# THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

**VOL I.** **DENTON, MD., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1860.** **NO. 18.**


ENOCH PRATT ★★★★ BALTO. ★★★★ FREE LIBRARY

**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 Stranghn.
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 B. 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 hand-made and Eastern work always on hand & for sale at extremely low prices by

WM. T. ELLIOTT,

July 17 Hillsborough.

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

July 17 Hillsborough.

**New Cheap Cash Store at**

**HILLSBOROUGH.**

THE subscriber, having taken the Store House in Hillsborough lately occupied by Warner R. Busteed, respectfully invites the public to call and examine his stock of Domestic

**DRY GOODS.**

together with a general assortment of

**Groceries,**
**Liquors,**
**Hardware,**
**Queensware,**
**Boots and Shoes,**
**Hats and Caps, &c.,**

All of which he will sell low for CASH or Country Produce. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

july 17-y WM. T. ELLIOTT.

**A. Mathiot & Sons,**

**Sofa & Furniture Warerooms,**

*Nos 25 and 27 N. Gay street,*

(Near Fayette st.,)

Extending from Gay to Frederick street.

ALWAYS on hand a large assortment of every variety of Household and Office Furniture, embracing—

Bureans, Bedsteads.
Washstands, Wardrobes,
Matrasses of Husk, Cotton and Hair,
Spring Beds, Sofas,
Tete-a-Tetes, Arm Chairs,
Rocking Chairs, Etageres,
Marble Table, Settees,
Reception and Upholstered Chairs,

*ASSORTED COLORS OF COTTAGE FURNITURE.*

Wood Chairs,
Office Chairs,
Barber Chairs,
Cribs and Cradles,

*SIDEBOARDS,*

Extension Tables of every length.

Persons disposed to purchase are invited to call and give our stock an examination, which for variety and quality of workmanship cannot be excelled by any establishment in the country.

A. MATHIOT & SON,

Nos. 25 and 27 N. Gay st, Baltimore.

sept 25-1y

**To the Public.**

HAVING taken the Hotel in Greensborovgh lately kept by Wm. Genn, Esq., the undersigned respectfully informs the public that he is thoroughly fitted up for the reception and accommodation of guests. The table will at all times be supplied with the best the market will afford, the bar supplied with a variety of good liquors, and the stables kept in good order and attended by trusty and faithful hostlers.—The best efforts of the proprietor will be exerted to give entire satisfaction to those who may patronize his house.

☞ He keeps no horses to hire, but travelers will be sent to any part of the Peninsula at reasonable charges.

The Public's Ob'dt Ser'vt

July 17--tf. ESMA LOWE.

**HOWARD ASSOCIATION**

*PHILADELPHIA.*

*A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Cure af Disease of the Sectual Organs.*

MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c..) and in case of extreme poverty, Medicines furnished free of charge.

Valuable reports on Spermatorrhœa, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the New Remedies employed in the Bispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge.—Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptable.

Address, Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres'nt.

Sept. 18 1y

20 CASES Mens' and Boys' Boots and Shoes, just opened and for sale by

oct 2 tf J. B. & W. W. HERITAGE.

CALL AT HERITAGE'S and look at their splendid lot of ready made Clothing, jsut opened. oct 2 tf

CARPETS, Oil Cloths and Matting for sale by

oct2 tf J. B. & W. W. HERITAGE.


## Poetry.

*For the American Union.*

**Remember the Poor.**

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Cold winter is coming, remember the poor;
Drive them not helpless away from your door;
But hear their sad prayers—give heed to their cry,
Haste, haste to the rescue, they perish, they die,
The father is stricken—the mother lies dead,
The little ones starving, are crying for bread.

Oh, ye who gold and treasures possess,
Remember the poor in their time of distress;
*Now* is the hour to give a supply,
To-day if neglected—to-morrow they die;
Then come to the rescue, give free from thy means,
And God will bless thee with beautiful dreams.

Why should we speak of improvident times,
The bye-gones of idleness, folly, and crimes?
It is all mere nonsense—thus to evade
The cry of a famising people for aid;
Then stretch your hand, and open your heart,
And as you receive, so freely impart.

When tribulations & sorrows are roaming abroad,
And poor fallen man is stricken by God;
He smites that the smitten may see and be healed,
He wounds that the wounded may see him reveal'd;
He calls us to aid the suffering poor;
To drive them not helpless away from our door.

Baltimore, Md.

*For the American Union.*

**Love in Vain.**

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Beloved one, since last we met
Sorrow's tears my cheeks have wet,
And in the lustre of mine eyes,
Still and deep, a shadow lies;
Through my soul a storm has moved,
I must confess that I have loved.

Beloved one, by memory's stream
I am haunted by a dream;
In the woods and vallies love,
An image haunts me—not mine own;
And my tears now fall like rain,
For I have loved—and loved in vain.

Must I tell thee of thoughts wasted?
Must I tell thee of hopes blasted?
Must I tell thee I'm repining?
For thee love I am resigning;
Say, beloved ere, must I
Turn aside from thee—and die?

Baltimore, Md.

**The Last Act of All.**

"Ned Buntline" in his recollections of a visit to Nashville, tells the following:

One evening shortly after the close of the Mexican war, I found myself at the old "inn," once kept by the noble Ferguson, in company with Frank C., Bill N., and two or three other friends who had with me faced death on the plains of Mexico, and afterwards "reveled in the halls of Montezumas." We had dined together, and the wine had not been ale, therefore, we felt inclined for any kind of fun which might present itself.

A young man, of very plausible address and most genteel appearance, had in some way got into the company, and thought from some words that dropped I knew he was a gambler. I contented myself with avoiding any conversation with him, I heard them call him Marford, and afterward heard he came from a respectable stock.

After we had drank a few glasses at the bar, to top off with, a walk was proposed; and Marford volunteering to show the boys some fun, was selected as pilot. This did not please me overmuch, but I would not let any whim of mine break up the party, so I went along.

We visited various saloons in Union and other streets; and Marford, thinking he had got matters in the right train started, at the head of the party for the faro-rooms of Sam B., one of the heaviest gamblers in the city, situated in Water street.

We were passing a long brick building but a short distance below the bridge, when a succession of screams, evidently from females, and other indications of a general row, fell upon our ears. As the noise came from the brick building, we were not long in making our entrance thereto, and in a moment witnessed one of the most disgraceful scenes that man can ever look upon.

Two frail women were engaged in a beastly fight, while other brutes, in the garb of men and women, were encouraging the combat The scene did not last long; for Marford, with a cry of horror, sprang forward and dashing the combatants apart drew one toward him.

"Good Heavens! Pauline—you here he exclaimed, in a voice of agony.

"Yes, Henry, replied the girl, whose personal beauty was great, notwithstanding the evidence of intoxication, and whose likeness to himself was striking; you broke father's heart by turning gambler, and I thought I'd finish the work"—

She never finished the sentence that she had commenced.

With a wild cry of despair, the young man drew his pistol from his pocket, and before a word could be spoken, or a hand raised to interfere, her brains bespattered the wall near where she stood. And while yet the report echoed in the room, and the stifling smoke rose over her body, the young gambler cocked the second barrel of his revolver, and coolly saying: "Good bye gentlemen, I must go with my sister!" fired and fell a corpse beside the body of his victim.

It turned out to be true that she was his sister, and this was the first knowledge he had of her having, like himself, departed from the path of honor and virtue.

Our fun was over for that night, and we went back to our quarters a sober and saddened set of men. None of us will be likely to forget that tragedy while life lasts.

**PATERNAL ADVICE.**

They tell a very good story at the expense of a rich merchant of Marseiles and a very clever young man, a clerk of his, who had secretly fallen in love with the old man's daughter, but without any chance of winning her, as he thought. The old gentleman noticed that he was growing pale and thin, and began to question him as to the reason.

"It is some love affair, I fancy."

"I give you my word, sir!"

"Tut, tut, said the old man. "I have an eye in my head—I can see through a millstone as far as any man. Besides, your blushes betray you my boy. Well, well, boys will be boys."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the agitated clerk; "do you know—"

"Do I know? why, it's the old story. She is the fairest of the fair, etc., and you are afraid to ask her hand in marriage."

"I dare not, sir."

"Yes I understand; rich father—proud as Lucifer, and all that sort of thing. But you're wide awake—eh? You know what to do. Perhaps I will help you, for I can't afford to lose your services—and you're pining to a shadow. It'll take money; but as a couple of thousand goes my boy, I'm your man. And he slapped the young fellow on the back in a very encouraging manner. "I tell you," he added, I was as poor as a church mouse myself when I began life."

"I thank you sir, but your kindness is thrown away. She I love is far above me."

"I dare say; but in my time, young fellows were not cast down for a trifle. In my day, when there was a crusty old fellow in the way, we summoned, him to surrender. If he was obstinate, we ran away with the girl—a coach and four, and no stopping place short of Hymen."

For many days the same conversation was renewed under different forms. The young man could not make up his mind to speak out, for his employer was a terrible old fellow proud as Lucifer, and thought his daughter a match for an emperor. To declare himself, would be to be kicked out of the doors incontiently: But the advices to carry off the young lady, persisted in day by day, began to produce an effect to the young driver's mind.

"Sir said he to his patron, one fine day, 'I cant hold out any longer; I've great mind to follow your advice.'

'Brovo! spoken like a lad of spirit—I'll get another clerk to do your work, and you may make your honeymoon as long as you like.

My dear fellow; I'm rejoiced to see you acting like a man. You marry the girl and her old booby of a father will come around fast enough, I'll warrant you. I wish you all the happiness in the world. But, by the way, how are you off for money?

"I have saved up a little something, sir."

"Pooh, pooh? what are your savings? a mere pinch on a journey. Here, my boy—here's a thousand crown; you're heartily welcome to them. Have you engaged a carriage?

"I thought of taking the railroad."

"Pshaw? you'll spoil everything.—How absurd it would be to use a public conveyance with a thousand eyes on you. You'll be company enough for each other. You shall have my carry-all.

"A thousand thanks, sir."

So the clerk took his master's carriage, money and daughter. When the old man found out who was the bride, of course he stormed and raved and used bad language, as old gentlemen are apt to do in a passion; but as it was all his own doing, he finally 'came round,' and his son-in-law is now a partner in the house.

*Interesting from Utah Territory.*—Our advices from Utah are to October 5. Hon. W. H. Hooper' delegate of Congress, accompanied by his wife, had left Salt Lake city for Washington, and with him had departed the last of the Mormon missionaries for the States and Europe.—Among the missionaries were three of the "Twelve Apostles"—Orson Pratt, Erastus Snow and Georg Q. Cannon—the first two destined for the States and the last for England. Five of the Twelve are now absent among the "Gentiles," working for the cause of Mormonism. An agricultural fair had been held at Prove, which was attended with considerable success, and another was in progress in Salt Lake City. Captain Ruth, of the Indian Bureau at Washington, had arrived in the Territory, to look after the government property connected with the Indian agency of Dr. Forney.—N. Y. Times.

*Singular Explosion.*—In the family school of David Parke, Esq., Parkesburg, Chester county, Pa., taught by Miss Alice R. Hotchkin, an ink bottle, pint size, about two-thirds full, was placed for safe keeping in the oven of a ten plate stove. A few days ago a fire was lightened in the stove, the teacher having forgotten the bottle was there. the consequence was a rousing explosion, so vioent as to break the stove in several places, and throw the fire upon the floor, at the same time scattering the ink over the wall, and ceiling so profusely as to leave scarcely a square foot that was not more or less spotted. The teacher and scholars escaped unhurt, but had their faces blackened with ink.

The following amusing incident took place lately upon one of the Ohio River steamboats, and was related to us by an eye witness. While the boat was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young man came on board leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, in a suppressed voice "I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife have just got married, I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk, passing tickets out to another passenger. "A birth! thunder and lightning," no!" gasped astonished man "*We hain,t but just got married.*"

*A Single Pound of Cotton.*—The London Quarterly Review, in an article upon cotton spinning machines and their inventors' thus illustrates productiveness of brain and hand by showing what machinery now enables the cotton-spinner to do with a pound of cotton:

A manufacturer, of Manchester, exports what is called No. 240 yarn, in large quantities, for the use of the finest foreign muslin manufacturers. Of the fineness of this thread some idea may be formed when we state that two hundred and forty hanks, each eight hundred and fifty yards in length are spun from a single pound weight of cotton, or a total length of one hundred and fourteen miles! But this does not by any means exhaust capabilities of English machinery; for at the great Exhibition of 1851, specimens of yarn spun at Boston, were exhibited, so fine as No. 700 or equal to three hundred and thirty-four miles in length, spun from one pound of material! Worked up into the finer kinds of lace, the original shilling worth of cotton wool before it passes into the hands of the consumer may be increased to the value of between £300 and £400.

An Irishman out west, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from a keg upon the smoking pile; but not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off at the desired moment, was blown into a million pieces. The coroner reasoned out this verdict:

"It can't be called suicide, bekase he did'nt mean to kill himself; it wasn't a visitation of God, bekase he wasn't struck by lighten'; die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with; it's plain he didn't know what he was about; so I shall bring in, died for want of common sense."

A decent looking Irishman, stopping at a hotel to warm himself, inquired of the landlord, "what was the news?"

The landlord disposed to run a rig upon Paddy, replied:

"They say the devil is dead!"

"An shure," quoth Pat, "that's news indade."

Shortly after Pat stalks up to the bar, and disposing of some coppers, resumed his seat.

The landlord always ready for a customer, asked him what he would take.

"Nothing at all," said Pat.

'Why did you put down this money?' asked his host.

"Och, an sure, sir," said Pat, "it's the custom in my country, when a chap like you loses his daddy, to give him a few coppers to help for his wake."

The landlord stood treat all round.

A young man advertises in a London paper his desire for a wife—'Pretty, and entirely ignorant of the fact!'

Does he want a blind woman?

**How a Lady Preserved Webster's Reply to Hayne.**

The Tarnton (Massachusetts) Gazette incorporates the following interesting reminiscenee in a notice of the article on "The National Intelligencer and its editors," in the last Atlantic Monthly:

It will be seen from this interesting narrative that there was a time when Joseph Gales stood alone among Congressional reporters; and to still further illustrate his position in that line, we call to mind what we once heard an intimate friend of Mr. Webster say we owe to him and his wife with regard to the celebrated reply to Mr. Hayne.—Meeting the Massachusetts Senator as he was going to the Capitol on that morning, Mr. Gales inquired of him how long he intended to speak. About half an hour was the reply. The editor's duties at that time were pressing, but he ventured to take so much time from them. Mr. Webster, however, directly after met Judge Story, who said that he thought the time had come to give to the country his views on the Constitution. To this proposition he assented. Mr. Gales took up his pencil, unaware of this new arrangement, and alike unconscious of the lapse of time under the enchantment of the orator and consequently he wrote on until the close of the spell. Some days passing away, and the "proof" of the speech not appearing, Mr. Webster called on the reporter and made enquiry. "I have the notes," said Mr. Gales, "and they are at your service, as I shall never find time to write them out." This led to some remonstrance and persuasion, but the overtasked editor stood firm. Then Mrs. Gales came to his rescue by saying she thought she could decipher her husband's shorthand as she had formerly occasionlly done so. Mr. Gales doubted, seeing that it was fifteen years since she had tried it. But she had heard the speech, and as the resistless sweep of its arguments and the gorgeous and massive magnificence of its imagery were yet vivid in her mind she persisted in undertaking the difficult work. In due time thereafter the fair manuscript came to Mr. Webster's hands for final correction. Scarcely a word needed to be changed; and soon a set of diamonds costing a thousand dollars, accompanied the rich thanks of the eloquent statesman. Thus was saved to literature the most memorable oration of the American Senate.

**THE DEBUSCOPE.**

A small instrument has lately made its appearance, which, it is said, will be of great utility to designers and others engaged in the ornamental and decorative arts. It is of French origin, and, as described, consists of two silverized plates of great reflective power, put together in a framework of card-board or wood, at an angle of seventy degrees. On being placed over a small picture or design of any kind, no matter how rough, or whether good or bad, the Debuscope, says a contemporary, 'will reflect the portion immediately under the eye on all sides, forming the most beautiful and elaborate designs, and, by being slowly moved over the picture, will multiply new designs to any extent. No matter what the subject is on which the instrument is placed the result is marvellous; there is produced, from the most unlikely objects, such as scraps of paper-hangings, blots of ink, leaves, flowers, bits of lace, &c., an endless series of new and really beautiful designs. Although of the same species it possesses an advantage over our old friend; the kaleidoscope. It gives the design, and that in such a manner that it can be made stationary at pleasure, until copied as new patterns for draughtsmen, calico printers, dyers, paperhangerr, painters or others. Setting aside the utility altogether, it can be made the means of gratification in the drawing-room, and will doubtless soon assume its proper place, along with the amusement at once innocent and instructive." Could not the patterns in some such instrument and even in the kaleidscope itself, suitably formed, be readily copied, and fixed as photographs, by aid of the camera?—Builder.

*Live Frogs a Remedy for Consumption.*—A writer in the Norwalk (Ohio) Reflector describes a visit which he paid last month to a lady at Toledo, Ohio, who takes six live frogs as a remedy for Consumption. She was recommended to do it by an Englishman, who said he was cured in that way. In six weeks this singular medicine has restored her from a state of great weakness to strength. The visitor saw the lady take a live frog from a jar and swallow him whole, without chewing. Her daughter also did the same.

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