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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. M. EMERSON & BRO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. M. EMERSON. E. W. EMERSON.

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☞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.

Dr. H. C. KEMP

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. He may be found at all times, when not professionally engaged, at the Drug Store, or at the Hotel.
my9-6m

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST.

GREENSBOROUGH, MD.

Will visit Felton every second and fourth Tuesday of each month. [my2-y



Dr. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.,

Will hereafter visit Greensborough the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. jly29y

Jno. 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

W. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF THIS AND THE ADJACENT COUNTIES.

Office on his farm in the upper District. Will attend in Denton on Tuesdays, and Greensboro' on Saturdays, from 9 o'clock, A. M. [mr21

GEORGE M. RUSSUM,

HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE

of the

L A W,

AND WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIM

oct. 30—y

JNO. E. PEARSON,

CARPENTER and UNDERTAKER,

TEMPLEVILLE, MARYLAND,

Will faithfully execute all work entrusted to him. *Charges moderate.* [fe21-y

AUCTIONEERING.

J. TYLOR

HAS RESUMED

The Auctioneering Business,

And respectfully solicits a share of patronage from the public. He may be found at his residence, Denton, Md. [ap11-tmy1'68

AUCTIONEERING.

THE subscriber having taken out license as Auctioneer will call sales of all kinds at short notice. Persons having property to sell will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber as I guarantee to give satisfaction.

COLLINS TATMAN,

mr7-tf near Denton.

AUCTIONEERING.

THE undersigned, having taken out license as an AUCTIONEER, is now ready to cry sales at action. Terms moderate.

dec13-5m JAS. HIGNUTT.

Highly Important.

ISRAEL & CO.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

125 *W. BALTIMORE ST.,*

BALTIMORE, MD.

GREAT REDUCTION IN OUR PRICES.

Cartes and Vignettes $2.50 per dozen, formerly $5.

☞Particular attention paid to copies of deceased persons. [apr25-1y

MRS. WHEELER'S NURSING SYRUP for Children teething at ALBURGER & SON'S.

Poetry.

OLD AGE.

"Yes, I am old; my strength declines,
And wrinkles tell the touch of Time;
Yet might I fancy these the signs
Not of decay, but manhood's prime;
For all within is young and glowing,
Spite of old age's outward showing.

"Yes, I am old; Ambition's call,
Fame, wealth, distinction's keen pursuit,
That once could charm and cheat me—all
Are now detected, passive, mute.
Thank God! the passions and their riot
Are bartered for content and quiet.

"Yes, I am old; but as I press
The vale of years with willing feet,
Still do I find life's sorrows less,
And all its hallowed joys more sweet;
Since Time, for every rose he snatches,
Takes fifty thorns, with all their scratches.

'Yes, I am old! Experience now
That best of guides, hath made me sage;
And thus instructed, I avow
My firm conviction that old age,
Of all our various terms of living,
Deserves the warmest, best thanksgiving."

TEMPERANCE.

FATHERS HAVE YOUR LITTLE CHILDREN SING YOU THIS TEMPERANCE SONG.

Dear Father! drink no more I pray,
It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and drink no more I say,
'Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear Father! think how sick you've been,
What aches and pains you know—
Oh! drink no more and then you'll find
A home where'er you go.

Dear Father! think of mother's tears,
How oft and sad they flow—
Oh! drink no more, then will her grief
No longer make her so.

Dear Father! think what would become of me
If you were to die;
Without a father, friend, or home,
Beneath the chilly sky.

Thus spoke in tenderness the child,
The drunkard's heart was moved;
He signed the pledge, he wept, he smiled,
And kissed the boy he loved.

THE SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCHMAN.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks county, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighoffer—of German descent, and accent, too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member in the Legislature, and was therefore "no fool;" and as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he should hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen, and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principle cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by hired hands.

Well, one warm day in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and brawls out—

'Oh, mine Gott, Peter!'

'What's ter matter, fader?' asked the son, straightening himself up and looking at his sire.

'Ah, mine Gott, Peter!' again cried the old fellow.

'Donder,' echoes Peter, hurrying up to the old man.

'Oh, mine Gott, de shnake bite mine leg!'

If anything in particular was capable of frightening young Peter, it was a snake; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by trampling upon a crooked stick, which cramped his ankle, and so horrified the young man, that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word snake, young Peter fell back, nimbly as a wire-drawer, and bawled out in turn—

'Where is der shnake?'

'Up mine trowsis, Peter—Oh, mine Gott!'

'Oh, mine Gott!' echoed Peter, junior, 'kill him, fader, kill him!'

'No-a, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come—come quick—get off my trowsis!'

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame his affection, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started off like a scared locomotive to call the old burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give his father a lift with the snake.

Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bounding along as soon as he heard the news, and passing along the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung their "linsey wolsey" vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

'Oh, mine Gott! come, quick, Yacob. He bite me all to pieces—here, up mine leg.'

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear; but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a 'pizenous' reptile is about. Gathering up the stiff dry stalks of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill it stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have legs broken than to be bitten to death by a snake, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it. The first blow broke the stick and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a hay-cock.

'Oh!' roared old Peter, 'you have broke mine leg and de shnake's gone!'

'Vere? vere?' cried old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the ground he stood upon.

'Never mind him, Yacob; help me up. I'll go home.'

Put on yere vhest, den; here it ish,' said the old crout eater, gathering up his boss, and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back.

The moment that old Peter made the effort, he grew livid in the face—his hair stood an end, 'like the quills upon the frightful porcupine,' as Mrs Partington observes—he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered—and his knees knocked a stacato accompaniment.

'Oh, Yacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!'

'Vat! Ish nodder shnake in you troushers?'

'Go a—look. I'm swelt all up! Mine vhest won't go on my back. Oh, mine Gott!'

'Dunder and blixen!' cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main the old man, scared into a wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, lugged and carrried the boss some quarter or half mile to the house.

Young Peter shinned it home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in a high state when they saw the approach of the old dad and his assistant.

Old Peter was carried in and began to die as natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle and wants to know what is going on. Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle top and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

'Call dis a shnake! Bah!' says the old woman.

'Oh, but I'm pizhened to death. Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vhest, oh, dear, mine vhest not come over mine body!'

'Haw, haw!' roared the old woman.

'Vat a fool! You got Peter's vhest on—haw, haw, haw!'

'Bosh!' roars old Peter, shaking off Death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up.

'Bosh, Yacob, vat an old fool you must be to say I vash shnakebite! Go about your bussiness, gals. Peter, bring me some peer.' The the old woman saved Peter's life.

A "Cullud" Witness.

The Baton Rogue (La.) Advocate gives the following extract from the testimony of a witness examined about the participation of one Sam Bowman in a late robbery. When asked if he knew Sam Bowman, said:

'O, yes, I bought ice cream from him often.'

'What is his name?'

'That is none of my business, got something else to do 'sides follerin' people 'bout to find out dar names.'

'How do you know that he is the same man?'

'Don't I tell you, boss, I'se bought ice cream from him lots of times? Ob course he's de man. Don't I reckelect his painted wagon and his sassers, and the way he hollered ice cream? Ob course he's the same man.'

'What was you doing when the robbers came to Mrs. Clark's?'

'Nuffin, I was asleep.'

'How did you know they were on the place?'

'Ain't I got ears?'

'How long did you stand out in the yard listening?'

'Till my feet got cold.'

—We often hear of remarkable cases of 'absence of mind.' Here is one equal to anything we have seen lately. The man was doubtless a very interesting head of the family:

'I say, cap'n,' said a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamboat Potomac at Natchez, 'I say cap'n, this here ain't all.'

'That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir,' replied the captain.

'Well, see now, I grant it all O K according to list—four boxes, two hams—one part cut—three ropes of inyons, and a tea-kettle, but you see, cap'n, I am dubersom. I feel there's something short. Though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes off of 'em while on board there's somethin' wrong, somehow.

'Well, stranger, the time is up, there is all I know of, so bring along your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we are off.'

'Them's 'em, darn it, them's 'em!—I knowed that I had forgot somethin'.

THE BOOTH DIARY.

The following is an official copy of the writing which was in pencil, found in the diary taken from the body of J. Wilkes Booth:

"*Tu amo,*" April 13th, 14th.—Friday The Ides: Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to 'our country's wrongs.

For six months we had worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends and was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted "Sic Semper" before I fired; in jumping, broke my leg; I passed all his pickets; rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment.

The country is not, in April, 1865, what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me; I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, before the deed, I wrote a long article, and meant it for one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings.

Friday, 21st.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair, and why? For doing what Brutus was honored for; what made Tell a hero, and yet I for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat.—My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great—the other had not only his country's, but his own wrongs to avenge.

I hoped for no gains. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone—a country that groaned beneath this tyranny, and prayed for this end, and yet now, behold the cold hand they extend to me! God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong; yet I cannot see my wrong except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name, the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all! For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy; brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in Heaven for me, since man condemns me so. I have not heard of what has been done, except what I did myself, and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me, and bless my mother.

To night I will once more try the river with the intent to cross, though I have a great desire, and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in measure clear my name, which I feel I can do.

I do not repent the blow I struck, I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did not desire no greatness.—To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more! Who—who can read his fate? God's will be done! I have too great a soul to die like a criminal! O! may He spare me *that*, and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world; have never hated or wronged any one; this last was not a wrong unless God deems it so, and it is with him to damn or bless me, and for this brave boy with me, who often prays, yes, before and since, with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course—'tis all that's left me.

Upon a piece of paper found in the diary and supposed to have been torn from it, is written the following: My Dea—[Piece torn out.] Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I cannot blame you for want of hospitality. You know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight.

However, you were kind enough to give us something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but, on account of the rebuke and manner in which to [piece torn out]—it is not the substance, but the way in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce to meat is ceremony—meeting were bare without it.

Be kind enough to accept the enclosed five dollars, although hard to spare, for what we have received. Most respectfully your obedient servant.

—A little boy at Sunday School being asked, "what was the chief end of man?" replied, "the end what's got the head on."

—A man being requested to define hard drink-ing said it was "sitting on a rock and sipping cold water."

—Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you pass for somebody.

A Pickled Baby.

A little four-year old, living in a neighboring ward, has a habit of getting into babyhood scrapes every day. At one time he tips over the work-box, and then down come all the multifarious "fixins" of the women folks; this done, he climbs into the wash-tub, gets wet, and bawls out furiously until mamma runs to get her "darlin' baby" out of the muss, which is no sooner done than the young rascal pulls the cat all around the room by the tail, making poor pussy mew in the most agonizing manner. But "mamma's little pet" got into a very bad scrape the other day, whereby he got badly pickled. Having made his way to the pantry, and observing a large jar of pickles, the little fellow thought he would have at least what big folks call a square meal, so in went the head in the jar of pickles, but out the head couldn't get, and as a consequence, the "darlin" set up a very lively and interesting noise, which attracted the frightened mother, who found the young hopeful just in the fix described. Amid screams and cries, the jar had to be broken before the baby's head could be extricated, which being done, "Little Pickle" as he is now called, cast sly looks at his ma and then at the pickles, exclaiming,—

"O, mamma, I's never doin' to det pickled aden."

A QUEER COURTSHIP.—In a small country town in Hartford county, Connecticut, a widower, who had acted the part of a brute and tyrant to his wife, went shortly after the demise of his spouse, to pay his respects to a buxom widow, who, like her suitor, had not the best reputation for suavity of manners and meekness of temper. The following colloquy ensued:

"Well, madam, I am come to see you."

"Well you may just clear out again, for I'll have nothing to do with you. You needn't think to get me. You abused and whipped your first wife, and I know what kind of a fellow you are. You can bet pretty high on that!"

"Yes, I did, and if I had you I'd make you toe the mark. I'd give you a d——d good thrashing every time you deserved it, and I wouldn't let you vote if every woman in town ran to the polls with a ballot in her hand."

Strange as it may appear, this very loving and romantic couple were united in the "holy bands of wedlock" three days afterward.

"Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

We think not.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.—The credit system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a customer and the proprietor:

"Haow's trade, square?"

"Well, cash trade's kinder dull naow, major."

"Done anything ter-day?"

"Wall, only a leetle,—on credit.—Aunt Betsey Pushard has bort an egg's worth of tea and got trusted for it until her speckled pullet lays."

"Do you propose to put Ike into a store, Mrs. Partington?" asked a friend.

"Yes," replied the old lady: "but I'm pestiferous to know which.—Some tell me wholesome trade is the best, but I believe that the ring-tail will be the most beneficious to him."

A backwoodsman saw a lady at a Piano, and sung out:—"Jim, just come here. Tarnation, if here ain't a woman pullin' music out of her chist."

A gentleman who took a young lady to Niagara was obliged to bring her home immediately, because she was jealous of Niagara's waterfall.

A waggish editor says that the streets of one of the Western cities are to be lighted with red headed girls. That chap wants to hug the lamp-posts.

A kind-hearted Irishman, riding horseback to mill, placed the bag of corn across his own shoulder, so as not burden his horse with it.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand.

Farmer's Column.

Underdrainage.

WHY IT MAKES SOIL MOISTER IN DRY WEATHER.

Every one can understand why the drainage of land should leave it dryer after rains. It is because the excess of water is carried off through the tiles. Farmers experienced in the cultivation of drained lands, who have drained extensively and tried the effects, agree *nem. con.* that it makes the soil moister in times of drouth. But why this is so, they cannot exactly see. If we can make the following understood, they will see that, by the laws of nature, an increase of moisture in dry times, is just as much a natural consequence of drainage, as a diminution of water in wet times.

All soils have, in different degrees, a retentive power over water; that is, they hold a certain portion of water, after all has drained out that will. Sands hold the least. A moderately compact loam holds twice as much as sand; a stiff clay three times as much, and some peaty soils four times as much. When you supply a soil with water beyond its capacity to hold it, the excess flows off, if unobstructed, and leaves the soil with only so much water as it has a capacity for—in other words, leaves it saturated, and no more. Thus, if you pack four pails, each with a hole in its bottom, one with sand, one with a common loam, one with clay, and one with peat, each of these soils having been thoroughly dried, and then by slow degrees pour a pailful of water on each, you will find that nearly all the water will pass through the clay, and very little or none through the peat.

In a heavy rain any soil is more than saturated—has in it for a time more water than it can hold—but the water soon drains off, in case no obstruction is presented, and leaves the soil with its appropriate quantity of water; that is, so much as it can hold and yet be in a sound condition, such as to feel solid under your feet, and not to poach when the cattle walk over it.

But while the soil remains full of water, as while a heavy rain is falling, the air is pressed out; and then, as fast as the excess of water settles away into the earth, the air follows and occupies its place.—The soil examined in this state would appear to be made up of particles, each particle moistened with water, and air circulating through the intervening spaces.—The differences between this and a soil that is water soaked, is that the spaces in one case are completely filled with air, in the other with water.

It is a well established fact, that air always contains more or less watery vapor, varying from half to one and a half per cent., and averaging about one per cent. The more air is heated, the more water it can hold in solution; and if it is suddenly cooled, it gives up a portion of its water to any object it comes in contact with.—For illustration, you set a tumbler of cold water upon your dinner table, on a dry summer's day. You may wipe the outside as dry as you please, but soon it will be wet. The children say the tumbler sweats. But the truth is, the heated air coming in at the door and windows as it passes by the tumbler, is cooled; its capacity for water is lessened; and it deposits a portion of its water on the cool surface of the tumbler.

Just so, when a soil is open and porous, with a free circulation of air among its particles, the air coming into the soil in a heated state, is cooled by contact with the particles, and deposits on their surface a portion of its watery vapor, precisely as on the tumbler, in the other case. It will not do to say that these particles of water, thus deposited, are too small to amount to anything. On the millions of particles in a single spadeful of soil, they amount to a great deal equal, throughout the body of the soil; in the course of a day, to a pretty good shower, and this is the reason why farmers who underdrain and plow deep, and stir the soil often, seldom or never suffer from drouth.—*Ind. Farmer.*

THE BLACKBERRY.—A correspondent, from Huntington, Calvert county, inquires as to best time and manner of planting the blackberry.

Plant in spring or fall, eight by six feet apart, in rich and moist soil.

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