THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
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Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

Job Printing.

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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

Register in Bankruptcy,

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

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF

CAROLINE AND 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 street. may9-y

LATEST FASHIONS

JUST RECEIVED.

The undersigned, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. He is prepared at all times to cut or make any kind or style of clothing, from a single garment to an entire suit. His work will be done in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

All persons indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

Shop at old stand, over Millinery store.

oct24-y THOS. P. SIMPSON.

F. W. RIDGELY. JAS. S. DUNGAN.

RIDGELY & DUNGAN,

PRODUCE AND

Commission Merchants,

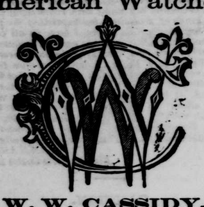
AND DEALERS IN

Merchandise Generally,

RIDGELY, CAROLINE CO., MD.

☞Agents for Rambo's Lime and Alta Vela Guano Company. [se17-tf

WESTERN AND American Watches.



W. W. CASSIDY,

No. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

ASKS ATTENTION TO HIS

Varied and Extensive Stock

OF

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

AND

SILVER-WARE.

Customers may be assured that none but the best articles, at reasonable prices, will be sold at his store. A fine assortment of

RODGER'S CELEBRATED PLATED-WARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.

All orders by mail promptly attended to. jan7-1y

MILLINERY

AND

Mantua Making.

THE MISSES POSTLETHWAITE

HAVE recently returned from Baltimore with a large and carefully selected assortment of Notions, Trimmings, &c., suitable for fall and winter, which, having been purchased cheap for cash, they are prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms.

Bonnets and Hats made or repaired.

Dresses cut, fitted or made to order.

Stamping neatly executed.

Thankful for past favors they ask a liberal patronage of a generous public. [no26-y

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.

PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excedted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.40
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	*8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.25	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8.50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,
Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.

Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.
Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborongh, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
de3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

From the Waverley Magazine.

Alone.

Alone! O sad and solemn thought!
All, all alone! Forsaken! Naught
For which to live, for which to die!
No, naught but solitude is nigh.

Here, in her presence, sad and drear
I sit, and check the flowing tear,
But 'tis not sorrow makes me moan:
It is the thought, "I'm all alone."

Alone! no cheering voice is near,
To bid me hope, and o'ercome fear,
No—all around is dark and sad:
Oh! where's the heart to make mine glad?

Dread solitude reigns o'er my soul:
Slow down these cheeks warm tear-drops roll;
But man to weakness is not prone:
He's only weak when left alone.

Alone! no guardian angel near,
To cheer my heart, to dry each tear;
No kind, fair hand to press in mine;
No one to murmur, "I am thine."

Though oft, in dreams, I see the face
Of her I fondly would embrace,
I wake to find the vision flown,
And find myself still all alone.

Alone! But cheer up, heart, and bear
The heavy burden pressing there:
If all alone, hope on, and wait
The advent of a better fate.

Aye, hope; and, hoping, hope until
The dawn of brighter days its thrill
Of pleasure gives. Hope to the end:
The blessing will at last descend.

GOLD PEN.

Written for the American Union.

THE YOUNG LAWYER;

—OR,—

Wealth not Worth.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Continued from last week.

The young lawyer hastily dressed himself, and when he came down stairs he was met by a police officer who informed him that there was a man at the station house who desired to see him, and that they must be quick as he did not think the man could live long, he having been severely wounded about an hour before in endeavoring to effect an entrance into a store.

When they arrived, the man was in a troubled sleep, but soon awoke. The first object that met his eye was Frank.

"Thank God! you have come," exclaimed the wounded man. "This crime is at least spared me, but be quick, for I feel that I have not long to live. Get pen, ink and paper, for I want to make a confession."

The necessary articles were procured, and a Magistrate summoned, when he made the following statement:

"My name is William Martin, and on the evening of the murder of Mr. Alwin I saw him receive three thousand dollars, and my finances being low, I determined to have it if possible. I had no weapon, but I followed him for several squares, knowing that business called him into a narrow, dark street where it was my intention to spring suddenly upon and throttle him, but before Mr. Alwin turned I saw something lying in the gutter. I picked it up hastily. I saw it was a dirk, with Dundass' name upon the handle, and as I had sworn revenge on Ned, I thought this would be a glorious opportunity for wreaking it. I hurried after Mr. Alwin and soon got ahead of him, and in the shade of some buildings waited his coming. Just as he came opposite to where I stood, I sprang upon him, and before he could fairly cry out the dirk was buried up to the hilt in his heart. I quickly rifled his pockets and fled. The dagger betrayed Dundass, and all happened as I wished it should. But Ned is innocent, as can be proven to the satisfaction of all if the man is yet alive who was with him that evening. Me and my pals had only intended to confine him until Ned was hung, but in abducting him he wounded one of the boys so badly that he died, and in revenge we determined to starve him to death. He is confined in the cellar of an old house near the East river. It stands alone, and is the only dilapidated one after you get out of town. This will admit you without any trouble," and he gave Frank a copper ring of peculiar workmanship.

After he had been duly sworn that the statement was true, he asked eagerly for the pen so he might sign the paper, and having done so and seen it attested by those who were present, he fell back dead.

Early as was the hour, Frank, accompanied by the policeman, went to the house of the sheriff, who was soon aroused, and the facts as above stated made known to him. From the house of the sheriff the three proceeded to that of the mayor for the purpose of procuring more assistance and a warrant to arrest all in the house mentioned by the dead robber.

When they arrived at the house the police surrounded it, and Frank, the sheriff and an officer knocked at the door, which, after some delay and parleying, was cautiously opened by an old woman, but when Frank showed her the ring she admitted the party without hesitation.

As soon as the party were once fairly inside, the old woman, much to her surprise, was taken into custody, and on being questioned she frankly admitted that there was a man bound and almost starved in the cellar, but that at the present time she was the only inmate, and on searching the house it was found that she had told the truth.

In the cellar they found the man, as has been related. He was so weak that they were compelled to carry him up stairs. The cords had worn away the flesh on his wrists and ankles.

After procuring a carriage to convey the half-dead man, the party proceeded to the office of the Mayor where once, during his term of office, that functionary was early.

The injured man was conveyed to the hospital, and on questioning the woman it was ascertained this man had been in her custody since the night of the murder of Mr. Alwin; that Bill Martin and his pals had brought him in a senseless condition, and that the house was a rendezvous for thieves. Martin had ordered her to starve him to death, and she had complied as far as her conscience would allow. But she had taken good care to tighten the cords with which he was bound as she feared he would escape and Martin had told her if he did they would all be hung. The woman was then committed for further examination.

In accordance with these facts, and for the purpose of getting the evidence of the injured man, a stay of execution was obtained.

In the course of a week, Clarence Glenwood (for this was the injured man's name) was able to bear interrogation, and he stated that he was a mechanic and an associate of Edward Dundass; that Dundass had taken a liking to him from some cause, and that during his leisure hours he was his constant companion; that he had been with him all the evening, and had seen him throw away a dagger in a fit of anger; that he had done so because he had slightly cut himself; that they went into a drinking saloon, and after remaining a short time he started to go to his boarding house; that he was attacked by some persons on his way, how many he did not know, but thought he had wounded one just as he received a blow over the head which rendered him insensible, in which state he supposed he was conveyed to the den where they found him.

An order was now issued for the release of Dundass, who received the news silently and tearfully; Frank with joy because it released his friend.

Edward came from prison an altered man. He no longer felt a desire to mingle with his former companions. He had seen the folly of his former life, and with the remnant of his once princely fortune embarked in the mercantile business, for which he had been educated, and in time he became one of the principal mercants and an honorable member of society. Neither was the young man who had suffered three month's torture forgotten. He was taken in as a junior partner, and by close application to business was soon known as one of the most shrewd business managers in the city.

Frank's first case launched him on the full tide of success, and to crown all the beautiful, accomplished and wealthy Miss Salvage became his partner for life.

Reader, our story is done, and if you have found the moral of it our labor has not been in vain. Let it be impressed deep upon your memory, and if we cast our bread upon the waters after many days it will return.

THE END.

Worthless Men.

I think the most piteous thing in this world is never written. I have read many a poem, and novel, and tale, that made me cry—and whether they were true or not, it was all the same; but of all affecting poems and novels and tales, I think life itself is the most affecting—common life just as it turns out in the world. And when I go out to measure men, I say to myself, as one after another they pass before me,—

"Suppose that man should drop out of life what would become of him?"

It pains me to see how worthless men are—to see how men stand in life, and what they are. I am somtimes called to perform the burial service over men of whom I could not say a word, and of whom, if I had expressed what I felt, I should have said,—

"I bless God that he is gone. The world is better off for his having been taken out of it."

Look at human life, break through all the sentimental ways of society, weigh men as you weigh gold, unmixed with dirt or quartz or any other substance, take men up and see how much of them that really answers the end of the life to come, and how many there are that, dying, would not be missed. How few there are that, dying, would make the community feel poor. How few there are that, being dead, would yet speak.

Here is a beautiful paragraph which we find in one of our exchanges:

"If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth, or won it by his honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud; it is wet by no tears; it is stained by no blood."

Modern Rome.

In her faded magnificence Rome still possesses the most imposing of earthly empires. She rules over nearly two hundred millions of the human race. Her well-ordered army of priests, both regular and secular, arrayed almost with the precision of a Roman legion, and governed by a single will, carry the standard of St. Peter to the farthest bounds of civilization, and cover the whole earth with a chain of influences radiating from the central city. The Pope is still powerful in Europe and America, Africa and the East. He disturbs the policy of England, and sometimes governs that of France; his influence is felt in the revolutions of Mexico and the elections of New York. Hemmed in by the Greek Church on the eastward, engaged in a constant struggle with the Protestantism of the north, and trembling for his ancestral dominions in the heart of Italy itself, the supreme Pontiff still gallantly summons around him in his countless priestly legions and thunders from the Vatican the sentiments of the Middle Ages.

As if to maintain before the eyes of mankind a semblance of supernatural splendor, the Popes have invented and perfected at Rome a ritual more magnificent than was ever known before. In the Basilica of St. Peter, the largest and most costly building ever erected by man, the annual pomp of the Romanish ceremonies exceeds the powers of description. The gorgeous robes, the plantive music, the assembled throng of princes, cardinals, and priests, the various rites designed to paint in living colors the touching memorials of the Saviour's life and death, delight or impress the inquisitive and the devout. And when at length the Holy Father, parent of all the faithful, appears upon the balcony of St. Peter's and bestows his blessing upon mankind, few turn away unaffected by the splendid spectacle, untouched by the peculiar fascination of the magnificent Church of Rome.

Husband And Wife.

Mrs. Denison, in one of her capital editorials for the *Boston Olive Branch*, presents the following striking contrast between two homes and two husbands:

I wish I *could* see a pleasant face when I come home. Tired! Yes! that's always the cry. I never get tired! oh, no! Customers to please—clerks to overhaul—accounts to cast up! Hush! I shall hate that child. Now walk the floor and spoil him.—Bill, hunt up my slippers. Mary, draw up the rocking-chair. *Other* men have these things ready for them. There's Saunders he takes comfort. His wife is as handsome as she was the day she was married. If there's anything I hate it's a faded woman. Light the lamps and give me my newspaper. If I can't read here in peace I'll go over to Saunders."

Mary, dear, how tired you look. Give me that strapping boy. No wonder your arms ache. Oh! never mind *me*. I'm always O. K. at home, you know. Take the rocking-chair *yourself*, and just be comfortable. Ain't I tired? Why, yes, I am—a little, but then I have feasted on fresh air and sunshine today which you havn't. Besides, I don't have such a lump of perpetual motion as this to manage.

Bless my soul—how do you live these hot days? Never mind the room! everything looks well enough—you including—except that you are looking a trifle better than well. How do you manage to keep so young and pretty, bonny wify?"

Well might the smiling answer be, *"the freshness and fulness of my husband's love keeps my love green."*

A Sun Picture.

What a pity children should ever grow up. The other day, passing through an entry of one of the public buildings, we saw two little boys, of the ages of six and eight, with their arms around each other's neck, exchanging kiss after kiss. It was such a pretty sight, in that noisy den of business, that one could but stop to look. The younger of the children, noticing this, looked up, with a heaven of love in his face, and said, in explanation,—

"He is my brother!"

Pity they should ever grow up, thought we, as we passed along. Pity that the world with its clashing interests of business, love and politics, should ever come between them. Pity that they should ever coldly exchange finger-tips, or more wretched still, even exchanging glances. Pity that one should sorrow and grieve and hunger and thirst and yearn for sympathy, while the other should sleep and eat and drink, unmindful of his fate. Pity that one, with meekly folded hands, should pass into the land of silence, and no tear of repentance and affection fall upon his marble face from the eyes of his "brother!" Such things have been. This is why we thought pity they should ever grow up; "Heaven lies so near to us in infancy!"

THE greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who is the calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is the most unfaltering.—*Dr. Channing.*

The Death of Sir John Bed-Bug.

AY ANOTHER MAN.

Not a cat was heard, not even a snore,
As around our couch we hurried
In search of the cus-tomer whose bore
Our midnight snooze had worried.

We hunted and searched, at the dead of night,
The kiverlids carefully turning,
It was horrible work to see by the light
Of the matches that we kept burning.

No useless linen confined our breast,
But in Black Crook style and slippers,
We roamed about like a spirit distress'd,
After these miserable critters.

Short and few were the words let fall,
Lest the noise should disturb the flea,
But steadfastly gazed on the white-washed wall
To see what we could see.

More than an hour had seemed to pass,
Ere we found the wretch that bit us;
He was sitting upon the looking-glass
A sharpening of his nippers.

Softly and deftly we rolled up our sleeve,
As if to prepare for a hand shake;
And then with a quick and dexterous cleave
Smash'd him flatter'n a pan-cake.

Slowly we turned from the scene of death
Where he lay all mangled and gory,
And thought as we drew a shivering breath,
Will his friends ever hear his sad story?

Wit and Wisdom.

—A couple married recently at Dover, O., were each aged eighty-one years. The parents made no objection.

—The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to "kicks, medicine and advice."

—If you are a lover don't love two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like butter in warm weather, it won't do to have too much on hand at one time.

—The captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to his owners that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *hands* wounded in the *nose*.

—"Well, Pat, why don't you put up your umbrella?"

"Because, yer honor, the rain would spile it, an' so I keep it under my arum, and divil a dhrop it's got.".

—"Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?"

"Sir, what have the roses and the strawberries and the peaches done, that they blush so?"

—At a revival not long since, an old lady prayed fervently for "the young lambs of the flock." A "lady in black," not to be outdone by her sisters, responded, and blandly asked who was to pray for "the old ewes."

—A drunken Englishman said to Judge Ledwith, of New York, the other day,—

"Your honor, I'm a nobleman in disguise."

"So I perceive," replied the Judge: you're drunk as a lord, and disguised in liquor."

—A country greenhorn, after being joined in the chains of wedlock, was asked by one of the guests, a friend, if he had paid the parson.

"Oh! no, he's owing father for a peck of beans, and I guess we'll make a turn of it."

—"Does the dentist kiss you when he pulls your teeth, pa?"

"No, my son, why?"

"Oh, nothing; only he kissed ma, and she said it took all the ache away, and I guess it did, for she laughed all the way home."

—A crusty old doctor declined to pay his paver's bill, saying that his pavement had been spoiled, and then covered up with earth to hide the bad work."

"Doctor," was the reply, "mine is not the only bad work that they put earth over."

—An auctioneer, at a late sale of antiquities, put up a helmet with the following candid observation:—

"This, ladies and gentleman, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder, but whether he was a brass or iron founder I cannot tell."

—A cockney in Parliament was reading a badly written document, when, after vainly trying to decipher an obscure letter, he turned to his nearest co-legislator, and asked anxiously,—

"Is that a hem or a hen?"

"Oh," replied his neighbor, "call it a hen, and move that it lay on the table."

—"Good-morning, uncle. How do you do?"

"I am well, as you see."

"I'll bet ten dollars you don't know what I came to see you for."

"Money of course. You never come for anything but that."

"You've lost ten dollars, my dear uncle. I came to ask you, how is aunt?"

—An old miser, who was exceedingly parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a physician.

"What shall I do with my head?" asked the man. "It is so dizzy I seem to see double."

The doctor wrote a prescription, and retired, saying,—

"When you see double, you will find relief if you count your money."

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