

AMERICAN UNION.

Published Every Tuesday and Thursday Mornings, at One Dollar a Year.

VOL. 1.

DENTON, MD., THURSDAY NOV. 29, 1860.

NO. 22.

THE UNION
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY
AT DENTON, MD.,
At One Dollar a Year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:
1 square (12 lines) 6 insertions \$1.00
1 " 12 " 2.00
1 " 24 " 4.00
1 " 6 months \$5.00
1 " 12 " 8.00
1 " for any less number of insertions 1.00
A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.
Business cards 1 year \$5.00.

Poetry.

GONE AWAY.

I see the farm-house red and old,
Above the roof its maples sway,
The hills behind are bleak and cold,
The wind comes up and dies away.
I gaze into each empty room,
And as I gaze a gnawing pain
Is at my heart, as thought of those
Who ne'er will pass the door again.
And, strolling down the orchard slope,
(So wide a likeness grief will crave)
Each dead leaf seems a withered hope,
Each mossy hillock looks a grave.
They will not hear me if I call;
They will not see these tears that start,
'Tis autumn—autumn with it all—
And worse than autumn is my heart.
O leaves, so dry, a dead, and sere!
I can recall some happier hours,
When summer's glory linger'd there,
And summer's beauty touch'd the flowers.
A down the slope a slender shape
Danced lightly, with her flying curls,
And manhood's deeper tones were blent
With the gay laughs of happy girls.
O stolen meetings at the gate!
O lingerings at the open door!
O midnight rambles long and late!
O I can scarce believe them o'er.
O silence strange and stiff,
O sadness and decay,
O at grows upon the sill,—
O e and hope have gone away!
O like a worn out heart!
O the last tenant finds too cold,
O es forevermore as they
O ft this homestead, red and old.
O house! poor lonely heart!
O vell if bravely side by side,
O I till the hand of Time
O in's mossy wreath supplied.
O n the gate, and sigh:
O tter tears will force their way,
O I bid the place good-bye
O y a long and weary day.
O tle ice bound brook,
O r 'tis a noisy stream,
O o take a last fond look,
O ded like a dream.
O thing to resist temptations,
O g to avoid them.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON "PEACEABLE SECESSION"—A Thrilling Speech.—In his last great speech in the Senate, on the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster thus spoke of secession:

"Mr. President—I should much prefer to have heard, from every member on this floor, declarations of opinion that the Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by anybody, that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible: I hear with distress and anguish the word 'Secession,' especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and know to the country, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the Great Deep without ruffling the surface!

Who is so foolish, I beg everybody's pardon, as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony around a common centre, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off, without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the Universe.—There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great Constitution under which we live—covering the whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce. I feel that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, in its two-fold character.

Peaceable secession! Peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great Republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on the one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to secede? What is to remain! American? What am I to be? An American no longer? Am I to become a sectional man, a local man, a separatist, with no country in common with the gentlemen who sit around me here, or who fill the other house of Congress? Heaven forbid! Where is the flag of the Republic to remain?—Where is the eagle still to tower? Or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors that are yet living among us with prolonged lives, would rebuke and reproach us, and our children would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should dishonor the ensigns of the power of the government and the harmony of that Union which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude.

WHAT WOULD WE GAIN?

The following very well put argument we find in the Selma (Alabama) Sentinel: 'Our friends would dissolve the Union, because Lincoln is elected.

'They would dissolve it because we cannot get an equal share in the Territories.—Would dissolution bring back the territory? 'But our slaves escape to the North.

'Well, we have a fugitive slave law, United States county commissioners and marshals.

'But they don't enforce the law.

'But they do enforce it in some, in many cases.

'But they ought to enforce it in all cases.

'So they ought, but what then?

'Why dissolve the Union.

'Dissolve the Union, and you dissolve the fugitive slave law. Do this and you convert every State into a Canadian province. You could of right demand your slave in Arkansas. When did you ever recapture a slave from Canada or Mexico?

'Now turn to the Map of the United States. Look at the situation of Delaware and Maryland. What is to prevent their slaves from going to Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Turn to Virginia and Kentucky. Side by side you have Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The river is frozen in winter. It is dry or shallow in summer.

A man can swim it, cross in a boat, on a plank, a raft, or on a log, at any season.

'Look at Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, particularly Missouri. There is Illinois on the east, Iowa on the north, and Kansas on the west, all free States. Dissolve the Union, and they become to Missouri, each of them, foreign governments, precisely such as Canada and Mexico, where your slave once enters, had as well be dead or free.

In the Union, as things remain, the slave knows he is liable to be pursued and bro't back, and will not hazard the attempt at escape. Out of the Union, and he soon learns that every farm house, every hamlet and village is a city of refuge, and will beyond all question, go any length to get over the line.

Here are five States in this condition.—They cannot dispense with the Constitution or the fugitive slave law.

'But we will form treaties.

'Yes, when one can make a bargain and have things all his own way. We have treaties with England and Mexico, but none that we know of reaching the case.—If we cannot live together under the Constitution, or consent to have the laws enforced, it is folly to delude ourselves with the hopes of a treaty for the return of fugitives from either justice or labor.

'But we will pursue our slaves, if need be with a hundred men.

'Yes, and they will resist with two hundred men.

'Then we will bring five hundred.

'And they will bring a thousand.

'And what comes next but an armed invasion and a proclamation offering freedom to the slave? These five States poll nearly half a million, more than two-fifths of the entire vote of the South.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no climate destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament. It shortens vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once grace and government to genius. Without it what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage! vacillating between the intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passion.

"I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU."—There are more lies contained in these few words than all the written speeches of a law shop, and yet the expression is on the tip end of almost every ones tongue. Take for instance: Madam has pickles or dough nuts to make, and is up to her ears in pots and kettles, when Mrs. Somebody enters with her six little ones, all dressed off as neatly as if they had been imprisoned in a bandbox. "Bless me! I'm extremely glad to see you!" Its a whopper! Its a lie. In her heart she wishes her and her brood to the—. We like to have said it—When we hear a person say 'do call again,' it sounds like "John show the gentleman the way out." To be what the fashionable world would term polite we must necessarily be a hypocrite. The true characteristic of a sincere person, will not be profuse with compliments.

"My friend," said a hotel-keeper to an over voracious boarder "You eat so much I shall charge an extra half-dollar!" Replied his boarder, with his countenance the very picture of pain, "For goodness sake, don't do that! I'm almost dead eating now three dollars worth. and if you put on an extra half dollar, I shall bust—I shall."

MINNIE was one day talking to her little class in Sabbath school about God's great love to man. Wishing to impress it upon their minds, and to know whether they understood her, she asked, "Now, children, who loves all men?" The question was hardly asked, before a little girl, not four years old, answered quickly, "All women."

POWER IN A WOMAN'S EYE.—A lady, when the conversation turned on dynamics asked the late Geo. Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, "What do you consider the most powerful force in nature?"

"I will very soon answer that question," said he: "it is the eye of a woman, (to the man that loves her;) for if a woman looks with affection on a man, should he go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back."

A fellow was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight. One of the flags, waving before his eyes, bearing the inscription, "Victory or Death," somewhat troubled and discouraged him. "Victory is a very good thing," said he; "but why put it Victory or Death? Just put it Victory or Crippled, and I'll go that!"

The Census of Nashville.—The entire population of Nashville, Tenn., and suburbs is 23,715. The population of the city in 1850 was 10,165; and of South Nashville 1,353, making 11,518, which compared with the present population of the city and suburbs shows an increase of 12,197 in the ten years.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

A petulant old lady having refused a suitor to her niece, he expostulated with her reason. I see the villain in your face, said she. "That is a personal reflection, madam," answered the lover.