THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

VOL. IX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1869. NO. 25.

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Md.

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excepted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.00
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8,50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,
Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.
Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborough, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Superintendent.

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THE AMERICAN UNION

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DENTON, MARYLAND,

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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
1 "	12	4.00
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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM, Register in Bankruptcy,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.
jan1

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.
ja16-y

JOHN 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

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.

Shop at old stand, over Millinery store.
oct24-y THOS. P. SIMPSON.

F. W. RIDGELY. JAS. S. DUNGAN.

RIDGELY & DUNGAN, PRODUCE AND Commission Merchants,

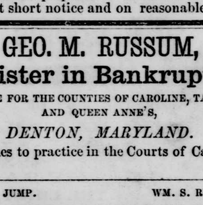
AND DEALERS IN

Merchandise Generally,

RIDGELY, CAROLINE CO., MD.

☞ Agents for Rambo's Lime and Alta Vela Guano Company. [se17-tf

WESTERN AND American Watches.



W. W. CASSIDY,

No. 12 SOUTH SECOND STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

ASKS ATTENTION TO HIS

Varied and Extensive Stock

OF

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

AND

SILVER-WARE.

Customers may be assured that none but the best articles, at reasonable prices, will be sold at his store. A fine assortment of

RODGER'S CELEBRATED PLATED-WARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.

All orders by mail promptly attended to.
jan7-1y

MILLINERY AND Mantua Making.

THE MISSES POSTLETHWAITE

HAVE recently returned from Baltimore with a large and carefully selected assortment of Notions, Trimmings, &c., suitable for fall and winter, which, having been purchased cheap for cash, they are prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms.

Bonnets and Hats made or repaired.
Dresses cut, fitted or made to order.
Stamping neatly executed.
Thankful for past favors they ask a liberal patronage of a generous public. [no26-y

Select Poetry.

What is Wealth.

Wealth is something more than gold,
More than luxury and ease;
Treasures never to be told
May be found apart from these.
Men who great possessions own
May be needy none the less:
They are rich, and they alone,
Who have the store of noblencss.

Palaces and dreary domes;
Fair demesnes, but deserts wild,
If there be no happy homes,
Gentle thoughts, and manners mild;
Trust me, though his lot be small
And he makes but slight pretence,
He who lives at peace with all
Dwells in true magnificcnc.

If you'd prove of noble birth,
Oh! beware of judgments rash;
Scorn to measure human worth
By the sordid rule of cash.
Gold and silver may depart,
Proudest dynastics may fall;
He who has the truest heart
Is the richest of us all.

"Death's Final Conquest."

The glorious of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings?
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down!
And in dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade!

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still,
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
[illegible]ust give up their murmuring breath,
[illegible]cy, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow!
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple alter now,
See where the victor's victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb!
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Written for the American Union.

THE YOUNG LAWYER; —OR,— Wealth not Worth.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Continued from last week.

The next day, after dinner, Frank proceeded to the house of his friend. Col. Salvage was anxiously awaiting his arrival. There was also another person waiting for him, who was introduced as Mr. Edmunds, President of the Mechanics' Bank, Grave formalities, such as are practiced by men in like station of Mr. Edmunds, were dispensed with, and conversation at once became lively, confined as it was to business topics. Here Frank's extensive reading was brought into play, and with the most desirable effect. Before they parted, our hero was metamorphosed into an assistant clerk in the bank of which Mr. Edmunds was President.

On the succeeding day Frank entered upon his new duties, firmly resolved to overcome all obstacles in the way of his advancement. His fashionable acquaintances, as a matter of course, deserted him, all except the Colonel and his family, at whose house he was a constant and welcome visitor.

Some two months after the events just narrated, Frank called to see the Colonel, and, contrary to the usual custom, was shown into the parlor, where was assembled a gay and brilliant party of young folks. Frank was taken by surprise, and was going to beat a hasty retreat, when the Colonel noticed him and going up to him announced his name as Mr. Sheldon, a young and valued friend.—Our hero could scarcely believe his senses, not that he was unused to such parties, but he felt that he was out of his sphere, and although the Colonel and his family strived to make him feel at home, it was impossible. To avoid the sneers of some of the shoddy aristocracy he would gladly have left the gay party, but he did not wish to offend the Colonel, whom he knew meant him kindly. But such assemblages do no last forever, and in a few hours he was released from his thraldom.

A few days after the party mentioned, the Colonel's only daughter—Helen—called to see Miss Sysagambus Getall, and after the usual small talk the conversation turned to the party. The dresses were criticised, the last fashionable lion commented upon, when Miss Getall adroitly changed the topic to a discussion on the admissability of clerks into good society. Miss Salvage knew what her fashionable friend was aiming at, but felt disposed to let her have her own way until she should openly attack Mr. Sheldon.

"By-the-by," said Miss Getall, with well-affected indignation, "I perceived that impostor, Sheldon, at your father's party, on Monday evening. I was surprised to see how familiar he was with the Colonel, and, my dear Helen, were I in your place I should prevail on father to have him driven out in disgrace. There are the Scratchwell's; they declared to me in confidence that they would never cross your threshold if they knew you countenanced, or, by your actions, tolerated such an innovation upon the well being of society."

To this Miss Salvage replied, rather tartly, "if the Scratchwells do not wish to come to my father's house they are not compelled to, for I can assure them and you that Mr. Sheldon is an honored guest whenever he chooses to come; and he visits our house at father's particular request. As for myself, I regard Mr. Sheldon as an honest, upright, intelligent young man, and I can see no reason why you should now be so terribly severe upon him, for I know you were once proud to acknowledge him as an intimate friend, and no party was perfect unless Mr. Sheldon was a member."

"All this I know, my dear Helen," answered her companion, "but under what circumstances was he introduced? Was it not rumored that he had untold wealth, and that his family were of the first class? Had my father known the truth from the start he would never have gained admission to our house. It was dishonorable for him to lay claim to that to which he had no right."

"But why," asked Miss Salvage, "do you deem his conduct dishonorable? Surely he had no hand in the report that was circulated concerning his wealth, or he would not have been so surprised when Mr. Dowell asked him concerning his possessions. Besides, are those only to be admitted into our circle who have wealth, simply because of it? If so, we are no longer the Republicans we claim to be, but are worse than the corrupt aristocracy of old England. The good and virtuous should be received everywhere; and for my part I only love wealth for the good we can accomplish with it. As for Mr. Sheldon, I am not ashamed to be seen in his society, and I know a certain young lady who once had higher aims than the mere love of it."

This was a home thrust to Miss Sysagambus, for she had at one time boasted, confidentially of course, that the handsome young attorney had a decided preference for her, and, perhaps, she would have succeeded in winning his heart had not a kind Providence interposed in his favor.

Miss Getall did not know how to reply to Miss Salvage. The hit was too true for a denial, and no more was said upon the subject.

After a few commonplace remarks the two ladies separated, but with different resolutions. Miss Getall determined not to hold any intercourse with people who associated with clerks. Miss Salvage, on the contrary, was more deeply convinced of the unjustness of despising persons because of their poverty. Many will cry treason at the latter sentiments, but they are true, ye Democratic Americans. There is a difference between those who have plenty of money, houses or lands, and those who have none. A professional man is more respected than he who toils at his craft. The simplicity of our institutions with many are forgotten; the laboring classes deemed plebeians, and beneath the notice of uppertendom. There are too many Getalls and Dowells, whose only recommendation is their money.

One evening Frank called to see the Colonel later than was his custom. All the family had gone out except Miss Helen. Our hero was not bashful, but for some reason he could not converse freely with the daughter of his patron. There was a curious feeling about the heart for which he could not account. The same feeling seemed to embarrass Helen. Even the commonplace topics could not break the ice of reserve. But Frank was not one of those who let embarrassed feelings long oppress him, and when once over their reserve, conversation flowed with its usual animation.

The storm that raged without was not regarded, and the time flew swiftly to our now interested pair. How long they would have remained heedless of the time, we are unable to say, had not the Colonel and his wife suddenly made their appearance, much to the surprise of the happy couple.

"Ah ha, you young folks," spoke the Colonel, "are having a fine time all to yourselves. Making love, no doubt, if one can judge by appearances. Why, Helen, you look as if you had been over the fire, and you, Frank, look as foolish as if you had been caught doing some bad act, but suppose I interpose my authority and frustrate all your well-laid schemes."

"I, indeed," stammered Frank. "You wrong me, sir. No; I should be contemptible in the sight of all well-thinking men should I be guilty of endeavoring to win the affections of the daughter of my more than friend. Poor, penniless as I am, I am no fit mate for Helen Salvage."

"Say you so," replied the old veteran, his eye kindling with the light of other days.—"Methought, young man, there was something of the kind going on, for both of you turned as red as a British grenadier's coat when I entered. But, by the ghosts of my fathers, there is metal in you, young man, better far than I thought, and the day may come when your frankness may be of benefit to you. But it is late and time to retire, and as the night is stormy you will make my house your home for the time being."

"But, Colonel, what will the world say?" interposed Frank.

"What the duce care I for the opinions of the world so long as I am right. This house is my own. I receive under its roof whom I please. So for the once you must obey my orders," and Frank was fain to be content with the arrangement.

Days, weeks and months passed, and Frank Sheldon was still only a clerk. His leisure time was employed in fitting himself for the profession of his choice. He was storing his mind with useful knowledge, drinking deep from the Perian spring. His patron and friend encouraged him in his endeavors, often saying that he would live to see the day when he would be an ornament to his profession and a still more useful member of society.

Frank patiently bided the time when he could quit his present employment, and take to that which would be more congenial to his tastes. That moment came sooner than he expected, and in a manner which called forth all the latent energies of his mind.

One evening as he was returning from his accustomed visit to the Colonel's, the cry of murder fell suddenly upon his ears. He hastened in the direction of the sound, and after going two squares, he came to a crowd assembled around the body of a fallen man.—The police, as is generally the case, were the last upon the ground. The body had not been touched, but remained in the position it had fallen. The officers carried the body to the nearest station-house, where, on examination, they found a dagger buried to the hilt in the breast of the victim. On withdrawing the blade and examining it, the name of Edward Dundass was discovered on the handle.

Frank, who was present at the examination, could scarcely believe he heard aright, for Edward had been the friend of his boyhood and youth, and he had loved him with the affection of a brother. Could he be the perpetrator of so fiendish an outrage? If so, for what purpose?

A couple of officers were at once dispatched in search of the murderer, who was well known as a fast young man, and the murdered man was conveyed to his home, which he had left a few hours before in full health and vigor.

Dundass was found in one of the fashionable drinking saloons, and was startled into sobriety at his arrest and charge of murder. That night he slept in the Toombs.

The next day, at the opening of the Bank, Frank obtained permission to be absent until the preliminary hearing of the young man was gone through with. Leave being obtained, he hastened to the police court, where he arrived the moment the unhappy culprit was brought in.

When Dundass appeared before the magistrate, his whole frame trembled, and his blood-shot eyes wandered in their gaze around the room in search of some friendly face, and at last his eyes rested upon our hero. He beckoned to him, and Frank would willingly have avoided the meeting at this time and under the circumstances, but scenes of other days rapidly flitted through his memory, and he went up to the suspected one to hear what he had to say.

"Frank," said Dundass, in a low tone, "for God's sake don't desert me, as I have done you. I am innocent of this foul deed; God knows I am."

Frank asked permission to speak privately to the prisoner, and as the magistrate knew our clerk, the favor was readily granted. On retiring, Dundass begged Sheldon, as an especial favor, to act for him. Frank urged him to send for some more able and experienced lawyer, but Dundass' self-will was as manifest now as in his halcyon days, "for," said he, "I may as well give you the remnant of my fortune as any other man, if I am to swing for what I never done."

"But," asked Frank, "how came your dagger where it was found?"

"I do not know how the infernal blade found its way to the heart of Alwin. It was no hand of mine that placed it there. True, I had a quarrel with him, but, dissipated as I am, I am not so low that I would resort to murder."

"But," persisted Frank, "how came the dagger there?"

"Well," replied Dundass, "I cut myself whilst whittling, and being out of humor, I threw it away. That is all I know about it."

They were summoned to the room, and the examination proceeded. The dirk was proven to have belonged to the prisoner. His peculiar private mark was on the handle, as also his name, and, too, it had been seen in his possession the day before the murder.—Witnesses also testified of a quarrel between the deceased and the prisoner. The threats that had been made bore heavily against him, and all the ingenuity that Frank was master of could draw nothing from the testimony upon which he could rest a single hope of acquittal.

There was one whom Dundass said could testify as to his whereabouts at the time the murder was committed, but that person could not be found, neither had he been home that night. So Edward Dundass was fully committed for the murder of William Alwin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If you would look spruce in your old age, do not pine in your youth.

Picture of Human Life.

We commend the following beautiful allegory by Addison. It was first published in the year 1771, and it truthfully represents the actual facts of a table of mortality:

"The bridge thou see'st," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about one hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But, tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it?" "I see the multitudes of people passing over," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."—

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hideous pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner break through the cloud, than many of them fall into them. They grow thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and laid closer together toward the end of the arches that were entier. There were indeed some persons, but their number was small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another being quite tired and spent with so long a walk."

What a beautiful picture of human life as it exists and dies out in the present age!

Wooden Car Wheels.

The Hudson River Railroad Company has recently placed twelve of the Mansell wood-car wheels on their drawing-room car.—These wheels cost treble the price of the ordinary cast-iron wheels, but this is regarded as of little consequence compared with the advantages gained by their use. They ride smoothly, making conversation, reading, and even writing, not only possible, but an easy task on the cars. They are made of thoroughly seasoned elm or teak, with steel tires; are very durable, only one accident having ever occurred to one of them, and that through the carelessness of a workman; and will wear, by reason of their elasticity and durability, over four hundred thousand miles of railway, while the average use of the ordinary iron wheel is but fifty thousand miles, after which it is necessary to break it up.

It is also asserted that this wheel is so constructed that it is impossible for the tire to become displaced, and that the wear to the track is much less than by the cast wheel, which of itself would make an important saving.

The Mansell wheel is used on the Metropolitan Underground Railway in London, and there, where the stoppages and starting of the trains are very sudden and consequently extremly trying, no accident has yet occurred with them.

If this wheel proves to have all the merits claimed for it, it will, we hear, be generally adopted on the Hudson River Road. The increased first cost of these wheels over the iron wheels should not prevent railroad corporations from adopting them if it is proved by trial that with them human life is made more safe. Their greater durability and the saving of wear and tear of track will, it is believed, render these wheels in the end much the cheapest.—*New York Post.*

The Family Newspaper.

Franklin remarks that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends informing his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men, it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages. A family without a newspaper is a year behind the times in general information; besides, they can never think much nor find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper—and who would read one without paying for it?

PRACTICAL VS. THEORETICAL.—A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never he'rd of it." "Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half your life's gone. Do you understand astronomy?" No." "Then three-quarters of your life's gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman; "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life's gone."

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