

Terms: \$1.50 per annum, invariably in advance. No subscription received for less than 6 months.

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The American Union

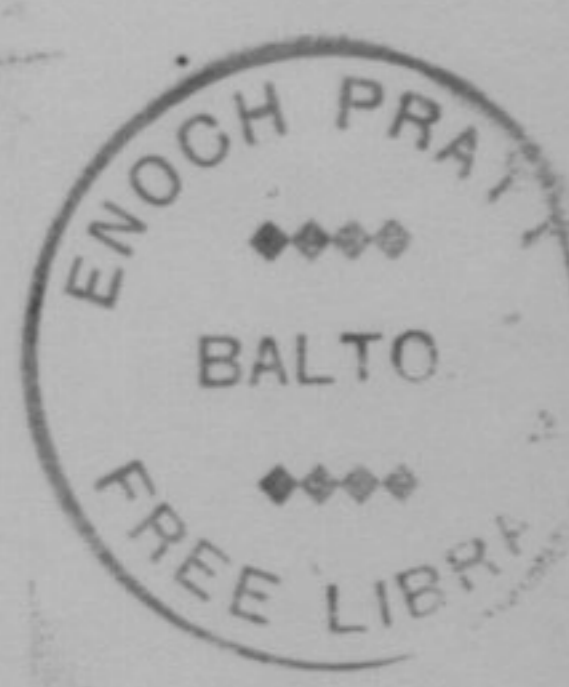
VOL. XV.

DENTON, MD., THURSDAY JUNE 3, 1875.

NO. 46.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

Table with 3 columns: Rate type, Duration, Price. Includes rates for square (8 lines), column, and long term rates.



Poetry.

YOUNG GAIN.

I'm growing old, but what of that? The winter snows are in my hair, And like an antiquated cat I love my fire and easy chair.

PARKE MOULTRIE.

The finding of Randolph Rhett dead in his library, on the evening of October 29th 1853, gave rise to considerable excitement. The sudden taking off of so prominent a member of the Carolina Legislature as Mr. Rhett, was to be deplored by the entire State, and when it became known that he had been murdered, a thrill of horror shot through every heart.

"I do not know much about this cousin of mine," said Viola to Parke Moultrie several days subsequent to the funeral, "I have heard father speak of Rhett who has disgraced the family by marrying a travelling actress; but I have forgotten his Christian name. Marion sounds like it, though I do not think that is it. Shall I write to Richmond?"

"Yes, Miss—or Madam," "Malam, if you please, Mr. Moultrie, she said she laid a white, unglazed hand on the table. "That hand," she murmured, "you must separate forever from the hand it grasped before the altar five years ago. Do you understand, Mr. Moultrie?"

On the morning of Marion Rhett's last day on earth, certain papers were placed in his hands. They told him that the files that had bound him to Mad Raymond were broken. The intelligence embittered his last moments; but he met his fate with the courage of a Rhett. It was Marion Rhett who left the daisy leaf in the library, as is related in the first part of this story; it was Marion Rhett who was lured by his own lies.

The simple fact is that virtue as it existed in Rhett, never encountered vice in any form or in any degree, but a moral conflict ensued. Rhett was not won to the side of vice, because his prosecutors, Rhett and his friends, were not in any degree, but he made war upon it, and this whether among his enemies or his friends. How earnestly and sternly he waged a war against sin when he saw it in the robes of a Pharisee, and hypocrite.

The farmer upon one hundred acres, who has a few acres in wheat, a few in corn, a few in oats, a few in barley and a few in potatoes and roots, and then has a liberal pasture and meadow, with four or five acres in apples, and as many more in pears, peaches, plums, quinces and cherries, keeping half dozen cows, and perhaps, twenty-five or forty long-wool graded sheep, will be likely to come out better, taking one year with another, than one who devotes the largest number of his acres to wheat or some other leading crop.

Fort Ticonderoga. THE STORY OF ITS SURRENDER TO ETHAN ALLEN IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEROME AND THE CENTINELA CONGRESS. The story of the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, the anniversary of which was celebrated in Vermont, is thus told: It was long after midnight—it was, in fact, the morning of the 10th of May, 1775. No word had yet reached Allen from the forces detached to seize boats at Skenesborough or Pantau, and the boats at Shoreham were only sufficiently capacious to carry over eighty-three men.

At last the line was ready to move; a little line, but every man who helped to make it up a hero. It moved up the steep proclivity upon which the fort stands, and right underneath the powder-begrimed lips of the hungry cannon. Benedict Arnold followed closely by Allen's side.—But ahead of both of them, and apparently oblivious of all danger, clambered their noble little guide, the farmer's son Nathan. The men moved stealthily and still; nor did a stone roll from their path, nor did a twig snap underneath their feet. They scarcely breathed. Each of the eighty-three felt that success depended solely upon him, and stole on hands and knees up the rugged heights as if he was alone.