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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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 ☜

au1-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.

Jo 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,

mr1-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.

The Wife's Welcome.

BY MRS. AREY.

The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamps alight,
The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
And now I wait for thee!

Come home, love, home! thy task is done:
The clock ticks listningly;
The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
The arm-chair to the fireside drawn,
Our boy upon my knee.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No hand will spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear
Like those which wait at home!

Aha! along the crisp walks, fast
That well-known step doth come;
The bolt is drawn—the gate is past—
The babe is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes home!

Not Good Enough for Her.

A TRUE AMERICAN STORY.

The ancestors of the good people of the United States went to that country ostensibly to escape the persecution of aristocratic England, but alas! for the inconsistency of human nature, they were very far from abandoning aristocracy when they left the mother country. They took it with them, together with all its accompanying notions and absurdities, and have left it to their children as an inalienable legacy, which they seem to be trying to increase every day.

In the days of the good colony of Virginia, the distinctions between rich and poor men were based upon laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not.

One of the most devout followers of this code was a wealthy planter, living in what is known as the Northern Neck. He was in all other respects a frank, open hearted, manly gentleman; but his estimate of his fellow men was founded upon the principles that governed his selection of his horses—blood—wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant item with him. He had our human weakness, and, like all of us, was influenced more than even he believed by pounds, shillings and pence

This Mr. G— had quite a large family, among them was a daughter whose beauty was the standing toast of the country. She was just eighteen, and budding into lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, but her amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her more than ordinarily attractive, and half the gentleman of Northern Neck were already sighing for her love.

There was in the country at this time a young man already rising in the estimation of his neighbors. He came of a good family, but was as yet a poor land-surveyor, who had raught himself in his profession, and who spent much of his time in traversing unknown forests, with nothing but his compass for his guide, and his chain for his companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in all the feats of strength in which the olden-time Americans took such pride. He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked. Mr. G— seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was heartily given and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G— a very strong attraction.

The result was that he was frequently at the Planter's residence; so frequently, indeed, that Mrs. G— felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unreserved intercourse with their daughter.—The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter would know her position too well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to blind her to her duty to her family.

Nevertheless, Mary G— was not so fully impressed with this conviction of duty as her father. She found more to admire in the poor surveyor than in her aristocratic suitors; and also, before she knew it, her heart passed from her keeping, and was given to him.

She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart; and she would have thought it a happiness to go out with him into the backwoods, and share his fatigues and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they might bring to her.

Nor did she love in vain. The young man whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so great, had not then learned to consider as binding the distinctions which society drew between his position and that of the lady. He knew that in all that make a man, in integrity and honesty of purpose, he was the equal of any one; he believed that, except in wealth, he stood upon a perfect equality with Mary G—, and he loved her honestly and manfully, and no sooner had he satisfied himself upon the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion, simply and truthfully, and received from the lady's lips the assurance that she loved him very dearly.

Scorning to occupy a doubtful position, or to cause the lady to conceal aught from her parents the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G— for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal. He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful and insolent upstart.

"My daughter has always been accustomed to ride in her carriage," he said. "Who are you, sir?"

"A gentleman, sir," replied the young man, quickly, and left the house.

The lovers parted. The lady soon after married a wealthy planter, and the young man went out again into the world to battle with his heart and conquer his unhappy passion. He subdued it, but although he afterwards married a woman whom he loved honestly and truthfully, and who was worthy of his love, he was never wholly dead to his first love.

Time passed on, and the young man began to reap the reward of his labors.—He had never been to the house of Mr. G— since his cruel repulse by the planter: but the latter could not forget him, as his name soon became familiar in every Virginia household. Higher and higher he rose every year, until he had gained a position from which he could look down upon the proud planter.—Wealth came to him, too. When the great struggle for independence came he was in his prime, a happy husband, and one of the most distinguished men in America. The struggle went on, and soon the "poor surveyor" held the highest and proudest position in the land.

When the American army passed in triumph through the streets of Williamsburgh, the ancient capital of Virginia, after the surrender of Cornwallis, the officer riding at the head of the column chanced to glance up at a neighboring balcony, which was crowded with ladies. Recognizing one of them, he raised his hat and bowed profoundly. There was a commotion in the balcony, and some one called for water, saying Mrs. Lee had fainted. Turning to a young man who rode near him, the officer said gravely:

"Henry, I fear your mother has fainted. You had better leave the column and go to her."

The speaker was George Washington, once the "poor surveyor," but then commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The young man was Colonel Henry Lee, the commander of the famous "Light Cavalry Legion," the lady was his mother, and formerly Miss G—, the belle of Northern Neck.

Freedom and Slavery.

One of the most forcible and truthful descriptions of the irrepressible conflict in America between freedom and slavery is contained in a speech recently delivered by John Bright at a dinner given to Wm Lloyd Garrison in London. The distinguished English orator said:

"Spite of all that persecution could do, opinion grew—in the North in favor of freedom, but in the South in favor of a most devilish delusion, that slavery was a Divine institution. The moment that idea took possession of the South, war became inevitable. Neither fact, nor argument, nor counsel, nor philosophy, nor religion could, by any possibility, affect the discussion of the question when once the church teachers of the South had fallen into that snare, and had taught their people that slavery was a Divine institution because then they began to cling to it on other and different grounds, and said:—'Evil, be thou my good.' Thus we had light set against darkness, freedom against bondage, good against evil, and if you like it, heaven against hell; and, unless there be some stupendous miracle, greater than any on record even in the inspired writings, it was impossible that war should not spring out of this State of things.—Then, too, the political slaveholders, that dreadful brotherhood, in whom all turbulent passions were let loose, the moment they found the presidential elections of 1860 going adversely to them, took up arms to sustain their hateful system, and then came the earthquake which had been so often foretold, so often menaced, and so often postponed, and the ground reeled under the whole nation during the four years of agony, and then, at last, when the smoke of the battle-field cleared away the horrid shape which had cast its shadow over a whole continent had vanished and was gone forever.

—People who go to the water to fish, are advised to rub their faces with flour, and keep doing so now and then, when they will avoid sun-burning. It is also good to keep a wetted handkerchief in the hat to hinder sunstroke.

—There is a family in Ohio so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze—one to throw the head back, and the other to make the noise.

How One Man Celebrated the "4th"

There is a patriotic person in New Jersey, who celebrated the Fourth of July by himself. The Sussex "Register" tells the story:

Our old friend and subscriber, Mr. Barnes Lane, in accordance with the custom which he has adhered to for the last six or eight years, celebrated the national anniversary on Thursday the 4th instant, upon his own hook. He plays with facility upon the musical instrument named below, writes his own toasts, drinks the best wh—ater, fires his own powder, and writes out for publication the report of his proceedings in a full, round hand. Hence he very properly styles it, in a note addressed to the 'Register,' "an independent celebration got up to suit himself." We append the report sent us by Mr. Lane:

"At sunrise the stars and stripes were fluttering in the breeze, when a heavy firing commenced, and continued for a long time; then the Declaration of Independence was read, and then the toastable (an old hogshead turned bottom upward) was prepared, when the following toasts were drank:

"1. *The Day I Celebrate*—If I get through with a whole shirt and a whole hide, well and good; if not, let 'em rip. One gun, three cheers. Music on fife.—Tune—"Yankee Doodle."

"2. All hail, sweet Independence, hail!
To thee we'll tribute pay;
Let every nigger act his part,
Now slavery's done away.

One gun, three cheers. Music on Banjo. Tune—"Dandy Jim."

"3. *George Washington and Abraham Lincoln*—The two great Apostles of Freedom; the former delivered our country from British tyranny, the latter knocked the shackles of slavery from four millions of human beings at one single blow.—While gratitude remains in the human breast, the praise of those two great men will dwell on the tongues of all true patriots. One gun, six cheers. Music on German flute. Tune—"Washington's Grand March."

"4. *The Jewel of Liberty*—May it ever be kept safe in the ark of Freedom. One gun, three cheers. Music on violin.—Tune—"Liberty Tree."

"5. *The Perjured Rebel Cut-Throats of the South*—When the devil gets back where he fell from, then may they get back the halls of Congress, and not till then. One gun, three cheers. Music on octave flute. Tune—"Go to the devil and shake yourself."

"6. *President Johnson*—If the copper in his heart and the brass in his face were melted together, we would have bell metal enough to pay our war debt and have enough left to purchase a ton of hemp, so much needed in the South. One gun, no cheers, no music, one hiss.

"7. *Jeff Davis*—We never heard tell of his raising hemp, but we do sincerely hope to hear tell of hemp raising him before he has a chance to die a natural death. One gun, six cheers. Music on accordeon. Tune—"Logan Water" (death march.)

"8. Died very suddenly (politically) on the 6th day of November last, precisely at sunset, in the Fourth Congressional district of New Jersey, with all the fearful symptoms of niggerphobia, Andrew Jackson Preamble Rogers; peace to his ashes and a slow resurrection. One gun and a few crocodile tears. Music on the whistle. Tune—"Rogue's March."

"9. *Our Last Presidential Election*—Geo. B. McClellan got votes 21, while his soul goes marching on. One gun, three cheers. Music on Jewish cymbal. Tune—"John Brown."

"10. *The Nutmeg State*—If it ever means to supply the market with copper nutmeg graters, we think now is the time. One gun, three cheers. Music on bass violin. Tune—"Hail Columbia."

"11. *Old Sussex*—When we look at its mountains and its valleys, its rocks and its hills, Sprout Hill in particular, we think nature formed it on purpose for a den of copperheads. One gun, nine unearthly hisses.

"12. *The Fair Sex*—The late fashion affords scarcely material enough to cover their scalps, to say nothing of their waterfalls; may we soon see bonnets once more. One gun and a smile. Music on jews-harp. Tune—"Barney, let the girls alone." B. BLAKE."

THEN AND NOW.—Carpenter the artist, in his book "Six Months at the White House," tells the following story:

"A few days before President Lincoln's death, Secretary Stanton tendered his resignation of the War Department. He accompanied the act with a heartfelt tribute to Mr Lincoln's constant friendship and faithful devotion to the country, saying also, that he, as Secretary, had accepted the position to hold it only until the war should end, and that now he felt that his work was done, and his duty was to resign. Mr. Lincoln was greatly moved by the Secretary's words, and tearing in pieces the paper containing the resignation and throwing his arms about the Secretary, he said: 'Stanton you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant, and it is not for you to say when you will no longer be needed here. Several friends of both parties were present, and there was not a dry eye that witnessed the scene.

Power of Humbug.

An individual owned a small tavern near the field of Waterloo, the scene of the last great action of Napoleon, and was frequently questioned as to whether he did not possess some relics of the battle, and he as invariably and honestly answered in the negative.

He was very poor, and one day, while lamenting to a neighbor not only his poverty but the annoyance to which travellers subjected him, his friend cut him short with;

"Well, make one help the other. Make some relics!"

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor man.

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle and sat on that chair."

Not long after an English tourist entered the tavern, and inquiring for relics was told the chair story. The next comer was told that Wellington had taken a drink, and the Wellington tumbler was accordingly sold. The third gazed with breathless wonder on the nail on which Bonaparte hung his hat. The fourth purchased the door posts between which he entered, and the fifth became the happy possessor of the floor upon which Napoleon had trodden.

At last advices the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the centre of a deep pit, formed by selling the earth upon which the house stood.

How He Caught Her.

An old dutch farmer had a handsome daughter named Minnie, who recently joined a popular church against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted, visting her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly, he visited the church one Sunday night, and seated himself unobserved among the congregation.

Soon after taking his seat, the minister, who was preaching from Daniel, 5th chapter, 25th verse, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, 'Mene, mene, tekel upharson,' upon which the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting house. Having reached the churchyard, he gave vent to his feelings in the words:

'I knows dere vas something wrong, and now I schwares to 'em.'

'Why, father, what do you mean, replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

'Didn't I,' shouted the old man, striking his fists together and stamping with his foot. 'didn't I hear the parson call out to you, *'Minnie, Minnie, tickle de parson!'*

—A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down a few days ago by his Irish ploughman, who was sitting at his plough in a tobacco field, resting his horse. The reverend gentleman being an economist, said, with great seriousness:

'John wouldn't it be good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?'

John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine himself, said:

'Wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?'

The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.

SAY YES.—On a recent Sunday, in one of our churches, stood a couple apparently singing from the bottom of their souls, out of the hymn book. Being religiously disposed, and not having a hymn book, our reporter, who sat immediately behind them, attempted to read from the same book. In doing so, at the end of the verse he heard the gentleman whispering, "O, say yes." The next began, and the twain sang away as devotionally as if they were thinking about but the hymn.—When the verse was ended, the fair one replied, "Go ask pa; all's right so far as I'm concerned."

—Teacher—"Come right here, you young scamp, and get a sound spanking.'

Scholar—"Ain't got no right to spank me now; the copy you just sent me says so."

Teacher—"I should like to hear you read that over to me.

Scholar—"You shall. (He reads.) Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, and so forth, and when you're spanking me you ain't aiming at no such end."

—A disconsolate widower seeing the remains of his late wife lowered into the grave, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Well, I've lost hogs, I've lost cows, but I never lost anything that cut me up like this!"

—Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call for dinner will run over a ten acre lot in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

Farmer's Column.

Take Care of the Tools.

There is no use in trying to carry on a farm, or do anything else well, without system and order. And the care of tools is an important part of that system. One cannot accomplish much without a set of tools, larger or smaller—as for borrowing them unnecessarily, that should be regarded as next to stealing them.—And the purchase of tools should be followed up by a scrupulous care of them.—A tool room is a great convenience. It may be an apartment by itself in the carriage house or wood house.

Here let there be a row of pegs for saws; there is the bench for planes; yonder is a drawer, with separate compartments, for screws, washers, nuts, rivets, etc. Here is a place for bolts, there for screws. The hammers, obisels, screw driver, auger, broad axe, adz, files—all have their appointed locality, and are kept there and nowhere else. The law should be laid down and enforced, that whoever uses a tool must put it back, so that it can always be found at a moments notice; nay, if even in the dark.

And this care of tools should lead and will lead on to system with regard to other things about the premises. Here is a corner for extra plough handles, and there a box for plough points; there are bolts of all sizes, ready in case of a break down; yonder are hooks with extra pieces of harness. Notice, too, the crow bar, beetle and wedges, and log chains, the grindstone always in its place, and always in order; the scythes, hoes, spades, shovels, rakes and what not have so long been kept in their respective places that they would almost cry out if carelessly left in an unaccustomed spot.

The time spent in carrying back tools is not lost. If tools are not carried back, they would many of them be lost. And the moral influence of system and order is almost beyond computation.—*American Agriculturist.*

Wood Ashes for Manure.

We recommend the farmer carefully to save for use in the spring all the ashes he can collect from the home consumption of fuel during the winter; and where he has opportunity to procure them from other sources a supply, leached or unleached, of this valuable fertilizer. If people knew from experience the worth of this simple manure, there would be no ashes wasted, neither would there be any to sell, except by those who have no soils to improve, or no crops to raise.

To return all their virtue, it is highly important that ashes should be kept dry; for water will dissolve a large proportion of the most valuable salts, yet even leached ashes need not be thrown away as of no account; for, though far inferior in fertilizing qualities to unleached ashes, they are by no means useless. One very important result of the employment of this manure in the growth of cereals is the increased strength and luxuriance of straw thereby promoted—a result due to the presence of Silicates on which so much of stiffness of the straw depends. Other ingredients, essential to both straw and grain are furnished by this important fertilizer. Ashes are valuable also for promoting the growth of grass; and Professor Liebig recommended sowing them broadcast on meadows to increase the quantity of hay.—*Canada Farmer.*

CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.—A California paper says a recent experiment has been tried in feeding charcoal for fattening turkeys. Two lots of four each, were treated alike, except for one lot finely pulverized charcoal was mixed with mashed potatoes and meal, on which they were fed, and broken pieces of coal also plentifully supplied. The difference in weight was one and a half pounds each, in favor of the fowls that were supplied with coal, and the flesh was superior in tenderness and flavor.

RENOVATING WORN OUT LAND—At a recent agricultural meeting in Boston, one of the speakers remarked that "on a tract of land which was overrun with wood-box, briars and other shrubs, he turned 150 sheep. At that time a cow could not have lived on the whole tract. The sheep were kept there several years, and so killed out the wild growth that the tract now affords good pasturage for 15 cows."

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