American Union.

VOL. 7 DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, FEB'Y 7, 1867. NO. 236.

Poetry.

There Comes a Time.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sea,
Slopes gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly;
And locks are gray
At winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all dreary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap as leap the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoners in his dungeon chain,
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is sure quiet in the mist of years,
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent fears:
And then how dark!
But oh! the spark
That kindles youth to lines of gold
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections lingering say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing spring
And golden summer cease to be;
And we put on the autumn robe
To tread the last declivity.
But now the slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn with fairer light,
While watchers whisper through the night,
There comes a time when we grow old.

THE REBUKE.

He sat his empty kettle on the table, and threw himself on the homely lounge. He was a laboring man; his face was brown with toil. All day long he had been out in the hot sun upon the top of a house, slating the roof. Sometimes his head was giddy and his neck weak, but he straightened himself up with the thoughts of home and the treasures there. And now at the sound of his voice, dimples break over smooth red cheeks, and loving fingers play with his curls. He shuts his eyes to frame the picture of his heart—the picture of his wife getting supper—the picture of his prattling baby. He feels the cool of the evening, and all these things comfort him, yet he is not quite graceful—not wholly, for to-day he saw another picture that made him envious; rich Sam Marlow riding out with his wife and child—a handsome two; Sam, portly, contented, and smiling; his wife, with a dainty color in her cheek, and rich garments folded about her.

"He and I were boys together," the poor man said to himself, bending to his work again: "and see how Providence has blessed him, though he began with almost nothing. Now he keeps horses and a carriage, lives in a beautiful house, has married a fortune, and with plenty of leisure, can bring up his one boy just as I have longed to do with my Tom. I, by marrying early and poor, have brought burdens upon Mary's shoulders that must be hard to bear. Five little ones, and only a day laborer yet!" and he sighed wearily.

All day the heavy heart never left him, and his fellow-laborers wondered what had come over their merry friend; now he had brought that shadow home with him—the phantom horse and rider, the envy and care.

"My Mary is a handsomer woman than his wife," he muttered, nursing his misery, "and yet she never knew rest. As for taking her out for a drive"—he ended this sentence with a bitter laugh.

Moments passed, during which the cloud grew thicker and heavier. A neighbor passing by, told of a strange disease that had lately appeared in their midst; the doctors called it diptheria, she said, and it was a terrible and fatal sickness.—Then the door shut and the voice faded away, but the something dreary did not pass from the man's heart.

Suddenly there was a sound of alarm in the bright kitchen.

"Harry, come here."

He arose slowly, and passed through the door of a plain little parlor.

His wife held the baby in her arms; the other children were gathered anxiously about her, looking on

"What can be the matter with him? He seemed well enough until now. But his lips are blue, and suddenly he ceased play; and hear how he draws his breath! Harry, he is very sick, and you must go for the doctor."

Harry started at once; little Herbert was his idol—a most beautiful and attractive child, winning and loving—a very angel in the humble home. It was not long before the physician was in their midst. His first glance was startling, his second grave. Herbert was very ill; the terrible sickness was upon him in its most fearful form All that night they ministered to him in his agony, for they felt that in such struggles the little frail flower would soon be broken from the stalk, though shielded by the tenderest care.—And, alas! when morning broke in unclouded brightness, the sweet face of the babe was set towards it, but it saw no light; the spirit had gone to its upper home and left the house desolate.

How long a time had elapsed no one knew in that household, for the hours passed unheeded; but death came again and again, and Harry and his wife stood in their lone home desolate. The strong man was bowed to the earth with agony. For a time his reason was threatened. He accused God; he heaped curses upon himself

"I was envious of another," he cried, "and see how God has smitten me! O, give me back my children! Only give me those blessings of my eyes, the jewels of my heart, and I'll toil like a slave—not only through the burning hours of the day but into the blackness and chill of midnight. I will live on a crust. I ask nothing for comfort—but give me my children, Lord, I am bereft!"

His wife, in the midst of her own grief, tried to comfort him, but he would not listen to reason. He saw only through the earth, black with damps and horribly alive with insect vitality, the beautiful brows of his five little children, hidden away from him forever and ever.

While thus sorrow was fresh upon him, came a letter postmarked England. His wife opened it and learned that an uncle, of whom they had heard nothing for years, had died within a few months, and left her husband his heir.

Over the graves of his five children a treasure of gold was ready to be poured. Harry listened with a stony glance.—What was wealth to him now? "O, for just one loving smile from the blue-eyed baby! Take the treasure, dear Lord, I don't want it now—rather to give me a few feet of earth beside my children.—Heap up the gold, and put my little Berty beside it, living, only for one hour, let me feel his dear lips pressed to mine, and for that choice I would barter every dollar. O for poverty, blessed poverty with my children!"

"I say, Harry, do you know you are fast asleep in the draft?"

Bewildered, up into the thick-bearded face of the speaker the laborer gazed.

"Well, haven't you a word of welcome for your brother? What do you see with those wild eyes of yours? Is the man crazy?"

For Harry had flung himself on his knees and with strong cries thanked God again. Then he sprang up and wrung the hand of a sailor brother—run up past him, caught his wife and kissed her, and gathered his babies about him, held them to his strong, loving heart, while great tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, as his wife looked up wondering, frightened, he cried in a choking voice:

"I dreamed they were all dead, Mary, all dead; and thank God it was only a dreadful dream. Never, never, shall I be envious again. O, Mary, to see them as they lay there"—and again he covered their smiling lips with kisses, sobbing in his joy.

And that was the way the repining husband and father was led to give up envy and all uncharitableness. Truly, sometimes the Spirit doth come to instruct us in our dreams.

The Last Hours of Washington.

He died as he lived, and what a beautiful economy there was in his death!—Not a faculty was impaired, not an error had marred the moral of his life. At sixty-six, not quite three score and ten, he was taken away whilst his example was perfect. He took cold, slighted the symptoms, saying, "Let it go as it came." In the morning of the 14th of December, 1799, he felt a severe illness, calling his overseer, Mr Rawlings, to bleed him.—He was agitated, and Washington said to him, "Don't be afraid." When about to tie his arm, he said with difficulty, "more." After all efforts had failed, he designated the paper he meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, "I find I am going: my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers, arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters which he has begun."

Between five and six o'clock he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." Shortly after, again he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." Lear says, "I bowed my assent." He looked at me again and said, "Do you understand me?" I replied, yes, sir." "'Tis well,' said he." And these were his last words. Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more.

American Boys.

Probably in every age, since the time of poor Adam and Eve's trouble with their wilful son, the world has been supposed to be near its end on account of the naughtiness of boys. We confess that, for ourselves, in moments of wrath at the impish perversity, or sorrow at the precocious wickedness of noted specimens of American boyhood, we have sometimes been tempted to that supposition, and certainly we could not much wonder if Young America furnished more food for the Prophet's avenging bears than Young Israel supplied. Yet the world has continued to be, and generation after generation has risen from petticoats to jackets and trousers, and from jackets and trousers to coats and pantaloons, without any extinction of the line of masculine succession. That succession will probably be kept up in this hemisphere, and here, as of old, the folly of youth will, in due time, be subdued by the wisdom of age All the more earnestly, because of our good hope for the ultimate welfare of our country, we are disposed to look carefully and seriously at the tendencies of our sons; desirous at once of discovering their peculiar temptations and advantages.

Our daughters are constitutionally more marked by sensibility, and our sons are more marked by wilfulness. The consequence is, that we are more anxious what will happen to our daughters, and what will happen from our sons—the daughter's sensitiveness exposing her to receive harm, and the son's wilfulness exposing him to do harm. We are not wise to quarrel with nature, and we must expect that boys will be more noisy and mischievous than girls; nay, we may count it a good sign of a lad's, force of character if there is a good share of aggressive, fun-loving pluck in his composition. Well managed, his animal spirits will give him all the more manly loyalty, and, when true to the right cause, he will be all the more true because so much living sap has gone up into the fruit of his obedience.—Yet what is more sad than force of will perverted to base uses, and the strength of manhood sunk into the service of base lusts or fiendish passions? What is more sad than the sight presented every day in streets—the scores of precocious manikins with the worst vices of men written over features almost infantile in their mould—boys who are hardly old enough to be beyond their mothers' watch, now swaggering with all the airs of experienced bloods and polluting the air of God's heaven with the vocabulary of hell? Where such monstrous excesses are not found, how frequent is the utter repudiation of the proper reverence to age and authority!—How many a stripling among us seems to think it the very first proof of manly spirit to break the Divine law which gives the home its blessedness and the state its security, and to be proud to show that he is above all such obsolete notions as giving honor to father or mother.

A Brave Boy.—Let me tell you a little story that will show what I mean by being brave. There was a good boy who went off to sea in a great ship. Just before he went away from home, his mother said to him, "Never touch a drop of rum!" Well, the other sailors drank their rum every day; and when it stormed they drank all the more, because they thought it would keep they from taking cold; and they offered it to the boy, but he always said, "No!" One day it stormed very hard, and they were all very wet, and they told him to take a little, or else he might become sick and die, and still the brave boy had the courage to say "No!" But presently one of them said he knew he could make him take a dram, so he tried very hard to do so, but he would not touch a drop; and then that boy told the old sailor of his mother's words, "Never drink a drop of rum,"—and he repeated to him a great many texts of Scripture to show that his mother was right, (for he had been a good Sunday-school scholar). The sailor had never heard so much Bible in his life as that little fellow poured into his ear, and all he could say, was, "Your mother never stood watch on deck." But he gave up his task, and when the other sailors asked how he had succeeded, he said, "Oh, you cant do anything with him, he is so chuck full of the Bible."

Now, that I should call a brave boy.—He knew he was right, and God knew it too, and God helped him to say. "No," and to keep saying it as often as they tried to make him do wrong. A very little word that is, but how few are brave enough to say it! I hope you will learn that word, for you will often have need to use it. They who belong to the "Sunday-school army," (or band of hope,) ought to be such heroes, that when any of them are asked to do wrong, they will say, no, if it costs them their life. Little crowns and how to win them.

A Charge to a Jury.—An Indiana justice recently summed up a case in a naval and sprightly style, which astonished his entire auditory. He said: "Gentleman of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

Josh Billings on Skating.

Having heerd so much sed about skating parks, and the grate amount of health and mussel they air imparting to the present generashun at a slite advance from fust cost, I bot a ticket and went within the fense.

I found the ice in a slippery condishun, covering 5 akers ov artyfishall water, which was owned by a stock company, and froze to order.

Upon one side ov the pond was erekted little grocery buildings where the wimmen sot on benches while the fellers (kivered with blushes) hitched the majick iron tew their feet.

It waz a most exciting scene; I wanted to holler "bully," or lay down and rool over.

But I kept in, and aked with glory.

Helth was piktured on menny a nobell brow.

As the femail angells put out on the pond, side by side with the mail angells, it was the most powerful scene I ever stood behind.

The long red tape from their neks swum in the breeze, and the fethers in the jockeys fluttered in the breeze, and other things (tew much to mension) fluttered in the breeze.

I don't think I wuz more crazy before in my life—on ice.

For 2 long hours I stood and gazed with dum excitement

I felt like a kanall horse turned suddenly out to grass

Az one of the angells, more sudden than awl the rest, came flieing down the trak three lengths of her mail angell all eyes were gorging with her heavenly bust ov speed; she seemed to have cut luce from earth, and wuz bound for the Cape of Good Hope, when, awl tew onct with gorgous swoop terrifick down crumling into a limping heep went with squeel terrifick, a living, lurly mass of disastrous skirt and tapering ankle.

Awl gathered around the bursted angell; but lo? in a minnitt's space her wings agin was plumed and every father was in its lawful plase, and on she flew, laffin like wine thru its buteous blushes.

I had saw enough—more happiness than belong tew me—and ez I slowly wended back tew my hum at the tavern I felt good.

Learn All You Can.—Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said even in a stage-coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something that he did not know before Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think to be ignorant; for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuits. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone mason and working in a quarry.—Socrates well said, that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump sometime.

So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

Pleasure.—I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world—I appraise them at their real worth, which is, in truth, very low.—Those who have only seen their outsides always overrate them; but I have seen behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move their gaudy machines; and I have also seen and smelled the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, and what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose. —*Chesterfield.*

Choice of a Profession.—Parents and friends too often forget that in determining the future pursuits of the young under their care, it is not enough that a profession be respectable or lucrative, or one in which the youth may be expected to succeed by means of family influence; in addition to these circumstances, they ought to take into account the talents, the disposition, the natural bent of the mind of the individual immediately concerned; for if this most important item be omitted in their calculations, the probability is, that if he have any individuality of character, they will seriously mar his happiness, while endeavoring to the utmost of their power to promote it.

The Decoy Which Makes Young Men Drunkards.

Go with us to the public houses, where a number of young men are assembled.—All is life and gaiety. A few among them may be young and timid. They approach the counter, and wine, rum, brandy are called for. One or two may stand back, and say no, gentlemen, we do not drink; please excuse us. Immediately the rest turn and begin to taunt their friends who refuse to drink, saying they are afraid of getting "tight," of the "old man," and some whisper audibly, "Well, they are mean fellows; they are afraid they will have to spend a cent!" Here you see two very sensitive nerves are touched—Courage and Cleverness. Their bosoms swell with pride; rather than bear these flings of their companions, they step up to the counter, and join in the revelry. The ice is now broken, the first great act of the drama performed. Others follow in natural order, until the individual who refused to drink at first, reels along the public street without shame.

Such is the manner in which thousands of our promising young men are led away by a false ambition; and thousands more will follow in their path unless they learn the meaning of courage.

We have in our mind a number of noble-hearted, good-meaning men, who do not possess strength enough to face opposition. Rather than be called mean they will follow up these habits of drinking until their appetites become uncontrollable.

We advise you, young men, when you are in company, and solicited to drink intoxicating liquors, to say frankly and decidedly that you do not indulge in such things, and you command their respect, and they will be forced to admit that your courage is sufficient to bear all their taunts and not yield the right. Those who stem the tide always meet opposition; but never despair—press onward. Our only hope of rescuing the race from his brutal, slavish passion rests with the young. Will you, young friends, have courage, true, high and God-like courage, to face this growing evil and banish it from our land.

The Two Voices.—When Guttenburg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the monastery of St. Abergot, he tells us that he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist, told him the power his invention would put in the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the man who gave it to the world. So impressed was Guttenburg with what he heard, that he took a hammer and broke to pieces the types he had so laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on, and to rejoice in his work; that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God would bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Guttenburg; the one calling us to work; while it is called to-day—to try to leave this world better than we found it; and the other tempting us to leave the plow in mid-furrow, and rest on our oars when we should be pulling against the stream.

Find Fault in Private.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and a regard to the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

Male and Female Hair.—It is a curious fact revealed by the microscope, that the hair of the head of woman is larger in its fibre than that of men, and to this circumstance is due the fact that it obtains a greater length. It is, therefore, of more importance that the skin of the scalp in the female should be supplied with all those materials of which hair is composed; or the hair produced will be imperfect in its structure, irregular and rough.

Genuine neighborly love knows no distinction of persons. It is like the sun, which does not ask on what it shall shine, or what it shall warm; but shines and warms by the very laws of its own being. So there is nothing hidden from its light and heat.

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear: if, when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear? I paused for some cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy lips she said, "Oh, Ike, you're sich a fool."

Misfortunes work more or less according to the weakness or resolution of the patient.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Modern Schooling.—'What are you writing there, my boy?' asked a fond parent the other day of his hopeful son, a shaver of ten years.

'My compothithion, thir.'

'What is the subject?'

'International Law, thir,' replied the youthful Grotius. "But, really, I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas and give them relation if I am conthantly interrupted in thith manner by irrevelant inquiries."

A Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera, took to the woods to avoid it, and was there found asleep Being asked why he went to the woods, he said:

'To pray.'

'But,' said the overseer, 'how is it that you went to sleep?'

'Don't know, massa, 'zactly,' responded the negro, 'but 'spect I must have overprayed myself!'

An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months of age I was considered the handsomest little child in the neighborhood, but my nurse, to revenge herself upon my parents for some fancied injury at their hands, one day *swapped me away* for another boy, belonging to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain looking."

A gentleman was, one day in the old coaching times, travelling by a coach which moved at a very slow pace.

"Pray," said he to the guard, "what is the name of this coach?"

"The Regulator," was the reply.

"And a very appropriate name, too," said the traveller, "for I see all other coaches go by it."

"Who made the world?" asked a teacher of a little boy who had not been long in school. The boy shook his head and said nothing. The teacher threatened to whip him unless he answered. The boy feeling himself impelled to a confession of some sort, broke forth:

'Well, master, I made it; but I'll never do it again.

A Bore.—"I want to see some of your gimlets" said a green horn one day as he entered a hardware store.

The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited.

"Well then, what kind do you want? Here's almost every variety."

"Why, I wants them what bores square holes."

Epitaphs.—This one refers to one who evidently clung to the vanities of the world until compelled to relinquish them:

"Beneath this slab, lies Felix Grab,
Who didn't want to go,
But Mr. Death, he stopped his breath,
And laid his carcass low."

The following order, *verbatim, et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower:—"Sur: My wife is ded and wants tu be burried tomorro. At Wunner klok. U knose wair to dig the hoal—bi the side uv mi two uther wives. Let it be deep.

'Come, Bob, get up,' said an indignant father to his hopeful son, the other morning; 'remember, the early bird catches the worm.'

'What do I care for worms?' replied the young hopeful; 'mother won't let me go fishing.'

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture, and when it came to getting the bread and butter he had to fall back upon the old folks.

In No Danger.—'Sally,' said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, 'keep away from me, or you'll set me on fire.'

'No danger of that,' replied the girl, you are too green to burn!'

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself:

'Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow woman with pins.'

'Paddy, where's the whiskey I gave you to clean the windows with?' 'Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same.'

'Young man do you believe in a future state?'

'In course I dus; and what's more I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gits her things ready.'

'How does that look?' said old Mr. Smith, holding out his big hand.

'That,' said Mr. Jones,' looks like if you were out of soap.'

'Tom, tell me the biggest lie you ever told, and I'll give you a glass of beer.'

'A lie! I never told a lie in my life.'

'Draw the beer, boy.'

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3527-0017.jpg