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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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Select Poetry.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a worldless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth.
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after bitter hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When Justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things will never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up love's first bliss;
If, with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met;
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes are bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just, and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam to thee from on high,
And angel voice will say to thee—
These things shall never die.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY MRS. JENNIE T. HAZEN.

Do we gather figs of thistles?—*Bible.*

"Come to the barn with me, sir! I'll learn you to lie to *me!* I'll tan your jacket for you, sir!"

These words were spoken in my hearing by an angry father to his boy, Jim Thorne, who had told him a lie.

The boy followed his father, who stopped on the way, and cut a whip the size of an ox-goad, and soon the sound of stinging blows was heard, mingled with shrieks and cries which pierced me like arrows, but which the mother of the child did not heed, nor, indeed, seem to hear.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "Nancy Thorne, how can you hear such blows, and such cries, and not stop them, or go mad?"

"He must learn not to lie to his father," she replied. "He has got to be such a liar that we can place no dependance on a word he says. It has got to be whipped out of him."

Now, reader, don't hold up your hands and say, "Horrible! what cruel and unnatural parents they were!"

They were no such thing; they were pleasant, agreeable people enough,—honest, and upright enough, as the world goes, and meant to bring up their children right, and would have been angry indeed, had any one said they were harsh and unjust in the treatment of their children, or that they taught them to lie.

When the beating was finished—when Deacon Thorne had demonstrated his power—when he, as an earthly father, had done toward his child as he imagined his Heavenly Father would do toward him—the law of revenge was satisfied, and he threw down the rod and bent his steps houseward.

I felt that if I met him, there must surely be a collision, and I fled to my chamber and threw myself into a chair at the window that overlooked the porch, where Jimmy's mother was at work.

I watched the father as he walked rapidly down the path. There was no sign of pity or sorrow on his flushed face, but, instead, an expression of satisfaction with having done a good thing, vindicated his authority, punished the boy for a sin, and set his wayward feet in the path of rectitude. As he came near to his wife, he said,—

"I guess I've given him a trouncing that he will remember one spell. What in the world makes the boy lie so? I am sure I don't know."

I listened with strained ear for some words of condemnation from the mother, but listened vainly. She only worked over her butter the more busily.

I, too, wondered what made the boy tell lies; he came of a good, honest stock; as far back as could be remembered, none of his race had ever been imprisoned or hanged; none of them had been remarkable as liars, yet Jim would lie; there was no question of that, and I resolved to know why.

Deacon Thorne shaved, washed and combed himself, and I heard him ask his wife for a clean shirt. It was Saturday, and I wondered where he could be going, and, Yankee-like, set myself to guessing, and, Yankee-like, too, guessed it out. He belonged to the Baptist Church, and to-day was "Covenant meeting" day. Pretty soon I heard him come out upon the stoop and say to his wife,—

"Nancy, it seems to me you might get your work done up, so as to go to covenant meeting sometimes. It don't look well for you, and it plagues me to have the brothers and sisters ask where Sister Thorne is.—What shall I tell 'em, Nancy?"

"You can tell 'em," replied Nancy, in rather a tart tone, "that I've no help about my work, and it's as much as I can do to get ready for Sunday."

Deacon Thorne got a flea in his ear. He had told his wife that he thought she could get along without a girl, now that the summer's work was done and the weather cool. Mrs. Thorne had reluctantly consented to try it, for she, too, was, as Peggotty observed of Barkis, "pretty near," and had an eye to the "main chance."

When I saw the old piebald horse hitched to the old green wagon, and the deacon seated therein, and altogether moving through the gate, I hurried down stairs, and through the woodshed, and took my way to the barn. Pushing open the door, and following the sound of suppressed sobs, I found Jimmy crouching in a corner, with his head half-hidden in a tuft of hay, quivering with excitement and pain. When I put my hand upon him, he shrank from the touch; when I spoke his name, he looked up with the look of a dog that has been beaten; when I lifted his head and pillowed it on my lap, floods of tears gushed forth. I let him have a good cry, soothing him by passing my hand lightly over his damp hair. When he grew calmer, I loosed his shirt-band and looked at his back; and, as I did so, bit my lips to suppress a scream. It was literally covered with livid welts, and in some places the blood came through the skin!

Drawing his shirtband up, fastening it round his neck, and commanding, as well as I could, my trembling voice, I propesed to him to go with me to his room and rest awhile. He rose slowly to his feet, and putting his hand in mine, we proceeded toward the house, and gained the chambers in the same way I left them, unseen by Mrs. Thorne.

I persuaded him to undress and lie down upon the bed, and while I bathed his aching head and bruised back he told me what the offence was for which his father had beaten him. I'll give the story in his own words.

"Last week, he"—referring to his father; it was curious to see how he avoided speaking the word "father"—"told me if I would dig all the 'taters in the south patch, I might go chestnuting the next day; and when I asked him the next day he said he did not promise me, but I stuck to it he did, and told him right where he was when he said it. Then he said he didn't care if he did say so, I couldn't, for I must pick up cider apples, and if I'd be a good boy and work right smart I might go to-day; but I knew he wouldn't keep his word, and Silas Bruce was a-going to-day and I wanted to go, too, for the squirrels was a carrying off the nuts as fast as they could, and Sile Bruce and all the boys have got as many again as I have, and when I asked him if I might go out he said, 'No, I shouldn't,' and told me to go over in the back lot and git the sheep, and I pretended to go, and went off with the other boys to hunt chestnuts, and he come through the woods a huntin' for the old mare, and saw me there, and asked me what I was there for, and I said I couldn't find the sheep in the lot and was looking for 'em in the woods, and he said the sheep was in the lot, and he seen 'em when he was a comin' through it, and told me I had lied and he would lick me; but I stuck to it I did not lie, for I knew he'd lick me anyhow, and he has, and I hate him, and I'll run away; I'd rather live way off on an island like Robinson Crusoe, and have Friday live with me, than to live here and be licked every day."

What could I say?

I said nothing, but sung him fast asleep and I left him sleeping and went down stairs thinking to talk to his mother about him; but I found her up to her elbows in flour, and her head full of the baking for to-morrow, and a pursed-up expression of her mouth warned me to keep shady. And so I wandered off to the orchard, and sat down among the yellow apples, and held my tongue; but in my heart of hearts I thanked God I was an old maid, and had no boys to bring up.

At night the deacon came home, turned out his horse, ate his supper, and then inquired where Jimmy was. Mrs. Thorne did not know. He looked surprised, not to say alarmed, took down his hat and went at a quick pace towards the barn. Soon he came back, and, I'll confess it, I chuckled to see that he looked pale and scared. I had a good mind to keep still and let him get what Theodore Winthrop calls a "prickly scare," but he came direct to me and asked me if I knew where he was. I reluctantly answered,—

"Up stairs, in bed and asleep, and sick, too," I added, maliciously, "and I shouldn't wonder if he has to have a doctor before he gets through with it."

The deacon shot an inquiry from beneath his shaggy brows, and went up stairs. I would have given all the apples in the orchard to have seen him as he stood over his bruised and beaten boy. He came down with a slow, hesitating step, and a look on his face which I thought boded much good to Jim.

Strange, Jim told lies! Who taught him?

Next morning when Jim came down the breakfast was over, and he asked his mother if he could not have some boiled eggs. She told him she had sold all the eggs to Tim Thurston yesterday morning. Jim, on looking around for something to eat, found a panful of eggs.

Strange, Jim told lies! Who taught him?

One day Deacon Frisbie came to Deacon Thorne to buy a good cow. The irrepressible Jim was on hand to drive up the cows, with instructions to leave three or four of the best ones in the field. They were driven into the milking yard, duly inspected by Deacon Thorne, as his anxiety to keep or sell any particular one lay in the scale. At last, by skillful manœuvring, Fisbie was induced to choose the poorest one in the lot, not only poor in flesh, but poor every way. And what do you think decided him to take her?

Deacon Thorne said to Jim,—

"What do you think mother will say when she finds I have sold "Old Fill-Pail?"

"Oh, she'll just tear," replied Jim.

Did she "tear?" Not at all; she bore it with most Christian meekness, merely saying as Deacon Frisbie came in to finish the business by transferring fifty dollars from one pocket to another,—

"You always manage to sell the best cows and keep the poorest. I guess you'll find some difference in the butter now "Old Fill-Pail" is going."

At which Jim snickered behind his hat, and was ordered to go and feed the hogs.

Strange, Jim told lies! Who taught him?

Deacon Frisbie was invited to stay to dinner. He graciously assented, and the two deacons settled themselves comfortably in their chairs, and had a good time talking over church matters. When the dinner was ready we all sat down together; and Deacon Frisbie asked a blessing, in which he praised Deacon Thorne, and Mrs. Thorne, and Jim, and the stranger within their gates, meaning me, and I really expected to hear him give thanks for the old spotted cow, but he stopped just short of it.

Dinner done, he shook hands all around in a most friendly manner, and departed.

When he was safely in the road Deacon Thorne chuckled audibly, and observed to his wife, with a sly poke in her side,—

"Old Fill-Pail, difference in the butter, eh?"

To which Mrs. Thorne replied with a grave, cunning smile.

Neither chuckle, poke nor smile was lost on the ever-present Jim.

Strange, Jim told lies! Who taught him?

Jerusalem Unearthed.

The labors of the Palestine Exploration Fund, conducted under the extremely able auspices of Lieutenant Warren, bid fair to redound in the highest degree to the credit of that body. Ever since the day Josephus wrote his history, the exact position of the various places mentioned in Biblical narrative has furnished matter of the keenest dispute. Where was Zion, the city of David? Was it the same as that mentioned under an identical nomenclature by the writers of the Christian era? Was it on the eastern or on the western ridge of the hill? And where stood the Temple? These are some of the points which at the first establishment of the Palestine Exploration Fund it was hoped might eventually be cleared up, and there is every reason to believe that the hope will not prove chimerical. Jerusalem was in every sense a city set upon a hill. It stood upon a lofty plateau of white limestone, the sides of which were so rugged that save from the northwest they were practically impregnable. The hill itself was intersected by a number of deep gorges, and the whole mountainous group had its natural defence on two sides, whose base united with that of Jehosaphat, the witness once of "the dark idolatries of alienated Judah," which, commencing on the high table-land north of the city, makes a gradual circuit round.

But the effect of revolving centuries of repeated sieges, of ruins piled upon ruins, has been almost wholly to conceal from the sight the area of the Jerusalem whose story is told us in the Bible. The valleys are choked up with the accumulated *debris* of ages, and far away, beneath the surface of the soil upon which the modern traveller treads, lie entombed the splendid remains of old historic buildings. In the depths of rubbish which now conceal the Jerusalem of Biblical times, lie the strata of successive buildings and rebuildings. The whole ground is, in fact, one vast sepulchre, and Lieutenant Warren, as he pursues his work, will have brought before him at every turn memorials and monuments of who shall say how many epochs? Often has he had to descend as far as ninety feet before he has been able to observe architectural traces which warranted the belief that he was in the presence of the holy relics of the Scriptural city.

Shafts have been sunk by him in every direction, revealing the subterranean passages innumerable intersecting the city; and labor of the most trying kind, long protracted, has shown that the walls of the Temple are still standing in as sound a condition as when they were first built. It has been plainly demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that by patient toil it is possible for us to look through all these galleries and shafts upon that very Jerusalem, ruined, indeed, but still in some of its main features the same which, eighteen hundred years ago, the Saviour hallowed as the scene of his labors and the witness of his death. Terribly, indeed, has each prophetic utterance of its fall been fulfilled; but, buried deep beneath the dust of centuries, the ruins are yet there.

A Touching Story.

The Hon. A. H. Stevens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting at Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor boy, on a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no parental or maternal guardian to guide or protect him on his way, reached, at nightfall, the home of a wealthy planter who took him in, fed and lodged him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with obstacles of life. Years rolled round: Providence called him on and he reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estate. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted; he gained it: the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity," and Mr. Stevens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, *"that boy stands before you."*

"I DON'T CARE."—Yes you do, and there's no use trying to deceive yourself with the sophistry of these words. The best, noblest truest and most generous part of your nature does care for the cutting, unkind words you have uttered to one that you loved, in a moment of pique. You may carry yourself ever so proudly and elegantly; you may never drop a look or word of the sweet dew of healing on the wound you have made, in a nature as proud, as sensitive as your own; but to honor be it said, you are better than your words, and away down in your heart lurks shame and repentance and sorrow for them. You may carefully hide them both, and in a while they will be gone; for oh! it is very easy to make one's self bitter, proud and cold—very hard to keep one's self sweet and mellow and charitable; but there must be some struggling before you can do a mean and ungenerous thing to one who loves you, and have your heart endorse your "I don't care."

LIKE a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear.—What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.

From the Waverley Magazine.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently a kind word to all—
Ye cannot tell how it may heal;
For every heart a sorrow knows,
And every breast a pang may heal.

Speak gently! kindness owns a balm,
And is a solace to despair;
How many a wound kind words have healed,
And smoothed the wrinkled brow of care!

Speak gently, father! 'tis for good,
For oft kind words the heart have won;
Deal kindly with your erring boy,
For you have sinned, and been a son.

Speak gently, mother! words from you,
If kind, the maiden's tears may dry:
Tell her you, too, have suffered woes,
Which only served to purify.

Speak gently to the wayward child!
The stubborn will kind words may bend;
For who can tell to every heart
How pure a balm kind words may send?

Speak gently, Christian! charity,
The one great needed gift, possess,
Your brother little merit owns—
Then why attempt to make it less?

Speak gently to the sinner, too—
The fallen one who went astray;
You, too, have sins to be forgiven,
And daily still for mercy pray.

Speak gently! e'en the blackest heart,
The deepest strained with shame and sin,
A kindly word to good may change,
And kindle virtue's flame within.

Speak gently—mercy give to all;
Be merciful—you mercy seek;
And you may reap an hundred fold
For every kindly word you speak.

EDDIE E. ROBINSON.

Ancient Firearms.

Portable guns were probably invented about the year 1430, and rifled guns about 1450. The pistol takes its name from Pistola, in Tuscany, where, it is stated, pistols were first made. Mention is made of their use in 1544, in the reign of Francis 1., of France, and in the time of his successor, Henry II., the horseman who carried them were called pistollers. A Spanish revolving pistol, made about the end of the seventeenth century, was a very complete instrument. By moving a level towards the butt end while the muzzle was depressed the lock was primed, half-cocked, and the hammer shut down. By returning the lever, the powder was placed in the breach, and the ball before it. It has been known to fire twenty-six shots without a failure, and with one supply of ammunition. The magazine was in two tubes in the stock. It is a singular fact that in the museum of artillery in Paris, there are revolving rifles, and swords and revolving pistols combined in one, which were produced more than two hundred years ago. These revolving instruments would have prevented the establishment of Colt's patent (which was issued in 1835, when he was but twenty-one years old), had not his invention been based on his causing the chambers to revolve in the act of cocking the lock. At the time that Colt invented the revolver he was not aware that any person before himself had ever conceived the idea of a firearm with a rotating chamber.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—It has been observed with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be borne to-day which may never die! Feelings may be awakened to-day which may never be extinguished. Hope may be excited to-day which may never expire.—Acts may be performed to-day the consequences of which may not be realized until eternity.

IT is a terrible thing to begin to let conscience grow hard, for it soon sears as with a hot iron. It is like the freezing of a pond. The first film of ice is scarcely perceptible; keep the water stirring, and you will prevent the ice from hardening it; but once let it film over and remain so, it thickens over the surface, and it thickens still; at last it is so solid that wagons might be drawn over the solid water. So with conscience; it films over gradually, and at last it becomes hard, unfeeling, and it can bear up a weight of iniquity.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—A Spanish preacher, once exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added, in the ardor of his enthusiasm: "Reflect, my children, that whosoever falls to-day sups to-night in Paradise."

Thunders of applause followed the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, and the priest took to his heels, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the promised supper in Paradise.

"True, my son, true," said the preacher, "but I never take supper."

"WHOSOEVER."—Whosoever will may come. "I thank God," said Richard Baxter, "for that word *whosoever*. If God had said that there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner that I would have thought He meant some other Richard Baxter; but when He says *whosoever*, I know that includes me, the worst of all Richard Baxters."

A QUAINT writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; afraid to sail for fear the boat might upset; but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is more riskful than all the others put together.

"RELIGIOUS" NOVELTY.—The latest sensational novelty in New-York City consisted of a fashionable church that tried to draw a crowd by having handsome young ladies act as ushers. It came to be known as "the Church of the Holy Waiter-Girls," and finally has got laughed out of the practice.

"IF people knew beforehand all the misery it brings," says a Japanese poet, "there would be less going out with young ladies to look at the flowers at night."

The Farmer's Column.

Transplanting Fruit Trees.

The horticultural interests of our farmers are now receiving such attention that the following information, compiled by a western writer from the United States agricultural report for 1863, will be valuable as suggestions. The advantages of fall-setting over spring-setting are not generally understood, but this makes them very clear:

Perhaps the strongest argument in favor of fall-planting is the particularly favorable peculiarities in the relative conditions of the soil and atmosphere at that season of the year. Independent of this, it is theoretically true that autumn is the best time for removing deciduous trees, shrubs and plants. A tree or plant that has occupied a position for a number of years, cannot be removed without losing a portion of its roots, and consequently impeding its growth after transplanting. But there are certain portions of the year when the roots are of minimum importance to the tree or plant.

It is very evident that they are most essential when the tree is in full foliage and vigorous growth, and during this period the reduction of the roots would soon be perceptible; on the other hand, when the seasonal growth is completed and the plant is defoliated, the offices of the roots are less important. From these facts we learn that the best time to transplant is between the fall of the leaf in autumn and the putting forth of the leaf in spring. The particularly favorable condition of the soil and air may now be considered. During the month of October, (and in this latitude) the fore-part of November, (and in favorable seasons, the whole month may present the same conditions,) the soil averages about ten degrees warmer than the atmosphere, and fully that much warmer than during the spring months. This forms, as it were, a kind of natural hotbed, into which we place the newly removed tree, and encourages the formation of new roots, and before many weeks elapse, the tree is well established and enabled to withstand the vicissitudes of winter and commence an early and vigorous growth in the spring. The new atmospheric temperature (in autumn) prevents any growth in the branches while the new roots have been forming. In the spring we find these physical conditions changed. The soil is then cold, and accumulates heat slowly, while the air is rapidly increasing in warmth; the buds are excited to growth; new leaves are formed in advance of the roots; each leaf acts as a pump extracting sap from the trunk and branches of the tree, which, as yet, has no active roots to supply the demand, and if the evaporation is severe and continued, the plant must either succumb or be greatly retarded in its growth, and receive such a check as will require often a whole season to recover from it. Hence it may frequently be observed that a tree transplanted in the spring may show a profusion of leaves early in the season, and sometimes will suddenly wither and die during a few hot, dry days; and though these facts argue greatly in favor of fall-planting, yet it should be borne in mind that the sooner after the leaves have changed their color in autumn, the greater the advantage to be gained, and there will be but little, if any, advantage in transplanting after the ground begins to freeze. There may be greater advantages gained in transplanting many of the small fruits in autumn than in transplanting trees, as many of them shed their leaves soon after the first frosts, some of them before that time; this is particularly the case with currants and gooseberries, and the sooner they are transplanted after they are defoliated the better. Those that have not transplanted raspberries, grapes, &c., in the autumn, can hardly conceive of the advantages of fall-setting.

RUST IN WHEAT.—E. G. Edwards, a Baltimore correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, writes:—"A farmer friend of mine in Virginia has told me how he keeps off the rust in wheat. He procures good, healthy wheat for seed, (either white or red) and then makes a solution of blue-stone (sulphate of copper) as follows: To every four gallons of water, he puts one pound blue-stone. He then mixes or disolves the blue-stone as well as he can, and then puts it on to boil—allow it to boil three or four hours—then takes it off and allows it to cool. After it is cool, he steeps the wheat in it, say twenty-four hours, and then pours off the solution and puts the wheat on the barn floor to dry a little before it is put into the ground. A half-barrel that will hold three or four bushels, is a nice thing to put blue-stone solution in and to steep the wheat in.

"After the wheat is partially dry, there will be a crust on the kernel that seems to head off most diseases that befall wheat. My friend usually uses some good superphosphate of lime when he seeds his wheat. He advises that the wheat that has been treated, be seeded as soon after as convenient. He makes good crops, while his neighbors do not; they buy the same seed wheat and have same kind of soil."

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