# American Union.

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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

*Editor and Proprietor.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

*One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.*

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 discontinued 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 |
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| 1 " | 6 months | 5 00 |
| 1 " | 12 " | 8 00 |
| 1 " | for any less no of insertions | 1.00 |

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

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.

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

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

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

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. [mr21

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.

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

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

LATEST FASHIONS

JUST RECEIVED.

The undersigned, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. He is prepared at all times to cut or make any kind or style of clothing, from a single garment to an entire suit. His work will be done in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

All persons indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

oct24-y THOS. P. SIMPSON.

New Tailoring Establishment.

J. S. URICK,

Late of Baltimore City,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Denton and the public generally that he has commenced the

Tailoring Business

on Front street, in the town of Denton, where he is prepared, at all times, to cut or make from a single garment to an entire suit, in the latest style and in a workmanlike manner. All work guaranteed. [se19-3m

Base Balls.

JUST received a lot of Base Balls of superior quality. Cheap—from $1 to $1.50, at

se19-tf ALBURGER'S.


## Poetry.

[Published by Request.]

### CUMBERLAND'S CREW.

Oh! comrades, assemble, come join in my ditty,
The terrible battle that happened of late,
Let each Union tar shed a sad tear of pity
As he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.
The eighth day of March told a terrible story—
Many a brave tar to this world bid adieu—
Our flag was emblazoned with emblems of glory
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

On this ill-fated day, about ten in the morning,
The sky it was cloudless, and bright shone the sun,
The drums of the Cumberland sounded their warning
That told every seaman to stand by his gun.
An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing,
High in the air she the Rebel flag flew,
The pennant of treason she proudly was wearing,
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

"Up," spoke our captain, with stern resolution,
"My boys, at this monster we'll not be dismayed—
Let's swear to maintain our beloved Constitution—
To die for our country we are not afraid:
We'll fight for our country, our cause it its glorious,
By the Stars and the Stripes we'll ever stand true,
We'll sink at our quarters or conquer victorious—"
He was answered with cheers from the Cumberland's crew.

The gallant ship opened her gun's dreadful thunder,
Her broadsides, like hail, on the rebels did pour,
The people gazed on struck with terror and wonder
As our shot struck her sides and glanced harmlessly o'er!
But the pride of our Navy could never be daunted,
Though the dead and the dying our decks did bestrew,
The flag of our country, oh! proudly she flaunted,
Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's crew.

These traitors found cannon could never avail them
In fighting with heroes, with God on their side,
Nor the flag of secession no power to quail them
The blood from our scuppers did crimson the tide.
She struck us amidships, our planks she did sever,
Her sharp iron prow pierced the noble ship through,
But still, as she sunk in the dark rolling river,
"We'll die at our guns!" cried the Cumberland's crew.

Oh! slowly she sank in Virginia's dark waters.
Their voices on earth will never be heard more;
They'll be murmured by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters,
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore.
Beneath the battle-stained waves they are silently lying,
Their souls to this earth have forever bid adieu
The Star Spangled Banner above them is flying,
It was *nailed to the mast* by the Cumberland's crew.

Columbia's sweet birthright of freedom's communion,
Thy flag never floated so proudly before,
May the spirits of those who have died for the Union
Above its bright folds now exaltingly soar.
Wherever our heroes in battle assemble,
May God bless our banner, the "Red, White and Blue,"
For beneath its bright folds we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
Or we'll die at our post like the Cumberland's crew.

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THE editor of the Louisville *Journal* says, if he possessed the most valuable things in the world, and was about to will them away, the following would be his plan of distribution:

I would give the world truth and friendship, which are so very scarce.

I would also give an additional portion of truth to lawyers and merchants.

I would give to physicians skill and learning.

I would give to printers their pay.

To gossipping women, good sense, modesty, long waists, and natural teeth.

To young sprouts and dandies, common sense, little cash and hard labor.

To old maids, good tempers, smooth faces, little talk, and good husbands.

To old bachelors, love for virtue, children and wives.

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A SPEAKER at a stump meeting declared that he knew no east, no west, no north, no south.

"Then," said a by-stander, "you ought to go to school and learn your geography."

## BREAD UPON THE WATERS

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see how all your hopes are gone. Here you are—worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor house.—Where, now, is all the bread that you have cast upon the waters?"

The old white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat tremblingly upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and while fortune had smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and helping hand to the call of distress. But now misfortune was his Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless.

An oppressive embargo upon the shipping business had been the first weight upon his head, and other misfortunes came in painful succession Jacob and his wife were all alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers toward heaven.

"Ah, Jacob, I know God is our friend; but we ought to have friends here. Look back, and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the depth of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O! of all the kind deeds I have done to my suffering fellows, I would not, for gold, have one of them blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, 'tis the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy.—Even now I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I can see their smiles."

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a lower tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which we must look; there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food or starve."

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg!" he replied, with a quick shudder. "No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor house!"

"O, God! I thought so!" fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so—and I have tried to school myself to the thought;—but my poor heart will not bear it.'

"Do not give up, Susan,' softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain upon earth, and let us not wear out our last days in fruitless repinings. Come, come.'

"But when—when shall we go?'

"Now—to-day.'

"Then God have mercy on us.'

"He will,' murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a wagon in front of their door.—A man entered the room where they sat. He was the keeper of the poor house.

"Come, Mr Manfred,' he said, 'the selectmen have managed to crowd you into the poor house. The wagon is at the door, and you must get ready as soon as possible.'

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-bolt to his heart, and, with a deep groan, he sank into his seat.

"Come, be in a hurry,' impatiently urged the keeper.

At that moment a heavy covered carryall drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?'

The question was asked by a man who entered from the carryall. He was a kind-looking man, about forty years of age.

"That's my name,' said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly,' uttered the new comer.

"Are you from the alms-house?' he continued, turning towards the keeper.

"Yes.'

"Are you after these people?'

"Yes.'

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor house while I am living.'

The keeper gazed inquisitively into the features of the stranger, and left the house.

"Don't you remember me?' exclaimed the new comer, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now.'

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?'

"Williams?' repeated Jacob, starting up and gazing earnestly into the stranger's face.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams. That little boy, whom thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction; that poor boy whom you so kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one your vessels.'

"And are you—?'

"Yes—yes. I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness. I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness lighted up in my bosom has grown brighter and brighter ever since With an affluence for life I have settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness. I have heard of your losses and your bereavements. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter, and happier. Come, my more than father—and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness.'

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver.—He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again he sought his wife.

"Susan,' he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me."

"Forgive me, Jacob.'

"No, Susan. It is not I who must forgive—God holds us in His hand.'

"Ah,' murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt him again."

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### *Epitome of What Has Been Done by the Democracy.*

It shot down Federal soldiers in Baltimore while on their way to defend the National Capitol.

It fired on the flag of our country at Fort Sumpter.

It seized the forts and arsenals, and robbed the national mints and depositories

It organized an armed force hostile to the United States.

It shot down the soldiers of the Republic on a hundred battle-fields.

It discarded both human and divine justice.

It perverted the spirit of our free institutions.

It forced men into arms against this Government.

It murdered loyal people; drove the defenceless from their homes; outraged their families; stole their treasures; burnt their dwellings and ravaged their fields.

It organized lawless bands for indiscriminate murder and pillage.

It threw trains freighted with innocent women and children from the track, destroying their lives, and robbing them of their valuables.

It has violated every law, human and divine

It spread desolation and war throughout the land.

It filled our homes with widows and orphans.

It fastened an immense war debt on the nation.

It captured and burnt our merchant vessels on the high seas.

It starved and murdered our prisoners of war.

It violated the most solemn oaths.

It shot down our soldiers in cold blood after they surrendered.

It organized bloody riots in our Northern cities, and tried to create a Northern rebellion.

It tried to fire the city of New York and other cities

It made numerous raids on defenceless towns on the Northern borders and robbed their banks.

It tried to introduce pestilence into our Northern cities.

*It has been guilty of every crime known to human law; drenched our land with fraternal blood: filled our towns with mourning, and culminated its career in the assassination of President Lincoln*

It is now trying to obtain control of the Government.

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NEVER whine over what you may suppose to be the loss of opportunities. A great many have good early opportunities without learning much; every man may educate himself that wishes to. It is the will that makes the way. Many a servant that wanted to acquire knowledge has listened while his master's children were saying their letters; and putting them together, to form easy words, has thus caught the first elements of spelling. If any one has a strong thirst for knowledge, we do not care where he is put, he will become an educated man.—The first step towards self-improvement is to leave off whining over the past, and bend every energy to the improvement of the present.

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THE fellow who wrote "Ask me no more," was probably full.

### PROGRAMME

*For Laying the Corner-Stone of the New M. E. Church, in Denton, on Thursday, the 31st of Oct., inst.*

On arriving at the Church, the Masonic Fraternity will be formed in three sides of a hollow square, at the north-east corner of the building, and unite in singing the following Masonic hymn:

Come, Craftsmen, assembled our pleasure to share,
Who walk by the *Plumb*, and who work by the *Square*;
While travelling in love, on the *Level* of time,
Sweet hope shall light on to a far better clime.

We'll seek, in our labors, the Spirit Divine,
Our Temple to bless, and our hearts to refine;
And thus to our altar a tribute we'll bring,
While, joined in true friendship, our anthem we sing.

See Order and Beauty rise gently to view,
Each Brother a column so perfect and true!
When order shall cease, and when temples decay
May each, fairer columns, immortal survey.

The Lodge will then be opened by the Master and Wardens, with appropriate ceremonies, when the following hymn will be sung by the choir and congregation:

*Tune*—"AMERICA."

Father of love and might,
Send forth thy holy light
On us to shine;
Be thou our Sovereign Lord,
And may thy Holy Word
Be to us shield and sword,
Master Divine.

With joyful hands to-day
This Temple's stone we lay
With corn and wine;
But do thou build up one,
Wrought in the living stone
Of our true hearts alone,
Master Divine.

Then, when this house shall fall,
Fair front and solid wall,
In long decline;
May the True Temple grace
Thy heavenly dwelling place
With every stone in place,
Master Divine.

Saviour Omnipotent!
Crown thou our good intent
With grace of thine;
Honor this house we rear,
And when thou shalt appear
Save us who gather here,
Master Divine.

PRAYER.

W. M. (*To the Pastor.*)—Reverend and honored sir, you will read the inscriptions on the corner-stone, and list of contents of the box. (*Pastor here reads.*)

W. M.—There being no objection, you will deposit the box, with its contents, in the place prepared for its reception. (The Master Architect then presents the working tools to the W. M., who directs the Marshall to present them to the P. M., S. and J. Wardens.)

MUSIC.

HYMN 963, M. E. HYMN BOOK.

*Tune*—"HENDON."

On this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy Name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppress'd,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

By wise master-builders squared,
Here be living stones prepared
For the temple near the throne;—
Jesus Christ its corner-stone.

The W. M., P. M. and Wardens then approach the corner stone—the W. M. taking the trowel, the P. M. the square, the S. W. the level, and the J. W. the plumb—the W. M. standing at the east of the stone—the P. M. on his right—the S. W. at the west, and the J. W. at the south. The W. M. then spreads the cement, after which he directs the Marshall to order the craftsman to adjust the stone—the stone being adjusted, the square level and plumb are applied to the stone by the proper officers.

W. M.—Bro. Past Master, what is the proper jewel of your office?

P. M.—The Square.

W. M.—Have you applied the Square to those parts of the stone that should be square?

P. M.—I have Worshipful Master, and the craftsmen have done their duty.

W. M.—Bro. Senior Warden, what is the proper jewell of your office?

S. W.—The Level.

W. M.—Have you applied the Level to the stone?

S. W.—I have Worthy Master, and the craftsmen have done their duty.

W. M.—Bro. Junior Warden, what is the proper jewel of your office?

J. W.—The Plumb.

W. M.—Have you applied the Plumb to the several edges of the stone?

J. W.—I have, Worthy Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty.

W. M.—The Worshipful Masters and Past Masters present will see if the corner stone is well formed, true and trusty.

W. & P. Masters.—We find this corner stone well formed, true and trusty; and may this undertaking be conducted and completed by the Craftsmen, according to the plan of peace, love and harmony.

W. M.—Having full confidence in your skill in the royal art, it remains with me now to finish the work. (The W. M. then gives three knocks upon the stone, saying:)

Know all of you who hear me. We proclaim ourselves free and lawful masons, true to the laws of our country, professing to fear God, and to confer benefits on mankind—we practice universal beneficence towards all—we honor the church of the living God, and desire and glory in its triumph. We have secrets concealed from the eyes of men, which may not be revealed to any but Masons, and which no cowan has yet discovered—they are however lawful and honorable.

We are assembled here in the broad face of open day, under the canopy of Heaven, to lay this corner stone, and contribute to the worthy cause for which this building is to be dedicated May God prosper this work. May this house now in process of erection become a temple in which Jehovah shall record his name on living hearts, and may we all at last assemble in the Grand Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe lives and reigns forever.

MUSIC.

HYMN 962, M. E. HYMN BOOK.

*Tune*—"Old Hundred."

This stone to thee, in faith, we lay;
This temple, Lord, to thee we raise;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house of prayer and praise.

Within these walls let heavenly peace
And holy love and concord dwell;
Here give the burden'd conscience ease,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

Ne'er let thy glory hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;
Thy Spirit dwell in every heart,—
In every bosom fix thy throne.

PRAYER.

The P. M then receives from the Marshall the Cornucopia containing corn, and spreads the corn upon the stone saying—"May the health of the workman employed on this undertaking be preserved to them, and may the Supreme Grand Architect bless and prosper their labors."

MUSIC—Tune, "*Rockingham.*"

When once of old, in Israel,
Our early brethren wrought with toil,
Jehovah's blessing on them fell
In showers of corn, and wine, and oil.

The Marshall then presents the S. Warden the cup of wine, who pours it upon the stone saying:—"May plenty be showered down upon the people of this town, and may the blessings of the Bounteous Giver of all things attend all their philanthropic undertakings."

MUSIC—Tune, "*Rockingham.*"

When there a shrine to him alone
They built, with worship, sin to foil,
On threshold and on corner-stone
They poured out corn, and wine, and oil.

The Marshall then presents the cup of oil to the J. Warden, who pours it upon the stone, saying:—"May the Supreme Ruler of the world preserve this people in peace, and vouchsafe to them the enjoyment of every blessing."

MUSIC—Tune, "*Rockingham.*"

And we have come, fraternal bands,
With joy, and pride, and prosperous spoil,
To honor Him by votive hands
With streams of corn, and wine, and oil.

W. M.—May corn, wine and oil, and all the necessaries of life, abound among men throughout the world. May the blessing of Almighty God be upon this undertaking, and may the structure here to be erected be preserved to the generation to come, in order that it may long promote the holy purposes for which it is designed.

The W. M. then presents the implements to the Architect, saying—

"To you, honored sir, have been confided the implements of operative Masonry, with the fullest confidence that by your skill and taste, a fabric shall arise, which shall do honor to its projectors, be an ornament to our village, and like the ancient Temple of God, be a place where He shall display the glory of His great salvation.

ORATIONS.

Collections and Subscriptions.

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.

The Lodges will then return in procession to the Masonic Hall and disband, when dinner will be served by the ladies.

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ALL natural laws are moral laws. You sin against God when you sin against your foot; you sin against God when you sin against your hand; you sin against God when you sin against your brain, or any part of yourself, as really—though, perhaps, not as seriously, not as heinously—as when you sin against your neighbor, or against the whole of society and its interests. When you violate a natural law, you violate a moral law that is wrapped up in it. There is no such distinction of names in the mind of God.—*Beecher.*


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