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THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

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FFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
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tinues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. an1

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WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF ROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

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L practice in the courts of this and the ijoining counties.
ce next door to resi ice, Main street. may9-y

LATEST FASHIONS
JUST RECEIVED.

The undersigned, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. He is prepared at all imes to cut or make any kind or style of clothing, from a single garment to an entire suit. His work will be done in the neatest manner nd at the shortest notice.

All persons indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

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oct24-y THOS. P. SIMPSON.

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PRODUCE AND
Commission Merchants,
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W. W. CASSIDY,
No. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
ASKS ATTENTION TO HIS
Varied and Extensive Stock
OF
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES
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SILVER-WARE.

Customers may be assured that none but the best articles, at reasonable prices, will be sold at his store. A fine assortment of

RODGER'S CELEBRATED PLATED-WARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.
jan7-1y

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Mantua Making.
THE MISSES POSTLETHWAITE

HAVE recently returned from Baltimore with a large and carefully selected assortment of Notions, Trimmings, &c., suitable for fall and winter, which, having been purchased cheap for cash, they are prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms.

Bonnets and Hats made or repaired.
Dresses cut, fitted or made to order.
Stamping neatly executed.

Thankful for past favors they ask a liberal patronage of a generous public. [no26-y

Select Poetry.

The Footprints of Decay.

FROM THE SAPNISH.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its sense and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And dream each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on,
O're king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide,
To that sad wave!
Deaths level poverty and pride,
And rich and poor lie side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
From which to run life's devious race,
And death the goal;
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was fair—
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay!
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe!
When age comes on!

Written for the American Union.

THE YOUNG LAWYER;
—OR,—
Wealth not Worth.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Frank Sheldon was poor; that is, if we define the word as it is used in this age of acquisitiveness. Poverty is a sin of commission in this money-getting age that is not easily forgiven, and in all transactions remembered. A man may possess talents in an humble way, but if there are no wealthy friends to give it potential effect, nor wealth of his own to cause it to shine forth, he can rust in obscurity.

This was just the predicament the hero of our tale was in at the time our story commences. Frank had finished his studies and had been admitted to practice at the New York bar, so all he now wanted to make him a full fledged lawyer was a client and a fee.

Mr. Attorney Sheldon rented himself an office, hung out his shingle, and, like all young beginners, waited for business to come in. But as New York city is somewhat well supplied with gentlemen of like ilk a young beginner does not make much headway in the learned professions.

One day as our young friend was seated in his office, smoking his cigar, for want of something more profitable to do, he figured up his expenses since his admittance to the bar and found they ran up to the snug sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. Three hundred and fifty dollars he had still in bank, but after deducting his indebtedness he had only one hundred dollars left.

"Heigho," muttered our embryo, "here's the duce to play. My little store nearly gone, no sign of a client, and I shall soon be penniless and alone in the world. My good looks won't pay my board or silence the clamor of washerwomen. Well, Mr. Sheldon, what are you going to do in this case?" soliloquized he, "make my situation known to my friends? Let me see. There's Mr. Getall; he has a great deal of business, and is, moreover rich as a jew. Then there is Squire Dowell; he has a great deal of influence and plenty of glittering gold. There is also Col. Salvage, bluff and hearty; he always regarded me with particular favor. Any one of these gentlemen's influence would be a great help just at this time, and, by jingo, I'll try. But I tell you, Frank Sheldon, this begging patronage is a bitter pill for you to swallow. So here goes;" and without more ado he started for the counting house of Mr. Getall.

The old gentleman was in and alone, which gave our hero a little more courage.

After conversing for some time about matters and things that generally interest people, he at length made his errand known.—The countenance of the merchant fell thirty degrees, (if we can rate the countenance by degrees), and his manner at once assumed a more haughty demeanor, and his words had considerable of sarcasm in them as he replied to Frank's request:

"Why, Mr. Sheldon, I thought you above want. I am sorry," continued this man of money, "that I can do nothing for you.—True, I have a great deal of business, but I must have an experienced lawyer to transact it. Experience, young man, is a great teacher. That is what you must gain, and no doubt you will succeed if you have energy. But assistance I am unable at present to give; so good morning, Mr. Sheldon. I have some very important affairs to attend to. I hope you will succeed," and he fairly bowed the young man out of the room.

Reader, this is no overdrawn picture.—There are thousands of such specimens of humanity, if you can call such beings as Getall human. They rate men by the number of dollars they own, or are the reputed owner of. They will give you sage advice and good hints, but let you drag yourself out of the slough of despond.

"Pretty good luck," muttered Frank.—"Now I suppose the old fellow will cut my acquaintance. Well, no matter, such friends I can pick up any day—after I get fame and honors. So here goes for Mr. Dowell, the wholesale jeweller."

He proceeded in the direction of the store, where he found the gentleman in question superintending the packing of some costly jewelry, intended for the West. As soon as the young attorney came in, the proprietor shook his hand warmly and gave him a cordial reception. By-the-by, the jeweller had a half-dozen homely daughters to dispose of, and in his present estimation of Mr. Shelgon he was quite an eligible match for one of them. So when our hero asked for a private interview, Mr. Dowell led him into a snug little private counting room, fitted up in the best style, for the proprietor was a man of taste as well as wealth—at least he wished people to think so. After they were seated he offered Frank a cigar, and in smoking the fragrant weed and pleasant chat Frank almost forgot that he was poor.

In the midst of their conversation, Mr. Dowell, almost abruptly asked Frank why it was that he chose the profession of law and abandoned his fine plantations.

"Law—plantations?" querried Frank.

"Yes," answered Mr. Dowell, "I understand that you have several large and fertile plantations in Georgia, and it seems curious that you should remain incog., avoiding so much the society which is anxious, nay, ardently desirous of your advent into it."

Frank was surprised at the revelation; he was more than surprised, he was grieved, aggravated that a report so untrue should go abroad. But he was no dissembler, or he would have turned this disclosure to good account.

"Me a southern planter," exclaimed the astonished young man, "no sir, the only patrimony I have is the education my parents gave me, and the small inheritance I received from them barely sufficed to finish my studies and buy the necessary books belonging to my profession. There is certainly some mistake in this," and he recounted to his seeming friend all the difficulties he was compelled to encounter.

To all this the jeweller listened very attentively, and when Frank had finished he drew a long breath, saying, "Sheldon, (the Mr. was forgotten), I thought you were what some of your acquaintances represented you to be. But I admire your spirit. There is no doubt but that you will succeed. Perseverance will surmount all obstacles; so don't despair, my friend. Persevere and fortune will crown your efforts."

Our hero left the jewel merchant with a heavy heart, and no wonder. Of those whom he expected the most he received only sarcasm and cool advice, which avails but little when your circumstances are straightened by necessity, and you are eager to make yourself useful.

When once in his office, Frank threw himself into a chair and uttered his thoughts aloud. "So," said he, "this is the key which has introduced me into good society. A rich southern gentleman, incog.; a fine story truly. But rich I wish I was, by Jupiter. It would come handy just now. Well, I suppose old Getall will order his daughter to cut my acquaintance, and Dowell forbid me the house—truly friends of the first water."

His meditations were cut short by the appearance of one of Mr. Getall's liveried servants, who, upon ascertaining that the gentleman before him was Mr. Sheldon, politely handed him a note and as politely withdrew. Frank opened the missive mechanically, half guessing its contents. Sure enough the old merchant politely requested him not to call again at his mansion, as he had been most villainously imposed upon.

"Whew," said our friend. "Now, Mr. Dowell, comes your turn, for I suppose the story of my poverty will fly from mouth to mouth, and the circle of select friends will 'grow small by degrees and beautifully less.' Well, the sooner the better. A southern gentleman, indeed! Why, all my relatives put together could not buy a plantation.—But it won't do to sit here all day talking to myself. I must be doing something, so I am off to see Col. Salvage."

This gentleman was one of the old school. He had seen service, and by several successful speculations had amassed a large fortune.

When Frank arrived at the Col.'s door his hand trembled slightly as he placed it upon the bell-pull. His bad luck of the morning had made him slightly nervous; but he saw no other alternative than to proceed. When the footman came to the door, Frank inquired if the Col. was in, and on being answered affirmatively he sent his card up, when the Col. soon made his appearance.

Col. Salvage was a man of about sixty, but time had laid his hand lightly upon him.—His form was unbent, his keen grey eye undimmed by age, and his high, noble forehead had not been furrowed by the wrinkles of time. Around his mouth was a continual smile—not that smile of low cunning or maliciousness, but it was one of true benevolence. The old soldier was blunt but not rude, bold in speech but kind of heart. None knew the man but to love him.

To such an one our hero came as a last resort, and with what success the sequel of the story will show.

The meeting was cordial and friendly.—Frank's courage was considerably revived, for the Col. was full of fun and anecdote, which kept his visitor laughing continually. Such a proceeding would, however, in these refined days be considered extremely impolite, especially in company, for there you must sit bolt upright. You can there smile, but not indulge in a hearty laugh.

The two thus whiled away the time amid old scenes and associations, for the Col. took particular delight in dwelling upon the past. Frank disliked to break the spell, but he was mustering all his courage for the task, and when at length there was a pause in the conversation he made his wants known and also his bad luck of the morning.

"Humph," said the Col., at the conclusion of his young friend's narrative, "humph, this is bad business, bad business for a young lawyer. No money, no friends, no practice, bad business. Don't know how to manage it. This law business is a ticklish affair.—Won't do unless you make a happy hit.—Can't see what's to be done. No lawsuits myself and don't want any. Can't see how I can help you out of your present difficulty," and Mr. Salvage fell into a reverie.

Imagine the feelings of Frank if you can as he sat there, his mind racked midway between hope and fear, eyeing the Col. with no little trepidation.

The silence was becoming painful, when the old man spoke.

"Now, Mr. Sheldon, I will tell you what you can do—remove your office furniture here. My library is at your disposal. You can use it free of charge. I will endeavor to procure you a situation which, in your unencumbered state, will afford you a living.—Join some debating club, or, if it suits you better, I will act as judge and jury, and we can try all sorts of imaginary cases to give you practice. Then, to perfect yourself in your forensic powers, go to the sea-side when the wind is howling around and the waves have lashed themselves into fury; practice anywhere and everywhere, and when the time comes for action you will then be prepared. There, if my plan suits you speak, or if there is anything else that I can do for you make it known."

"Your plan is a good one," was Frank's unhesitating reply, "but what shall I do?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Sheldon, it shall be my care to see to that. Call again tomorrow, and I will, in the meantime, see what can be done for you. As to your being cut by that old shaver, Getall, never mind that."

Frank Sheldon went to his boarding house with a lighter heart than he had for some time. He was sure of some kind of employment. What it was to be he did not know and he cared less. He had found a friend whom he felt certain would prove a true one so long as he should contiuue to merit his confidence. He felt certain that Col. Salvage was none of those butterfly friends who, as long as he was gliding over the smooth wave of prosperity, would hover around him like a moth in the flame of a candle, and with flattery and the crouching kink of servility flutter in his train, but when adversity overtook him leave him to breast the storm alone. Such men were Getall and Dowell: as long as they thought our young attorney a rich planter they received him with open arms, but as soon as they were made aware of his true situation closed their doors.

That night our hero sought his couch with feelings of gratitude, and in the dim future saw his efforts crowned with success.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"SAMBO, did you eber see de Catskill Mountains?"

"No, Clem; but I've seen de cats kill mice."

IT IS THE LOT of humanity to err at times, as the drunken man said when he mistook his pig pen for his own bed-room.

JOSH BILLINGS suggests that Andrew Johnson had better get insured, for his policy is nearly run out.

A Cheerful Home

One of the fondest and most cherished remembrances that one can have is the memory of once having had the blessing of a happy home. Our lives may have been crossed by dire vicissitudes of fortune, and our days been one long struggle to secure a decent livelihood. Troubles may have crowded thick and fast upon us, and penury stared us full in the face. Manhood may have had so few joys and pleasures, and fate may have surrounded us with all that is most undesirable, so much so in fact, that we at times feel as if we would gladly lay aside the burden of life that the Almighty has seen fit to impose upon us; yet to reflect upon what has been, to recall the days of our childhood, wherein all our desires were gratified, and the fireside, humble though it may have been, was a peaceful and happy one serves in a manner to reconcile us to the existing state of things, and compensates us in a measure for the ills we now endure.

We pity those persons who have never experienced this pleasure—who in looking backward along their life's path see nothing gratifying in the retrospection. There is a blank in their existence that nothing can fill—a vacuity that must forever remain so.

No memory of past happiness can bear a comparison to that which only appertains to childhood. It was then so pure—so free from guile and selfishness—so devoid of the admixture of a particle of what almost invariably constitutes of portion a later pleasures—our own gratification—though it be at the expense of other's pain, that these days seem a foretaste of what we shall enjoy in heaven.

It should, therefore, be the special care of every parent to make home happy and cheerful. Surround it with such attractions as will tend to make your children in love with it, and compel their affection and gratitude for having afforded them the means to gratify their inclinations. Let them invite their playmates to share in the good things they possess, thus inculcating in their young minds the great virtue of generosity, and enhancing their own delights in being able to afford others the same pleasures they experience themselves, and at the same time, probably showing favors to these last, which they may fail in finding within their own homes.

And when you have closed your earthly career, your children will remember you with veneration and love, which will in a great part be due for your having given them in their young days a home and fireside where presided peace and cheerfulness.

Drunkenness and Unhappiness.

The drunkard is the most unhappy of all men. I add to this, there is no one who makes others so unhappy. The wife of the drunkard exclaims,—

"Would to God my husband were anything or everything but a drunkard!

The mother of the drunkard exclaims,—

"Oh, that my son had grown up into any other monster of vice or wickedness rather than a drunkard!"

Then one thing more in this connection.—Not only is the drunkard the most unhappy of all men, not only does he make others more unhappy than any one else, but he makes more persons unhappy than any other person does. Why, one drunkard in a family is enough to make the whole family miserable. Is it not so? Are there no families and females here, whose happiness is blighted by drunkenness? Do I exaggerate when I say one drunkard is enough to make a family miserable? Well, there are in this land a million or two of drunkards. Now count up the millions that they afflict, that they make miserable in their circles of friendship or kindred, and you find no small share of the American people made wretched by this one vice of intemperance. As, then, we would pity the most miserable, as we would care for our own safety and happiness and that of others, let us do all we can to reform the drunkard. What can we do to this end?

The Body Sold.

I remember a few years ago, a poor man who went around from town to town, and from city to city, all through the country, exhibiting himself to medical men and students, because he had an enormous tumor which disfigured him frightfully. He got his living; and at last this poor man actually sold his body for a stipulated price, giving a writing that it should be delivered to certain medical men immediately upon his death; and people all through the country who knew the fact, said,—

"How horrible that a man should sell his body, and eat the bread purchased by his own flesh and blood!"

And yet there are walking the streets of nearly every town and city, men who have sold reputation, honor and manhood for money, and who are living day by day upon the price of their own integrity and nobody thinks that is awful. These men are to be seen all through the country, and young men look up to them and say,—

"That is a glorious success; if we could attain to that we should be satisfied.

The Seven Ancient Wonders.

There were:

1. The Brass Colossus at Rhodes, one hundred and twenty-one feet in height, built by Ceres, A. D. 268, occupying twenty years in making. It stood across the harbor at Rhodes sixty-six years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass.

2. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged three hundred and sixty thousand workmen, was fifty years in building, and has now stood at least three thousand years.

3. The Aqueducts of Rome invented by Appius Claudius, the Censor.

4. Labyrinth of Psalmetichus on the banks of the Nile, containing within one enclosure one thousand houses and twelve royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain three thousand chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods.

5. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 172 before Christ. It was erected as a lighthouse, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the lght of which was seen nearly a hundred miles off. Mirrors of an enormous size were fixed around the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in the same place.

6. The walls of Babylon built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by two hundred thousand men. They were of immense thickness.

7. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the sixth king of Rome. It was four hundred and fifty feet long, two hundred broad, and was supported by one hundred and twenty-three marble pillars.

The Lesson of Life

Of all the lesssons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to *learn to wait.* Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, *not* to lose hold, or to relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—Whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

Those who stand on the high places of the earth understand not what necessity, what suffering means; they know not what it is to a noble mind to be obliged, like the worms, to crawl upon the earth for nourishment, because it has not the strength to endure famine. Life moves around them with so much grace, splendor and beauty: they drink of life's sweetest wine, and dance in a charming intoxication. They find nothing within them which can enable them to understand the real sufferings of the poor. They love only themselves, and look at mankind only in their own narrow circle.

Something to Set us Thinking.

Ninety years hence, not a single man or woman, now twenty years of age, will be alive. Ninety years! Alas! how many of the lively actors at present on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told;" a dream; an empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age. Like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the new, blooming beauties fade and disappear, all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy, pass away in ninety years and be forgeten? "Ninety years," says Death; "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold to-day and to-morrow, and every day are mine.—When ninety years are past, this generation will have mingled with the dust and be remembered not!"

TIME DOES IT.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the school and enters upon the career of life it is painfully amusing to witness his self sufficiency—he would have all the world to understand that he has 'learned out'—that he is master of all knowledge and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches three score years, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley. "When I was young I was of everything: in a few years having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things, as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of any thing but what God has revealed to man.

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