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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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 discontiuued 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

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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.

F. W. RIDGELY. CHAS. F. MACLARY.

RIDGELY & MACLARY,

Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

Merchandise Generally,

RIDGELY, CAROLINE CO., MD.

☞Grain, Fruit, or other produce sent to our Warehouse will receive prompt attention.☜

apl1-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.

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

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

CHALFANT'S COCOA-CREAM for the hair for sale by J. ALBURGER.

Poetry.

"Any One Will Do."

A maiden once of a certain age,
To catch a husband did engage;
But having passed the prime of life
In striving to become a wife,
Without success, she thought it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint, and such like for resource,
With all her might this ancient maid,
Beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed;
Unconscious that a grave owl
Was perched above—the mousing fowl!

"O, give—a husband give!" she cried,
"While yet I may become a bride,
Soon will my day of grace be o'er,
And then, like many maids before,
I'll die without an early love,
And none to meet me there above!

"Oh! 'tis fate too hard to bear;
Then answer this, my humble prayer;
And, oh! a husband give to me!"
Just then the owl in a tree,
In deep bass tones, cried, "Who, who, who?"
"Who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who?
Why, any one, Good Lord, will do."

The Kind-Hearted Tanner.

The following incident is so beautiful and touching, that it should be read to every household in the country. It develops the true, active principle of kindness. How many an erring mortal, making his first steps in crime, might be redeemed by the exercise of this sublime trait in the character of the kind-hearted Quaker:

William Savery, an eminent minister among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade. One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, called John Smith.—Next week the following advertisement appeared in the country newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of this month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had made the kind offer. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without looking up, he said; "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then, perhaps, thou wilt come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice: "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you, but yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth when I say it was the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret lies between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee; perhaps it will prevent thee from craving anything stronger to-night.—Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary and she will give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." John entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years a sober, honest and steady man.—The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, Wm. Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

The Crown of Hungary.

"Carleton," of the Boston *Journal*, witnessed the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, and thus describes the famous crown with which he was invested:

"The Crown of Hungary is regarded with superstitious reverence and veneration. It is one of the oldest in Europe, having been granted by Pope Sylvester II. in the year 1000 and hence called the 'Holy and Apostolic Crown.' It is looked upon as the emblem of nationality, and hence is regarded with jealous care.

In ancient times the crown, the regalia, the sword and the mantle of St. Stephen were watched over by a body of veterans—a guard of honor—who kept them carefully locked in an iron chest, the two keys of which were confided in two grand dignitaries of the realm elected by the Diet. The circlet or band which rests upon the forehead was sent by the Greek Emperor Michael Ducas to King Gesa, from Byzantium. The two ribs of gold which span the top of the crown are the workmanship of the angels!—so it is said and so believed by the peasantry. It has at various times been seized by usurpers to the throne, been hidden for years, removed to foreign countries, but recovered to be regarded with increased veneration.

"When Joseph II., son of Maria Theresa, came to the throne of the Austrian Empire, he carried it to Vienna, a proceeding which came near producing an insurrection. The Hungarians had saved the Empire from ruin by the fiery patriotism which granted all that Maria Theresa had asked, and to be robbed of their crown was too much for human nature to bear. Of all the oppressive measures of Joseph II., this was most deeply resented, and it has rankled in the hearts of the Hungarians to the present day.

"In 1849 Kossuth carried off the crown and caused it to be buried near Orsava, when he saw that the independence of the State was lost. It was recovered, and to-day rests upon the brow of the Emperor.

"With Americans the flag is the emblem of nationality. There is nothing on earth which will so stir the heart of an American when in a foreign land as a sight of that flag, which is their emblem of the most advanced government the world ever saw; but to the Hungarian there is nothing like the crown. It is the emblem of sovereignty.

"They rejoice to see it worn by the Emperor of Austria to-day, and not because he is Emperor, but because he is their King. They are a nation separate and distinct from the Empire, and their King has sworn to carry on the laws of the kingdom. Their independence is recognised. Austria has not swallowed them up. They strew the Emperor's path with flowers because he has yielded to their demands. Hence the enthusiasm of the hour, the gathering of the vast multitudes to participate in the festivities of the occasion. The crown of the Kingdom has triumphed over the crown of the Empire, and from henceforth it will be still more an object of veneration."

Jerusalem Underground.

An account of Signor Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply bevelled and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zorobabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the times of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers leading from the dome of the rock, a mosque standing on the very side of the altar of sacrifice in the temple, to the valley of Jehosaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook Kedron. The manner of his exploration was very interesting. He got an Arab to walk up through these immense sewers, ringing a bell and blowing a trumpet, by which he himself, by following the sound, was able to trace the exact course they took. About two years ago, he accidentally discovered a fountain at the pool of Bethsada; and on his opening, a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whither it goes. This caused great excitement among the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied it was one of the signs of Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water; is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurement and positon of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions. Some of the Signor's conclusion's are disputed, but no one has succeeded in so disinterring the relics of the holy city.

I Will Think of It.

'I will think of it.' This is easy to say and simple to do; but do you know what great things come of just *thinking?* And yet thought itself, though very mighty, is nothing we can see or smell, hear, taste or feel.

A boy named James Watt sat quietly by the fire one evening, watching the tea-kettle lid dance, as it moved up and down by the steam from the boiling water. He did not say anything, but he was thinking how much power there must be in steam, if it could move the heavy lid.

He kept thinking about it, and years and years after when he was a man, he so greatly improved the steam engine, as to make it do as much work as a great many horses. By the steam of boiling water, wheels and rods were moved, which thus moved machinery. When you see steam mills, steamboats, and railroad carriages, you may remember that they never would have been built if it were not for *thinking.*

When a man is lying awake at night, very quiet, would you believe he can be doing what may change the life of a million people? But he may be planning some terrible battle that will bring sorrow into a multitude of homes, and change the fate of a whole nation.

You have heard of Napoleon, who was such a great soldier. About the time he was thinking of the glory he would get to himself and to the French people, and planning long marches and victories, there was a man living in Gloucester, England, who was *thinking* just as earnestly, but of something very different.—He was a good man and believed that we should work for the glory of God and the best good of men; and so he was thinking what he could do to prevent the rude children who lived in Gloucester from taking God's holy name in vain, from breaking the Sabbath, and from Stealing. Some of them had sinful fathers and mothers, who did these wicked things themselves, and there was no one to teach the children any better.

One Sabbath day Mr. Raikes had occasion to go to a part of the city where was a large pin factory, and a great many people who worked there lived near it.—He was shocked and grieved to see the swarms of dirty children in the streets, who were playing rough games, fighting and swearing. He heard that the farmers who lived a little out of town were obliged to stay at home to watch their fruit trees on Sundays. They said they had more trouble by thieves on that day than on any other.

Mr. Raikes thought if he could get these poor little degraded, ignorant ones into a school on Sundays, they would be kept from mischief, and taught something which might make them good men and women. He resolved to try it. It was very hard work, but he succeeded; and other people seeing what a good and blessed thing it was, started other Sunday schools, till now, a hundred years after, there is one connected with almost every place of worship in England as well as America. So you see what Mr. Raiks brought about by thinking.

The Maelstrom.

Much has been written concerning this famous whirlpool, which lies off the coast of Norway. In 1859, it was examined by an official commission appointed by the Government of Norway, who reported the following facts concerning its true nature:

When the wind is steady and not too violent, boats may venture upon it at ebb tide in summer, when it is still for about half an hour. At the point half way between flood and ebb, it is most violent; boats would then be in danger. At certain times, it may be passed at any stage of tide by steamers and by large ships with steady wind. But in winter and in storms it would be highly dangerous for any vessel to attempt to pass the Maelstrom. Its direction and violence are in a high degree dependent on wind and weather. When there blows on the sea a storm from the west, the stream in winter runs continually to the east at the rate of six knots an hour, without changing its direction with the rising or falling tide; and if at such a time the tide is rising, the stream becomes excessively violent and entirely unnavigable for steamers or any other craft. At certain states of the wind and tide in winter, the whole stream boils in mighty whirls, against which the largest steamer could not successfully contend. These whirls, however, would not draw vessels to the bottom, but would destroy them by dashing them against the rocks, and thus causing them to founder.

The old stories of the terrors and dangers of this whirlpool are incorrect. It has very little of terror to the inhabitants of the coasts, who laugh at the tales of travelers concerning it.

—'Would you like to look at the moon?' asked a professor, who had stationed his spy-glass at the street corner, of an Emeralder.

"To divil wid ye; would I be afther givin' ye a dime to look at de moon wid one eye, whin I kin see it wid my two and not cost me a cint?"

A Stump Story.

About forty years ago, there lived in Western Pennsylvania two farmers named Wood and Osborne repectively. They were near neighbors but inveterate enemies, and it is said they almost lived within sight of each other for fourteen years without speaking to each other. Wood one day went out with a mattock to dig up half a dozen stumps that had never yet been removed from his meadow, but finding it pretty hard work, and moreover, not being very fond of work, he gave it up and returned to the house. On the way it occurred to him that by a cunning device he might induce his unfriendly neighbor to uproot the little annoyances. Acting on a bright idea that occurred to him, he entered his house, got his writing materials, and in a disguised hand wrote:—

MR. WOOD:—I am an old man, fast approaching my end; I cannot go to my grave without revealing to you a secret. When I was a young man I helped to rob your grandfather of a large amount of money. I, and my partner in crime, buried five thousand dollars of it under the roots of a tree in the meadow that now belongs to you. No doubt those trees have been cut down by this time, but the stumps may still remain. He was soon after hanged for murder he committed, and I was sent to prison for highway robbery. I was but lately released, and I wish to atone for past misdeeds. I send this by a person who says he knows where you live, and he will throw it into your house. A REPENTANT CRIMINAL.

Mr. Wood sealed this bit of fiction addressed to himself, and when night came crept stealthily to Osborne's door, opened it a little way, tossed it in, and ran away as though Satan was after him. On reaching home he retired to rest, and reposed sweetly till morning. When he rose he cast a glance toward his meadow and to his satisfaction discovered that every stump in his meadow had been dug up during the night and pulled out by the roots. After breakfast he went coolly to work and rolled them together in a pile, in order to burn them. And imagine Osborne's bitterness at heart as he passed by on his way to the village that morning, saw Wood thus engaged, and knew how he had been duped by him.

How Near Is Heaven?

Christians sometimes look far away to heaven; but that rest is not far off. The clouds that hide their shining worlds are thin, they are transient, and soon will obscure no more; the journey may end this hour; one short step may place the Christian in a world of light; one dark hour may hang upon him; but the morning comes and no shade behind it. Day, bright, peaceful and eternal, succeeds it. A pang may be felt for a moment, and then flies away forever. A conflict, sharp and painful, may continue for a night, but victory, eternal victory, ensues. How soon, oh! how soon the Christian's cares are over, his eyes suffused no more with tears. Near at hand is the land of his pursuit. Hope cheers. How glorious the object that Hope embraces! How holy its spirit! Who can contemple the home that our heavenly Father is fitting for his children, and not feel in his soul a thirst for its enjoyments? Well, these delights, the happy clime, those ever verdant plains, are not far distant.

The Power of a Growing Tree.

Walton Hall had at one time its own cornmill, and when that inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the mill-stone was laid in an orchard and forgotten.—The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout; its central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident, some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through that unwonted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise this ponderous mass of stone was speculated on by many. Would the filbert tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the mill-stone, or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert tree lifted the mill-stone, and in 1863 wore it like crinoline about its trunk, and Mr. Waterton used to sit upon it under the branching shade.—*English Paper.*

—A traveller coming up to an inn door said to the landlord, who was standing on the porch:

"Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?"

"Yes, and have been so for just five weeks."

"But are you not the same landlord who has kept the house for many years past?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, do you say that you have been the master of it for only five weeks?"

"Because that is the precise period since my wife died."

A clergyman gave the following toast, that was not very gallant, at a late firemen's celebration: "Our fire engines—may they be like old maids—ever ready but never wanted!"

Farmer's Column.

Compost.

A correspondent of the *Germantown Telegraph* gives the following sensible advice:

"A majority of farmers do not attach importance enough to the subject of saving and making manure and compost.—To them manure and labor are what capital and credit are to the merchant. They think they cannot afford to pay five or six dollars per cord for manure, and it does seem a high price; but one thing they can do, they can take better care of what they have, and prevent the waste of what is the most valuable part. Many hog pens are built on sloping ground, the manure sinking away to some drain and lost.—Now with proper care the manure of every hog raised and fattened is worth twenty dollars to put in corn hills. It is better not to let hogs wallow in the manure, as most of farmers do, with the view that the hogs will work fine the coarse trash generally thrown into the pen. Make a tight board floor to the pen to prevent the leakage of the urine and manure, then throw in the absorbents, such as weeds, straw, shavings, sawdust, leaves, chip dirt, briers, and in fact almost fine hickory brush, clean the sty out once a week, and throw the manure into a square pile, exposed to all the rain that falls, and in a dry time keep the manure moist by the addition of water, or cover with damp earth to prevent the 'blue blazes.' By this arrangement, with ten hogs and plenty of material, a farmer will make near two hundred dollars' worth of manure ready for the land in good condition and have better hogs than if he allowed them to wallow at pleasure in the mass.

Canning Fruit.

As the season of fruits is just commencing, anything that will enable it to be successfully canned, at small expense, will very much prolong the season. Only those who have tried it know the satisfaction derived from eating a dish of strawberries or peaches in mid-winter as fresh as when gathered. The annexed method of canning fruit was furnished to the New York Farmers' club by Mrs. Powers, of Oswego county, New York:

I will suppose your fruit and glass cans are all ready. I prefer cans with glass covers. I scald the fruit in a large tin pan with juice or water to cover it. Put half a teacup of cold water into every can and fill up with hot water; put the covers and rubbers also into hot water. Now empty a can and fill up with hot fruit, and then another.

Let them stand open till the hand can be held upon them without burning. As soon as filled, cut writing paper the size of the can, one for each, and when cool, slip one over the fruit entirely, and fill up the can on top of the paper with boiling juice, and seal at once. Ladies try this way; the fruit will never mould and papers keep the fruit from rising to the top of the liquid. There is no use of setting cans into water to heat them, or of putting them into quilted bags; it is too troublesome. I let the fruit shrink, and then fill up to the cover as close as possible. Ladies must be governed by their own common sense. Men attempt to give directions, but their wives have to tell them, and then they are likely to forget.

How to Keep Up Your Hay Crop.

A farmer who had been in the habit of selling his hay for many years in succession, being asked how he kept up his hay crop without manuring or cultivating his land, replied, "I never allowed the after swath to be cut." If this rule was generally followed, there would be less said about running out of grass fields or short crops of hay. Some farmers feed off every green thing and compel their cattle to pull up and gnaw off the roots of the grass. Cutting rowen is cutting ruin, and hard fall and winter grazing is certain death to hay crops. A farmer had better buy hay at $40 per ton than ruin his hay field by close grazing. The general treatment of grass lands in this respect is wrong and expensive, and should be abandoned as a matter of profit and economy. —*Wisconsin Farmer.*

RUTA BAGA.—If you cannot get a good stand by the 5th of August, sow the purple top white turnip from that time to the 20th.—*American Farmer.*

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