American Union.

VOL. 7 DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1867. NO. 241.

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THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. M. EMERSON & BRO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. M. EMERSON. E. W. EMERSON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1 00
1 "	6	2.00
1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8 00
1 "	for any less no of insertions	1.60

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

JOB PRINTING.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of power vested in us, through and by a mortgage from Mary J. Willis and Richard Willis, of Caroline county, State of Maryland, to J H. Holmes, bearing date 29th day of January, 1866, we will offer at public sale, on

THURSDAY, 14th of March, 1867,

in front of the Court House door, in the town of Denton, between the hours of 12 o'clock M., and 4 o'clock, P. M., all that tract or parcel of land lying and being in Hunting Creek Neck, in Caroline county, and situate, lying and being on the west side of Hunting Creek, and adjoining the lands of Jesse Wright and others—beginning for the out lines and bounds thereof at a stone set on the south-east side of the main road running from Preston to Henry Corkran's farm, it also being a corner of the said Jesse Wright's land, and from thence runs south forty-one degrees, east one hundred and thirty perches to the head of a gully, then down the middle of the same to the aforesaid Creek, then down said creek until it intersects a line drawn north seventy-five degrees west will hit an old wharf on said creek, then down said creek until it comes to a small gully, then up the same to a fork in said gully, then with the west fork thereof to a stone at the head of said gully, then north thirty-one degrees west parallel with the first line and one perch off until it comes to the aforesaid road, then with the same to the place of beginning; containing

66 Acres, more or less,

as will more fully appear by reference to deed dated the third day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-three, from Henry Corkran and Elizabeth Corkran to Mary J. Willis.

The improvements consist of a  ONE STORY FRAME DWELLING & ordinary out buildings.

Soil naturally good but not much improved. There is a young peach orchard on said premises, but does not bear yet.

TERMS OF SALE:—CASH.

T. H. & J. D. KEMP, Att'ys.
for Jas H. Holmes, Mortagee.

H. V. GREEN, Auctioneer.

feb21-tds.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of power vested in us through and by a mortgage from Henry Corkran, of Caroline county, State of Maryland, to James H. Holmes, bearing date the first day of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, we will offer at public sale, on

THURSDAY, 14th day of March, 1867,

in front of the Court House door in the town of Denton, between the hours of 12 o'clock M., and 4 o'clock P. M., all that tract or part of a tract of land called

HUNTINGTON,

beginning for the outlines and bounds thereof at the mouth of Smith's Creek, then up said creek with the stream thereof until it comes to the part heretofore sold to James H. Holmes, then South forty-two degrees East eighty perches to Hunting Creek, then down said creek to Great Choptank River, then up the same to the place of beginning, containing

75 Acres of Land.

Said mortgaged land adjoins the lands of M. A. Miller. Soil is naturally good. Said farm has a fine PEACH ORCHARD and other fruits of various kinds on it, all in good bearing condition. The improvements are a fine two-story FRAME DWELLING, with necessary outbuildings in good order.

☞TERMS OF SALE, CASH.☜

THOS. H. & JNO. D. KEMP, Att'ys
for Jas. H. Holmes, Mortgagee.

H. V. GREEN, Auctioneer. [fe21-ts

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

ANTHONY THOMAS, (neg.)

late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 30th day of July, 1867, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 19th day of February, 1867. ANDREW S. GREEN,
Administrator.

feb21-3t

Poetry.

The Beauty of Old Age.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle faults as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
Its own unequalled, pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days,
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear;
Of kisses on a blushing cheek,
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak.
Of passions too untimely crossed—
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now.
And is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest vision move
Forever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are all earth's treasures worth,
If we at length must loose them thus—
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

ADVANTAGES OF KNOWLEDGE.

An Essay Read at the Teacher's Association, Held at the Boonsboro' Methodist Episcopal Church, on Saturday, 23d of February, by Rev. T. S. Williams.

Knowledge, in general, expands the mind; exalts the faculties; refines the tastes of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensative appetites; the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation.

The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find enter[illegible] account, be allowed to be an amusement of the noblest kind, and every way best suited to the nature of man. Other relaxations, says Cicero, are peculiar to certain times, places and stages of life; but knowledge is the ornament of youth, and the comfort of old age. It throws an additional lustre on prosperity; it is the resource and consolation of adversity; it delights us at home, and is no embarassment when abroad. It requires, I suppose, no great reasoning to prove that he is most likely to prosper in this life whose mind is best cultivated and enlarged with the truest notion of things, and who joins to that cultivated understanding a corresponding practice, not less excelling in virtue than in knowledge. The misfortunes of mankind are, for the most part, owing to their ignorance, follies and vices.

One thing we have always noticed in our observation, as well as in our reading, which we have never known yet to fail, and which should be to all the strongest incentive to cultivate learning—should be to parents the strongest reason to enable and encourage their children to that cultivation—we have always noticed that the most studious are the most virtuous; that they who had the greatest love for knowledge, and the best application in the pursuit of it, were always the most ingenious in their minds, and the most blameless in their manner. The reason is obvious: the pleasing and worthy pursuits in which they are engaged leave them no time or thoughts for those criminal dissipations to which idleness and inattention always lead. In connection with these pleasing thoughts as to the advantages of thus cultivating the mind and acquiring knowledge, we may state that society has a claim upon us. We are now training as teachers, and being trained ourselves to fill our parts in the future circle of life. We are to become members of that society which subsists by a mutual and relative discharge of duties amongst its members. Now, unless we do our part, what right have we to expect others to do theirs?—An ignorant, idle man is a dead weight to society; a wicked, profligate man is a pest, is a nuisance, to society; but a wise and virtuous man, who labors by all the means in his power to advance the universal good—to improve the knowledge and the happiness of mankind—is at once an ornament to his nature, and a blessing to the community—a good planet, shining with benign influence on all around him. Society has, in this respect, a just right to call upon parents, and especially upon those entrusted with the care of youth.—Some ancient States were so thoroughly impressed with this notion that they left not the important charge of education to the hazard of parental neglect or precarious choice. They considered children as the property of the public, and they were thoroughly convinced how much the welfare of that public depended upon their right and early information. We act differently; whether more wisely is not our present inquiry. It is, however, most undoubted that a right sense of this claim of the public, of this debt to society, should influence all to give their children the best and most rational education they can; should peculiarly influence every instructor of youth to form the minds and manners of those committed to his care, in such a way, that they may best be enabled to fill their future station in life with comfort to themselves, and with advantage to others.

A Thirty Thousand Dollar Job.

The head clerk of a large firm in Charlestown promised an old customer, one day, half a bale of Russia duck to be on hand precisely at one o'clock, when the man was to leave town with his goods.—The firm were out of duck, and the clerk went over to Boston to buy some. Not finding a truckman, he hired a man to take it over in his wheelbarrow. Finishing other business, on his return to Charlestown, the clerk found the man not half way over the bridge, sitting on his barrow half dead with the heat.

What was to be done? It was then halfpast twelve, and the goods were promised at one. There was not a moment to lose In spite of the heat, the dust, and his fine light summer clothes, the young man seized the wheelbarrow and pushed on.

Pretty soon a rich merchant, whom the young man knew very well, riding on horseback, overtook him. "What?" said he, "Mr. Wilder turned truckman!"

"Yes," answered the clerk. "The goods are promised at one o'clock, and my man has given out; but you see I am determined to be as good as my word."

"Good, good!" said the gentleman, and started on.

Calling at the store where the young man was employed, he told his employer what he had seen. "And I want you to tell him," said the gentleman, "that when he goes into business for himself, my name is at his service for thirty thousand dollars."

Reaching the store, which he did in time, you may be sure the high price set on his conduct made amends for any heat, anxiety, and fatigue of the job.

Keeping his word. You see how important it is regarded It is one of the best kinds of capital a business man can have. To be worth much to anybody, a boy must form a character for *reliability.* He must be depended upon. And you will like to know, perhaps, that this young man became one of the most eminent merchants of his day, known far and wide, both in Europe and this country. His name was S. V. S. Wilder, and he was the first President of the American Tract Society.

DISTRESS FOR RENT.—The following bill has passed the House of Delegates:

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section 17 of article 53 of the code of public general laws, entitled landlord and tenant, be, and the same is hereby, repealed and re-enacted to read as follows:

Sec. 17. The following property shall be exempt from distress for rent, to wit: Every piano, melodeon or organ, every spinning wheel, every sewing machine where the same shall have been loaned or rented to the tenant, and every horse, carriage and harness, whip and robe in any livery stable, which may be at livery or stored with any keeper of any livery stable, or in any other place, outhouse or barn of the tenant, and all property of any boarder or sojourner at any hotel, public or private boarding house, or any vehicle in any shop for repairs, and all property not *bona fide* belonging to the tenant.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the day of its passage.

BAD.—'Oh, I'm dead! I'm dead!' blubbered a little fellow the other day, as he ran into the house.

'What's the matter, my dear,' inquired the affrighted mother.

'Oh, I ran against a fence and stuck a *knot-hole* in my trousers.'

Old England.

Here is another picture of English life a hundred years ago:—

The hour is half-past nine in the forenoon, and high time for dinner; the family have been up since dawn, and have tasted nothing except a few thick slices of cold beef and a mug or two of ale.

The first thing is to lay the table, or rather the first thing is to make the table. Two domestics bring a long board and set it up on trestles across the hall. They then spread the cloth, first making a ceremonious inclination at each end of the board. The salt-cellar, a tall silver vessel, highly ornamented, is placed in the centre, and marks the distinction of rank and birth, in a somewhat promiscuous company, between those who sit above and below it. A ewer and basin and a towel are now carried round, and each person washes his hands, if not for his own convenience, out of compliment to his neighbor; for they all sit in pairs,—a lady and a gentleman together, as far as the relative number permit, and every couple eat from one plate.

As soon as they are seated, each man draws his own knife out of the sheath at his girdle. If the edge be dull, he will find a whetstone behind the screen.—But where are the forks? Forks! Has not each person got one, of nature's make, with five prongs to it?

When forks—an Italian invention—were first introduced into England, in the seventeenth century, they were scouted by the public as a mark of foreign effeminacy, while the clergy denounced them from the pulpit as an insult to Providence which had given us fingers for the purpose of raising the food to our mouths.—As soon as they came into general use, the practice of washing the hands before and after meals became much less common. Even plates were not universal till very late in the Middle Ages, the word "trencher," by which they were first called, being derived from the slice of bread which had served for the same purpose. On the other hand, napkins were of course considered indispensable; and of drinking-cups, of all kinds and materials, there was a great abundance. Even glass drinking-vessels were not unknown; but they were not very convenient, because, being round at the bottom, they would not stand upright; whence they received the name of "tumblers."

Death of a Remarkable Man.

Samuel downing, the last soldier of the Revolutionary War on the pension rolls, and the last but two of the men who served in the war that achieved American Independence, recently died at his residence in Edinburgh, Saratoga county, New York, in the *one hundred and seventh year of his age.* He was born at Exeter, N. H., Nov. 30, 1761. He enlisted in the army when sixteen years of age, and his first service was in guarding baggage trains at Springfield, Mass. He subsequently served in New Jersey and New York, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. When peace was declared he returned to New Hampshire, was married, and went to Edinburgh, where he died. His first pension bears the autograph of John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, March 18th, 1818.

Mr. Downing had thirteen children, two of whom are still living. His wife died several years ago. On his hundreth birthday, Nov. 30th, 1861, the event was celebrated by himself and neighbors.—They met, and forming a procession, went in sleighs, some thirty or forty in number, to a neighboring forest, where the old man cut down a hemlock tree, twenty-two inches in diameter. Then the company assembled around a stand and listened to an oration. After the oration the procession was reformed and moved to Mr. Downing's residence, where he cut down a black cherry tree measuring a foot in diameter, and then digging a hole through the snow and frost, planted a small tree.

What an era of history Samuel Downing has lived through! What changes have taken place in this and other countries since he arrived at man's estate!—Bonaparte, who died over forty years ago, after more than twenty years spent in making and unmaking kings, and building up and overturning kingdoms, was born nine or ten years after Mr. Downing, commenced his career about the time when Mr. Downing first settled on the banks of the Sacandaga. Canals, steamboats, railroads and telegraphs have been invented, improved, and reached their present advanced position, while he has been quietly tilling his farm in that somewhat sequestrated place. John Quincy Adams and all the other Presidents who succeeded him were born after Mr. Downing, and some of them after he had attained to middle age.

A VALUABLE RECIPE.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* writes that six years' experience has convinced him that a coat of gum copal varnish applied to the soles of boots and shoes, and repeated as it dries, until the pores are filled, and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the soles waterproof, and also cause them to last three times as long as ordinary soles.

Editing a Paper.

Somebody who has evidently gone thro' the mill, gets off the following. We commend his remarks to our readers:

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business.

If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter

If the type is too small, people won't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, people say they are lies.

If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise, or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, people say we are a rattlehead.

If we omit them, they say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selections

If we publish selections, men say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man a complimentary notice, then we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, then all hands say we are a greedy hog.

If we insert an article that pleases the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we attend church, they say it is only for effect.

If we don't they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to business.

If we publish poetry, we effect sentimentalism; if we do not, we have no literary polish or taste.

If the mail does not deliver our papers promptly, they say we do not publish "on the time;" if it does, they are afraid we are getting ahead of the time.

If we do not pay all our bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted.

If we do pay promptly, they say we stole the money.

ECONOMY AND AVARICE.—In a small city some well disposed citizens, were sent by the Magistrates from house to house, in order to collect a subsidy for the impoverished inhabitants of the city. Early one morning they came to the farm of a wealthy farmer.

They discovered him in front of his stable, and upon approaching him, heard how he rebuked his servants for having left the ropes at which the horses were tied over night in the rain, and for not having taken them in to dry.

"Oh! this is an avaricious man!" said one to the others; "We shall not get much here!"

"We will at least *try* it," said another, and they approached.

The farmer received the strangers very friendly, and while he accompanied them to his house they brought forth their request.

How great was their astonishment as he gave them a considerable sum of money, and promised to give them an equal sum every year.

The citizens, in their grateful emotion, could not forbear to confess to the farmer that his beneficence was wholly unexpected to them; for the rebuke he previously gave to his servant, on account of so unimportant a trifle, led them to suspect that he was a very avaricious man.

"Dear friends," said he, "by being so economical with my property at all times, I have arrived at the happy condition to do good."

MORAL.—Do not be ashamed of economy, think it not to be avarice, for you need only to be ashamed of avarice itself.

Do not refuse to be beneficent, because you falsely take beneficence for lavishness.

SILENT INFLUENCE.—The Rev. Albert Barnes says: "It is the bubbling stream that flows gently; the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he pours in from the hollow of his hand. But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty.—So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of martyrs, good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends."

NOT long since an Eastern man on his way to Boston, was stopped on the highway by a robber, and requested to hand over his money or have his brains blown out. 'Oh,' said the traveller, quickly, 'blow away, it is better to go to Boston without brains than without money.'

HOW TO TELL A LAWYER.—A few days since a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, in a certain part of South Carolina, inquired of a pert negro who was travelling the same way, if the road led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed anxious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation. For the fun of the thing, the traveller concluded to humor Ebony a little, and the following dialogue ensued:—

'My name is ———, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart, you can guess it from my appearance; don't you see that I am a timber-cutter?'

'No, boss, you no timber-cutter.'

'An overseer, then?'

'No, sir, you no look like one.'

'What say you to my being a doctor?'

'Don't think so, boss; they don't ride in sulky.'

'Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?'

'I sorter spects you is dat, sir.'

'Pshaw! Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?'

'No, siree, you don't that.'

'Why, Cuffee?'

'Why, now, you see, boss, I'ee bin ridin' wid you for more'n a mile, an' you haint cussed any, and a lawyer always cusses.'

THE DUTCHMAN'S PARENTAL DISCIPLINE.—Here is a story with a very personal application:

'Shon, mine Shon,' said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language, 'Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill tell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it pe a drue story, or a made-pelieve?'

'Oh, a true story, of course,' answered John.

'Ferry vell, den. Dere was once a goot nice old shentleman, (shoost like I) andt he had von little poy (shoost like you.)—and von day he heard him shwearing like a young fillin, and he vas. So he went to der winkie (corner,) and took out a cowhide, (shoost as I am doing now,) and he took der dirty little blackguard by de collar, (dis vay, you see!) and vallaped him (shoost so.) And den, mine tear Shon, he pull his ears (dis vay) and smack his face, (dat vay,) and tell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vilt do dis efening.'

AN INSTANCE OF PERSEVERANCE.—One morning during the late war an officer, riding through the woods of North Alabama, was attracted by a tall, lank countryman, who seemed to be using his best endeavors to reach the top of a large hickory tree. Scarcely had he gained the summit, when, rapidly descending, he started up another one a few yards off.—This strange proceeding was continued at least a dozen times, the countryman climbing and descending one tree after another for nearly a quarter of a mile.—The officer at length, overtaking him, inquired the cause of his eccentric gyrations. "I was lyin' asleep under yon hickory, when a darned squirrel dropped a shell-bark into my eye; I'm going to worry him till he leaves the settlement, if I die in the attempt."

THE NEWSPAPER.—A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always a year behind the time in general information; besides they can never think much nor find much to think about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper—and who would read one regularly without paying for it?

STANDARD OF CHARITY.—Men measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars, he might give one; carry it higher, and there comes a falling off. One hundred would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high-sounding and widely trumpted benefaction.

A CLERGYMAN on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after in a social gathering took up the baby and exclaimed.—

'I believe I have a mortgage on this child!'

Baby's father, rather than have any explanation before the company, quietly handed over a five dollar bill.

'NONE but the brave deserve the fair.' No, and none but the brave can live with some of them.

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