THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. IX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1869. NO. 36.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Select Poetry.

The Doomed Man.

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen
That crosses every path—
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indellibly a mark—
Unseen by man, for man as yet,
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed—
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed but damned.

O, where is the mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent—
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,
And harden not your heart.

I THINK OF THEE.

The hour is morn, so bright and fair,
The sunlight's on the lea;
And nature's beauties woo me there,
But still I think of thee.

The birds are gay with happy song,
With them my thoughts would flee
But for a little magnet strong
That ever guides to thee.

The flowers bloom along my way,
Sweet odors waft to me;
But as the perfumes round me play
I only think of thee.

And when amid the scenes more fair
Of revelry and glee,
My thoughts are truants, on the air
They're wafted off to thee.

THREE BRAVE MEN.

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked; "you have plenty of lovers, I know."

"But they do not suit me," said Barbara, coolly, tying back her curls before the mirror.

"Why not?"

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave—equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want somebody to take care of it."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he was not.—What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk."

"That's no sign that he is a coward.—There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely."

"He is no bigger than a bantam chicken. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

"It is not always the strength that wins a fight, my girl. It takes brains as well as brawn. Come now, Barbara, give these young men a fair trial."

Barbara turned her face before the mirror, letting down one raven tress and looping up another.

"I will, mother," said she, at last.

That evening, Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl, who stood upon the hearth, coquettishly, warming one foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well Barbara."

Ernest spoke quietly, but his dark blue eyes flashed, and he looked at her intently.

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin up stairs. It smells of mould. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is upstairs in the room my grandsire died in, and they say grandsire does not rest in his grave for some reason, that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed to-night?"

"Is that all? I will do that, and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Your nerves will have good proof if you undertake it. Remember no one sleeps in that wing of the house."

"I shall sleep the sounder."

"Good night, then. I will send a lad to show you the chamber. If you will stay until morning," said imperious Miss Barbara, with a nod of her pretty head, "I will marry you."

"You vow it?"

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting, through the dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow, damp ways, where rats scattered before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away; but Ernest made him wait until he took a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. The room was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them which were barred across. He remembered that old grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so that this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the centre of the room stood a coffin; beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be kind enough to tell Miss Barbara that it is a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the blacksmith in the keeping-room.

"Barney," said she, pulling her hands away from his grasp when he would have kissed her, "I've a test for you before I can give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died—in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain."

"You will give me a light, a bottle of wine, and a book to read."

"Nothing!"

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened, you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after, Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful, from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No; and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me!"

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post until morning. If you can make him do it, I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and as brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy!" exclaimed Fritz, "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me into the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required, and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly twelve o'clock, and she sought her own chamber quickly.

Barney was sitting at his vigil, and, so far, all had been well. The night seemed very long, for he had no means of counting the time. At times a thrill went through him, for it seemed as if he could hear low, suppressed breathing not far away; but he persuaded himself that it was the wind blowing through the crevices of the old house.—Still, it was very lonely, and not at all cheerful.

The face in the coffin gleaned whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, and something made a slight noise as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last, in spite of everything, he grew sleepy—finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start, and saw nobody near, though in the centre of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The spectre came nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The d—l take you!" cried Barney in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back, still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghastly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him, he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows, he was big, and Fritz was little; and while he was pummeling the little tanner unmercifully, and Fritz was trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were pertrified by hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size. Big Barney!"

Looking around, they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much.—They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out; but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he, turning over in the coffin.

So she married him; and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding, they did not appear. If they discovered the trick, they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.

HAPPY DAYS.—Kingsley thus declares: "There is no pleasure like a child's mid-summer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, three little trout and one shoe; the other having been used for a boat till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless in some cases in his first love making, when the sensation is new to him."

Touching Incident.

I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe, for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian, and were, his heart's pride. During the war the palace was sacked and the bells carried off, no one knew whither After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work, but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them, until he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world, and hear them once more before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening almost insensible in a boat that was floating slowly down the Rhine. He hardly expected to see the sunshine again, that was sitting so gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently the bells of a distant village began to ring, and as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken; it was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells, and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, until they ceased—he still lay motionless his painful posture; his companions spoke to him; he gave no answer; his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper bells.

Ten Follies.

To think that the more a man eats the fatter and strongerhe will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school the faster they learn.

To conclude that, if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is the more good is done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have tried yourself, without making inquiry as to whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite or to continue after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

Sifted Wheat.

Gotthold one day looked on while a farmer's wheat was being threshed, and observed that the men not only stoutly beat it, but trod upon it with their feet; and finally, by various experiments, separated the good grain from the chaff, dust and other impurities.

"How comes it," he asked, "that whatever is of a useful nature, and intended to be profitable to the world, must suffer much and be subject to every kind of ill-treatment; but that man, who himself does with other things as he lists, is unwilling to suffer, or to permit God to deal as he lists with him? Wheat, which is the noblest of all products of the earth, is here threshed, trod upon, swept to-and-fro, tossed in the air, sifted, shaken and shovelled, and afterwards ground, re-sifted and baked, and so arrives at last upon the tables of princes and kings. What, then, do I mean in being displeased with God, because he does not strew my path with rose-leaves or translate me to heaven in an easy-chair? By what other process could the wheat be cleansed? And how could I be sanctified or saved, were I to remain a stranger to the cross and to affliction?"

Beautiful Swiss Custom.

The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to the sound of the cow call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth—"Praise God the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees and uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark. "Good-night!" trumpets forth the herdsman on the loftiest summit. "God-night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks. Then each lies down to rest.

OPPOSITION.—A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anwhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching, lies down by the wayside, to be overlooked or forgotten.

"WHY does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Archbishop Whateley.

"Because," replied a physiologist, "inspiration is checked, circulation stopped and blood suffuses and congests the brain."

"Bosh," exclaimed his grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

For the American Union.

Enigma.

I am conposed of 31 Letters.

My 1, 19, 28, 1, 2, 18, 28, 7, is what all should be.
My 2, 31, 15, 10, 21, 25, is what we should feel assured of.
My 3, 16, 5, 14, 20, 11, 17, is what none should have.
My 4, 20, 6, 7, 31, is what all should study.
My 5, 30, 7, 21, is what none should ever be.
My 6, 19, 8, 15, 1, 2, 9, is what all must do to live.
My 7, 21, 24, 12, 16, is what all the world does.
My 8, 7, 5, 17, 2, 23, 2, is the name of one of the prophets.
My 9, 16, 27, 7, 17, 2, is the name of a nation.
My 10, 24, 1, is used for many purposes.
My 11, 7, 20, 31, 7, is a name in the 7th chapter of Chronicles.
My 12, 28, 7, 3, is a measure.
My 13, 21, 24, 19, 17, is a length of time.
My 14, 15, 13, is a part of the year.
My 15, 22, 27, 19, 13, is what we often feel.
My 16, 29, 22, 3, is a number.
My 17, 21, 24, is never still.
My 18, 5, 16, 27, 11, 12, is part of man.
My 19, 15, 29, 16, is refreshing in summer.
My 20, 22, 26, 5, 15, is a country in Asia.
My 21, 16, 27, 7, 15, 22, 26, is an island in Europe.
My 22, 20, 7, 11, is the name of a river.
My 23, 8, 10, 5, 7, is what all should shun.
My 24, 6, 31, 7, is the name of one that was slain a long time ago.
My 25, 28, 16, 17, is what we often see in books.
My 26, 20, 14, 3, is a coin.
My 27, 28, 15, 19, 30, is what soldiers done during the late war.
My 28, 22, 5, 1, 24, 19, 20, 15, 25, is a religious sect.
My 29, 25, 23, 20, 24, 16, 17, is a nation.
My 30, 15, 14, 6, 26, is what the wicked will surely be if they die in their sins.
My 31, 10, 8, 7, is what every man should look upon with contempt.

My whole is what many have found to be true.

o o o

DENTON, March 25, 1869.

For the American Union.

Acrostical Enigma.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1 is a vowel.
My 2, 7, 13, is a part of creation.
My 3, 1, 4, is what every person has.
My 4, 11, 6, 3, is good to eat.
My 5, 8, 10, is a place for travellers.
My 6, 1, 13, 10, 12, 8, is used in war.
My 7, 1, 4, 12, 8, is a name.
My 8, 5, 13, 3, is a number.
My 9 is a vowel.
My 10, 1, 12, 2, 5, is a woman's name.
My 11, 4, 12, 8, is found in the earth.
My 12 is a vowel.
My 13, 5, 10, 3, is a number.

My whole is the name of a paper that advocates the true principles of the Republican party.

A SUBSCRIBER.

FOWLING CREEK, Mar. 9, 1869.

"And He Passed on to Shunem."

The words of the text, my hearers, you will find in II. Kings, chapter IV., verse 8, "And he passed on to Shunem."

Take to heart the lesson our text teaches, and when temptations try you, and evils lie in wait to ensnare you, "pass on to Shun'em."

When you see men of wrath fighting and breaking heads and sticks, and hear them cursing and swearing—mind the words of the text and "pass on to Shun'em."

And oh! my hearers—if you should come into one of our little towns and behold a row of nice little offices with tin signs on the doors of each, and hear men talking of attachments without affections, and sequestrations without quiet—ah, and seize—yours and never theirs—ah, and about eternally going to law—ah, it will be to your profit to mind the words of the prophet and "pass on to Shun'em."

And if you go round where the merchants are—ah, and they rush out to shake hands with you, and are especially anxious to learn the condition of your wife's health and the children, and the worms and the crops, and offer to sell you a bill of goods a good deal lower than their cost on account of their love for you and for cash—ah, "pass on to Shun'em."

WOMAN.—An exquisite writer beautifully says: As a dove will clasp its wings to its sides, and cover and conceal the arrow preying upon its vitals, so it is the nature of a woman to hide from the world the pangs of a wounded affection. With her the desire of heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercise that gladdens the spirit, quickens the pulse, and sends the tide of life in cheerful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshments of sleep are poisoned by melancholy dreams, dry sorrow drinks her blood, until her feeble frame sinks under the least external assailant. Look for her after a little and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who so lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought to darkness and the worm. You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the mental malady that had previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

A LAD met a colored boy the other day and asked him what he had such a short nose for. The little darkey replied, "I spect's so it wont poke itself in other people's business."

SPRINGFIELD has produced a curiosity. It is a two-cent piece, genuine, placed in a missionary contribution box by a young man who has a bank account of fifteen thousand dollars.

A HARFTORD paper says that a member of the Connecticut Legislature "is short, fat, red-headed, and speaks several languages, among which is profane, with great fluency."

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

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

DR. P. STACK,
DENTIST,
DENTON, MD.

Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.
December 19th-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

B. F. STARR & CO.,
Mill Stone Manufacturers,
AND DEALERS IN
BOLTING CLOTHS,
Leather and Gum Belting,
No. 173 North Street,
ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

T. N. GOULD. I. B. DUKES. B. W. EARECKSON.
Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,
GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No 102 Light Street Wharf,
Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.
Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited.
Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

PUMPS.
Everybody who has use for a pump should buy
MORRELL'S
Fire Engine,
DEEP WELL
AND
FORCE PUMP.
Send for a Circular.
POOLE & HUNT,
jo14-1y Baltimore, Md.

HO! FOR VIRGINIA!
WM. H. NEWTON & CO.,
Land Agents,
23 LEXINGTON STREET,
BALTIMORE,
HAVE for sale some great bargains in farms on the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, in the Northern Neck of Virginia. Send 25 cts. for descriptive pamphlet.
300 Farms with Improvements at $8 to $25 per Acre.
Many of them have brick dwellings.
jan28-3m

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 excedted.

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,		12.60
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,	2.25	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.20	
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,
de3-tf. Superintendent.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3528-0059.jpg