ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

THE AMERICAN UNION.

Devoted to Politics, News, Science, Literature, Morality, Local Matters, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.

VOL I. **DENTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1860.** **NO. 12.**

Poetry.

NO SUCH THING AS DEATH.

"There's no such thing as death!
To those who think aright,
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act
Life's drama must contain;
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then an end to pain.

'There's no such thing as death!'
That which is thus miscalled,
Is life escaping from the chains
Which have so long enthralled;
'Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

'There's no such thing as death!'
In nature nothing dies!
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise;
The faded leaf that falls,
All sear and brown, to earth,
Ere long shall mingle with the shapes
That give the flowers birth.

'There's no such thing as death!'
'Tis but the blossom sprays,
Sinking before the coming fruit
That seeks the summer's ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the peerless flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

Hope Through Sorrow.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the spring runs dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die:
But the roses bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain
And the summer sun and dew.

So in the deepest hours of gloom,
Where the springs of gladness fall,
And the roses in the bloom
Droop like maidens wan and pale;
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

Select Story.

THE INCA'S DAUGHTER.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

Huasca, the Inca of Peru, who reigned at the beginning of the sixteenth century and who was remarkable for his love of the arts, especially those connected with the improvement of his capital, proclaimed that whosoever would find means of conveying water with facility to his palace and to Cuzco, should recive in marriage his youngest daughter, then a beautiful girl in the first bloom of womanhood. This offer was no sooner made than a young man appeared, name Hassan, who declared himself capable of performing the great work. He was immediately furnished with as many men and materials as he thought proper to demand, and the work was commenced.

While the work, however, was in progress, an incident occurred which damped the ardor of the youth for the accomplishment of what he had undertaken, and seemed to overthrow all expectations of its ever being completed. Among the numerous attendants upon the workmen for the preparation of their food, and the care of the camp in which they dwelt, there appeared a girl of great beauty, who, while attending upon her father, was observed by the youthful engineer, who became so violently enamored that his attraction was distracted and turned from the object upon which his mind hitherto had been bent. He saw that the accomplishment of the work he had undertaken would not result in his marriage with daughter of the Inca, and this though accompanied by all the honors the Sovereign could bestow, would deprive him of that which he valued more than life, and tie him to a bride whom he had never seen and had now ceased to desire to know.

Owing to this state of Hassan's mind, neglect, langor and disorder reigned in the encampment of the workmen, which at first seemed to every one to arise from a conviction on the part of the engineer, that the accomplishment of the work was beyond his power.—Some time passed without any change, during which Hassan had frequent opportunities of meeting the young attendent to whom he had been attached.—This, however, was by and by remarked by the people in such a manner as to induce the young girl to retire and return no more to the camp, distracting still more the mind of the engineer, who was unable to obtain any further information concerning her.

The confusion into which everything was now thrown became known to the Inca, who soon learned, also, the real cause of the engineer's default, and determined to take his revenge by putting to death the subject who had so grossly and openly insulted his Sovereign. The character, however, of the offence was such that Hassan was sent for before his execution, and appeared, guarded, in the presence of the Inca, who sat upon his throne, surrounded by his nobles. Huasca, happening to be a man of moderate passions, asked the culprit, in the presence of his nobles, whether he had anything to say before his execution, in extenuation of the crime he had committed by treating his Sovereign with contempt.

To this the young man replied, that he had only to thank his Sovereign for all the favors he had received, and more especially for what he was about to receive, which would place him beyond the reach of such suffering as he had endured since he had become acquainted with the innocent cause of his misfortune.

At the moment that the Inca was about to commit him to the tender mercies of the executioners, the girl we have mentioned suddenly appeared among the crowd of nobles, dressed as she had been in the camp of the workmen, and rushed into the centre of the hall, exclaiming:

"Stay, Inca! Arrest the hand of justice for a moment, while I put one question to the unfortunate culprit.—It shall be such as the Inca will not disapprove."

From the moment of this strange apparition until the demand of the girl, there was not a sound heard. The whole of the nobles present remained motionless and silent. But, had no embarrassment overwhelmed them, the presence of their Sovereign would have restrained equally their word and their acts. Huasca, who alone seemed unmoved, nodded assent to the demand of the girl, who now walked up to the youth, and laying her right hand upon his left shoulder, and standing a little one side, that his countenance might be well seen by the Inca, said:—

"Young man of the hills, where the Inca is ever known, subject to Huasca, hast thou chosen the child of the valey in preference to the daughter of thy Sovereign?"

To which the youth after steadfastly regarding the Inca, replied:—

"The will of the great source of light be done. The sentence of the Inca is just.

Then, turning to the girl he added:

"I go now with joy to dwell where I shall await thy coming, to possess thee forever."

"But wherefore couldsts thou not," said the girl, "accomplish the work which thou hast undertaken?"

"It had been done," said the youth, had the labor been accomplished with the hope of possessing thee."

At this reply the young girl suddenly threw off her upper garments, which had hidden those which would have betrayed her true character, and taking the entranced youth by the hand, advanced up to the throne of the Inca, and exclaimed—

"Great father of the children of the sun, I whom thou lovest as thyself, demand the remission of the sentence against the youth, now bound down before thee, until it be known whether the great work he has undertaken can be accomplished or not."

Inca Huasca, whose affections for his daughter was beyond all other feelings; electrified by the occurrence, signified his assent to the proposal.

A few months after this the great aqueduct was completed, and the engineer and the princess became man and wife.

Many a true heart would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage conduct of an unforgiving spirit.

Wit and Humor.

"Mr. Speaker," said a new member rising, "we cannot too dearly prize the rights of freemen. They have been transmitted to us by our fathers as a rich legacy, and palsied be the hand of the one who would refuse to acknowledge or maintain them. Among their rights, Mr. Speaker, is the rights of volition, of doing as we please. Every man sir, should do as he pleases, and if he does not, he should be compelled to."

Jem—"S'pos'n you was to be turned into an animal, what would you like to be, Bill?"

Bill—"Oh! I'd like to be a lion, because he's so—"

Little Tom, (who has had some painful experience at school, interrupting eagerly)—"Oh! no, don't be a lion, Bill; be a wasp—and then you can sting the schoolmaster!"

The following occurred in a school near London:

Teacher—"What part of speech is the word egg?"

Boy—"Noun, sir."

Teacher—"What is its gender?"

Boy—'Can't tell, sir."

Teacher—"Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?"

Boy—"Can't say, sir, till its hatched."

A Lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite.

'No, ma'am,' replied the hopeful, 'not exackly—his appetite is very poor, but his drinketite is as good as ever."

A little nine-year old girl the other day, overhearing a discussion among a parcel of ladies about cooking steak—some advocating broiling beef and others frying mutton, inquired, 'Aunt Kit, how do they cook sweepsteaks?'

A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his scholars on the nature of a miracle.

'Now, boy,' said he, 'suppose you were to see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what would you call that?'

'The mune, please sur!

'No, but,' said the clergyman, 'suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you actually saw it rising in the middle of the night, what should you think?

'Please, sur, I should think it was time to get up!'

"Well, you've been out to America; did you see anything of our friend Jones, there?

'Yes—gone deranged! Really crazy!—What does he do?'

'Yes, indeed, he don't know his neighbor's hogs from his own.'

'Paddy,' said a joker, 'why don't you get your ears cropped; they are too long for a man?'

'And yours,' replied Pat 'ought to be lengthened; they are too short for an *ass*.'

A gentleman on a visit to Washington, one day very coolly opened the Senate Chamber door, and was about to pass in when the doorkeeper asked:

'Are you a priviledged member?'

'What do you mean by that?' asked the stranger.

'A governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister.'

The stranger replied that he was a minister.

'From what court or country?' asked the official.

Very gravely pointing up, the stranger replied, "from Heaven, sir."

To this the door-keeper waggishly replied, "This government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power."

"Let Her Go."—"I was," said the reverend gentleman, "attending divine service in Norfolk, several years ago during a season of some excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, an old lady among the congregation arose, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, "Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory." The worthy gentleman thus interrupted, immediately replied, "Good Lord, stick stick it in and let her go, she's but a trouble here .' That quieted the old lady.

Not that Kind of a Cat.—A gentleman doing business on main street, was presented with a beautiful kitten. Yesterday a couple of young ladies, one of them named Julia happened in the store, and of course kitty, as kittens and babies always do, came in for an immense lot of endearments and caresses.

"Oh, my! what a sweet, darling little kitty! What is its name?"

"It is not christened yet."

"Oh, the dear little thing. Do call it Julia, won't you?"

'I should be very glad to do so,' said our gallant friend,—"*but it ain't that kind of a cat.*"

Kitty was deposited on the floor in a twinkle, and the young ladies were seen looking for a good place to faint.

Miscellaneous.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.—Among the many interesting and wonderful discoveries of the present wonderful age, it is announced that M. Jobard, a French *savan*, has discovere a way of suspending animation, and also of bringing the dead back to life. He professes to be able to restore a drowned man after two days immersion, and a frozen subject after ten years "oblivion." Provided a culprit's neck be not broken he can be brought back to life after hanging a whole day. "M. Jobard," says an exchange, "with great sympathy for the ills which flesh is heir to, suggests that medical men should immediately make themselves acquainted with the secret of this invention, so that the poor and unfortunate may be suspended till better times come around, and the victims of thwarted love may enjoy the forgetfulness of a prolonged catalepsy."

A LESSON FOR SCOLDING WIVES.—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife often. Newman," said I one day, while sitting by his firesides. Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply. "Never, to signify—and if he has, I have deserved it." "And I dare say, if the truth was known, you have scolded him as often,' said I. "Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel: "how can a wife scold her good man, who has been hard at work for her and little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be occasionally peevish and fretful, for it is he who must meet the crosses and disappointments of the world; and who should make him forget them but his wife, for whom he braves and bears so much? And she had best for her own sake; for nobody can scold to a very great extent when the talking is all done on one side."

A VALUABLE TESTIMONY.—The testimony of a good consience will make the comforts of heaven descend upon man's weary head, like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched land. It will give him lively interests and secret anticipations of approaching joy; it will bid his soul go out of the body undaunntedly and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. The comfort which it conveys is greater than the capacities of mortality can appreciate, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it is felt.

HASTY.—'Jones, I say, Jones!' exclaims Aunt Fanny, purple with excitement, as she bustled into the parlor, holding in her hands a paper; 'ain't you a philanthropic man!'

'To be sure I am, Fanny, repled Uncle Dick, as he raised his eyes and peered over his spectacles at his excited partner, 'what's up now?'

'What's up now!' almost shrieked his spouse, 'why, look there,' and she thrust the paper into his face at the same time pointing with her right forefinger to a paragraph; 'read that and weep.'

'Well, what of it? asked Uncle Dick, as he ran his eyes over it.

'Oh, you inhuman wretch, you—you hard-hearted sinner, I thought you was a man with a little of the cream of human kindness in you?'

'Why, Fanny, I believe you are going crazy.'

'Going crazy,' she echoed, 'and isn't it enough to drive one mad, when such rascally things are taking place and the cowardly men don't stop em. I wish I was not a woman.'

'But what's in the paper to make you act so?'

'Can't you read? Don't it say there:—Women and children starving to death, by Morse's Telegraph—Fatal spread of the cholera, by Electric Telegraph—Two hundred and fifty dying a day in New Orleans, by Magnetic Telegraph—Horrible riot in New York and twenty-seven lives lost, by Telegraph—Terrible fire in Boston; an immense amount of property destroyed, by Telegraph—Welch's circus blown down and life lost, by Magnetic Telegraph—and yet you men sit here with folded arms, and never raise a finger to stay the progress of this inhuman, all devastating and devouring monster—I wish I was a man.'

And Aunt Fanny flew out of the room, leaving Uncle Dick wrapped in astonishment.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.—What a beautiful and prolific theme for poetry and eloquence. How delightful it is to dream of human perfection and find it impersonated in woman! To gaze at her glorious beauty, who doubts that she has wooed angels from the skies and tempted their allegiance from heaven? But the most rapturous thought is that when she once bestows her love, it is an abiding blessing. It remains with him, and surrounds him as the beams envelop the star to illumine and consecrate it. In short—'She loves but once, and loves forever!'

Quandaries.

Knocking at the wrong door, hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or stay and apolegize.

Crossing the road until you see a gig coming one way and a cab another, so that if you move or you are to be knocked down by one, and if you stand still you may possibly be crushed by both.

Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night, and cogitating whether you will lie still and catch your death or get up and dress, and pass the night on two cane bottom chairs.

Paying your address to a penniless fair one under the impression that she is an heiress; and, on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady, or of being shot by the young lady's brother.

Dining at a friend's house, where you must drink wine till you become disagreeable.

Coming to four cross roads, one of which you must take at random, or just walk back a mile or two and inquire your way.

THE ARTIFICIAL LIFE.—It is the habit of some minds continually to forecast the future; to conceive as real all possible contingencies of life, to immagine their consequences, and strive to immagine in what manner they ought to be encountered. To such minds freedom is a rare blessing. Where this mood prevails spontaniety of character cannot exist. For life is thus made to become an entire piece of acting—in which scenery, costumes position, motion, language, all are studied and prepared. Smiles at a marriage feast; tears at a funeral; gravity at church; dignity at public places; tenderness now and presently stern reserve; many modes of feeling and of manner, taken in and cast off at will; patronage for youth, respect for maturity, sympathy with age; all these are but theatrical roles. The world is a stage merely, and the grave is only a 'green room" into which the actor retires when he has played his part.

The records of life run thus: Men creeps into childhood—bounds into youth—sobers into manhood—softens into age—totters into second childhood—and stumbles into the cradle prepared for him.

Liquid Glue.—The following recipe, the discovery of a French chemist, is selling about the country, as a secret, for various prices, from one to five dollars.—It is a handy and valuable composition, as it does not gelatinize nor undergo putrefaction and fermentation, and become offensive, and can be used cold for all the ordinary purposes of glue in making or mending furnituiture or broken vessels that are not exposed to water, &c. In a wide-mouthed bottle dissolve eight ounces of best glue in a half pint of water, by setting it in a vessel of water and heating it until dissolved. Then add slowly, constantly stirring two and a half ounces of aquafortis (nitric acid.) Keep it well corked, and it will be ready for use. This is the "Celebrated Prepared glue," of which we hear so much.

Rights of Americans.

The following are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:

To know a trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without any regard to fortune, state of health, position or the opinion of parents or friends.

To have a wife and children dependent on the contingencies of busieness, and in case of sudden death, leave them wholly unprovided for.

To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have. when they grow up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculations.

To cheat the government if possible.

To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

To build houses with nine and six inch walls, and go to the funeral of tenants, firemen and others killed by their fall, weeping over the dispensation of Providence.

To build up cities and towns without parks, and call a pestilence a visitation of God.

Thrilling Incident.

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink, demonstrating it quite to his own satisfaction to be Scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words. Permission being granted, he spoke as follows:

"A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was prevailed on, to the joy of his friends, to take the pledge of total abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept his pledge faithfully for sometime, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well' thought the young man, 'if clergymen can take wine and justify it so well, why not I?' So he took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—a raving mad-man!'—The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add:—"That young man was my only son, and the clergyman was the Reverend Doctor who has just addressed this assembly."

THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

The closing passage in one of Professor Mitchell's recent lectures in New York on Astronomy, after speaking of the unfathomable distances which no telescope can penetrate, lying far beynd the system in which the earth revolves, and yet filled with independent systems of worlds of infinite numbers, was as follows:

"Light traverses space at the rate of a millon miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Hershel's telescope revealed stars 2,300 times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross persued these creations of God still deeper into space and having resolved the nebulæ of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points glittering through the black darkness beyond.—When he beheld this amazing abyo—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout the space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

"God called man in his dream to the vestibule of heaven, saying 'come hither and I will show you the glory of my house.'—And his angels who stood about his throne he said, 'take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse him of his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart'—the heart that fears and hopes, and trembles. A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of the flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Sometime on the mighty angel's wings, they fled through saharas of darkness; wilderness of death. At length, from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, a light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. In a moment, the blazing suns around them—a moment, the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then, again, on the right hand and the left, appeared more constellations. At last, the man sank down crying, 'Angel, I can go no further; let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.'—'End is there none?' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around, there came a choral shout, 'End there is none! End there is none!'

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc2929_scm3526-0052