American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

Poetry.

A NEW VERSION.

I would not die in spring-time,
When worms begin to crawl,
When cabbage sprouts are shooting up
And frogs begin to squall.
'Tis then the girls are full of charms,
And smile upon the men,
When lambs and peas are in their prime—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in summer,
When the trees are filled with fruit,
And every sportsman has a gun
The little birds to shoot.
The girls then wear their sweetest dress,
And half distract the men;
It is the time to sweat it out—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Autumn,
When new-mown hay smells sweet,
And little pigs are rooting round
For something nice to eat.
'Tis then the huntsmen's wild halloo
Is heard among the glen,
And oysters 'gin to fatten up—
I would not perish then.

I would not die in winter,
For one might freeze to death;
When blustering Boreas sweeps around
And takes away one's breath—
When sleigh-bells jingle, and horses snort,
And buckhweat cakes are tall;
In fact, this is a right good world—
I would not die at all.

DAVID MATSON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of "Enoch Arden," so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife, and little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered, and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate—a good man, rich and honored, with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone. The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's, but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers that, in its main particulars, it is a true tale:

One bright, summer morning, more than three score years ago, David Mason, with his young wife, and his two healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank of the river, near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the Point with his wherry, and take the hust and and father to the port, a few miles below. The *Lively Turtle* was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as mate. They stood there in the level, morning sunshine, talking cheerfully: but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice, trembled a little, now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimack, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis. "There's no time for kissings and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the *Lively Turtle*. And months passed; autumn followed the summer, and winter the autumn; and then spring came; anon, it was summer on the river-side, and he did not come back. And another year passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said the *Lively Turtle* was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black, and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself?

Now you must know that the Mahammedan people of Algiers and Tripoli, and Mogadore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon merchant vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians, in America, were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The *Lively Turtle* fell into the hands of one of these roving sea-robbers, and the crew were taken to Algiers, and sold in the market-place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest.

When a boy he had learned the trade of ship-carpenter with his father, on the Merrimack, and now he was set at work in the dock-yards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him.—He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the coarse cloth of wool and camel's hair, woven by the Berber women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which is the Mahammedan Sabbath, was a day of entire rest.

Once a year, at the season called Ramaden, he was left at leisure for a whole week. So time went on—days, weeks, months and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimack, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them again grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful: some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. I must keep the impression of it for my 'Columbiad;'" and drawing out his tablets, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity, by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of his boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying, just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah: "she's my wife."

"Your wife!" cried the other. "She is mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine, too!" said Pelatiah. "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate, she is mine, and I am not the man to give her up."

"'God is great!'" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission. "His will be done. I love her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessings, to the good woman and the boys," and he handed over, with a sigh, the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children.

He shook hands with his rival. "Pelatiah," he said, looking back, as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the sailor, in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for old David," he said, helping himself to a fresh cud of tobacco; "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

Pelatiah Curtis reached home: he told Anna the story of her husband, and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint for she was a healthy woman, with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that, in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin, and buried with her.

The little, old, bull's-eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grand-children, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson, the lost man.

A Pure Heart.

A pure heart is more precious in the sight of God than aught else on earth. A pure heart is a fair, fully adorned chamber, the dwelling of the Holy Ghost; a golden temple of the Godhead; a sanctuary of the only begotten Son, wherein he worships the Heavenly Father; an altar of the grand, divine sacrifice, on which the Son is daily offered to the Heavenly Father.—A pure heart is the throne of the Supreme Judge; the seat and secret chamber of the Holy Trinity; a lamp bearing the eternal light; a secret council chamber of the Divine Persons; a treasury of divine riches; a store-house of divine sweetness; a panoply of eternal wisdom; a cell of divine solitude; the ward of all the life and sufferings of Christ. A pure heart is a tabernacle of the Holy Father, a bride of Christ, a friend of the Holy Ghost; a delight of all saints; a sister of the angels; a cause of joy to heavenly hosts; a brother of all good men; a terror to the devil; a victory and conquest over all temptations; a weapon against all assaults; a reservoir of divine benefits; a treasury of all virtue; an example to all men; a restoration of all that has ever been lost. Now, what is a pure heart? It is as we have said before, a heart which finds its whole and only satisfaction in God—which relishes and desires nothing but God; whose thought and intents are ever occupied with God; to which all that is not of God is strange and jarring; which keeps itself as far as possible apart from all unworthy images, and joys, and griefs, and all outward cares and anxieties, and makes all these work together for good—for to the pure all things are pure, and to the gentle is nothing bitter.

OBEDIENCE.—"Sir," said the Duke of Wellington to an officer of engineers, who urged the impossibility of executing the directions he had received, "I did not ask your opinion; I gave you my orders, and I expect them to be obeyed." Such be the obedience of every follower of Jesus. The words which He has spoken are our law, not our judgments and fancies. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." The Master knows the reasons for His own commands; the servant has to do only what he is commanded. Reason lies in a small room; obedience in less.—*Selected.*

Old Virginia Hospitality.

I remember a case in which a neighbor of my own, a very wealthy gentleman whose house was always open and always full of guests, dying, left each of his children a plantation. To the eldest son, however, he gave the home estate, worth three or four times as much as any of the other plantations, and with it he gave the young man also a large sum of money. But he charged him with the duty of keeping open house there at all times, and directed that the household affairs should be conducted always precisely as they had been during his own lifetime; and the charge well nigh outweighed the inheritance. The new master of the place lived in Richmond, where he was engaged in manufacturing, and after the death of the father the old house stood tenantless, but open as before. Its troops of softly shod servants swept and dusted and polished as of old. Breakfast, dinner and supper were laid out every day at the accustomed hours, under the old butler's supervision, and as the viands grew cold his silent subordinates waited, trays in hand, at the back of the empty stairs, during the full time appointed for each meal. I have stopped there for dinner, tea, or to spend the night, many a time, in company with one of the younger sons who lived elsewhere, or with some relation of the family, or alone as the case might be, and I have sometimes met others there. Guests knew themselves always welcome, but whether guests came or not the household affairs suffered no change. The destruction of the house by fire finally lifted this burden from its owner's shoulders, as the will did not require him to rebuild.—But while it stood its master's large inheritance was of very small worth to him.—*November Atlantic.*

Do Not Live to Yourself Alone.

If you want to commit slow suicide, lead a perfectly quiet life; shun your neighbors; do not go to church, lecture hall or theatre; try this plan for a year, and you will be quite ready to court death. An eminent writer gives us the reason why so many of the socialistic communities have succeeded, the insufferable and growing dullness of family life as it exists among people of average means and intelligence, not on farms only, nor in country towns, but even in cities; and this dullness he ascribes in large part to the absence of social intercourse. The days follow and resemble in most homes—at least in Anglo-Saxon countries—with almost killing regularity; the husband comes back after a hard day's work to dinner, which he eats in silence in company with his wife, whose stock of ideas he has long exhausted, as indeed she has his. Social relations between the household and the outer world can, indeed, hardly be said to exist. He sees business men on business matters; she, at most, exchanges a dry barren 'call' at long intervals with other women of her acquaintance. Except, perhaps, the affairs of the church to which they belong, the couple have no external object of interest. No current of thought or feeling from the outer world ever reaches them except through the newspaper or magazine. In fact it might be said, without much exaggeration, that the only time they take any formal notice of their neighbor's existence or their neighbor's affairs is when somebody happens to fall ill. Is a life like this worth living?

Mimicing a Preacher.

In the days of Whitefield, when hundreds were converted by his preaching, "lewd men of the baser sort" loved to indulge in ridicule of religion, making sport of the earnest preacher. A merry band of carousers gathered, one evening, in an inn in Yorkshire, and cracked many a joke over their cups. At length one of them, to add to the merriment, proposed to take off Whitefield's preaching.

A Bible was brought, he mounted the table for a pulpit, and turned the leaves of the holy book for a text. His eyes fell on the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

The company laughed and applauded his wonderful imitation of the tones and manner of the great preacher; but soon their laughter ceased. They looked up in surprise and terror, for the speeker seemed terribly in earnest. His words were solemn, and took hold of their consciences, and his appeals started their fears. A profound silence spread over the bar-room.

The spirit of God was too strong for the mimic, John Thrope. The mock sermon was the means of his conversion, and he went away from the scene of merriment to begin a new life.

How Satan Comes.

Each one of us have a different Satan.—Satan comes to one man in the form of idleness, and makes him waste day after day, year after year, until he has wasted his whole life doing nothing. Satan comes to another man in the form of work, and makes him destroy himself in the opposite way by wearing out, prematurely, his brain and his body. He comes to another as Christian zeal, and the man becomes a bigot, full of fire for the Lord; but the Lord he serves is a God of wrath, a God who cares for trifles, a God who prefers sacrifice to mercy. He comes to another as charity, but it is a charity which tolerates evil and lets it alone, which has no edge to it, no courage; an indolent charity, which is not love at all, but only easy good nature. So he disguises himself as an angel of light, calling himself patriotism when he wishes to make nations hate each other; calling himself Christianity when he wishes to make men prosecute each other; calling himself honesty when he wishes to encourage a man in his rude and over-bearing ways; and so on, changing himself into every virtue and every grace.

HONESTY.—A sick man noticed his little daughter looking eagerly at some fruit at his bedside.

'You would not take them away from your poor sick papa, would you?' he asked.

She replied, hesitatingly. 'No, I would not.' Then she colored and added: 'But papa, I tell you a story when I say so.'

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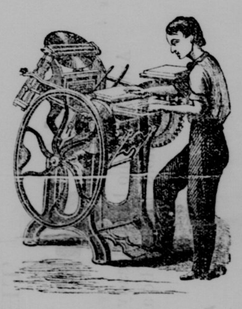

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It is note worthy that the sewing machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair in New York in 1853, long since sunk into merited oblivion. The past fifteen years has seen numerous machines with high sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, confound the simple and vanish.—So will it be while credulity lasts.

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may9th-tf.

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A good hearse, nearly new, a gentle horse and a trusty driver.
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5-6-tf. EDWARD PRITCHETT

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CHANGE OF TIME.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, September 25th Steamers will leave Pier 3, Light Street, as follows:—The Steamer
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every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, P. M., for Easton, Oxford, Cambridge and intermediate landings to Medford's. On SATURDAYS extending her trip to Denton. Returning MONDAY morning, leaving Denton at 10 o'clock, A. M.
The steamer CHAMPION daily, at 7, A. M. (except Sunday) for Anapolis, extending her trips on MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS to West and Rhode rivers, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS to St. Michael's and Miles River, (Easton,) THURSDAYS to South River, and SATURDAYS to West River.
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Change of Hours.
On and after *Wednesday, Sept. 15th,'75,*
Trains will run as follows:
GOING NORTH.

Leave	Pass. No. 1.	Frt. No. 2.
Easton	4.10 A.M.	10.30 A. M.
Woodland	4.20	10.50
Cordova	4.30	11.10
Hillsborough	4.45	11.30
Ridgeley	4.55	11.50
Greensboro'	5.10	12.15 P. M.
Goldsboro'	5.25	12.40
Henderson	5.35	1.00
Marydell	5.45	1.15
Slaughter's	5 55	1.35
Kenton	6.10	2.00
Clayton [ar]	6.20	2.30
Wilmington	8.05	4.10
Philadelphia	9.20	5.35
Baltimore	1.15 P. M.	8.15
New York	5.10	10.22

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	Frt. No. 3.	Pass. No. 4.
New York	11.55 P. M.	9.25 A. M.
Baltimore	7.00 A. M.	2.45 P. M.
Philadelphia	8.00	5.15
Wilmington	9.25	6.40
Clayton	11.05	8.30
Kenton	11.25	8.45
Slaughter's	11.25	9.00
Marydell	12.05 P.M.	9.15
Henderson	12.20	9.25
Goldsboro'	12.40	9.35
Greensboro'	1.05	9.50
Ridgeley	1 25	10.05
Hillsboro'	1.45	10.15
Cordova	2.05	10.30
Woodland	2.20	10.40
Easton [ar]	2.40	10.55

Freight trains No. 2 and 3 run with passenger car attached, subject to delays, will run as follows:
All freights must be at the various stations in time to be loaded and manifested at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.
Passengers using the 4.10 A. M. train from Easton will arrive in Philadelphia at 9.20 A. M., and returning will leave Philadelphia at 5.15 P. M., thus giving nearly eight hours for business purposes in that city.
8-19-tf. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.