AMERICAN UNION.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to the Union of the States and the Equality of all sections.

VOL. 1. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY DECEMBER 20, 1860. NO. 25.

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Select Story.

The Contrary Couple.

A Hint to all those in Haste to Marry.

BY W. O. EATON.

'Look before you leap.'—*Old Maxim*'

Alonzo Twigg and Almira Prigg were young, met; fell in love, and were married. Each set out with a determination to rule; and each, abhorring the idea of any surrender, watched the other's actions with a vigilant eye apprehensive that yielding in trifles would pave the way for future insignificance at home, and deprive them of the 'own way' which they stubbornly coveted.

An example of their morning, noon, and evening dialogues, of one day, will give an idea of their whole married life, as long as they lived together.

MORNING.

'Pass the toast, Almira; I'm in a hurry.'

'Pass the toast! Well, there it is. Why couldn't you be polite enough to say *please* to pass?'

'Well, *please*, then. How exacting you are. I should have said please, but I was in a hurry, and I am now, and have no time to waste in quarreling. We ought to be able to eat our meals in peace, at least.'

'I'm sure I don't wish to quarrel, Alonzo, but you said 'pass the toast!' in such a domineering manner, that it hurt my feelings. I suppose you don't think a woman has any feeling, though.

'I don't think *you* have much feeling for *me*, or you wouldn't hurt my feelings by always beginning these fusses about nothing at all. I got up this morning in love with all the world and you, too, and thought we were going to have a happy day of it. But you seem determined to wear me out, by these petty little quarrels. They upset me for business, I tell you. I'm sensitive, and I can't bear everything.'

'Nor I. Now what harm was there in my saying you ought to say please? And yet just because I said you ought to say it, you continue to get into a passion and lay all the blame to me. I declare! You don't know how to treat a woman.'

'You used to say I was very polite.'

'You are altered since you got me.'

'My friends don't say so.'

'Your friends don't see you at home.'

'And they don't see you at home.—You are all smiles to everybody but me. But I can't look, or speak, or do anything without you find fault, as if it was a horrible burden to do the duties of a wife; and as if a husband had no rights, and shouldn't speak in his own defence.'

'A husband is no better than a wife, and I have as much right to speak in my own defence as you have.'

'Don't I treat you as an equal?'

'No.'

'In what?'

'You always ask me where I am going when I go out anywhere. I never ask you.

'Because you know. You know that I am going to my business. I can't stay at home all the time. It's a man's place to be out of doors; and a woman's place to be in most of the time.'

'I am in most of the time. And when I dare stir out, you always ask me where I'm going.'

'It's a fair question, the natural interest a man takes in his wife.'

'Natural interest. Pooh! You act as if you suspected me.'

'That's all in your imagination I ask, because in the first place a husband has a right to know where his wife goes, and besides, he knows more about the world, and might advise her in matters which make the world talk about indiscretion, and all that sort of thing.'

'Pshaw! Indiscretion. You're an old maid of a man. Do you think I am such a fool as that I can't keep out of fire? You men think you know everything.'

'We don't. We know that generally we know only what you have a mind to let us know. The rest we have to find out.

'That is a base insinuation.

'I didn't intend it as one. I mean that women are more artful than men. But men have more judgement, as a general thing. What does Milton say, in Paradice Lost?'

'Hang Milton! He says lots of things that I can't understand.'

And a good many that I can understand; and this is one of them. I came to it the other day, and I thought of you. It just suited you, and I knew that you would sneer at it.'

'What is it? What does Milton say about me?'

'He says this about women. After Eve has had a family row with Adam owing to her having eaten the forbidden fruit, listened to the serpant, and kicked up the devil with all mankind—if I must say so —Eve says to Adam:

'Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me.

And Adam makes this prophecy in reply:

—'Thus it shall befall
Him, who to worth in woman overtrusting,
Let's her will rule, restraint she shall not brook,
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.'

''His weak indulgence.'' I don't think you have ever shown any weak indulgence to me. But I'm determined to have my rights. Milton was nothing but an old poet, and poets are all crazy'

Milton, Almira, was a man who had a good deal of experience in matrimonial matters—he married three wives; and wrote some very handsome treatises upon the subject of divorces.'

'A man who would marry three wives must have been a beast.'

'He must be very daring. He was a good man, gifted and very handsome, and yet his first wife ran away from him, for a time.'

'I suppose he was an old bully. Three times married! That's a man.'

'Some women have had seven husbands, let me tell you. And as to Milton's marrying more than once, I don't think he would have done it, if hadn't become blind.'

'Nothing could ever wake me take another husband, blind or no blind. I'm not satisfied with one.'

'Ha, ha!'

'He, he, he!'

'Come, let's make up, Almira, you know I love you.'

'I don't know anything. Don't bug me so.'

'There. Good morning. Back at noon.'

NOON.

'Here I am, wifey. I got along first-rate to-day, which wouldn't have been the case if we had kept up our quarrel. How much better it is not to be fighting with each other. It does no good.'

'Of course not. But you talk as if I was the cause of the quarreling. I am not fond of it any more than you are.'

'Well, if we both hate it, let us avoid it. Our interests are one. If every wife now-a-days, would live by the old laws, instead of listening to the new-fangled doctrines of sap-headed reformers as they call themselves, there would be less discontent and breaking up of families. Of all the crazy fools that ever cursed and boiled the world, woman's-rights idiots are the most intolerable and mischief-making.'

'Women don't think so—*true* women don't.'

'True women *do* think so. But malignant gossips and venomous snakes in the grass don't and make it their business to go about, telling wives, who are happy enough, that they are abused and miserable; till they believe it, and fret themselves till they become so. As that confounded Mrs. Harpy did, who made the trouble with us last fall.'

'You were jealous of her because she made so much of me—and so hated her, for being my company in lonesome hours.

'I hated her for her impudent looks and teachings. She sat you a bad example; full of artifice and sly whisperings. There was a cold-blooded, devilish expression in her dull, oyster looking eye, and I found that her eye didn't belie her. It was the only part of her that was true. Oh, how I detest that unnatural, slabsided, uncouth, self-sufficient, masculine, ignoramus gipsy of a woman!'

'There's no love lost between you.'

'There you are Defending her.'

'I don't see what harm she did. She was fond of me and wanted me to stick up for my rights—which I'm determined to do—mark that now, Alonzo—which I'm determined to do.'

'Why, what an absurd creature you are, to be sure. If I wished for company I don't think my taste would permit me to choose such a hobgoblin as that, for society.'

'Anything is better than a scolding husband. A cell, or a slave galley. I'd rather live in a wilderness than with you. We don't understand each other, and we never can agree.'

'Not while there are any Mrs. Harpys about, to put you off the track of duty, and tell you that all men are either tyrants or nincompoops, and all women are either angels or slaves. If you read good books, instead of listening to evil-minded women, Almira, you'd find yourself better off.'

'I don't need to read books to find out what my rights are.'

'There you go again. What rights! You are always talking about right, rights, rights, but never think of the wrongs you do me every day, by teasing me into a fury. Really I believe that women are degenerated since Eve; for although she was the mother of all mischief, if we are to believe God's Word, even she was not so heartless as to keep up a perpetual war with her husband.—She never left her husband.'

'She didn't have her choice. She was obliged to go with him.'

'I have a higher opinion of her; I agree with Milton.'

'You had better agree with your wife.'

'Milton put these affecting words into the mouth of Eve, as she was leaving Paradise with Adam. She was at least repentat and affectionate

—'But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwillingly; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.

There was a wife for you!'

'I suppose Adam treated her like a gentleman, and didn't come to her every day to quarrel. But I don't care any more about what Milton wrote, than I do for for Tupper's poems on Mother Goose. I know that I won't be ruled by any man in Christendom, and I mean to have my own way, as long as I live. I wish I was dead Oh, dear, I wish I was a slave—in name as well as in reality.'

'My dear Almira, don't cry. I really think that one half your trouble proceeds from having little to do. Now suppose I get you a sewing-machine. It is a handsome, elegant, ingenious little article, and will do to while away your lonely hours.'

'Well, you may get one. But the first thing I do with it, I'll made my own shroud.'

'I hope you will sew one for me, too, then, while your hand is in—to pay for the machine; but don't forget to make mine a little larger. If there is anything I do wish to have; after death, it is, room enough to turn in. Now you're smiling. Of course, smiling at the thought of death. There. Make up.—Good bye, till evening. I'll come home with the machine.'

EVENING.

'Here's the machine. But you'll have to learn how to use it.'

'It is very handsome. But do you suppose that I'll have to learn, unless I please?'

'Oh, let's take tea. Don't let's begin to dispute about words—not tell we eat something to strengthen us, at any rate.

'But you said, bluntly, that I'd have to learn, and—'

Why; of course you will.'

'Of course I won't. I won't be compelled to learn anything, unless—'

'Is the machine going to work itself?'

'You can ask the machine.'

'Is this my thanks?'

'For what?'

'For having sent this home to you.'

'To oblige me to slave
Call the unre
through yo

They wept, and argued—but to no purpose, for the inevitable wrangling ensued—and in a few days they parted—perhaps forever. Both deplore their separation, but both declare that they are right: each that the other should have yielded. Both are the occasional objects of foul mi-representation. Each heart laments the loss of those golden moments of peace which they enjoyed at intervales when each was undisputative.

And their condition is but one of the natural results of the machine ations of certain modern pseudo-reformers: woman's-rights conventions, medlesome gossips; the mock gallantry of designing liberties: unnatural alienation from the domestic hearth; artificial life; legislative tinkering with old matrimonial laws; and judicial blindness in the settlement of matrimonial troubles.

These glaring evils of the present age have sown corruption deep in the bosom of society; encouraged apostacy from matrimonial faith opened the doors to all manner of assaults upon honor, confidence fidelity and affection in the connubial circle; and left but a minority of homes unblighted by the breath of just reproach or suspicion less unreasonable than unhappy.

Going with the Girls.

The entrance into society may be said to take place immediately after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial, either at a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to the door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and knock or ring with an absolute certainty that in a two minutes all eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before the girls and make a tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and sit down and dispose of his hands without putting them in his pockets, is an achievement which few boys can boast. If a boy can go so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over.

There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods, and put on their shawls, and look so saucy and mischievous, so unimpressible and independent, as if they didn't wish anybody to go home with them. Then comes the pinch, and the boy who has the most pluck goes to the prettiest girl in the room, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking out his elbow, stammers out the word, "Shall I see you home?' She touches her finger to his arm, and they walk home feeling as awkward as two goslins. As soon as she is within her own door, he struts home, and really thinks he has been and went and gone and done it. Rest comes to him at last, with dreams of home and calico, and he wakes in the morning and finds the door of life open to a half dozen squalling for their breakfast.

Though Justice is not sold in the Courts, it is still notable that it costs a good deal often be

Written for the American Union.

The Social Principle.

BY CHARLES LESLIE.

In all the different phases of the human race, there is found a principle which is sunk deep in the very soul of man, and which sometimes rises above the the surface, as it were, and sheds around it an influence which is felt by all about him. At other times it sinks deeper and deeper until an ordinary person would scarcely observe it. It is *Social Principle*, the natural instinct or drawing of one man to another.

God has endowed man with "certain inalienable rights and priviledges. He has placed him above the level of the brute creation, given him MIND that he can leave the things of earth behind, and soar away into the fields of infinity, and even, as it were, grasp the Deity himself, and while man has abused the great blessings with which his head has been crowned, yet there still remains in his sinful and depraved nature a trace of the hand of the great One who created him. The position which one man holds to another is one of great responsibility and requires the utmost caution and exactness in fulfilling the duties with which it is involved. As I said before, in all the phases of the human race, the social principle will peep out, and it is this principle which prompts men to those acts of true heroism and manliness which have been the objects of an admiring world. It glides along, as it were, over the great face of the world, spreading a light, and shedding an influence which is felt in all our business walks of life, in the social gatherings, and even in the abodes of crime and wickedness, it is often felt, touching the heart of the culprit and arousing in him the feelings of his nature. It it is seen in the busy bustle of the city, where thousands upon thousands pass each other in pursuing their different avocations, but who manifest their courtesy by gently giving the way, or showing those civilities in life which mark the gentleman and the lady.

The feelings which draw one man to another, are among the noblest feelings of his nature. They open up to him new fountains of happiness, from whence spring streams of joy to himself and to those around him. One heart whose warm impulses throb in unison with life, will impart of its nature to another; and this one partaking of its own nature and the others at the same time, will spread around it more and more of these social impulses until it is impossible to tell the amount, either of good or evil, it may accomplish. Take for instance the mother and her "baby-boy," as she closely nestles him to bosom, and thinks of the many evils and besetments which he may encounter in the journey of life. She breathes a prayer to heaven that he may kept from the allurements of life, and that SHE may guide him in his youthful days into the right path. Under the influence of this feeling, she imparts to him of her own gentle and virtuous nature, rearing him under her own hand, guarding his every word and act as she would the apple of her eye, she has the satisfaction of seeing in him, all she had anticipated. Under her gentle influence he goes forth, imparting to all around him, of that feeling which prompts him to noble acts. And this influence widens and deepens until it is felt by hundreds.

In no place does a man's social feelings have a better opportunity to display itself, and nowhere is there such a field for doing good, as in his family. There are many in our time who have kind words and pleasant smiles everywhere but at home. Now, this must be conceded by all to be very wrong. What if some have a scolding wife, a fretful husband?—is that any reason why we should render our homes the more miserable? O! no, no. The *home* was given for man to be happy in. To retire from the busy cares of life and seek repose for the aching limbs or the troubled brain. If many wives would bear in mind, that their husbands have all day been engaged in business transactions: that with business men, times are always "tight," and that when night comes they need rest, and it is to be free from business that they return home as often as they do, they would not trouble his mind at every meal with their complaints and griefs. They would rather leave them to kind Providence and the physician, and seek after the ease and comfort of their husbands; and if many husbands were to to cast away all business cares when they return home, and not trouble their wives about the fall of stocks, the dullness of trade and all such matters as are, to say the least, uninteresting to the wife, and often disagreeable. If we would look ore to the happiness of others, and cultivate more our social feelings, we would be much the better for it. In this age of progress, there is need of closes intercourse of man with man. Americans are considered *fast*, and are often laughed at for that peculiarity, but it is not the greatest evil that was ever in the world. For among us the *social principle* shines brighter and sheds a more brilliant light than in almost any other country.

Easton, Nov. 27th, 1860.

The Dead Child's Ghost.

The New York Presbyterian of a late date, relates this story:

We were returning from our spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rockaway," and the road none of the best. Night, cold and damp overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Blank's, who, after we had arrived at his house, narrated the following unique tale. Said the Judge as follows: "Years ago we had in our house a sweet little child about four years of age and the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid its hands upon it. Remedies, promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the rose faded from the cheek and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed those eyes and sealed those lips forever; and we learned by trying experience how intense darkness follows the quenching of one of those little lights of life.

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinary custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the well screwed coffin-lid, and in due form the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above and the plates of sod neatly adjusted into a great sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolate home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scene of the day for aught else, had just laid my head on my pillow in our room upon the first floor of the house I heard a shriek, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room and springing upon the bed behind me exclaimed.

"See there! our child! our child!

"Raising my head my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up, as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open but manifestly sightless eyes and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly toward us. Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind.

"But, not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees; a cold sweat covered my body and I gazed with feelings unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold and clammy; nor did the child appear to have the power of either speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense as we watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before eye-witnesses of its interment.

"While gazing upon it, and asking in my thoughts, What can this extraordinary providence mean? for what can it be sent? the servant girl, having crept to the door, after a time, suggested, it looks like Mrs. ———'s child."

"Now, our neighbor had a child about the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our home at that hour and in such a plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a sedative upon our excited feelings and rendered us more capable of calm reflection.—And, after a time, we discovered in truth, that the *grave* clothes were *night* clothes and the corpse a somnambulist." And it became manifest that the excitement attending the loss and burial of its playmate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted for this untimely and startling visit

Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to countermarch the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side, though still asleep. It had walked quite a distance across the wet grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence.—The door creaked as I pushed it open, and awakened the child who looking wildly around a moment, and then popped into bed.

"Now, if it had not been for my wife as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity. I should have been ready to take my oath in any court either in Christendom or heathendom, that I had seen a ghost."

An Astronomer's View of the Universe.

In wafting ourselves in imagination, to our satellite, the moon—the nearest to our celestial bodies—we have passed over a distance equal to thirty times the diameter of our globe. In advancing to the sun we travel over a distance equal to thirty times that of the moon; and before we reach Uranus, the remotest of the planets, we have traversed a space equal to twenty times the earth's distance from the sun.—Thus placed at the limits of a system enclosed in a circle of eighteen hundred millions of miles in radius, our appreciation of distance would appear to be exhausted and we seem to be as on the margin of an unfathomless abyss. The telescope, however, and the mural circle, enable us to span the void, and the genius of man proud of the achievement—and justly, if humbly proud—has crossed the gulf twelve thousand times the radius of his own system, that he may study the nearest world in the firmament of heaven. Beyond this frontier lies the whole universe of stars—their binary system—their clusters, and their nebulous combinations. The observed parallax of one fourth of a second in A Lyra, carries us four times as far into the bosom of space; though beyond this we have no positive measure of distance, it would be as unphilisophical to assign limits to creation, as to give it an infinite range. In this rapid flight into space, we have traversed it in but one direction, and the line which we have traced, is but a unit in the scale of celestial distances. Creation in its wide panorama is still above us, beneath us, and around us, and innumerable worlds sparkle in its canopy. If from this bourne, from which the astronomical traveller alone returns, we look upon our course, our own planetary system ceases to be perceived, its sun is dim—itself but an invisible point in the nebulous light that intervenes. Where, then, is our terrestrial ball; its oceans; its continents; its mountains; its empires; its dynasties; its thrones? Where is our fatherland—its factions—its Christian unions, and its unholy wars? Where is our home; its peace; its endearments; its hopes; and its fears? Where is man, the intellectual monad—the only atom of organic life that can pierce the depths, and interpret the enigma of the universe?—and yet the only spark of a spiritual nature, which disclaims the authority and resists the will of the Universal King! They have all disappeared in the far off perspective—the long vista of space, whose apex, were it a sun, the highest telescope would fail to descry.—No living thing here meets the eye, and no sentiment associated with life, press on the affections. The tiny organism of the earth and ocean—everything that moves and breathes—that lives and dies—all are engulphed in the great conception of the universe. The straining mind cannot unite the immeasurable extremes. The infinite in space—the eternal in duration—the omnipotent in power—the perfect in wisdom, alone fill the expanded soul, and portray in their awful combination—the Creator of the Universe.—*North British Review.*

A short time ago, a widow lady living near the northern line of Missouri, sent her negro man with a load of wheat to a mill in Iowa, to have it manufactured into flour. The Mill was much crowded on his arrival there, and the prospect was that he would have to wait several days for his turn. While waiting some of the 'freedom shrinkers' in the latitude got around the darkie and proposed aiding him in securing his freedom. The negro seemed to be struck with the idea but did not have any money to pay his expenses. "Well," said they, "sell your mules." 'Don't know 'bout dat', 'said Cuff. 'Well then rejoined they, 'you can sell the wagon, that will bring the money.' Well I believe mi-sus needs the wagon too,' answered the black. 'But if I had de wheat ground, I could sell de flour dat could fetch the money.' Oh well, said the negro equalizers.' 'we will swap you flour for the wheat to accommodate you.' So the trade was made. The wheat was changed for the proper portion of flour and the colored man was loaded all ready drive off and sell his flour. But when he was about ready to start he said, 'Mass I'a bin studyin bout freedom, but I don't believe mi-sus can spare de flour either,' and drove off with a broad grin displaying two rows of ivory, much to the mortification and vexation of the negro-loving Iowaians.

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