American Union

VOL. 8. DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1867. NO. 260.

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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.

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1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1 00
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1 "	12 "	8.00
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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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

Register in Bankruptcy,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

Dr. H. C. KEMP

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. He may be found at all times, when not professionally engaged, at the Drug Store, or at the Hotel.

my9-6m

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST.

GREENSBOROUGH, MD.

Will visit Felton every second and fourth Tuesday of each month. [my2-y

Dr. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.,

Will hereafter visit Greensborough the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. jly29y

Jno. D. Kemp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.

Office, next door to residence, Main street.

may9-y

W. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF THIS AND THE ADJACENT COUNTIES.

Office on his farm in the upper District. Will attend in Denton on Tuesdays, and Greensboro' on Saturdays, from 9 o'clock, A. M. [mr21

AUCTIONEERING.

J. TYLOR

HAS RESUMED

The Auctioneering Business,

And respectfully solicits a share of patronage from the public. He may be found at his residence, Denton, Md. [ap11-tmy1'68

AUCTIONEERING.

THE subscriber having taken out license as Auctioneer will call sales of all kinds at short notice. Persons having property to sell will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber as I guarantee to give satisfaction.

COLLINS TATMAN,

mr7-tf near Denton.

AUCTIONEERING.

THE undersigned, having taken out license as an AUCTIONEER, is now ready to cry sales at action. Terms moderate.

dec13-5m JAS. HIGNUTT.

JNO. E. PEARSON,

CARPENTER and UNDERTAKER,

TEMPLEVILLE, MARYLAND,

Will faithfully execute all work entrusted to him. *Charges moderate.* [fe21-y

Highly Important.

ISRAEL & CO.,

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BALTIMORE, MD.

GREAT REDUCTION IN OUR PRICES.

Cartes and Vignettes $2.50 per dozen, formerly $5.

☞Particular attention paid to copies of deceased persons. [apr25-1y

MRS. WHEELER'S NURSING SYRUP for Children teething at

ALBURGER'S.

SCARFS for sale sale at

H. BLACKISTON.

Poetry.

I Am Dying.

Raise my pillow, husband dearest—
Faint and fainter comes my breath;
And those shadows, stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close, beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand;
Yours that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father,
Thence shall ever lead me on,
Where, upon a throne eternal,
Sits his loved and only Son.
I've had visions, and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
'Till I was a child again.

Dreamed of girlhood and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride—
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
In that hour of woman's pride!
Dreamed of thee—and all the earth-cords,
Firmly twined about my heart—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish
When first I knew that we must part.

It has passed—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He, that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with thee to the end.
There's no shadows o'er the portals
Leading to my heavenly home—
CHRIST has promised life immortal,
And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank heaven that I'm spar'd them,
Thou'lt then feel that "all is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them—
They'll learn soon enough to weep:

Tell them of their mother;
Kiss them for me when they wake;
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last night of my life,
For, to-morrow, I shall never
Answer when you call me "wife."

Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chastening rod;
Throw your strong arm 'round our children;
Keep them close to thee—and GOD.

From the Wide World.

Benedict Arnold's Fortune.

BY CHARLES HOWARD.

It was a dark and stormy night in 1775; the wind whistled through the streets of Boston with maddening fury, and the hail beat furiously against the window panes. Through all that storm a man was making his way. He was rather above the medium height, and his face was concealed by a long black cloak. He walked rapidly, and would look up at the houses as if he were seeking some particular one.

Suddenly he paused before the door of a two-story building and gave five loud raps; steps were soon heard descending the stairs, and a negro opened the door. The servant started as he saw that muffled figure, but it said:

'Is the old astrologer within?'

'He is, massa,' replied the negro.

'I would speak with him.'

'Please go up dese steps till you come to a big door: den gib two raps and walk in.'

The muffled figure ascended the stairs and rapped at the door, and it flew open as if by some magic power. There was a creaking of bolts and screws, and he soon stood in the room.

The apartment in which the stranger found himself was a a large one. It was the abode of Sans Joasi, the great astrologer. Upon shelves were many crucibles, batteries, and other strange works of science. A telescope was there, too; and many large books, bound in vellum, were piled upon each other. The wall was covered with maps of the heavens, and a single lamp burned upon the table.

The astrologer was seated in a velvet-covered chair. He appeared to be about eighty years of age, for his long beard was of snowy whiteness. He was engaged in reading one of those large books when the visitor entered. Sans Joasi turned and looked at the muffled figure a moment and then said:

'Be seated, Benedict Arnold.'

The person addressed removed the cloak from his face and seated himself It was Benedict Arnold, then serving as a colonel in the American Army. He looked around upon the walls and then asked:

'How did you know it was I, Sans Joasi?'

'I can read through that cloak—yes, into your very heart,' answered the astrologer, in a slow and deeply impressive voice.

Sans Joasi turned his chair until he could face Arnold. Then he looked into his face for a long time. Arnold bore the scrutiny, and at last the old man said:

'You have come to my house to hear what is in store for you.'

'I have,' replied Arnold.

'Would you know the past?'

'I would.'

'Why?'

'If you can tell me aught of my past life, then I may believe in your powers,' said Benedict.

'First, then, you was born in Connecticut.'

'I was.'

'In your boyhood you were wild and reckless—you were cruel, for you delighted in robbing bird's nests, and treating with contempt.'

'I confess it, Sans Joasi.'

'You loved, and I believe with a holy love; but she died, and at her grave you inwardly promised to abandon your evil ways.'

'Do you know my very thoughts?' cried Arnold.

'I know enough of them—the stars tell me all,' answered the old man.

'It seems to me as if you have haunted me from youth to manhood.'

'Have I told you enough of the past, or shall I tell you about George Dru—'

'My God! old man, you have told me enough of my life—mention not that!' cried Arnold, rising to his feet, while his hand move to his sword. Sans Joasi saw the movement.

'Benedict Arnold, draw not your weapon, or I shall touch this fatal spring,' and the old man's hand moved towards a piece of steel which was fastened to the table.

'What harm will that do?' asked the future traitor.

'Look above your head.'

Arnold looked, and above his head, like the sword of Damocles, hung a large iron weight sufficient to crush him. He trembled and resumed his seat.

'One slight pressure upon that spring will cause that weight to fall. It has crushed one human being,' said Sans Joasi.

Arnold shuddered, and said:

'You have told me enough of the past, Sans Joasi; now tell me the future.'

'I would not tell you of the future, Colonel Arnold. Leave my house, ignorant of what fate has in store for you,' replied the old man.

'I will not go until I know all.'

'Then you shall know it. I have cast your horoscope, and the stars have told your fate. You will, ere long, start upon an expedition against the enemies of your country.'

'I know that. I am to march upon Canada,' said Arnold.

'The expedition will be a failure, and many lives will be lost. Though you be defeated, the people will honor you for your bravery. They will overlook your avaricious disposition, and you will rise in their esteem, but—'

'What?'

'You will—fall!' and Sans Joasi spoke the last word in a solemn whisper.

'God forbid!' said Arnold.

'Yes, Benedict, you will fall from your high position. Beware of British gold!' said the aged man, glancing at his book.

'What! will they attempt to bribe *me*—Benedict Arnold?' asked the astonished man.

'They will.'

'Never! Sooner than be bribed by British gold, I would see my right arm torn from its place. Better then for me had I never been born If this be true, oh! let me die like a soldier on the field of battle!' cried Arnold, while his breast rose and fell with suppressed emotion.

'Yes, Benedict Arnold, would to God that you could die now. Oh! would that you could from that chair a corpse, than live out your allotted time.'

'Will their bribe succeed?' asked Arnold, his face assuming a death-like hue

'You cannot resist the temptation, and will *betray your country!*' and as Sans Joasi spoke the last words, a peal of thunder, which shook the house to its foundation, seemed to confirm the words.

'That can never be, Sans Joasi. But have you told me all?'

'Almost—you will cause a noble young man to die a disgraceful death, and, finally, you will die in disgrace; hated by your enemies and despised by those whom you looked upon as once your friends.'

'Where do you learn all this?' asked Arnold, rising to his feet, and gazing at the old man.

'From this book,' and the astrologer laid his hand upon the open volume.—'Come and look.'

Arnold advanced, and with a bloodless cheek gazed upon the mysterious writing. There were stars and the planets drawn upon the pages, interspersed with dates of years, months and days.

'I cannot understand it,' said he.

'No, Benedict Arnold, it is not for you to comprehend. There, upon those pages, I can read your past life, and also your future.'

'Here is gold,' and the Colonel drew from his pocket a purse filled with glittering coins, and threw it upon the table.

'I do not want your gold. Keep it, for I have told the truth, and for that I ask nothing,' said the old man, and Arnold returned the purse to his pocket, and turned to leave the room.

'Good-bye, Sans Joasi. I hope the stars have lied.'

'You may hope so, Arnold, but they have not. Farewell,' and the next moment the future traitor was gone.

Sans Joasi paced his room with rapid strides, with his head bowed, as if in sorrow.

'Oh, my country,' he cried, 'you must pass through much blood ere you will be free, but you will be free; yes, the stars say so, and they never lie. Oh! I would to God that Benedict Arnold had never seen the light of day. He is a brave man but loves gold It will doom him to a life of shame May God avert the blow. Let him die on the battle-field fighting for his country!' and he resumed his seat.

Reader, you know all about Arnold's subsequent career; how the expedition to Canada failed; how he arose in the estimation of the American people, and how he was the means by which the accomplished Major Andre died an ignominious death, and finally died in England, despised alike by friends and enemies.

We are not told that he ever thought of the prophecy of Sans Joasi. But oh! what must have been his thoughts when he realized that he was a traitor? Sans Joasi lived to see the colonies free, and Peace wave her banner over the land, and died at the good old age of ninety five years.

Inhabitants of the Human Body.

What think you, reader, of your body being a planet inhabited by living races, as we inhabit the earth? Whatever may be your thoughts on the subject, it is even so. Your body is but a home for parasites that crawl over its surface, burrow beneath its skin, nestle in its entrails, and riot and propagate their kind in every corner of its frame. The sensation in regard to trichina in swine flesh has set the scientific to "knocking their heads together," and the result is the following facts:

Parasites not only inhabit the bodies of all animals used by us as food, but they are also found in abundance in our own organization. The species trichina spiralis of which so much has been discovered in pork, is, according to our best anatomist, found in almost every muscle of the human body. It lies along the fibres of the muscles, enveloped in little cysts or sacks about the fourth of an inch in length. It can be distinctly seen and examined only by use of the microscope.—Professor Wood says:

No evidence has yet been produced of any morbid influence exerted by the trichina upon the system during life. They have been found in subjects carried off by sudden death (accident) and in the midst of health."

An English authority says:

"It is a notorious fact that numerous parasites do crawl over our surface, burrow beneath our skin, nestle in our entrails, and riot and propagate their species in every part of our frame. Nearly a score of animals belonging to the interior of the human body, have been already discovered and described; and scarcely an issue or an organ but is occasionally profaned by their inroads. Each, also has its favorite or its special domicil. One species of strangle chooses the heart for its dwelling-place, another inhabits the arteries, a third the kidneys. Myriads of minute worms lie coiled up in the voluntary muscles, or in the arcolar tissue that connects the fleshy fibres. The guinea worm and the chique bore through the skin and reside in the subjacent verticular membrane. Hydatids invest various parts of the body, but especially the liver and brain. A little fluke, in general appearance much like a flounder, lives steeped in gall in the biliary vessels. If you squeeze from the skin of your nose what is vulgarly called a maggot, the contents, namely, of one of the hair tollicies—it is ten to one that you will find in that small sebacious cylinder several animalculæ, exhibiting under the microscope a curious and complicated structure. Even the eye has its living inmates. With this knowledge of our composition, it matters but little how many entozoa we consume, so long as we do not see them—it is nothing more than all ages have done before us. We might, with as much propriety, refuse to drink water which, however pure, is fairly alive with animalculæ, as to refuse meat because it exhibits (under the microscope) entozoa."

HORSE VERSUS DONKEY.—A green servant girl was told by her mistress to wash her clothes, and hand hang them on a horse to dry. Biddy O'Flannagan, having washed the articles, suddenly disappeared, and in about an hour returned, leading a donkey.

'What on earth,' said the lady, 'do you want that for?'

'Och, sure,' cried Biddy, 'I could not find a horse, but I've got a donkey; and won't that do jist as well?'

TO CURE SCARLET FEVER.—The Rochester *Democrat*, on the authority of one who has repeatedly seen it tried, says scarlet fever may be cured as follows:—He says a poltice made of the root of common burdock boiled in milk and applied to the neck of the patient, will cure scarlet fever. The earlier it is applied the better, but he says that it has effected a cure in cases where physicians have abandoned the patient as beyond hope of cure.

—Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

The Bones of Bull Run.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing of a visit to the battle-field of Bull Run, says:

"The first sight that greeted my eyes at Manassas Junction, was a forcible reminder of the war. Two huge piles of bones; horse bones, cattle bones, and, sad to say, human bones intermingled, lay whitening right in front of the hotel.—They are picked up off the battle-field by the owners of the soil, and carted here for shipment by the cars to be ground into fertilizers at some mill in Baltimore.—The price here is "a penny a pound," one of Fairbank's platform scales standing ready by the railway track to weigh the deliveries, and several tons of bones have been shipped. One man, with a girl to help him, collected, in two days, bones enough to come to $16. My landlord, a Pennsylvania Dutchman named Varner, brought out a long and powerful looking bone from behind the bar, saying: 'Here now is some poor fellows thigh bone.'—The sight was not one to inspire cheerful reflections. In another great heap were piled massess of camp kettles, broken musket barrels, wheel-tire, solid shot and broken shells, fragments of swords, bits of wagon-gear, old rusty fire-locks and the like. This, too, is for the market, the last relics of the huge *debris* of destruction of which every battle is the fruitful parent."

The Lord's Prayer.

Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—'Our Father.'

It prompts us to raise or thoughts and desires above the earth—"Who art in heaven."

It tells us that we must reverence our heavenly Father—"Hallowed be thy name."

It breathes the Saint's reward—"Thy kingdom come."

And a submissive, obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

And a dependent, trusting spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

And a cautious spirit—"Deliver us from evil."

And, last of all, an adoring spirit—"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.—Amen."

AN ORDINARY LICENSE.—A neat little girl, apparently about nineteen, says the Frederick *Herald*, a few days ago, entered the clerk's office, and removing her bonnet, inquired if Dr. Bradley was in. The doctor, who was present, very promptly and politely responded in the affirmative.

'Are you,' says the lady, 'the gentleman we are to have for Governor?'

'Why, madam,' said the doctor, with modest confusion, 'there has been some talk on the subject.'

'Then you are the gentleman I want. Have you any licenses to dispose of?'

'Yes, madam, will you have a *retailers* or an *ordinary* license?'

'An *ordinary* will do, doctor, I am only going to marry a *little Dutchman!*'

—While presiding at one of the general association meetings in Connecticut, Rev. Dr. Strong, of Hartford, called upon a minesterial brother as follows:—'Brother Colton, of Bolton, will you step this way and pray?' Brother Colton rose to his feet and very solemnly replied:—'My dear brother Strong, you do very wrong, to be making a rhyme at this solemn time.'

A GOOD DESCRIPTION.—A pious divine of the old school says: "A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of the caterpillar of industry, the tunnel of wealth, the ale-house benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, the woe of his wife, the scoff of his neighbor, his own shame, the picture of a beast and the monster of a man."

SEASONABLE HINTS.—The oil of pennyroyal will keep musquitoes out of a room, if scattered about even in small quantities. Roaches are exterminated by scattering a handful of fresh cucumber parings about the house. No fly will alight on the window which has been washed with water in which a little garlic has been boiled.

A GOOD SPYGLASS.—An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of the telescope. 'Do you see that wee speck on the edge of the hill yonder? That, now is my old pig, though hardly to be seen; but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt.'

—A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bare-headed without taking cold.

Farmer's Column.

Incombustible Wash.

During the hot and dry season, serious accidents sometimes occur in consequence of the highly combustible nature of the materials used for roofing. Pine shingles, after being laid a few years, often become covered with a fine, short moss, which, when dry, is almost as easily ignited as punk, and a spark falling upon the roof, soon envelopes the building in a blaze.

To make a cheap wash for the roofs of buildings, take a sufficient quantity of good stone lime, and slack it carefully in a close box, or mortar bed, to prevent the escape of steam, and after slacking, pass it through a sieve. To every six quarts of this lime, add one quart of rock or Turk's Island salt, and one gallon of water. The mixture should be boiled and skimmed clean. To every five gallons of this, add, by slow degrees, three-fourths of a pound of potash, and four quarts of fine sand.

Coloring matter may be added. Apply it with a common paint brush. A writer, in speaking of this wash, observes: "It looks better than paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in the roof, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling on it.—When applied to brick work, it renders the bricks utterly impervious to rain or wet, and endures a longer time than any paint I ever used. The expense is a mere trifle; in fact, scarcely deserving of mention.

The walls of out-buildings are frequently coated with this wash, as well as the roofs, and are thereby rendered much more durable, It is said that clapboards put on without planing, if coated with this cement or wash, last much longer than when planed and painted.

How to Keep Milk Sweet.

Large quantities of milk are sent once a day from Orange county to New York city. Notwithstanding it is sent by railroad, a portion of the milk is thirty-six hours old when it arives in New York and is ready for the milk carts. To keep milk sweet this length of time in warm weather is no easy matter. The management on the part of the farmers is described as follows in the Utica *Herald:*

"The milk, as soon as it comes from the cow, is strained and put in long tin pails, which are set in water, care being taken that no portion of the milk be higher than the water. These pails look like sections of stove pipe, being eight inches in diameter, and from seventeen to twenty inches long. The milk is occasionally stirred up so as to keep the cream from rising. It is deemed important that the animal heat be removed as soon as may be, at least in an hour's time after it comes from the cow. The old plan, which is yet practiced by some, is to cool the mild in the cans, but is regarded as a very unsafe way when it is designed to have the milk kept sweet for a considerable length of time. The milk stands in the pails until ready to be carted to the trains, when it is put in cans holding from fifty to sixty gallons. These cans are filled full, and the cover, which fits closely, carefully adjusted.

Cure for Heavey Horses.

Having had a large experience with animals afflicted with the disease in question, always with success, with a small amount of labor, I submit the following: First, procure (if you have not one already) a head halter, and tie the horse so that he cannot eat the bedding; give for a few days but little food, and that wet, not more than half the usual quantity, which will relieve the breathing; after which, nutritious food is fed liberally with grain, and less hay, and so long as you do so, your horses will not have the heaves.

If the owner wishes to hurry recovery, a dose of physic (an ounce of powdered aloes) will unload the bowels quickly.

I have owned several heavy horses, and after treating them as stated above, I have douted whether they ever had the disease, but after (by accident) a large amount of hay had been devoured, the distressed breathing and double action of the flanks reasserted the facts.—*Corres. Mass. Plowman,*

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