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

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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.

OFFICE—Next door to residence, Main St. my9-y

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DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.

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IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

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My12-y.

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Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited. Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

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Prof. EDWARD D. PORTER, A. M. Prin.,

A First-class Mathematical, Classical and Scientific

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.

HAVE COURAGE TO SAY NO.

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The syren's sweet song may allure you;
Beware of her cunning and art,
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show;
You may be invited to enter;
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

The bright ruby wine may be offered—
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have courage to flee.
The gambling halls are below you,
Their lights how they dance to and fro!
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a Heavenly Father,
Who will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow;
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

Written for the American Union.

AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

It was a cold, blustering night in mid-winter that a party of men were assembled in one of those gilded saloons which meet you at every step in our northern cities. The company was small, but of varied character—the well-to-do mechanic, the gentlemanly clerk, the genteel loafer and the rich rowdy had all assembled in that drinking saloon on an equality for the time being.

As we said before, the night was cold—intensely cold—but the inside of this house was all warmth and hilarity: the song and jest passed merrily round.

In one corner of the room sat a young man, apparently about thirty years of age, deeply absorbed in a newspaper; but a close observer of human nature could see that it was only seemingly so. Glum Will, as "the boys" called him, had many peculiarities in his disposition. A gay conversationalist, but a hater of jest and obscenity, quick tempered and impetuous, he sat silent in all that gay throng.

One other noticeable character of the party was Golden Hal, a sobriquet he had obtained from the profuse manner in which he spent his money. Rich in this world's goods, reckless in his manner, privileged in society, herculean in strength, he was feared, fawned and dreaded. His society was sought by not a few, and many lived upon his unprincipled bounty.

Between Golden Hal and Glum Will there was a vast difference. The one had what the world calls wealth, but the world did not give him credit for his brazen-faced impudence: that was the rich rowdy's eccentricity, and therefore pardonable. Will, however, gained his bread by the sweat of his brow, and his singularities were sins of an unpardonable character.

The carousals of the party, at the time we write, were at their height, and the bar-tender, a good-natured, gentlemanly man, was kept busy replenishing the glasses of the convivialists. They had just applauded a favorite singer, when a young girl, apparently about sixteen, entered the saloon, and timidly walking up to the bar, in a low tone of voice, made her wants known to the bar-tender. To say she was handsome would be paying a poor compliment to the delicate beauty of her features.

Her entrance had been noticed by all; and Hal, deeming himself a privileged character, and the young girl his special prey, moved up to the bar, and just as the bar-tender handed her something over the counter, Hal put his arm around her neck and demanded a kiss. Ere he could accomplish his purpose he received a stinging blow, which sent him reeling across the room; and the young girl was under the protection of Glum Will, who, alone of the party, dared to thwart the designs of the wealthy rowdy. Mad with rage and pain, Hal sprang towards his antagonist, unsheathing, at the same time, a huge knife—a weapon worn by only too many in this free land of ours; but as it is an American invention, and bears the name of the heroic, yet deluded, Bowie, it is, we presume, one of the institutions of the land.

Will as quickly drew his knife, and placing himself before the girl waited the furious onset. The inmates of the room seemed paralyzed; for no one moved to interfere, or, they knowing the temper of the two men, feared to take the part of either, or even to part them.

The knives crossed, and from the well tempered blades the sparks fell in showers. Hal fought with blind fury; but notwithstanding his great physical strength he was no match for Will, who, light and agile in form, defied the muscle of the other. It was cut and thrust, advance and retreat, when Will, to end the strife, quick as a flash of light, reversed his hold on his knife and struck his antagonist across the knuckles with the back of it; then striking him a blow with the flat of the blade felled him to the floor. Quick as thought, Will's knee was on his breast, and the keen point of the knife at the fallen man's throat; and in quick, ringing tones, (for Will was now thoroughly roused) said: "Keep quiet, or the floor will be stained with your blood. And, too, you must take just such an oath as I dictate; for I swear if you do not you shall never leave this room alive!"

Cowed and beaten at his own game, the fallen man begged for his life, and promised faithfully to perform any obligation Will chose to impose upon him.

"Then repeat after me as I shall dictate," said Will; and in a clear tone he dictated the following oath, which Hal as clearly repeated:

"I solemnly swear, in the hearing and presence of these witnesses and in the sight of heaven, that I will never hereafter molest any one, male or female, who is of lowly station, and that I will, to the best of my ability, protect and defend the helpless, should occasion require; and this I swear on pain of being deemed a perjurer, and call upon all present to witness this my oath."

Will now permitted the prostrate man to rise, who, on regaining his feet, extended his hand, which was taken in the spirit of friendship.

All this happened in less time than it has taken to relate it, and the young girl was momentarily forgotten; but Will, as soon as he let go the hand of his former foe, looked for her. She had sought refuge in a far corner of the saloon, where she stood trembling and in tears.

On Will's inquiring the motive which brought her into the saloon, she frankly stated that it was for the purpose of begging assistance from some one, and as the streets were deserted by people, her extreme necessities forced her to come into a drinking saloon for the first time in her life. On further questioning, she stated that her mother was sick with fever, and her brother, their mainstay, was down with the same disease. All the generous impulses of Will were now enlisted in the trembling girl, and assuring her of protection and relief, he went forward to the expectant inmates, to whom he briefly related the girl's story. The party unanimously appointed Will and a middle-aged gentleman, who had just come in to refresh the inner man, a committee of investigation; and they at once set out, accompanied by the girl, to perform their duty.

After traversing several by-streets, they came to one of those miserable courts which abound in large cities, and into which the poor huddle; while the landlords, careless of the comforts and well-being of these unfortunates, exact the rent with an iron hand, and all that society cares for them is the burden of their being, and all the community does for their relief is doled out in spasmodic dribs, and all the benevolence of a generous people is manifested through soup societies and benevolent associations.

Our two charitably-disposed persons followed their guide into one of the most miserable looking houses, misnamed a tenement for the poor. The room into which they were conducted was clean, but oh! so cold. By the flickering light of an almost burnt out tallow candle they could see this and more. Two sickly, half-starved, half-clothed children were bending over the dying embers of a chip fire. The mother was delirious with fever, and the life was burning out of a stalwart youth. Still, amid all this misery, neatness and cleanliness reigned supreme.

Sympathy for the destitute in such cases amounts to nothing, and the companion of Will took in the situation at a glance. On inquiring of the girl if fuel could be readily procured, and being answered in the affirmative, he gave her some money and despatched her at once for it. Will requested his companion to remain whilst he went for a physician and to get such food as the necessities of the case demanded. Mr. K—— readily consented to the arrangement, and Will hastened upon his errand of mercy.

He first called at the house of a physician of his acquaintance, and then, as fast as neither limbs could carry him, returned to the saloon, where he still found the party, to which he related the tale of suffering. Each one contributed to the relief of the suffering family, but Hal outdid himself in generosity, wishing, no doubt, to atone for his rudeness, and, perhaps, standing still in fear of Will. A basket was then procured, and it being well filled with substantial fare, Will hastened back to relieve the hungry and attend to the wants of the sick.

On his arrival, he found the physician attending to the sick, and a cheerful fire burning on the hearth. The hungry were fed; but the crowning event of the evening was the information he received from Mr. K—— that hereafter the wants of the family would be attended to. And can the reader guess why that staid and well-to-do citizen should interest himself in such a poverty-stricken family? It was because he found hanging on the wall one of those small, silver, talismanic tokens which had belonged to the father of the family, and because he cherished it in life the most pinching want could not compel them to part with it, and on further inquiry Mr. K—— had indisputable evidence that the father had been an honorable member of a still more honored society.

Reader, our story is done. Golden Hal never regretted that cold, wintry night, nor the oath or blow of Glum Will. Good came out of the evil of this occurrence; but I would still say a word to the young men of the land: Beware of the convivialist's cup, for there is danger in its too free use. And oh! beware of the habit of carrying deadly weapons, for in a moment of anger or excitement you may have a life-time of regret.

Idle Daughters.

It is a most painful spectacle in families, where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading, beguiling themselves for the lapse of hours, days, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities, but, as a necessary consequence of their neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to amuse their drooping energies, and blaming their fate, when they dare not blame their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion—for who can believe it real?—that poor, dear mamma is working herself to death. Yet no sooner do you propose they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element; in short, that she would never be happy if she had only half as much to do.

THERE are three things which can in no wise be used for good—malice, envy and folly; and there are three things that can by no means be employed for evil—humility, contentment and liberality.

WHAT we hold closest, we commonly lose soonest, and that proves least safe which is most dear.

Judgment in Reading.

It is not those who read most who acquire most knowledge, any more than it is those who eat the most grow the most obese. Digestion has a great deal to do in both cases. Excessive reading is as bad a habit as excessive eating. If one overloads the stomach, the other overloads and stupefies the mind, and renders it incapable of retaining what it has received. The mind cannot properly dispose of a mass of reading on various subjects hastily crammed into it. The knowledge which is merely received by the mind vanishes like a dream; but elaborated, appropriated and assimiliated by reflection, becomes a part of the intellectual as food becomes tissue in the physical man. Many persons who read hastily and read a great deal, wonder that they forget so much, and charge the fault to a failing memory. But the memory is not to blame. The trouble is, they cram knowledge into their minds faster than their minds can appropriate it, and the abused memory is bound, in self-defense, to disgorge the whole load. It is this class of readers who boast of ability to "get through" an elaborate novel from the pen of a first-rate author in a single day. But the truth is, they had better not read at all than read in this way. They perceive no more of the beauties of the book than a so-called tourist, who walks into the Louvre at one door and out at the other, perceives of the spirit of the marvelous pictures and statues that adorn its galleries—or than the weary traveler perceives of the details of a picturesque landscape through which he has been shot by the express train at forty miles an hour. But besides doing no good, hasty, promiscuous reading does a great deal of harm. It is a vice. It debauches the mind. It blunts its powers, impairs its receptivity, and denies to it the healthful vigor and acumen which systematic reflection imparts. It renders it callous, and incapable of receiving and retaining impressions. There ought to be judgment and system in reading as as well as in business or labor. It must be attended by meditation Two hours a week devoted to deliberate and careful reading will give more real knowledge than three hours a day of the "skimming over" which is so universal a habit with young people.

A Singular Being.

One of the strangest beings that ever had an existence, of which the human part seems entirely extinct, is living at the poor-house in Southold, N. Y. He bears the outward resemblance of a man; but in intelligence, manners, and habits generally, he hardly deserves mention in connection with the filthiest beasts. A correspondent recently visited the institution, the keeper of which showed him what might be called an "exaggerated pig-pen," in the corner of which, on a bed of stained and broken straw, sat a most repulsive looking creature on his haunches. He was entirely naked, indescribably filthy, and when the keeper told him to get up, he crouched like a dog and slunk away into a corner, where he busied himself in breaking straw in fine bits and chewing it. He prefers filth of all kinds to anything wholesome for food, detecting its presence with the keenness of a jackal. Once a week a rope is tied about his waist and he is taken to a neigboring creek, where the keeper cleans him as best he can with a broom. About nine years ago clothing could be kept on him by constant watching, but he finally became utterly uncontrollable, and would tear his garments into shreds, and eat them. During the winter he sits and shivers in the cold, but will not submit to any covering, and he has consequently been badly frozen. He is never sick, and his body is remarkably healthy and muscular in appearance. He is twenty-nine years old, and his parents are living, but they are too poor to provide for him, or procure medical or scientific treatment for him.

Fates of the Apostles.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain in the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets in Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece.

John was put in a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death. He died a natural death at Epesus, Asia.

James, the great, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James, the less, was thrown from a pinnacle, and beaten to death.

Phillip was beheaded.

Bartholomew was skinned alive.

Andrew was crucified and pounded while dying.

Thomas was run through with a lance.

Simon was crucified.

Matthias was stoned.

Barnabas was stoned to death.

Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

A REPORTING MACHINE.—M. Gensoul, an ingenious Frenchman, has invented a "stenographic press." The reporter sets at something like the key-board of a piano-forte, and by applying his fingers to the keys, prints the words as they drop from the lips of the speaker, syllable by syllable, on a strip of paper, which rolls along underneath. When we say this we do not, of course, mean that the words are printed in letters. The keyboard appears to be divided into three parts of eight keys each. The left side, worked by the four fingers of the left hand, prints signs which represent initial consonants; the right worked by the fingers of the right hand, prints final consonanants; and the middle, acted on by the two thumbs, prints the medium vowels. We gather that something like phonetic system of signs is employed. A few months' practice is said to enable any operator to follow the most fluent speaker with ease. We ought to say that M. Gensoul's system renders it unnecessary to transcribe the copy.

GREAT VIRTUES.—Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spires of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor a hero.

AUTUMN.

Now comes the autumn of the year—
The season so delicious,
That earth, so radiant, will appear
A world almost fictitious.

The farmer, resting from his flail,
Forgets his summer trouble
In listening to the russet quail
Loud piping in the stubble.

And lazily his orchard views,
Whose leaves' fantastic dapples
Vie with the oriental hues
Of red and golden apples.

The housewife spins her noisy wheel,
The rustic maid sits rocking
Beside the hearth, with thoughtful zeal
Knitting her winter stocking.

The lover now is pensive grown:
He dreams of future blisses,
When hours like this shall be but one
Delightful round of kisses.

Now is the time when friends should meet
And give each other greeting
For happy life and health so sweet,
And jovial be the meeting.

Then here's bad luck to every churl
And every pleasure-chider,
And a health to every bright-eyed girl,
In a mug of luscious cider.

Shall We Meet Again?

The following waif afloat on the sea of reading we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to Paradise; and with Charles Lamb we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princess for our bedfellows.

But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitudes that throng the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields my raised spirit hath walked upon thy living face, and I feel that there is something in the love that mantels through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

Let us Help One Another.

This little sentence should be written on every heart, stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced, not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another, we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and hear a kind voice whispering,—"Do not feel discouraged—I see your trouble—let me help you."—What strength is inspired—what hope created—what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is disolved as dew beneath a sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and he whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days" if not to us, to those we love.

Immortality of Goodness.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? Because they did not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their relief from distress; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the heart of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will then never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

"I SHALL tell you how it was. I puts my hand on mine head and dare vas von pain. Then I puts my hand on mind body and dere vas anoder. Then I put mino hand in mine pocket and dere vas anoder. So I jined mit de temperance. Now dere is no more pain in my head; the pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, dere vas twenty dollars. So I stayed mit de temperance."

The bleakest adversity may bear us to prosperity. The Arctic wanderer may be floated into a warm latitude on an island of ice.

Wit and Wisdom.

—Editors ought to be able to live very cheap: they get "bored" for nothing.

—A young lady in Illinois having a dose "to be taken before going to bed," set up until she got well, so as not to take it.

—The editor of a yankee newspaper says that he never dotted an *i* but once in his life, an that was in a fight with a contemporary.

—Sentimental Youth. "My dear Maria, will you share my lot for life?"

Practical Girl. "How many acres in your lot, Sir?"

—While a mother was brooding over her poverty, her little son said,—"Mamma, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

A LADY wants some one to invent a machine which will tell how far husbands go in the evening when they "just step down to the post-office."

—A paper in announcing the fact that a colored boy had been appointed as page in the New York Legislature, says: "It is not the first dark page in the history of the legislature.

—A lady teacher was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the terrible punishment of Nebuchadnezzar: "Seven years he eat grass like a cow," A boy asked, "did he give milk."

—A little girl who was watching the balloon ascension at Lewiston, Maine, suddenly exclaimed "Mamma, I shouldn't think God would like to have that man come up to heaven alive!"

—"Going to any watering-place this summer?" asked Pitts of Fitts, yesterday. "Yes—think I shall—going out to where my milkman stops on his way into the city," was the response.

JOSH BILLINGS defines a "thurerr bread biziness man" as "wun that knows enuff about steelin' so't there kant ennybody steel from him, and enuff about law so't he can do his own steelin' legally."

—A reliable Western paper says: "There are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them.—One looks till he gets tired, and another commences where he left off."

—Some one blamed Dr Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

—An inebriate man walking along the street at night regarded the moon with sovereign contempt: "You needn't be so proud, old fellow," he said, "you're full only once a month, and I am every night."

—"Why, Siah, I am astonished!" said a very worthy deacon. "Didn't we take you into our church a short time since?" "I believe so," hiccupped Siah; "and between you and me, it was the darndest take in you ever saw or heard of."

—"Our *idee* is," says a fellow that got a shrew for a wife, that

"Woman's love is like Scotch snuff—
We get one pinch, and that's enough."

An old darkey says:

"Woman's lub, like India rubber—
It stretch de more de more you lub her."

—"Massa say you must sartin pay the bill to-day," said a negro to a New Orleans shopkeeper.

"Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply.

"Not zactly dat; but look here," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwyin to run away he self, and darefore wants to make a big raise."

—A Waterbury "infant," named Freddy, went to his mother one evening and inquired: "Mother, what is a gone sucker?" His mother said he mustn't ask such questions; but Freddy persisted, and was finally sent to bed, to say his prayers by himself, instead of on his mother's lap as usual. So Freddy prayed—"God bless papa, and mamma, and baby, but as for me I'se been a bad boy, and *I guess I am a gone sucker.*"

WANTED THE MAN THROWN IN.—A Canadian clergyman, not long since, was called upon by an Irish girl who asked how much he charged for "marrying anybody."

He replied, "a dollar and a-half," and Biddy departed.

A few evenings later, on being summoned to the door, he was accosted by the same person, with the remark that she had come to be married.

"Very well," said the minister; but perceiving with astonishment that she was alone, he continued, "Where is the man?"

An expression of disappointment passed over Biddy's features as she ejaculated:

"And don't you find the man for a dollar and a-half?"

—The Rev. Samuel Clawson, a Methodist preacher of eccentric manners, sometimes called the "Wild man," was very popular in West Virginia some twenty years ago. He was cross-eyed and wiry made, and very dark-skinned for a white man. At times he was surprisingly eloquent, always excitable, and occasionally extravgant. He once accompanied a brother minister, the Rev. Mr. R., a prominent pastor, on a visit to a colored church. Mr. R. gave the colored preacher the hint, and, of course, Clawson was invited to preach. He did so, and during the sermon set the impulsive Africans to shouting all over the house. This, in turn, set Clawson to extravagant words and actions, and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to shake the hands of the colored brethren and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy. Then, pressing through the crowd, he found brother R., and, sitting down beside him, he threw his arms around his neck, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said:

"Brother R., I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have."

"Well, well," said Brother R., "you came so near it that you needn't cry about it."

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