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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. X. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1870. NO. 32.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

DELAWARE
Rail Road Line

Sassafras	8.25	2.10	Wil. Grove	9.15	1.05
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20	Canterbury	9.20	1.10
Townsend,	8.40	2:30	Plymouth,	9.20	1.10
Middletown	9.00	2.45	Felton,	9.30	1.20
Mt. Pleas't	9.10	2.55	Harrington	9.45	1.40
St. Georges	9.25	3.10	Farmington,		1.55
Bear,	9.36	3.25	Greenwood,		2.05
New Castle	9.55	3.45	Bridgeville,		2.15
ARRIVE.			Seaford,		2.35
Wilm.	10:15	4.05	Laurel,		2.55
Phila.	11.45	5.40	ARRIVE.		
	P. M.		Delmar,		3.10
Baltimore	1.15	8.10			

FREIGHT TRAIN, with passenger car attached will leave stations named at the following Changed Hours, (subject to delays incident to freight business,) viz.: Going South leave Wilmington about 3.00 A. M.; Newcastle, 4.00; Middletown, 6.00; Clayton, 7.00; Dover, 8.50; Camden, 9.10; Felton, 9.20, and be due at Harrington 10.30 A. M. Going North, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M. Felton 4.00, Camden 5.05, Dover 5.45, Morton 6.10, Clayton 7.00, Middletown 8.45, New Castle 10.30, and be due at Wilmington 11.00 P. M. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any regular stopping place between Harrington and Wilmington, except Hare's Corner, State Road, Delaware Junction and Dupont.

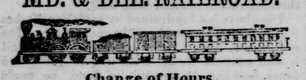
New Castle Trains.—Leave New Castle for Wilmington and Philadelphia at 7.40, A. M.

Leave Philadelphia 11.45 A. M. and Wilmington 1.00 P. M., for New Castle.

SMYRNA BRANCH TRAINS.—Additional to those above leave Smyrna for Clayton 11.45, A. M., 8.10, P. M. Leave Clayton for Smyrna, 8.40, A. M., and 2.10, P. M., to make connection with trains to and from Dover, and Stations South.

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

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Monday, January 17th 1870, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Easton,	6.00 P.M.	New York,	8.40 A.M.
Woodland,	6.15	Baltimore,	2.40 P.M.
Cordova,	6.25	Philadelphia,	5.00
Hillsboro',	6.40	Wilmington,	6.25
Ridgely,	6.50	Clayton,	8.40
Greensboro',	7.05	Kenton,	8.55
Goldsboro',	7.15	Slaughter's,	9.10
Henderson,	7.25	Marydell,	9.20
Marydell,	7.35	Henderson,	9.30
Slaughter's	7.45	Goldsboro',	9.40
Kenton,	8.00	Greensboro',	10.00
ARRIVE.		Ridgely.	10.10
Clayton,	8.10	Hillsboro',	10.20
Wilmington,	10.15	Cordova,	10.35
Philadelphia	11.45	Woodland,	10.45
Baltimore,	1.15 P.M.	ARRIVE.	
New York,	4.00	Easton,	11.00

FREIGHT TRAIN,

WITH PASSENGER CAR ATTACHED:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
LEAVE.		LEAVE.	
Easton	10.30 A.M.	New York	12.30 P.M
Woodland	10.50	Baltimore	7.25 A.M.
Cordova	11.05	Philadelphia	8.30
Hillsboro'	11.25	Wilmington	10.10
Ridgely	11.40	Clayton	12.15 P.M.
Greensboro'	12.05	Kenton	12.25
Goldsboro'	12.25	Slaughters	12.45
Henderson	12.35	Halltown	1.00
Halltown	1.00	Henderson	1.15
Slaughter's	1.15	Goldsboro	1.25
Kenton	1.35	Greensboro'	1.50
ARRIVE.		Ridgely	2.00
Clayton	1.55	Hillsboro'	2.10
Wilmington	4.10 P.M.	Cordova	2.25
Philadelphia	5.40	Woodland	2.40
Baltimore	8.10	ARRIVE.	
New York	10.20	Easton	3.05

By the above arrangement, close connections will be made both ways, and passengers will arrive early both in New York and Baltimore, and will be able to visit Philadelphia and Baltimore and return same day.

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. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

MAIL AND PASSENGER LINE
BETWEEN
RIDGELY AND DENTON.

The subscriber hereby notifies the travelling public that, having received the contract for carrying the U. S. Mail between Ridgely, Md. & Del. R. R., and Denton, he has put upon the route a comfortable stage, and is prepared to convey passengers either way daily.

Stage leaves Denton at 7½ o'clock, A. M., and arrives at 4½ o'clock, P. M.

Fare, each way - - - - - - 75 cts.

PETER D. PHILLIPS,
ja13-y Proprietor.

THE celebrated "CLIMAX" COLLAR at TODD'S.

BALTIMORE ADVS.

MANSION HOUSE HOTEL,
NORTHWEST CORNER OF
Fayette & St. Paul Sts.,
BALTIMORE.
Terms - - - $1.50 per Day.

ISAAC ALBERTSON, Prop'r.
July 24, 1867.—y

Buck's Hotel,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
No. 34 West Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE.

Meals Served at all Hours, Day and Night.

THE BAR

Is Stocked with the Finest Wines, Liquors, &c,, &c.

Board, per day,	$1.50
Board, per week,	7.00
Meals,	50
Lodging,	50

fe24-y

MALTBY HOUSE
BALTIMORE, MD.,
C. R. HOGAN, - - - - Proprietor.

Reduction of Fare.

In consideration of the general decline in cost of all necessaries appertaining to Hotel Keeping, the price of Board will be Reduced, on and after January 1st, 1870, to

$2.50 per Day,

Being determined that nothing will be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city. [fe24-y

T. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.

Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,
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

To Farmers, Dairymen,
—AND—
COUNTRY MERCHANTS.
ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE

Flour, Grain, Clover and Flax-Seed, Tobacco Hay, Lumber, Staves, Tan Bark, Sheep, Calves, Poultry, Eggs, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Cheese, Wool, Rags, Furs, Skins, Dried Fruits, &c., &c.,

Can have them well sold at the highest price Baltimore, with full returns always within Ten Days of their reaching the city, by forwarding to the Commission House for Country Produce of

F. E. MARINE,
53 W. Pratt St., Balto., Md.

☞The highest charge made is Five per cent. Goods of every description (except Liquors) purchased and forwarded with dispatch, when either cash or trade accompanies the order.

RENNE'S
Pain Killing Magic Oil
READER! BUY A BOTTLE.
"IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM."

Have you headache?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you toothache?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you neuralgia?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you rheumatism?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you a cold?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you sore throat?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you chilblains?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you dyspepsia?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you a bruise?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you cholera morbus?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.
Have you Lameness?	Use Renne's Magic Oil.

This is the Best Family Remedy, to cure all kinds of Pain, you ever tried.

It is clean, safe and delicious to use, and if you use it faithfully,

It will Do you Good!

F. E. MARINE, GENERAL AGENT,
53 Pratt St., Balto., Md.

For sale by Chas. Stevens and J. Alburger, Denton; Dr. Lobstein, Greensborough; B. G. Stevens, Potter's Landing; Jesse Hubbard, Hunting Creek; C. C. Wheeler, Gilpin's Pt. [je4-6m

BURNS & SLOAN,
Lumber Dealers,
132 Light Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Have on hand a large assortment of
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
LATHS,
FRAMES,
DOORS &
SASH,
which they offer for sale at the lowest market rates for cash. [ag2-y

MEAL AND FLOUR.

FOR SALE for the cash, at the new Enterprise Mill, near Denton. Positively no credit at this mill.

apr20-tf EMERSON & ROSHY.

The American Union

Is Published Weekly, at Denton, Md.,
BY
J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

Terms: $1.50 per annum, in advance.

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
1 "	6	2.00
1 "	12	4.00
1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
1 " for any less no. of insertions		1.00

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. M. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.

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

DR. P. STACK,
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

BUSINESS CARDS.

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

SEWING, SCOURING, &c.

MRS. SALLIE SIMPSON, hereby announces her readiness to do sewing of all kinds, at reasonable charges. She has had considerable experience in the preparation of men's garments.

Grease spots and dirt removed from clothes, and garments scoured at moderate prices.
Jan 27-tf.

HOUSE & SIGN PAINTING
GRAINING
AND
Paper Hanging
Done to order by
J. BARTHEL,
je24-1y Denton, Md.

M. M. ANDREW,
Successor to J. Thomas Jarman
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
GREENSBOROUGH, Md.

ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.
My12-y.

MILLINERY.
Mrs. R. A. SISK
Has now open
A FULL STOCK
OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS.
CALL AND SEE.
oct14-y.

GEO. W. SPURRY,
Manufacturers' Agent for
Mill Furnishing Goods
OF ALL KINDS,
AND
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

JOB PRINTING
NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THIS OFFICE.

Select Poetry.

THE PARTING.

There is a pang which friends must feel,
When doomed to part;
The gay "farewell" cannot conceal
Their grief of heart.
Full oft a friendship—scarcely known—
In parting is confest,
By prayers of "pleasure" fondly breathed
By those who love us best.

There is a smile—a freezing smile—
We often view,
Playing around the lips of those
Who bid "adieu."
But ah! how it belies the heart,
How chilling it appears,
When dancing round the eyes of friends,
And quivering 'mid their tears.

There is a tear—full oft restrained,
By manly pride,
But which will down the conscious cheek
In secret glide.
And yet, how oft, when hearts too full
In aught to find relief,
Those soothing tears of sorrow fall,
And drown each newborn grief.

There is a balm, a parting bliss,
That friends adore,
It is the hope in future years,
They'll meet once more.
It steals within the aching breast
Like dew along the flower,
Revives each wither'd thought therein,
And brightens life's dull hour.

A Temperance Sermon.

Paul Denton, an itinerant missionary of Texas, once invited the people to a barbecue, to be held at a place called the "Double Spring," promising them, among other things, as good liquor as they ever drank. A large crowd assembled, but not finding the liquor promised, an old toper stood up and exclaimed, "Paul Denton, you've lied; where's your liquor?" To which Paul thus replied:

"There!" exclaimed the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth: "There!" he repeated, with look terrible as lightning, while his enemy was actually trembling at his feet, "there is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for his children!"

"Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water—but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God himself brews it; and low down in the deepest valleys, where fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea, where hurricane howls music, and big waves roar the chorus, 'sweeping the march of God'—there He brews, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

"And everywhere, it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, when the trees seem turned into living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding bright snow curtains softly above the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rainbow of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still, always is it beautiful, that blessed cold water. No poison bubbles at its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clear depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?"

A shout, like the roar of the tempest, answered "No, no!"

NO PLACE.—A great many boys complain that there are no places. Perhaps it is hard to get just such as you like. But when you get a place—and there are places—this big country, we are sure, has need of every good boy and girl, and man and woman in it—when you get a place, we say, make yourself necessary to employers; make yourself so necessary, by your fidelity and good behavior, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low price at first, no matter what the work is, if it be honest work. Do it well, do it the very best you can. Begin at the very lowest round of the ladder, and climb up. The great want anywhere is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these and there will always be a place for you, and a good one, too.

GOD made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair, and laughter is one of the greatest privileges of reason.

Ups and Downs.

A TRUE STORY OF SOCIAL LIFE IN LOUISVILLE.

During the war we attended what was termed in those days a fashionable party. It was given by a man in honor of his beautiful daughter, who had just graduated at one of the best seminaries in the State. He was then the owner of a handsome mansion, elegantly furnished, before the door of which stood every afternoon an elegant carriage, drawn by a dashing pair of bays and driven by a yellow boy in livery. He was doing a good business, making a fortune then in Government contracts.

At the party were the *ton*—the "upper crust" of society. The man and wife were happy in seeing such attentions shown their favored child by the young "coxcombs" and "fortune hunters" who were there. All was gaiety and fashion. All that heart could desire for the welfare of happiness and pleasure in this world, or all that money could buy, was to be found under that man's roof. The parlors in which were congregated the gay "lads and lassies," were furnished in elegance. A grand piano, velvet carpets, lace curtains, rosewood furniture, costly paintings, massive chandeliers—all splendor, and their handsome daughter, like a beautiful fairy, was the "observed of all observers."

The party was over, and time flew on, during which she was courted and flattered by "swellheads" and visited by the representatives of "shoddyism." But one day a crash came. There was a *failure*. Away went fortune, home, horses, carriage, "coxcombs" and "shoddy." It was a terrible shock to them. Society had no use for them. Those who knew them at the party, knew them no more. The young "fortune hunter" who had robbed the girl of her affections for the sake of her father's *gold*, deserted her when her father failed, and she was left to sympathize with her parents and forget the man or fellow who had treated her so heartlessly.

To be brief, we will sum up this bit of history by stating that the father died two years ago while travelling in the South. The mother lives in the lower part of the city in a little brick cottage, the rent of which she pays by sewing. The young man to whom the daughter was engaged is nothing more or less than a "dead beat" upon his parents—a common loafer, who has been in the workhouse once or twice, and in the station-houses no less than twenty times for getting drunk.

The noble girl! Where is she? you would ask. She did not go to ruin, as is generally the case? Oh, no! she has been *working for a living*, and helping to support her widowed mother. We saw her yesterday on her way to work with a shining bucket in her hand. She looked beautiful. There was a pleasant smile upon her fair face, a bloom upon her cheek, and a brightness in her eyes that all the wealth and aristocracy in Louisville could not put there or rob her of. She looked more handsome in *our* eyes than she did at her first grand reception, surrounded by luxury and courted by flattery. We made bold to inquire "how she was getting along in life?" Her reply was: *I am taking care of mother, and was never happier in my life.*" We part. May she live a life of labor and love, and die as she has lived—a Christian—is our best wish for her who "takes care of mother, and was never happier in her life."—*Louisville Sun.*

Cause of Mortality Among Children.

Dr. Snow, medical registrar of Providence, commenting upon the excessive mortality of children under five years of age, (who, as most of our readers probably know, constitute on an average more than half of the total death list,) after stating that "summer complaints" are charged with more mischief than is their exclusive due, and that lung fever, convulsions, and congestive diseases of the brain and other organs, "destroy far more children than cholera infantum and diarrhea," describes one potent lethal agency in the following paragraph, which we urgently commend to the attention of fashionable mothers:

"The truth is, the chief cause of infantile mortality is not more the weather or foul air than the ignorance and false pride of the mothers. Children are killed by the manner in which they are dressed and by the food that is given them as much as by any other causes. Infants of the most tender age, in our changeable and rough climate, are left with bare arms and legs, and with low-neck dresses. The mothers in the same dress would shiver and suffer with cold, and expect a fit of sickness as the result of their culpable carelessness. And yet the mothers could endure such a treatment with far less danger to the health and life than their tender infants."

By this exposure of the extremities, in which the circulation is always less active than in parts nearer the heart, not only is an undue amount of animal heat lost by radiation, but the blood is driven in excess to internal organs, often with the most disastrous result.—*New York World.*

The Wonders of an Atom.

All things visible around us are aggregations of atoms. From particles of dust, which under the microscope could scarcely be distinguished one from the other, are all the varied forms of nature created. This grain of dust, this particle of sand, has strange properties and powers. Science has discovered some, but still more truths are hidden within this irregular molecule of matter which we now survey than even philosophy dares dream of. How strangely it obeys the impulses of heat—mysterious are the influences of light upon it—electricity wonderfully excites it—and still more curious is the manner in which it obeys the magic of chemical force. These are phenomena which we have seen; we know them, and we can reproduce them at our pleasure. We have advanced a little way into the secrets of nature, and from the spot we have gained we look forward with vision somewhat brightened by our task; but we discover so much to be yet unknown that we learn another truth—our vast ignorance of many things relating to this grain of dust.

It gathers around it other particles; they cling together, and each acting upon every other one, and all of them arranging themselves around the little centre according to some law, a beautiful crystal results, the geometric perfection of its form being a source of admiration. It exerts some other powers, and atom adhering to atom, obeying the influences of many external radical forces undergoes inexplicable changes; and the same dust which we find forming the diamond aggregates into the lordly tree, blends to produce the graceful scented and richly-planted flower, and conbines to yield the luxury of fruit. It quickens with yet undiscovered energies; it moves with life; dust and vital force combine; blood and bone, nerve and muscle result from the combination.—Forces which we cannot, by the utmost refinements of our philosophy, detect, direct the whole, and from the same dust which formed the rock and grew into the tree, is produced a living and a breathing thing, capable of recoining a divine illumination, of bearing in its new state the gladness and the glory of a soul.

Power of a Parting Admonition.

"Mr. Wendell Phillips tells the following: As a mother stood by the garden gate one sunny morning, she said: 'Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's house, that you will never drink.' And he said (for he told me the story,) 'I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole, and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling, liquor that my mother's form, by the garden gate on the green hillside of Vermont, did not rise before me; and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor.' Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that was not half.

"'For,' said he, 'there came yesterday into my counting-room a man of forty, and asked me: 'Do you know me?' 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'I was once brought into your presence on shipboard. You were a passenger. The Captain kicked me aside, you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I never knew a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I come to ask you to call and see me.'"

"How far that little candle throws its beams! that mother's words on the green hillside of Vermont! O God be thanked for the power of a single word!"

GRAVE JOKES.—A good story is told of a doctor who was somewhat of a wag. He met one day in the street a sexton with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough. "Why doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold; how long have you had it?" "Look here, Mr. Sexton." said the doctor, with a show of indignation "What is your charge for interments?" "Ten dollars," was the reply. "Well," continued he, "just come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you calling round, and asking so anxious about my health." The sexton replied, "Ah, dootor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has since you began to practice."

AGES OF PUBLIC MEN.—
Colfax is forty-six.
Grant is forty seven.
Boutwell is fifty-one.
Sheridan is thirty-six.
Ben. Butler is fifty-one.
Farragut is sixty-eight.
Brownlow is sixty-four.
Ben. Wade is sixty nine.
Vanderbilt is seventy five.
Horace Greeley is fifty-eight.
Salmon P. Chase is sixty-one.
Wendell Phillips is fifty-eight.
Henry Ward Beecher is fifty-six.
Reverdy Johnson is seventy-three.

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