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# THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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**THE AMERICAN UNION**

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**J. MARION EMERSON,**

***Editor and Proprietor.***

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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.

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**MERCHANT TAILOR,**

HAS just returned from the cities with a fine stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which he will make to order at good rates, consisting of French, English and German cloths, &c., &c. [oc22-1y

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

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

*ATTORNIES AT LAW,*

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

JOHN D. KEMP,

*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of this and the adjoining counties.

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DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.

Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee. dec19-y

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FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

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*IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,*

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

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je10-y

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**BOARDING SCHOOL**

For Boys and Young Men, will commence its one hundred and first Academic year

**September 1st, 1869.**

For full information, send for circular. jy29-3m


## Select Poetry.

### CHARITY.

When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame,
Guard thine every look and action,
Speak no word of heartless blame;
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing
Ways the lost have wandered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklesness and sin,
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain,
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers;
Not because the soil is bad,
But no summer's genial showers
Ever make their bosom glad.
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than, by judging others blindly,
Doom the innocent to pain.

### YES AND NO.

"Yes," I answered you last night,
"No," this morning now I say;
Colors seen by candle-light
Cannot look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me," sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes," or fit for "no."

Now the sun is on us both:
Was to dance a time to woo?
Wooer light makes fickle troth:
Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as in front of death;
With a virtuous gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards,
Point her to the starry skies:
Guard her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true as wives of yore:
And her "yes," once said to you,
Shall be "yes" forevermore.

Selected from the Waverly Magazine.

## ED. SEATON;

—OR—

### RISING AGAINST PREJUDICE.

BY C. W. EMBREE.

It was at the close of a sultry summer day as the red glare of sunset was shedding its last lingering rays over the city of Middletown, in the State of Ohio, that a young man was seen walking down the street toward a large and stately residence. His head was bent down, and he seemed in deep distress. At length he reached the door-step; he knocked; the door was opened and he was ushered into a spacious room, whose only occupant was a dark-eyed beauty, who sat reclining on a sofa. Her shining eyes, her proudly erect head, her thin lips, which had a scornful expression, showed she was of a haughty and proud disposition. But, despite all these she was what is called beautiful. No wonder that our hero, who was but a youth and inexperienced, was infatuated.

"Good evening, Mr. Seaton," she said, without rising.

"Good evening," he responded, without noticing her coldness. Then he continued, immediately,—"No doubt, Effie, you have heard of the story in circulation about me. Although it grieves me much, still I think it is best to leave for awhile until it all blows over, which it will soon. It grieves me also for your sake, Effie, for I am confident you believe me innocent."

"Mr. Seaton," she exclaimed, as she rose to her feet, "although it is a painful duty for me, yet I feel I must tell you that you cannot expect me, after such things have come to pass, to maintain the relationship which has hitherto existed between us."

"Surely, Effie, you do not mean to discard me? you do not believe this idle story? you surely cannot—do not—believe those false friends who try to injure me, do you?"

"False friends, idle stories, indeed! you would have me doubt my own father's word! Your own actions show you are guilty; why would you wish to leave if you are innocent? you would stay and outlive it. But after this our engagement had better end."

"You will regret this, Effie: some day you will wish you could undo this, but then it will be too late. I once thought I loved you but I can see through you now; with this my love for you has died out, and can never be revived."

"Enough, let us have no more of this," she exclaimed.

He arose and departed. He traced his steps homeward, sorrowful and almost despairing. As he reached the gate his heart failed him. How could he meet the reproaches of those who had been so kind to him?"

"Every one believes it, every one hates me," he thought. "No one will try to help or to encourage me. But I will show them yet! they will regret it! some day I will come back a rich and an honored man. Oh, I almost wish I were dead!"

One looking at that young man would have seen a picture of almost perfect despair: his frame shook, his lips trembled, and ever and anon he would give forth a sigh which came deep from his heart. But while he stood there in such great despondency a small hand was laid on his shoulder, and a sweet voice said,—

"Ed, I don't believe you are guilty. I love you, and will always love you if every one else hates you."

"O Mamie," he exclaimed, "you have started afresh the hope which had sprung up once and almost died out again. Thank God! there is one who believes in my innocence. Mamie, I am going away where I am not known, to make my fortune and a name. I will come back, Mamie, to claim you, not in disgrace then. Will you wait for me?"

"I will always remember and wait for you, Ed. But here is a memento—this ring; wear it, and when I see you again I shall know whether you still love me or not."

"I will wear the ring, and whenever I see it I will know there is one who loves me and is waiting for me; this ring will serve as a mentor to keep me in the right path. Good-by, Mamie: I must go, for I leave in the morning."

So saying he went off with a lighter heart to prepare for his journey.

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Five long, long years had passed, bringing great changes as they went. Nor did they leave our acquaintances, whom we knew in the preceeding part of this story, altogether the same as before. Middletown had changed; many large brick buildings had gone up around the business part of the town; several large and splendid residences had been built in that time. Although the change had brought many new faces, still many familiar ones were to be found. Effie was still there, a little more sad, quiet and melancholy. How often had she regretted that she had rejected our hero so cruelly; and when his innocencence was found out—when it was found that enemies had tried to ruin his character by circulating false stories about him—she almost went into hysterics. She refused to go into company for a long time, and when she did she was cold, quiet, and sad. Others who had assisted in the circulation of the story, believing it to be true, now tried all in their power to make reparation. All wondered where he went, and many were the surmises concerning his whereabouts, but none were correct.

But to return to our hero. What had become of him?

The next morning after his conversation with Mamie he left for the city of N., no one being aware of his departure except a few of his intimate friends, and indeed they knew not where he was going. He arrived in the city, and searched for a situation for several days without success; he had almost despaired when he entered the law office of the celebrated Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright, being somewhat old, desired a young partner, so that, in a few years, he could take the business off his hands. He, liking the appearance of Ed., took him in with him, with the understanding that if he did well, in a few years he would take him in as full partner. How he succeeded you would like to know.

About three years after, a large crowd was seen collecting in the Court House. It was evident that some trial of importance was on hand. Eminent lawyers were employed on that occasion. The court room was crowded; an immense number of people had collected to hear the trial.

The counsel on one side had spoken, when a young man arose and slowly and deliberately commenced addressing the jury. The farther he got into the subject the more eloquent he became. The audience were held spell-bound. Every one present eagerly drank in the words which fell from the young man's lips. At last he closed. There was no doubt about it—he had gained his case. This was the first but a glorious victory for Ed. Seaton.

After that many came to him for advice, and to obtain him as their counsel. His eminent patron was right, when upon being asked why he took that young man without friends, without recommendation, in with him, replied,—

"That young man will make his mark yet; he will repay me two-fold; mark my words, he will be the best lawyer in the country."

It was about two years after this that Mr. Falkner, Effie's father, by the dishonesty of his partners, became involved to such an extent that it was likely to ruin him. They had worked so skilfully that they had taken nearly all the proceeds of the business, and left Mr Falkner in a bad position; it looked as if he had been dishonest, and his partners took no especial pains to stop the story to that effect, but rather helped it on. Mr. F. was almost in despair, and Effie nearly crazy, when a friend arrived, who, on finding what was the matter, took it upon himself to help them out of it. For that reason he went to the city to secure the services of Mr. Seaton. Neither Mr. Falkner nor Effie knew who the eminent young lawyer was.

The day of the trial had come—the day which was to decide Mr. Falkner's fate; for if he lost—lost his property and his honor—it would surely kill him. An immense crowd was present, the counsel for the opposite side had spoken, the friends of Mr. F. became alarmed about the result of the trial. When Mr. Falkner's counsel arose Effie grasped her father's arm, and exclaimed,—

"O father! look, it is Ed!"

"It is, it is!" he exclaimed excitedly. "It is he whose praise is in every man's mouth. Who would have thought he would ever have come to this!"

The audience were all surprised, for nearly all knew him. Then they regretted that they had ever done any harm to the boy; that they had helped the circulation of the story which had so nearly crushed him. They had found out now that there was something grand and noble about him.

But there was one far more interested than any other in the room. It would take but a glance to satisfy us who it was—no other than Mamie, grown taller but more beautiful. She gazed with almost agonized intensity at the young man until he raised his hand to commence addressing the jury, when she caught the glitter of a sparkling ring on his finger: then she sank back on her seat mentally exclaiming,—

"He has the ring, thank God!"

But see, he is speaking. Such eloquence was never heard before. The people were held spell-bound. Tears rolled down their cheeks as he pictured the suffering of the innocent man, and every one turned with flashing eyes upon the guilty partners as he pictured their falseness. He closed with an eloquent appeal to the jury. They had been gone from the room but a few moments when they returned with a verdict for Mr. Falkner. The people could not contain themselves; they broke out in a loud cheer and bore Mr. Falkner out of the room in triumph.

Effie, as soon as she heard the verdict, sank back into the chair almost fainting. Mr. Seaton came up to where she was.

"O Mr. Seaton," she exclaimed, "how can I thank you? how could you do this after our treatment of you?"

"Miss Effie," he said, "let the past be forgotten; think no more about it; let us be friends as ever." She looked up—their eyes met. Oh, would he love her again? No, she could see it in his eyes; no love there—nothing but friendship, such as he would have felt for any one.

"I will win him back yet," she thought. But there was one looking on at this all the time with an aching heart.

Mr. Seaton was invited to make his home at Mr. Falkner's, while he stayed in the city, but he at first declined; but being pressed by Mr. Falkner, and Effie pleading with him to stay, he consented.

"I have him close to me, and I will yet win him," thought Effie. "I will use my arts to win him back."

But in the meantime how fared our little Mamie? She was more beautiful than ever. See her as she stands in the garden among the flowers, her golden tresses which hang loosely around her neck, gently stirred by the wind. Indeed, she is lovely. Take a glimpse of her face; it shows signs of recent suffering. Now and then a tear which she cannot suppress, rolls down her cheek, and dims her soft blue eye. I wonder what can make her sad. Ah!—but listen: she murmurs,—

"Yes, he loves her; he is going to marry her; he is returning to his old love; she has won him back again. I wonder why he yet wears the ring that I gave him; is there still no hope for me?—there is none."

Just then she heard a firm step. She looked up; Ed. Seaton with his noble face stood before her.

"Mamie," he said, taking her hand and leading her to a seat, "I have something to say to you. But first, what causes those tears? what has my little angel to make her sad? Mamie," he said, without waiting for an answer, "do you remember, five years ago, a boy turned a homeless wanderer on the wide world, friendless, scorned by all, and spurned by her he loved? Do you remember the little girl who put new hope in his bosom, which has acted as a talisman ever since? do you remember their parting words? That boy has come back to claim her, his little friend. What do you say, Mamie?"

"I thought you were going to marry Effie," she said.

"Ah! that day she turned me off I ceased to love her, and I have loved none else than the little one I have in my arms."

"O Ed! I was so afraid you would marry her; that was the reason I shunned you.—Can you forgive me?"

"Say no more about it, Mamie. Our happiness is complete. Although the suffering I have endured was great, the reward is greater," and he pressed a kiss upon her sweet lips.

Great was the astonishment and discomfiture of Effie when, a few weeks later, she read the marriage of Ed. Seaton and Mamie Morton. But she soon recovered, and revenged herself in six months after by sending a card to Mr. and Mrs. Seaton, on which was written,—

"Mr. and Mrs. Fields at home Wednesday eve."

All parties are happy now, and we will leave them to enjoy it.

### How a Farmer may Lose Money.

By not taking a good home paper.

Keeping no account of home operations.

Paying no attention to the maxim, "a stitch in time saves nine," in regard to the sowing of grain and planting of seed at the proper season.

Leaving the reapers, plows, cultivators, &c., uncovered from the rain and heat of the sun. More money is lost in this way than most people are willing to believe.

Permitting broken implements to be scattered over the farm until they are irreparable. By repairing broken implements at the proper time many dollars may be saved, a proof of the assertion that time is money.

Attending auction sales and purchasing all kinds of trumpery, because, in the words of the vender, the articles are "very cheap."

Allowing fences to remain unrepaired until strange cattle are grazing in the meadow, grain fields, or bruising the fruit trees.

Disbelieving the principle of a rotation of crops before making a single experiment.

Planting fruit trees with the expectation of having fruit, without giving the trees half the attention required to make them profitable.

Practicing economy by depriving stock of proper shelter during the winter, and giving them unsound food, such as half rotten and mouldy hay and fodder.

Keeping an innumerable tribe of rats on the premises, and two or three lazy dogs that eat up more in a month than they are worth in a whole lifetime.

A REMARKABLE FENCE.—The fence around the site of the new postoffice building at New York, opposite the Astor House, was leased a few days since for two years for advertising purposes. The bids, over two hundred in number, ranged from $300 to $15,000. The successful competitor was regarded as having paid a price entirely too high to save him from loss. That this idea was a mistaken one is evidenced by the fact that on Tuesday last Mr. Bonner paid $500 for the privilege of its exclusive use a single day.

SYMPATHY.—Youth and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the young would remember that they may be old, and the old remember that they have been young, the world would be happy.

A QUAKER once hearing a person tell how much he had felt for another who was in distress and needed assistance, asked him:

"Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"

Two "ladies" were having some words together on the roadside, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door and cried, "Be quick, mother, and call her a thief before she calls you one."

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

### A HOME IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. I. G. F.

A home in heaven, how blest the thought!
A place of repose when life's battle's fought;
A rest for the weary-worn traveller's feet;
A place of pure joy inexpressibly sweet.

This home is prepared for the good alone,
Who, in this vale of tears, their Emanuel own;
Ever ready and willing for good work and word,
Esteeming it an honor to toil for the Lord.

Then we, if when done with toil and care,
In this blissful home would at last have a share,
Must willingly and patiently suffer below—
Through deep tribulation and trials must go.

Loved ones have gone to dwell safely there;
Palms they are holding, and crowns they do wear;
Singing hymns of praises to Jesus their king,
While the etherial walls with their praises ring.

Then let us look up where true joys abound,
Though glory below we have frequently found
As the merchant his vessel doth watch from the shore,
May we, while on earth, those blest regions explore.

The light which is shining from this palace of God
Is reflecting its light in the path others trod;
It will guide our feet to that blest home at last,
Where all toils are ended and all trials past.

Then, when all is over, and life's work is done,
The battle is fought and the victory's won;
The flower and the field, and the dome and the street,
All beauteous and glorious our vision will meet.

DENTON, Sept. 24th, 1869.

FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

### Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 7, 17, 8, 3, 11, 7 is what the Americans are.

My 18, 3, 6, 2, 3, 15 some are expert at using.

My 8, 13, 1 is by some persons considered a great luxury.

My 1, 12, 17, 4, 10 is a place of resort in France.

My 16, 9, 3, 8, 5 is a river in Russia.

My 8, 6, 19, 7, 14, 3, 2 is part of the human orgaization.

My whole is the name of a popular song.

### Do It Well.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted because it is comparatively unimportant leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate insensibly into bad workmen.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, and he meant it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together. Training the hand and eye to do the work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is in most cases a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar. Some of the wisest law makers, the best statesmen, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious workmen, rose from the great mass. A rival to a certain lawyer sought to humilate him publicly, by saying,—

"You blacked my father's boots once."

"Yes," said the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well."

And by his habit of doing even little things well, he rose to greater. Take heart, all who toil, all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances. If it be but to drive the plow, strive to do it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet high up the ladder.

### Changes at Niagara Falls.

Various accounts agree that there has been a marked change in the appearance of the falls since last year. The theory in regard to the caving in or wearing away of Niagara, has never had stronger confirmation before. The Horse Shoe has evidently given way some thirty feet in that part of the cone where the "green water" is seen, so that the horse shoe appearance is metamorphosed to that of a triangular shape. It is thought that about one hundred and fifty tons of rock must have fallen in on the Horse Shoe alone, and old habitues are taking landmarks, to notice the recession that may take place before another year.

The American Fall has evidently given way at points to a considerable extent.—There is no doubt but that Niagara is always crumbling away and falling back, but the present recession is probably the greatest ever witnessed by any one generation. The heavy ice fields which pass over in the spring, the strong currents and ceaseless wear and tear of time, and the mighty thundering cataract, must inevitably tell heavily upon the rocky crest of the grand old shrine; but of course its falling away must be so slow as not to be observable to the eye, except when, from time to time, some of the immense bowlders are torn from their places.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.—"I was an only child, much indulged, and I have never acquired the control over my passions that I ought to have acquired early, and the consequence is all this."

In the confession of Prof. Webster, recent-published, we find the above sentence. Before uttering it, he had fully admitted his agency in the death of Dr. Parkman, but stated that the fatal blow had been struck in a passion, &c. The painful narrative closes in the language here quoted. A child much indulged, and never had acquired that control over his passions that should have been acquired early.

Is there not a voice of admonition is this to those who are parents, and does it not proclaim loudly the duty of teaching children self-control among the earliest lessons it may be theirs to give?

WHAT was Eve created for? Adam's Express Company.

## The Farmer's Column.

### *A Word to Farmers About Selling Their Produce,*

Farmers are often blamed for not selling their produce as soon as it is ready for market. And it must be confessed that those who do so, taking one year with another, do quite as well, all things considered, as those who hold on in hopes of getting higher prices. They obtain their money soon after harvest, and are enabled to use it to advantage. Dealers in grain can obtain money much more easily than farmers, and can consequently hold the grain longer.

While, therefore, we think farmers often do better by selling early, there is still room for the exercise of judgment. One reason why it is usually best to sell early is, that most farmers are disposed to hold on to their grain as long as possible, and when the time comes that they *must* sell, there are more sellers than buyers, and the price declines.

It is a curious fact that people generally are more inclined to sell when prices are low than when they are high. When wool was 80 cents a lb., it was more difficult to induce farmers to sell than when it was 40 cents per lb. Last fall, with red wheat at $2.25 in the interior of Michigan, farmers hesitated longer in making up their minds to let their crops go than they did last summer when they were offered $1.25 for the same wheat. It is a good rule to sell when you can get a price that will afford a good living profit.—Farmers, at the present time, would have been richer by millions of dollars than they now are had they adopted this rule last autumn. We know of a great many who sold wheat this summer for one dollar a bushel less than they refused for it last fall. The whole nation suffered greatly by this indisposition to sell when a good price could be obtained. We might have shipped all our surplus wheat to England at a fair price, but by holding on we lost the opportunity, and finally sold at a price below the cost of production We should take the lesson to heart.

On the other hand, when prices are low, we should not be in a hurry to sell. Sound wheat is an article that will keep, and it is an article that is always required, and it is absolutely certain that it cannot long remain at a price much below the actual cost of production. We cannot hold out hopes to such farmers as grow only ten or twelve bushels of wheat per acre, that they will obtain prices sufficient to compensate them for their labor. The country must be in a very unsatisfactory condition when such is the case; but we do firmly believe that there is no reason to doubt that a farmer who raises good crops is safe in calculating that sooner or later he will be able to obtain such a price for his wheat as will enable him to make a fair profit.

There is one fact in this connection that should not be overlooked. In a cool, wet, late season in England, the wheat crop is always below the average. And they have had such a season the present year. On the other hand, it is very doubtful if the wheat crop of the United States is as large as was anticipated. We feel tolerably certain, therefore, that before another harvest, wheat will bring a price sufficiently high to afford a good living profit. He should be satisfied with this. He should be in no hurry to take less.

The question arises: What price should we obtain for wheat, to afford us a fair profit? At the present price of implements, machines and other necessary articles, not forgetting labor and taxes, we shall not obtain extravagant profits if we sell good, sound red or amber winter wheat—say in Michigan—for $1.50 per bushel. A farmer who raises anything less than twenty bushels per acre, will not get very rich, even if he obtains, in our present currency, $1.75 for red wheat, and $2.00 for choice white wheat. When we can get these figures in ordinary seasons, it is not safe to hold on too long; but when, immediately after harvest, the price is much below these figures, those who can afford to hold their wheat run very little risk of loss in doing so.—*American Agriculturist.*

WHEAT.—The statistics of 1868, show that in that year the United States produced 980,000,000 bushels of wheat and corn, or about 28 bushels per capita. Of this amount only 18,000,000 bushels, or about two per cent. of the entire yield were exported. In the same year five lake ports of Chicago, Milwaukee, Toledo, Detroit and Cleveland received 84,500,000 bushels of corn and wheat, which they shipped to the east, 18,000,000 bushels going abroad, and 66,500,000 being consumed in this country.

It is said there are sixty-six vessels, now en route to Great Britain from San Francisco with cargoes averaging 1,700,000 sacks of wheat, besides eight vessels for domestic Atlantic ports with 160,000 sacks, and ten vessels to Rio Janero, with 61,000 barrels of flour. The California wheat and flour now afloat for China and other countries is valued at $34,000,000.

JOSIAH COLBURN, of Amherst, N. H. lately felled a white pine tree, from which he cut twenty logs, each twelve feet in length.

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