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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

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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.

aul-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,

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.

Good-Night.

Good-night, good-night—
How many a thought this simple phrase,
The heart, by tell-tale tone, conveys;
How swells its inmost depths to hear,
From those we hold in friendship dear,
The cheerful words, "Good-night."

In evening light,
We hear the mother's joyous tongue,
Humming the song the angels sung;
It falls upon the thirsting ear,
And stirs the yearning soul to hear
The loving song, "Good-night."

'Neath moonbeams bright
The lovers linger hand-in-hand,
Speaking the tongue hearts understand,
Dreading the hour that draws so near,
When sweetly, sadly, to the ear,
Comes those fond words, "Good-night."

With true delight
The willing form of childhood sleeps,
And age, its cheerful vigils keeps,
While lingers devoutly on the ear,
Those words to age and youth so dear—
Those earnest words "Good-night."

Good-night, good-night—
The promise of another day
Its cheerful, honest tones convey;
'Tis no long parting that we fear,
But sign of promise when we hear
That welcome phrase, "Good-night!"

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own bitter experience of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel. Let all of our little folks read it:

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me until she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," said she.—"Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my coldness, but replied firmly:

"Certainly you will go, Alfred, I command you."

"I will not," said I in a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—either go to school this morning or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future."

"I dare you to do it, you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm.—She trembled violently and was deathly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said."

"Will you go, Alfred?" said she

"No," I replied but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," she said, as she grasped my arm firmly.

I raised my foot—"oh, my son, hear me?"—raised my foot and kicked her—fainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me—I kicked my mother, a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me! I saw her heart beat against her breast.

"Oh! Heavenly Father," she said, "forgive him, he knows not what he does."

The gardener just then passed the door and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself he stopped. She beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in his room," she said, and turned from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave such a look of agony, mingled with the most intense love!—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found my-self a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window, and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to do it. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself in bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approaching the door.—It was my sister.

"What may I tell my mother for you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh! Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I threw myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than my sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother thrilled through me, and melted the ice of my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber, by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood at my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. Oh! don't wait a minute! Get up and come with me, mother is dying."

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up melancholly and followed my sister. On the bed and as cold as marble, lay my mother. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart and borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you with what agony I looked upon her; my remorse was tenfold more bitter than the thought that she would never know it. I believe myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom; my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother!" I shricked, "say only that you forgive me." She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had gone before.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for future years.

One Man too Many in America.

Rev. George Hepworth, in his oration before the people of Boston, on the 4th of July, had an illusion to Jeff. Davis, which will find an echo in millions of loyal hearts:

"Ah! I am not cruel. I do not like to speak upon the merited punishment of a bad man. But this I say: There is one man too many in America. America ever busy and eager, filled with the hope of the morrow more than with the memory of any past, holds the great offender, the man who stood at the head of the organized rebellion, and cheered his soldiers to their bloody work, within her fortressed walls. The people cry for justice with thunder tones that echo from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope. But policy or cowardice, I know not which, finds excuse for delay, and by slow degrees the people's cry grows fainter and fainter, until at last, when the prisoner is released, scarce a ripple of surprise or interest ruffles the surface of the nations daily life. Posterity shall read this terrible sentence, written on the bloody page of our time. A republic attaches no penalty to a great crime. Only a petty guilt is punished; while colossal crime finds an apologist, if not an eulogist, and holds its court in Canada. God grant it may not be the seed-corn of another rebellion."

CONCEIT.—Hardly anything is more contemptible than that conceit which rests merely upon social position, the conceit of those who imagine that thus they are divorced from the clay of common men, of those who shrink with horror from the idea of work, as something which degrades by its very contact, and yet who, very likely, owe their present position to some not remote ancestor, who, recognizing his call to work, lived more honestly in the world than they do, and was not afraid of soiled thumbs. It is one of the meanest things for people to be ashamed of the work from which they draw their income, and which glorified their ancestors more with their soiled aprons and black gowns than themselves with their fine ribbons and flashing jewelry. It might be a fine thing to be like the lillies, more gloriously clothed than Solomon, and doing nothing, if we were only lillies. Advantageous position is only a more emphatic call to work; and while those who hold the advantage may not be compelled to manual drudgery, they should recognize the fact that manual drudgery may be performed in the same spirit as that which characterizes their own work, and therefore that it is equally honorable.—*Rev. Dr. Chapin.*

THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we go from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage no longer serviceable on the march. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will neither give up for bribe or prayer—the opinions cast away, the hopes that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.

New-York Fifty-five Years Ago.

The Staten Island Ferry on a fine afternoon in summer is one of the pleasantest scenes which New-York affords. The island, seven miles distant from the city, forms one of the sides of the Narrows, through which the commerce of the city and the emigrant ships enter the magnificent bay that so worthily announces the grandeur of the New World. The ferry boat starting from the extremity of Manhattan island, first gives its passengers a view of the East river, all alive with every description of craft; then gliding round past Governor's Island, dotted with camps and crowned with barracks, with the National flag floating above all, it affords a view of the lofty bluffs which rise on one side of the Hudson and the long line of the mast fringed city on the other; then rounding Governor's island, the steamer pushes its way towards the Narrows, disclosing to view Fort Lafayette, so celebrated of late, the giant defensive works opposite to it, the umbrageous and lofty sides of Staten island, covered with villages, and, beyond all, the ocean, lighted up by Coney island's belt of snowy sand, glistening in the sun.

Change the scene to fifty-five years ago. New-York was then a town of eighty thousand people, and Staten island was inhabited only by farmers, gardeners and fishermen, who lived by supplying the city with provisions. No elegant seats, no picturesque villas, adorned the hillsides, and pleasure seekers found a nearer resort in Hoboken. The ferry then, if ferry it could be called, consisted of a few sail boats, which left the island in the morning loaded with vegetables and fish, and returned, if wind and tide permitted, at night. If a pleasure party occasionally visited Staten island, they considered themselves in the light of bold adventurers, who had gone far beyond the ordinary limits of an excursion. There was only one thing in common between the ferry at that day and this—the boats started from the same spot. Where the ferry-house now stands at Whitehall, was then the beach to which the boatmen brought their freight, and where they remained waiting for a return cargo. That was also the general boat-stand of the city. Whoever wanted a boat for business or pleasure repaired to Whitehall, and it was a matter of indifference to the boatmen of Staten island whether they returned home with a load, or shared in the general business of the port.

It is to one of those Whitehall boatmen of 1810 that we have to direct the reader's attention. He was distinguished from his comrades on the stand in several ways. Though master of a Staten island boat that would carry twenty passengers, he was but sixteen years of age, and he was one of the handsomest, the most agile and athletic young fellows that either island could show. Young as he was, there was that in his face and bearing which gave assurance that he was abundantly competent to do his work. He was always at his post betimes, and on the alert for a job. He always performed what he undertook. This summer of 1810 was the first season, but he had already an ample share of the best of the business in the harbor.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was the name of this notable youth—the same Cornelius Vanderbilt who has since built a hundred steamboats, who has since made a present to his country of a steamship of five thousand tons burden, who has since bought lines of railroad, and who reported his income to the tax commissioners last year at something near three-quarters of a million. The first money the steamboating ever earned was by carrying passengers between Staten island and New-York at eighteen cents each.

WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ with him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion, so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you less for maintaining it, or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, in spite of winds and weather storms or sunshine. It cost the vascillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

SILK.—Heliogabalus was the first Roman who wore a garment all silk, which must have been about the year 220 A. D. The Emperor Aurelianus, who died in 275, denied his empress a robe of silk because it was too dear. In the year 555 some monks who had been in India brought some eggs of the silkworm to Constantinople, where, in time, they produced raw silk, which was manufactured at Athens, Thebes, Corinth, etc. Charlemagne sent Offa, king of Mercia, a present of a belt and two silken vests, in the year 780, which is the earliest account we have of silk being seen in England.

How Bill Got Shot.

'Bill, don't you know dad don't allow you to buy shot?' asked a young urchin of a brother, somewhat his senior, who was making a purchase of that article.

'You just never mind me; I'll thank you to attend to your own business, sir. I don't care what dad allows, I'll buy what I please.'

Little boy, slightly agitated. 'I'm going to tell dad,' he said, and rushing out of the store, ran down the street, and bounded into the room where the old man was quietly reading the morning paper.

'Dad, dad, Bill's went and got shot.'

'Good heavens!' cried the old man, dropping the paper in consternation, and bolting for the door, 'where is he?'

'Down to Thompson's store,' responded Bob.

In his excitement, the old man forgot to remove his reading specs, and in going down the steps misjudged the distance to the pavement, stepped off too soon, and came sprawling on all-fours.

He gathered himself up and started for the store. The pavement appeared to be about the level of his knees, consequently, in his violent efforts to keep it under him, he cut a very ridiculous figure, and drew from the astonished bystanders such a roar was never bestowed upon a single individual since the world began.

At length his tedious run was brought to a close by arriving at the store where Bill was stretched out taking it easy.—The old man, supposing him badly hurt, rushed frantically up to him exclaiming:

'Oh, William! William! where are you wounded?'

'What's the matter, dad? Are you going crazy?' asked Bill, raising on his elbow, and casting a look of astonishment at the old man.

'Why Robert said that you had got shot!'

'So I did—got half a pound of the best duck shot in the store.'

The old man left amid noise enough to drown a thunder clap. As might be supposed, Bob got the flogging and Bill didn't.

LET us tell the President a homely story. Years ago in Westchester county there lived a noted bull. He was a conservative animal. He believed in the traditions of the fathers, and had risen from an humble station to be a bull of strength and temper, fit for the proudest arena of Spain. His life was fixed. He detested Radicalism. He swung around his circle from day to day, like a wise and resolute bull, calmly contemplating the wagon and the ox-cart, the lumbering stage and the old family carriage. By-and-by a railroad was laid, and one morning a locomotive rushed screeching along. The bull was alarmed. He had never heard of such a thing. It was unconstitutional. It was contrary to the teachings of the fathers. The Washington of bulls he had never mentioned it, and the Jefferson of bulls he felt certain would have condemned it had he lived. There never was a bull so agitated, so vexed, so maddened, so alarmed. He did not care about himself. He would willingly pour himself out as a libation for the good of his race, but this radical innovation he could not endure. So he bellowed, and kicked, and pranced, but all was as unavailing as so many vetoes. One day he escaped from his pen. He heard the whistle. Now was his opportunity. Now would he put his foot down and stop the calamity. The train came thundering along, and placing himself in the middle of the track, he rushed upon it——.

We believe locomotives still run in Westchester county.—*N. Y Tribune.*

"AMELIA, for thee—yes, at thy command I'd tear this eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumbled from the regions of etherial space and put them in my trowsers pockets; I'd pluck the sun—that oriental god of day, that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and quench its bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee!"

Amelia—"Don't, Henry, it would be so very dark."

A PRACTICAL CHILD.—A clergyman at family devotions was explaining the nature of prayer. His little son, four years of age, eagerly inquired, "Can we ask God for any thing we want?" Certainly," was the answer. Chancing soon after to pass the child's sleeping-room, the father saw him on his knees. Drawing near, he was taken aback by hearing the youngster close his petition thus: "And please, God, make my mother fry me some doughnuts."

"WILL you lend father your newspaper, sir? he only wants to read it."—"Yes, my boy, and ask him to lend me his dinner, I only want to eat it."

A SWEET young lady says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till they commence kissing them as lovers.

A FATHER said to his wife, when his dissipated boy had come home: "Wife, kill the prodigal, the calf's returned!"

Farmer's Column.

A Few Hints on Wheat Culture.

Farmers are beginning to think about preparing their ground for wheat. A few words on the subject may not be inappropriate. When the ground is properly prepared, and the seed properly sown—the wheat crop, on farms distant from market, is one of the most profitable.—There is but little wheat put in as it ought to be. In too many cases, the ground is plowed but once, and then but three or four inches in depth. Can a heavy crop be expected from such a preparation?—The soil should be plowed to the depth of at least twelve inches, and it should be plowed two or three times before the seed is sown. Some practice sub-soiling and say that it pays them abundantly. By this depth of plowing, not only is there more plant food furnished—not only can the roots run down deeper into the soil, and thus be able to better withstand the upheaving of the earth by the winter frosts—not only can they better endure the severe drouths of the succeeding spring (such as we have just passed through,) but what is more important than all, the great depth of soil furnishes an excellent drainage for the winter rains, allowing the water to work down into the soil, and to gradually work off, thus preventing winter killing by the plants being heaved out by the constant thawing and freezing, and the upheaval of the soil where it is moist exposing the roots of the plants to the drying winds and cutting frosts. Not a winter passes but in some section or other, or in all sections, we hear that the wheat is 'winter-killed.' And so it is, when put in so shallow; but when put in properly, no such complaint will be heard.

In selecting ground for wheat, choose that which is rolling and naturally well drained. In the Northern climate, where snow falls and lays upon the ground all winter, this is not so important. But here, where we have rain instead of snow where it thaws one day and freezes the next, or does both on the same day—it is a matter of the first importance. It is also well to plow the ground in what are termed back furrows to carry off the surplus water.

We urge the value of the drill in putting in the seed. It certainly can be done more evenly, and the plants will be less liable to be heaved out. The yield will also prove greater.

Seed is a matter of the first importance. None but the plumpest and best should ever be used. It should be fanned and refanned, and all the foul seed and light kernels blown from it. Then it should be washed in lime water, or other pickle, removing everything from the kernel that may affect the health of the plant.

The little extra labor used in cleansing and purifying the seed, will reward one a hundred fold. Then cheat or chess, oats, smut, &c., will be strangers to the coming crop, the succeeding spring, and the field will be a pleasant sight to behold.—*Valley Farmer.*

Lime Around Apple Trees.

We have known farmers to make it a regular practice, for a succession of years, to throw caustic lime around their apple trees in the spring and summer. We once noticed that a tree standing in the immediate vicinity of our dwelling had, all at once, put forth with renewed energy, and we were at a loss for some time to define the cause. On examination, we found that a quantity of lime, which had accidentally been spilled, and rendered worthless by becoming mixed with the refuse on the stable floor, had been thrown at the foot and around the tree, and to this as the principal cause, we immediately accredited the revivisciide and renewed fructification of the tree.

Taking the hint from the accident, we purchased 12 casks of lime, and applied half a bushel to each of the trees in our orchard, and found that it produced immediately beneficial effects. Not only the health of trees, but the quality of the fruit also, was greatly improved. This application will be especially beneficial in soils where there is a redundancy of vegetable matter. We would advise our farmers, in some places, especially in new forest lands, to make the experiment, and see if it is not deserving the high recommendation it secures.—*Exchange.*

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