A. Stack

Takes this method to inform his friends and the public in general that he is prepared to clean, paint and Varnish all kinds of Furniture, Carriages &c., at short notice, and will go to the country when called on, charges moderate. He hopes by giving strict attention to business to be liberaly patronized. jy 31-6m.

Hillsborough, Md.

DAVID BLOCKSOM.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Will practice in Caroline Queen Anne'se Kent and Talbot counties and attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and fidelity. He is prepared to attend to all business, of Conveyancing &c. with Dispach.

Office opposite the market house
July 17th—1y Denton, Md

THOMAS H. KEMP JR.,

Attorney At Law,

Denton Caroline County Md.

WILL practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot, Queen Ann's and Kent. july 17-tf.

G. M. RUSSUM,

Attorney At Law.

Denton Md.

WILL practice in Caroline and the adjacent counties. Office next door to the residence of S. J. Jump, Esq.

July 17-1y.

PHILIP W. DOWNES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

DENTON, MD.

Will give strict attention to the Practice of Law and Collection of Claims.

July 17-tf.

Valuable Tavern For Sale.

THE undersigned will sell his Hillsborough property on reasonable terms. If not sold it will be for rent for the year 1861.

jy 24-6m. P. S. REYNOLDS.

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.

A LARGE LOT of Plantation Brogans and womens thick Boots, extra large sizes, for sale by J. B. & W. W. HERITAGE.

Poetry.

I WOULD IF I COULD.

I would if I could,
Though much its in use,
Is but a falacious
And sluggish excuse;
And many a person,
Who could if he would,
Is often heard saying,
'I would if I could.'

'Come John,' said a school boy,
'I wish you would try
'To solve this hard problem,
Now don't you deny;'
But John at this moment,
Was not in the mood:
And yawningly answered,
'I would if I could.'

At the door of a mansion,
In tattered rags clad,
Stood a poor woman, begging
A morsel of bread;
The rich man scarce heeded,
While trembling she stood,
And answered her coldly,
'I would if I could.'

The scholar receiving
His teacher's advice,
The swearer admonished
To shun such advice;
The child when requested
To try and be good,
Oft gives the same answer,
'I would if I could.'

But if we may credit
What good people say,
That where a strong will is
There's always a way,
And whatever ought to be,
Can be and should—
We need never utter,
'I would if I could.'

For the American Union.

A Voice from the Border.

To review a 2d Letter with its heading, New Chapter as law, I resume.

I take the directly opposite position that it is not law, slaveholding not pronounced a sin. The word slaveholding not in the chapter does not overtop the General Rule, and consequently is not unconstitutional.—Let then, our fathers and brethren of the Border beware, lest a Minister of the Border should mislead them. I have only to say take not the issue direct of any man.—Read, examine, judge for yourselves, 'consider what I say and the Lord give you understanding in all things.'

Now, in this letter it is asserted that the New Chapter is law: declares slaveholding a sin, &c. To this I oppose not only my own opinion, but the confident assersion of its author, and so preposterous did he think it, that he said in his closing speech, "you may show this to any unprejudiced man in the world, and he will not say it is statutory in the least, and not one man in the majority understands it so and ever and anon declare." It did not lay the foundation of any deciplinary action—was a chapter of moral suasion. It is meant to be an embodiment of our opinion, thrown upon the convictions of our people. It was so understood and passed by the General Conference and lest it should be misunderstood and misrepresented to satisfy others, they passed a resolution regarding the New Chapter clearly declarative and advisory; against this New Chapter our border delegates did not present their protest and acquiesced in it. Ah, but says this writer, the border delegates were imposed upon. If so, why have they not come out and told us so—on the contrary, the Baltimore conference have published a declaration, declaring that whatever interpretation others put on the New Chapter, they believed then, and are of opinion now, that it has not the force of law, but is advisory, and in the administration of the discipline should so consider it, and I believe that they can see as far into the millstone as he that picks it. Then again says this writer, if not statutory, "declaratory of the moral character of slavery—that the chapter comes to us a judicial decision; that decision is that slaveholding is a sin." Now the word slaveholding is not used in the chapter, nor is the word sin. The language of the chapter is "the buying, selling or holding human beings to be *used as chattels*, is contrary to the law of God."—Not one word is said here against the mere act of slaveholding or its being a sin, but more of this hereafter.

This letter writer says, there was a kind of strategy to secure its passage under the single remark, "it is not statutory layhid a ruse of which Satin himself might be proud, and which reminds one of a certain European diplomatist, who said, language was designed to conceal our ideas." It will be well for him if he does not find his a stratagetical writing around which Lucifer has shed a false light, his arguments wise and his language to conceal ideas. For he says again, "whatever the chapter may be to others, it certainly is law to the preachers—they are affectionately admonished to keep themselves pure from this great evil and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and christian means.—Quotes his ordination vows and says, "they are bound by all the solemnities of their ordination vow, twice repeated, eiter to obey it or repudiate it."—Is it not strange that this writer, before named, should suddenly become so conscientious under the new chapter, and remember his ordination vows and live so long under the old chapter in peace and quietness, when it talked of the extirpation of slavery and being as much opposed as ever to the evil—against any official members holding slaves, and yet he probably appointed stewards or leaders, or was content to suffer them remain under his charge. The truth is, ordination vows have nothing to do with it except that ministers and members should be christians, he is only to follow these "godly admonitions," and this is all the new chapter requires, to seek all lawful and christian means. It is too late in the day for a minister to suppose that he or any of his members can go on an unchristian crusade against slavery and be shielded by the discipline.

Again as to slaves being used as chattels, cannot be used any other way. I make no pretentions to critical acumen, I do not wish to split a hair on this subject, but linguists know that words have their meaning according to the connection in which they are used, and though chattels has a sweeping meaning to include all moveable property, yet it has a more definite or limited meaning, to mean cattle, and this was probably its primary sense, for in early ages beasts constituted the chief part of a man's property, his flocks and herds, and in this general sense it is constantly used in scripture—see Job 1 3; and so in our Bills of Sales, is mentioned goods and chattels, by which there is a distinction, goods in the house—chattels—stock; so I think it is plain, the chapter makes a distinction between negroes and cattle or other chattels, and as there is a gradation in the meaning of words and a gradation in the animal creation; a plant is above a pebble or a bird above a plant and man above a beast; so the chapter says human beings not to be used as chattels—that is as other chattels. Does the writer say they cannot used them any other way than chattels? Oxen are chattels, are they to be used as oxen, &c., bought and sold and held for no other purpose than our own profit? They may be held legally as chattels, and there is not a word in the new chapter against holding slaves for merciful purposes. He himself says, "practically they may be held otherwise," and that would "practically destroy its chattel character;" so then, according to his own argument, they can be used otherwise than as chattels, and are used otherwise by some of our border members, and I have always supposed this was the character of slavery among border Methodists, and I have to say without prejudice or sophistry that I have yet to be convinced otherwise. I have reason to believe that what this writer says of the character of the slavery common on the Border among Methodists is saying more and doing more than Methodists themselves can approve of.—Pennel Comb, the leader of the Border, said in the General Conference, "I wish to ask another question—"do the brethren of the majority, by their dessertations on the evils of slavery, intend to make the impression that such slavery as they describe, is in the church? If so I *utterly deny it.*—There is no truth in the remarks, or justice in the impression. For one I am willing that the church should be committed, for the cool, mercenary, selfish, representations of this writer. I do not believe such is Border slavery now, or such it has been from the beginning. I shall return to the subject of the New Chapter as law, next week, and having now proved from other testimony that it is not law, I shall then prove it from the literal testimony of the chapter itself, its meaning and import, and so I shall have fully answered this letter and the next. Till then, good bye.

A VOICE FROM T[illegible]

For the American Union.

Be Cheerful.

Have you just commenced business, be cheerful. Let not the cares and disappointments of life, for a moment, cloud your prospects for the future. Look upon the bright side of the picture—let your minds be free from the blues and never suffer yourself to be overcome by dark despondency. That man whose spirits are always gloomy, and who is always fancying to himself that there is nothing in the world for him but poverty and wretchedness, is not a suitable companion for social beings. A bright sunny smile will do more to chase away sorrow and cheer the desponding heart, than a thousand gloomy faces, always boding evil.

Have you been disappointed in your business?—have you made arrangements in your domestic affairs and failed to realize your expectations?—remember, disappointment is the lot of man. Still summon up courage, and be cheerful ever.

Have you been disappointed in receiving payment on your bills, in order to carry on your business successfully, let not your temper overcome you, lest you should speak contemptuously of your creditor.—be cheerful; if he is honest, in due time you will receive the fruits of your labor.

Cheerfulness is the very life and soul of your existence, and if, at any time, you should find yourself yielding to despondency, go forth beneath the deep blue vault above; raise your thoughts to things on high—contemplate nature in her beauty magnificence and grandeur; behold how lovely—how enchanting smiling and beautiful she appears, and you will return again a holier and a happier man. Q K.

For the American Union..

SPEAK GENTLY.

Gentleness is one of the noblest characteristics of man. Have you an enemy; approach him gently—speak words of consolation to him—treat him kindly, and if it becomes necessary to administer reproof for injury received, do it mildly—speak gently. Speak to him kindly—enlist his sympathies and you will have achieved a moral triumph which all the anathemas or invectives could never have accomplished. X Z.

The Farmer; A Beautiful Picture.

BY HON EDWARD EVERETT.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his; his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, as he is also, to those who will follow him and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors.—The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being.—Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his boyhood beside the brook,—which still winds through the meadow. Through that field lies the path to the village school of earliest days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.

TIME.

I saw a temple, reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it, the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant.

I returned, and lo! the temple was no more! Its high walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour the owl's long cry added to the deep solitude—the young and the gay who revelled there had passed away. I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father—I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolations around him. 'Who is this destroyer?' said I to my guardian angel.

'It is Time,' said he, 'when the morning star sang together with joy over the new world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth, plucked the sun from his sphere, veiled the moon in blood, yea, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on sea, and one on land, lift up his hand towards heaven, and swear by Heaven's Eternal, *Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer!*'

'Is there no way,' said I, to render Time a blessing instead of a curse?'

'Yes,' said the angel, 'by laying hold of him as he passes by, he will waft you swiftly to a blessed immortality; but by neglecting him, and suffering him to pass unheeded, he will bear you swiftly through waves of trouble to a deep gulf of wo. He rolls on most rapidly, and will reward you for your conduct towards him. If you would be happy you must esteem him of infinitely more value than gold or silver. Grasp each moment as it flies, and spend it in doing good.

Two in a Bed.

Two lads coming home one night rather boozy, who occupied the same room but separate beds, made, owing to the darkness and the confusion of their senses, a slight mistake. In short, Ned's bed had the honor of receiving the two friends—Charley getting in on one side, and his companion rolling in on the other.

"I say, Ned," cried Charley, touching somebody's calf, 'there's a fellow in my bed!'

"Wonderful coincidence!' exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the region of his ribs, 'there's somebody in my bed too!'

'Is there, though?' cried Charley.—'Let's kick'em out!'

'Agreed,' said Ned.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick. In about a minute and a half Ned was sprawling on the floor; Charley left in possession of the bed. For a moment after the fall, all was silent.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley.

'What?' asked Ned, sulkily.

'I've kicked my fellow out.'

'You are luckier than I am then,' said Ned, 'for mine has kicked me into the middle of the next two weeks.'

"SAL DIP INTO THE GRAVY—*Dad Pays as much as any on-'em.*"—We find the following in the *Cincinnati Nonpareil:*

We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls, who came on board the steamer ——, at the little town of Mt. Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned, with reto the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beef-steak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during the opperation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table—"Sal dip into the gravy—Dad pays as much as any on 'em!" This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off.—The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat, all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

A Great Tree,—Jim Patton was describing a wonderfully large tree which he saw dug from a bog in Ireland—"It was," said he, "sixty and five feet *without limb or body, and the little end the biggest.*'

Faith, Hope, Charity.

Faith! what unaccounted comforts lie hidden in that one little word! A shield for the unprotected, steength for the feeble, and joy to the care-worn and grief-stricken. Let the saving and cheering influence descend upon every soul.

Hope! thou hast a throne in every bosom, a shrine in every heart. What were the joys of earth without thy cheering light? Beneath thy brilliant beams, as the rays of the morning stars, the frown flits away from the despairing brow. Who could dwell upon the dried desert of life did not thy torch gleams point the road to bliss? When sorrow plows up the heart with deep furrows, and the ties of life are sundered one by one, white-robed gentleness speaks peace to all within. Let the beacon blaze of celestial glory shine on its unclouded splendor till every darkened path be lighted by its cheering rays.

Charity! greatest of all—the crowned queen among the virtues, the brightest handmaid of religion and love.—May thy steps never wax feeble, or thy heart grow cold. Let us mark the splendor of thy presence by every desolate heart and the mourner's couch. Teach us to throw thy mantle of compassion over the ignorant, the erring, and the guilty. Let thy influence soften every obdurate heart and reclaim every vicious mind.

Quackery.—'Ma'am,' said a quack of Long Island to a nervous old lady, 'your case is a scrutnuturury complaint.' 'Pray, Doctor, what is that?' It is the dropping of the nerves, ma,am, the nerves having fallen in the pizaritum, the chist becomes morberous, and the head goes tisarizen, tisarizen!' Ah!Doctor,' exclaimed the old lady, 'you have described my feelings exactly.'

EVIDENCES OF FOLLY.—Making yourself disagreeable, and then wondering that no one will visit you.

Getting drunk and complaining next morning of the headache.

Judging people's piety by their attendance at church.

Neglecting to advertise, and wondering that you do not succeed in business.

Refusing to take a paper, and being surprised that people laugh at your ignorance.

An important case was set for trial in a country town, and a large crowd had assembled at the court house.—The floor and the galleries were full of auditors breathlessly waiting to hear the opening speeches of the lawyers. For some reason the attorney of one party was not ready to proceed, and desired a postponement. He knew that no ordinary excuse would avail, that the Judge would be inexorable, and that he must go to trial unless some reason for delay could be devised that would not be questioned. Accordingly, rising and approaching the bar with a solemn countenance, he said: 'If the Court please, I come here anxious to try this case, my client is ready, and we feel deeply disappointed that we cannot proceed. But I have just received a dispatch announcing, he proceeded in a broken voice, 'the death of my mother. Under this painful bereavement, of course, your Honor—'

Just at this interesting point, the shrill voice of an old lady in the gallery broke the silence with 'Isabod, Isabod, *how many times have I whipped you for lying!—Harford Press.*

There is a man down east who kept such poor sheep that it took six of the poor critters to cast a shadow! Finally they got so weak they hadn't strength to draw their last breath!

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