THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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Md.

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

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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.

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

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IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

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Successor to J. Thomas Jarman

Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,

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GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No 102 Light Street Wharf,

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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OF ALL KINDS,

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Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
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je10-y

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NEWARK, DELAWARE,

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.

THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS "FAIL."

Heed not this cold world's taunting jeer,
But in thy might arise;
It often proves misfortunes here,
Are blessings in disguise,
If lukewarm friends should us disclaim,
Our lot we'll not bewail;
Nor will we own there's such a name,
Or such a word as fail.

I've seen the oak beneath the storm
Bow down upon the shore;
I've seen it raise its stately form,
And flourish as before.
If storms assail our earthly bark,
We'll brace the shattered sail,
Though friends be few and prospects dark—
There's no such word as fail.

I've seen the ship lie tempest tossed
Upon the troubled main;
That vessel which all thought was lost
Is sailing free again.
When driven on before the blast,
And enemies assail,
We'll nail our motto to the mast,
"There's no such word as fail."

Full many a pilgrim by the way
A look hath homeward cast,
Sorrowing again hath turned away,
But reached the bourne at last,
When kindred, too, grow cold and shy
While listeuing to our tale,
We'll press on, the goal is nigh,
There's no such word as fail.

'Tis when the fuming masses meet
The assayer's furnace glows,
And higher as we raise the heat
A purer metal flows.
If Providence should thus award,
Our efforts to prevail,
Then we will shout with one accord
There's no such word as fail.

Our God is just; revere His will
Let faith our fears disarm;
His work in season He'll fulfil,
And shelter us from harm.
Then let us trust in him whose voice
Is heard in every gale,
And even in our prayers rejoice
There's no such word as fail.

ALL WRONG.

BY NELLIE AMES.

Oh, what a wretched sight was that!—Enough to freeze the blood in one's veins; enough to make the passer-by wonder if there was mercy or love in Heaven; enough to cause one to question all justice and all sympathy. A woman scantily clad, her garments, wet with the rain rapidly falling, hanging close to her attenuated limbs; a black veil tied around her head, partially concealing a broad, well-shaped forehead; eyes dark and large, with a wild, almost insane light blazing from their depths, stood peering into the window of one of our large wholesale houses on Broadway. Clerks were busy marking and putting away goods. Millions of dollars worth of the finest importations passed through the hands of these young gentlemen, all hurrying to finish the long day's work and retire to more congenial quarters.

Wealth, luxury, and everything needful on the inside. Poverty, wretchedness, and woe unutterable on the sidewalk!

Pedestrians paused a little as they passed this poverty-stricken wretch, apparently oblivious to cold or rain—only bent upon the contemplation of the interior view of this mammoth establishment.

"Pas on!" roared a policeman, close to her ear, sheltered from the rain in his India-rubber suit.

"What are you looking in there for?"

She made no answer.

"I shall pull you if you don't obey orders," came again from the hardened officer.

"You will what?" she dreamily inquired, turning slowly toward him, as if loth to be for a moment interrupted in her occupation. "*Pull*, sir, means arrest, I suppose? Touch me if you dare! my husband is here," pointing to the interior of the building, "and I am waiting for him. When I disturb the quiet of the beat you are employed to keep order upon, it will be quite time to threaten. Yonder are some brawlers—drunken loafers—making the night hideous with their jeers; pull them. But I forgot that defenceless women were the only victims of your vigilance. I am not defenceless, however, although my appearance might indicate such to be the case. My husband is here. Now go your way," and again the eager eyes were turned to the brilliantly-lighted room.

The M. P. was evidently not a little disconcerted, for he turned from the drenched, woebegone woman and, walked wonderingly on.

"He must have gone," murmured the poor creature, as she looked in vain for the appearance of the wished-for object. "But no; there he is;" and her breath came quick and short.

"Oh, my Father! for more than a year I have not spoken a word to him. Then he spurned me on account of the dreadful lie my persecutors had told him. How could he ever have believed so terrible a falsehood? What have I not waded through since then! Cast aside, spurned, hungry, cold, oft-times without shelter; and now look at me—a wife waiting for her husband! Husband? How strangely that words sounds! A poverty-stricken, deserted woman waiting for her millionaire lord! Down, heart, to your place! He comes this way. Don't dare to throb one beat faster until your mistress is again spurned, and then—*break!*—refuse to do further duty! Send me to the silence and forgetfulness of the grave!"

Just time for one hurried prayer, and the man so eagerly watched passed forward to the door, stood for a moment as if undecided whether to step out into the rain, and then, raising his umbrella, walked briskly up Broadway.

"Charles!" and a little wet hand was laid upon his arm.

The merchant stoopped as suddenly as if confronted by his own coffin. He was evidently uprepared for such a vision.

"Charles!" again came piteously, and almost like the wail of an infant, so full of love and longing were the quivering tones.

"Fannie! Do my eyes deceive me? *Fannie?*" and the man took in the poverty and wretchedness at a glance.

"Oh, yes, it is Fannie!" she replied.—"The woman you once loved; cast off, despised, in rags and direst poverty. I came to you to-night, Charles, hoping that I might make you believe me—might make you see that you had been guilty of a great wrong in thus crediting the statement of a bitter enemy. Speak to me kindly! say one loving word, and then let me die!"

"Loving or even kind words are out of the question. You know that as well as I do," came in low, crushing tones from her apparently calm and self-possessed companion. "Did I not tell you, the last time we met, never on any account to come into my presence again? I cannot conceive how this poverty has come upon you. You have wronged me; you played me false, Fannie. It is no use to deny it; but never in the moment of my extremest hate could I ever have sent sent such a curse as this upon you.—Here, take this, and for Heaven's sake make yourself comfortable!" handing her a fifty dollar bill. "Give me your number, and I will see, after this, as long as I live, that you do not want for means. Take this umbrella; I am near the hotel."

"It isn't your money I want, or anything your money can buy. I implore you to believe me; I do not ask you to love me. How could it be possible for a man to love the poor forlorn creature I have become? I swear to you, Charles Hescombe, that I am guiltless even now—pure as the day I became your wife!" and the little hand tightened its hold on the man's arm.

'Did you not refuse to tell me where you were on the occasion referred to? Did you not lie to me? Am I not able to prove you guilty of most terrible falsehood? Did you not resort to every stratagem possible to conceive of in order to screen yourself? Fannie, how dare you? I forgive the falsehood—forgive all the misery you have caused me, but I can have no confidence in anything you say."

"Is there a merciful God?" moaned the poor sufferer. "Is there an angel in Heaven? Is there pity above or below? I cannot take your money. I can starve; I can die, if God wills, but I can never accept charity from the hands of my husband!" and with a groan of anguish the broken-hearted wife, again spurned, turned wearily, leaving the man thus strangely accosted, looking after her in a half stupor impossible to describe. Grief and anxiety were stamped upon his face; there was absolute terror written there; but, above and beyond all, was an expression of distrust and unbelief which no amount of protestation could efface. The evidence against her must have been strong indeed. Nobility of nature was written all over the man nothing but absolute proof of double dealing could ever have caused hime to drive from his heart and home the woman he had taken for a life companion.

The fifty dollar bill he still held in his hand. The rain came down in torrents. His thoughts went after the poor creature he had again repulsed—her scanty covering, pale face, and still the touch of that little cold hand lingered on his arm.

But she had gone never to return. Full well he realized this; but how could he have acted differently? Convinced beyond a shadow of doubt of his wife's perfidy, he could not hold her to his heart again, although that heart strangely clamored for its right. He had offered her pecuniary assistance, but this, in her hour of bitterst need, she, had resolutely set her face against.—Memory carried him back to the hour he had first suspected her of evil-doing the evening he had returned to his home and no wife came forward to meet him; the long hours he had passed alone in agony lest some dreadful calamity had befallen her; her arrival, pale, haggard, tear-stained and unnerved among the small hours: her reticence and wretchedness at being questioned; the plausible story she concocted when it was impossible longer to keep silence; his discovery of the falsehood, and the final testimony of a friend in reference to her whereabouts. Oh! how hard he had striven to forget! but again was the agony of these hours lived over, and in perfect abandon of despair, Charles Hescombe threw himself upon his luxurious couch and wept bitterly.

"Poor little thing!" he groaned. "Poor little, cold fingers! My soul thrills to their touch even now! And yet I knows she is guilty. Oh, my God! this is so dreadful. The woman I have loved and held in my arms—vowed to shield from every wind that blows—now in the street, cold, wet and half starved! And I have done this! Who am I that I should dare thus assume to be her judge?"

Morning came, smilling into the window and still the grief-stricken man communed with himself. If he only could discover her abode, and see that she was provided for!—But she was as lost to him as though in another country. A day or two passed slowly by. Although in the whirl of an active commercial life, deeply engrossed with perplexing business details, Charles Hescombe never, for a moment lost sight of the imploring face again lifted to his, or the expression of stony despair which the pinched features wore, as she turned away from him—forever! The posssibility of the woman's innocence never for a moment entered his soul; and so he thought, and thought, until he was almost maddened.

"Mr. Hescombe, I believe," said a fine-looking man, as early one morning, Charles entered the store.

"At your service," replied the merchant, politely.

"My name is Carl Bergen. Please tell me where I may find my sister Fannie—your wife, sir," and tears filled the fine eyes as he waited for his companion to speak.

A deadly paleness overspread the wretched man's features as he replied:

"I do not know, sir. Circumstances too fearful to relate, separated us, almost two years ago, I was not aware that Fannie had a brother!" and Charles endeavored to be calm.

"Separated! What do you tell me? For what? Oh, for the love of heaven, tell me—and tell me quickly!"

"I cannot tell you my friend—WILL not. I am suffering all the agonies of the Inferno! and to go over the sickening details again would drive me to lunacy; but, find her, and spare no time or expense. She will not receive a dollar from my hands; and I know she is in poverty. Why did my wife never tell me that she had a brothor?"

"Because, sir, my sister had great reason to be ashamed of me. For three or four years I was a source of the deepest mortification to my family, and my father finally disowned me. Fannie was the only one who seemed to care for me. A year and a half ago I got into a terrible scrape, in a gambling hell of this city. In despair, I sent for my darling sister. She came instantly, and after depositing some money and imploring, as only a loving woman can implore, managed to free me. I went to California, resolved to lead a different life, and I stand before you an honest and God-fearing man; and now I want my sister."

Charles did not hear the last of this.—After vainly trying to recover himself, his visitor was horrified by having him fall lifeless at his feet. One shriek—"God forgive me!"—and the poor fellow knew no more. Medical assistance was immediately called, and every effort made toward resuisitation.—Kind friends bore him to his hotel, and after a long interval of apparent lifelessness, the heart commenced to beat again, the eyes unclosed, but the light of reason had fled. Inflamation of the brain was the name given the malady by consulting physicians.

Carl, only half realizing his own instrumentality in this last terrible episode, commenced a search for his sister, Day after day, without the least clue, he wandered, and at last, led by an irresistible impulse, presented himself at St. —— Hospital. The resident physician kindly replied to his questions, and after listening to his thrilling story, informed him that a patient answering his description, but who had not been able to give her name, was at that moment in the building. Carl followed him to the ward, and to the bed of the stranger. A woman, with a face as white as the pillow she reclined upon, a bright fever spot on each cheek, eyes wide open, and with that terrible light in their depths which indicates the restlessness of an unsound mind, looked up into the pitying faces. For a moment Carl was in doubt—but only for a moment. He quietly seated himself by her side, took the little hand, now burning with fever, in his, and said, while the doctor turned away to hide the emotion he could not control:

"Fannie, dear, I am glad to see you."

"Glad to see me!" she moaned.

"Then you are not Charles! I thought it could not be! He believes that dreadful story of me. Won't he be astonished when God tells him all about it, by-and-by! I never shall."

After some private conversation with the physician, it was thought best not to impress upon the mind of the invalid the fact of their relationship. To know that her brother was with her—the author of all her woes—would be, he feared, too much for the little spark of reason that seemed to be left. A consultation with Mr. Hescombe's medical attendant was agreed upon. It took place immediately; the strange story was told, and it was thought best to remove the patient from the hospital, and place her by the side of her husband.

"Desperate means for desperate cases," said the physician, in explanation. "Joy seldom kills. We will place them side by side, and leave Mr. Bergen to tell his own story. Both minds are now living in the terrible past. If this doesn't do the work, nothing will."

Thus urged, the sufferer was again moved this time to more sumptuous quarters, and laid by the side of her husband, who had now ceased his raving, with as yet only a dim sense of the cause of his illness.

Carl, in terror least the experiment might prove fatal, awaited the denouement. He knew it must come speedily, for the eyes of his sister seemed suddenly opened wide, as the new room and luxurious appointments were presented to view.

"How strange!" she murmured softly, to herself. "This seems almost like home again! Home is heaven, and Heaven is home! but who is this beside me? I am ill, and so is"—and here the invalid raised herself upon her elbow, and surveyed the countenance of her companion. "Why, it is Charles!" she continued, in the same soft monotone. "And Charles is ill! Why, yes, how could this be home without Charles? God is good! In Heaven at last! Don't look at me so strangely, dear! It is all right; but what a wretched time it has been for us both, love!"

During the slow delivery of these loving words (the tempest-tossed woman evidently imagined herself in Heaven,) the invalid by her side looked wonderingly up into her face. Reason had returned, but he was yet unable to reconcile the past and the present. At this juncture Carl appeared. Taking the thin, little hand of his sister, he placed it in her husband's, saying as he did so:

"Fannie, your brother Carl does this—your brother who has been the cause of all your misery—your brother saved, and ashamed to look no man in the face. Fannie don't you know me?"

"Yes," she murmured softly. "But am I not dreaming? I thought I was in Heaven!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Charles, now thoroughly sensible. "My wife! I remember all. Fannie, dearest! can you forgive me?" and Fannie's head sought its old resting-place.

Health came after a while to both; but Charles Hescombe, to this day, mourns the terrible jealousy and suspicion which well nigh proved fatal to happiness and life.

The Struggle and the Victory.

"Johnny," said a farmer to his little boy, "it is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing at ball, and the pasture was a long way off, but he was accustomed to obey, so off he started without a word, as fast as his legs would carry him.

Being in a great hurry to get back to play he only let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle through, and one fine cow, in trying to crowd over, stumbled and broke her leg.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself, "Now, what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will have to be killed, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter—the same tempter who puts the wicked thoughts in all our hearts—"tell him you found the bars half down and the creature lying there."

"No, I can't say that" said Johnny, "for that would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of farmer Brown's threw stones and hurried the cow so that she fell."

"No, no," said Johnny, "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I will tell my father the truth. It was all my fault. I was in a hurry, and I frightened the poor creature, and she fell and broke her leg."

So, having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him, and he went straight to his father and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do.

He laid his hand on Johnny's head, and said:

"My son, my dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own than my boy should tell an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself even if it had never been found out.

REV. Dr. McKinney, an aged Presbyterian, one of the prosecutors of Rev. Mr. Linn in the recent trial at Pittsburg, is reported to have uttered the following in his argument: "He knew, from pleasant experience, forty years ago, that young ladies would struggle, even when they do not object to being kissed. They struggled that there might be more hugging done."

Original Contributions.

For THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

BY J. P. DUKES.

The pleasures of life cannot give
True happiness to our hearts;
But let us strive, then, to receive
The comfort religion imparts.

The pleasures of life always tend
To lead the soul from its God,
And, if followed, surely offend,
And will receive its reward.

The pleasures of life—who can tell
The misery they've brought to man;
Our hearts grow sick when we dwell
'Pon the theme, or its vices scan.

The pleasures of life always end
In bringing its votaries down
The broad road to ruin, and will send
Them from whence there's no return.

Of the pleasures of life beware;
Forsake them in God's sight,
Or they will banish us forever
To endless, hopeless night.

The pleasures of life let us leave,
And strive to please our God,
And no more His kind spirit grieve
By trampling on His word.

For THE AMERICAN UNION.

What to Read.

Are you deficent in taste? Read the best English poets: such as Grey, Goldsmith, Pope, Thompson, Cowper, Coldridge, Scott and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in common affairs of life? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquien, the Federalist, Webster, and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes and the Life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards' works.

Are you deficient in power of reasoning? Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke.

Are you deficient in your knowledge of Denton and Caroline county affairs? Read the American Union.

FLORA.

How Poor Boys Reach the Top Round.

From the N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

There are 17,919 names who pay an income tax in this city—sixty-seven persons who pay tax on incomes of $100,000 or over. Most of these solid gentlemen are self-made men, who have come up from the lowest round of the ladder. The man who leads the list, A. T. Stewart, everybody knows is an Irish emigrant, who commenced life with a capital of less than twenty-five cents; indeed, with few exceptions, most the parties in the list were scarce as well off as Mr. Stewart. Take Henry Keep: he boasts that he graduated from the poorhouse of Jefferson county. Jay Gould drove a herd of cattle from Delhi, Delaware county, when a lad, for fifty cents a day, in order to get money enough to reach the Hudson river. David Groesbeck, over thirty years ago used to mend old shoes for his brother, who was a respectable shoemaker in Albany.

We all know the history of Jas. Gordon Bennett, Robert Bonner, poor boys full of talent and industry. Rufus Hatch, when a younster, had an ambition to hold the reins of a peddler's wagon. E. D. Morgan commenced life with a quater measure of molasses. It is scarce a dozen years since Henry Clews was an errand boy in one of the banking-houses down town. The brothers Seligman started out in life with a peddler's pack. David Dowes, in his younger days, retailed pork by the half pound and molasses by the gill. H. T. Helmbold was first cabin boy on the sloop Mary Jane, that navigated the Delaware river. We might go on through the list, and show that nearly every one of these solid men were the architects of their own fortunes. Young men, who are struggling for place and position, should remember that the individuals in the list above had to battle for life just as hard as they are doing. Let them take heart and never say die.

Honer and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies,

OUR CORNUCOPŒIA.

1776 and 1869.

1776.

Farmer at the plough,
Wife milking cow,
Daughter spinning yarn,
Son threshing in the barn,
All happy to a charm.
And all dues settled,

1869.

Farmer gone to sea the show,
Daughter at the piano,
Madame gaily dressed in satin,
All the boys learning Latin,
With a mortgage on the farm,
And all dues unsettled,

THE Rev. Dr. Stowe, husband of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, being in Canada, was introduced to an English gentleman, who expressed himself very glad to see him, and added, "I should be much more pleased to see your wife." "Yes," said Dr. Stowe, "so should I."

The barness of life—the traces of tears.

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