THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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ENOCH PRATT ◆◆◆◆ BALTO. ◆◆◆◆ FREE LIBRARY

Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

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Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
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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.

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.

PLOWS
AND
PLOW CASTINGS,
Manufactured by the Subscriber,
And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.
ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

THE MARYLAND
Brick Manufacturing Company
MACHINES,
County and Yard Rights for Sale,
For particulars, address
THOS. C. McGUIRE, Secretary,
ap16-tf P. O. Box 290, Baltimore, Md.

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

C. H. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. 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.

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,		12.80
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,	1.85	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.35	
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,
dc3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others, speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor.
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never!

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another,
But, while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never!

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring:
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind—
'Tis better late than never!

LOVE PURIFIED BY SUFFERING.

BY LOLO LOUDAU.

'Twas the bridal night of fair Clara Stanley; very beautiful she looked in her white satin and shimmering veil, yet there was a shadow resting on her brow telling the careful observer that she was not happy. She had made a brilliant match, as the fashionables of the world say, for Gerald Livingstone was very rich; but she did not love him. She was plighted to him even when her heart was given to another.

The object of her love was Horace Langdon, the only son of poor but proud parents. He had once saved her life by jumping into the lake when she was upon the point of drowning, and his super-human efforts succeeded in getting her out just as his own strength was fast leaving him. She had been walking by the side of the lake, and, seeing some beautiful lilies growing a short distance from the shore, resolved to get them.

Seeing a small boat loosely tied to a stake close by she untied it and got in, but after it was too late she found that she could not manage it. It was then that brave young Langdon so nobly saved her life, and since that time she had passionately loved him.—But her father, who loved the shining gold that Gerald Livingstone had, resolved that Clara should wed him even though it broke her heart; and she, accustomed to obey her father in all things, had one sorrowful interview with Horace Langdon, and told him he must forget her, as she could never be more than a friend to him. But, dear reader, that interview was too sorrowful to be repeated; suffice it to say that Horace Langdon immediately accepted a commission to India.

The morning after the wedding they embarked for the old world, and after reveling in its beauties for two years again returned to Montreal, where they proposed to reside. If Clara had any desire to be mistress of a fine house her desires were certainly gratified now, for her house was second to none in the city. Here costly carpets covered the floor, so thick that no footfall echoed on them. Rich, cloudlike curtains hung in undulating folds from the venitian windows; beautiful statues gleamed out cold and white from every niche and corner. But I would weary you were I to describe all the georgeous beauty of Clara's home.

One day, about a year after their return to America, Gerald was lying under a broad magnolia tree that made the air heavy with its rich perfume. A lady and a gentleman who were visiting there, came in and seated themselves behind a thick vine that completely shielded Gerald from view, and he unintentionally became a listener to their conversation.

"Lina," said the gentlemen, "do you think Clara Stanley married Gerald for his money?"

"No, Albert," said she, "I know she did not; but then she don't love him; she never did nor ever will love anyone but Horace Langdon. But she is a faithful wife to Gerald, and I hope she will in time learn to love him."

They then arose and left the room. Little did they dream that they had inflicted a heart wound to Gerald, for it was the first time he had heard of his wife's love for Horace Langdon. For a while he seemed utterly bereft of reason, but, rising, he wended his way to the music-room, where his wife was practicing that beautiful song "Oh, my love come back to me." Stopping in the doorway he started back at the beautiful picture presented to his view. His wife was seated at the piano, her lustrous black hair hanging in heavy ringlets to her waist, contrasting so beautifully with her warm crimson cashmere robe trimmed with swan's-down. But seeing that he had been perceived he stepped forward, and, drawing a chair up to her side, seated himself.

"Clara," said he, with a voice husky with emotion, "I unintentionally overheard a conversation this morning between Lina Wright and her brother, and oh! the pain it gave me, for I for the first time heard of the passionate love you bear to Horace Langdon."

"Oh, Gerald, do not reproach me, for my punishment has been hard enough to bear," said Clara, covering her face with her hands.

"No, Clara, God knows I do not blame you for I know the motives that actuated you—obedience to your father. But answer me one question; have I not been a good husband to you?"

"Yes, Gerald, you are all that is good and noble."

"Well, darling, I know your life has been a curse to you since you became my wife, and as madly as I love you I will give you up to obtain your happiness. There is a steamer in port ready to start for India; I will go on it, and seek Horace Langdon, and tell him you await him here; and if he loves you as madly as I do he will fly, eager to join you, and perhaps I will soon find death on India's burning sands."

Poor Clara heard no more, for consciousness forsook her. When reason returned a servant placed in her hand a hurriedly written note from her husband. It ran thus:—

"DARLING CLARA:—I go to seek death in a distant clime. You will find ample provision made for your future. I have made my will, and it is now in the hands of my lawyer; you will find you are the inheritor of my wealth. May God guard you is the prayer of GERALD."

When she found that her noble, self-sacrificing husband was gone, it seemed to her as if the heavens were turned to darkness; for when it was too late she found she loved him better than life. She immediately resolved to ascertain whether there was another vessel in port bound for India, and, if there was, to follow him, and reveal to him her unbounded love for him. She then dispatched a servant to wharf to find out, with instructions to bring the captain to her. Not long after Captain Lomely entered the room, telling her that the vessel he commanded was ready to sail at any moment. Clara said:—

"Captain, if you will land me in India before "Ariel," on which my husband sailed this morning, reaches there, I will give you five thousand dollars."

The captain, with a proud look said that no craft could sail faster than "The Flying Cloud," when he had mind to try her speed. Clara then told him to go back and prepare to sail immediately and she would be ready in two hours' time.

She then took her beautiful writing-desk, a present from her husband, and wrote a hasty note to her mother, telling her where she was gone, but not why, asking her to come and take charge of her house while she was gone. After giving her orders to the housekeeper she called the carriage, and was rapidly driven to the steamer on which she was to sail: no sooner did she arrive than they weighed anchor and drifted out into the wide ocean, on whose bosom she was to ride to happiness and her husband.

About two weeks after they started they passed the ship "Ariel." Oh, how Clara longed to see her husband! Once she imagined she could see his noble form bending o'er the side of the ship gazing into the water; but when she again raised her glass he was gone.

After the usual allotment of fair and foul weather they at her destination. Clara then paid the captain his money, and went to a strange hotel, engaged rooms, and impatiently awaited the arrival of her husband. At last the "Ariel" arrived. How eagerly did she watch for him! But he appeared not; and when she saw four sailors approaching, carrying him in their arms, her heart almost ceased to beat, for she thought he must be dead. But when they laid him on the bed she heard him murmur,—

"Oh, Clara, do not go away from me!—Please lay your hand on my head."

Then she could resist no longer, but rushed forward, and throwing herself by his side, wailed out, between her sobs,—

"Gerald, your Clara is here! Look at your poor Clara!"

But Gerald only turned away and said,—

"No, you are not my Clara; she don't love me—she loves Horace Langdon. But you shall not blame her; it was not her fault."

The inn-keeper turned to his wife and said,—

"Horace Langdon? Why, that was the man's name that died here about four years ago; but it cannot be the same person."

When the physician came Clara took him and the inn-keeper and his wife aside, and told them as much of her sad history as she deemed necessary, and vowed her intention of nursing her husband. They did not attempt to dissuade her, but the doctor told her it would be death to him should he return to reason and find her there. She accordingly arrayed herself in a plain drab dress and black apron, and with her jetty ringlets tucked under a wide, frilled cap, readily passed for an old lady.

I will not go over the many days of his illness, nor how kindly she nursed him.—At last the crisis came, when it was to be decided—life or death. Oh, how eargerly they awaited the result! The silence became oppressive; each could her the other's heart beat. At length the doctor said the danger was past, and with careful watching he would live. The result was too joyful for Clara, for, with a "Thank God!" she relapsed into unconsciousness.

Gerald slowly returned to health; during his convalescence Clara was not with him as much as she had been, for the doctor told her she too would be sick if she did not take some rest. One day she had been reading to him that beautiful poem, Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and had grown weary and laid down her book, and was gazing with a sad, dreamy look out of the window.

"Lady," said Gerald, "I do not know your name, but you have been very kind to me.—But oh! why did you not let me die? for I wished to very much."

"I wished to save your life for the Clara you raved of so much," said she, with a voice husky emotion.

"Dear lady, she was my wife. How I loved her no tongue could tell. She was my heart's idol, and when the cup of bliss was rudely dashed from my lips I wished to die, for, knowing that she did not love me, my life was a curse."

"Do not say she did not love you, for, as God is my witness, I love you far better than ever I did him," said Clara, unable longer to restrain her feelings. "Oh, Gerald, I thought I loved him, but I can now say Horace Langdon rests under yonder tree as calmly as if he was the greatest stranger; he died immediately after his arrival here."

But, dear reader what was said then is no businesss of ours. Let us leave them to their happiness. Suffice it to say that they returned home a very happy couple, and Captain Lomely never had cause to regret that he took his fair passenger to India, for every year, at Christmas time, he receives a present of one hundred dollars from Gerald Livingstone.

The Destiny of Man.

If we look around us, we perceive one vast union, in which no one can work for himself without working for others; or for others without working for himself; since the happy progress of one member is the happy progress of all, a glimpse of truth that, by the harmony which we see in the midst of variety, elevates the soul, and becomes to it a power and a blessing. Still more so when a man comes to regard himself as a necessary member of this great union. The feeling of dignity and power grow strong when we say to ourselves:—

"My existence is not aimless and in vain. I am a necessary link in the great chain, which, from the full development of consciousness in the first man, stretches forward into eternity. All the great, good and wise among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I find noted in the history of the world—and the much greater number whose good deeds have outlived their names—all these have labored for me. I have entered into their fair harvest on this fair earth, which they inhabited. I follow in their footsteps, spreading blessings. I can undertake the solemn task they undertook, that of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build on where they were forced to cease. I can bring nearer to perfection that magnificent temple which they left unfinished. But even as they, I, too, must leave it and go hence—oh, this is the sublimest thought of all! I can never finish the sublime task I have undertaken, therefore, so sure as this is my destiny, I can never cease to work, and consequently never cease to be. That which men call death cannot break up this work which is never ending, consequently no limit is set to my existence. I am eternal. I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain-peaks, to the sounding cataracts, and to the driving storm-clouds swimming in a sea of fire, and say, 'I am eternal—I defy your power! Break, break over me! And Earth and Heaven, mingle yourselves in the tumult! My will alone, with its firm purpose, shall float bold and triumphant over the ruins of the universe! for I have comprehended my destiny, and it is more durable than ye. It is eternal, and I also am eternal!'"

THE REASON WHY.—We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow, about six years of age, a short time ago. The subject of wedding-cake had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking a part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why not?" was the inquiry.

"Because," answered the young hopeful, "you didn't send me any of yours!"

A man should know when to laugh or smile in company. It shows more stupidity to be grave at a good thing than to be merry at a bad one.

An Eastern Story.

The following beautiful story is worthy to be laid up in the memory of every one:

A poor Arab traveling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet and sparkling water.

Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man traveled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor man had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct:

During the travels of the Arab, said he, "the water in his leathern bottle became impure and distasteful. But I was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disguest, and, therefore, I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

The act of the caliph was worthy of a Christian gentleman. Read the story over again, think about it, and try to remember it when some, one, more simple minded than you are, exposes his ignorance while trying to do you a service.

If you laugh and make sport as the courtiers would have done, you show yourself to be no gentleman nor a Christian. The truly great are kind to the humblest. It is the mean man who treats the lowly with contempt.

Statistics of Remarkable Works.

Ninevah was fifteen miles long, eight miles wide and forty miles in circumference, and was enclosed by a wall one hundred feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick, and three hundred feet high, and had one hundred brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and six hundred and fifty-three on the sides; its base covers eleven acres.—The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are one hundred and eight.—It employed three hundred and thirty thousand men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round and one hundred gates. Carthage was twenty-three miles round. Athens was twenty-five feet round, and fifty thousand citizens and four hundred thousand slaves. The Temple of Delohos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of five hundred thousand dollars, Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

A BEAUTIFUL thought, which, we find in one of our exchanges:

If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is the man who has brought that bread out of the earth.—It is cankered by no fraud, it is wet by no tears, it is stained by no blood."

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved.

And how did you escape their fate asked one his hearers.

I tid not go in te pote, was the Dutchman's placid answer.

THE first day a little boy went to school, the teacher asked him if he could spell.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how do you spell boy?"

"Oh, just as other folks do."

ONE of the commonest proofs we have that man is made of clay, is the brick so often found in his hat.

AN Irishman, eating his first green corn, handed the cob to the waiter, and asked, "Will ye's plase put some more banes upon me shtick?"

AN American in England, when expected to praise the country said he liked it, only he was afraid to go out nights, for fear he should step off.

WHY is Gen. Grant like the sun? Because he is a tanner.

WHY is a lady whose dress touches the floor like a vagrant? Because she has no visible means of support.

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