THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

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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

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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.

T. H. GOULD. I. B. 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. [jc14-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 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,	2.25	
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.

Select Poetry.

LONG AGO.

When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking of the past and gone—
When the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger—
And the embers, dimly burning,
Tell of life to dust returning,
Then my lonely chair around,
With a quiet, mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

One by one I count them o'er,
Voices, that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Works whose music lingers yet,
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair,
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance, eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies,
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long, unfriended day
All forgotten fades away.

Thus when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

OUT OF WORK.

"It is no use, Maria, I've tried everywhere."

"But you are not going to give up, Peter?"

"Give up? How can I help it? Within four days I have been to every book bindery in the city, and not a bit of work can I get."

"But have you tried anything else?"

"What else can I try?"

"Why, anything that you can do."

"Yes; I've tried other things. I have been to more than a dozen of my friends, and offered to help them if they would hire me"

"And what did you mean to do for them?"

"I offered either to post their accounts, make out bills, or attend at the counter."

Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband spoke thus.

"What makes you smile?" he asked.

"To think you should have imagined that you would find work in such places. But how is Mark Leeds?"

"He is worse off than I am."

"How so?"

"He has nothing in his house to eat."

A shudder crept over the wife's frame now.

"Why do you tremble, dear?"

"Because when we shall have eaten our breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have nothing.

"What! cried Peter Stanwood, half starting from his chair. "Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"But our flour?"

"All gone. I baked the last this afternoon."

"But we have pork."

"You ate the last this noon."

"Then we must starve!" groaned the stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book binder by trade, and had now been out of employment over a month. He was one of those who generally calculate to keep square with the world, and who consider themselves particularly fortunate if they keep out of debt. He was now thirty, and had been married eight years. He had three children to provide for, besides himself and wife, and this, together with house rent, was a heavy draught upon his purse, even when work was plenty; but now—there was nothing.

"Maria," he said, stooping and gazing his wife in the face, "we must starve. I have not a single penny in the world."

"But do not despair, Peter. Try again to-morrow for work. You may find something to do. Anything that is honorable.—Should you make but a shilling a day, we should not starve."

"But our house-rent?"

"Trust me for that. The landlord shall not turn us out. If you will engage to find some work to do, I will see that we have house room."

"I'll make one more trial," uttered Peter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do anything."

"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"But what do you call reasonable?"

"Why, anything decent."

The wife felt almost inclined to smile, but the matter was too serious for that, and a cloud passed over her face. She felt sure that he would find no work. She knew that he would look about for some work which would not lower him in the social scale, as he had once or twice expressed it. However, she knew it would be of no use to say anything to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning the last bit of food in the house was put upon the table.—Stanwood could hardly realize that he was penniless and without food. For years he had been gay, thoughtless and fortunate, making the most of the present, forgetting the past, and leaving the future to look out for itself. Yet the truth was naked and clear; and when he left the house he said, "something must be done."

No sooner had the husband gone than Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven years old, and her youngest four. She asked her next door neighbor if she would take care of her children until noon. These children were known to be good and quiet, and they were taken cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house and went away. She returned at noon, bringing some dinner for her children, and then went away again.—She got home in the evening before her husband, carrying a heavy basket upon her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her husband had entered and sat down. "What luck?"

"Nothing! nothing!" he groaned. "I made out to squeeze a dinner out of an old chum, but I can't find work."

"And where have you looked to day?"

"O, everywhere. I've been to a hundred places, but it's the same every place. It is nothing but one eternal "No—no—no!"—I'm sick and tired of it."

"But what sort of work have you offered to do?"

"Why, I even went so far as to offer to tend in a liquor store down town."

The wife smiled.

"Now, what shall we do?" uttered Peter, spasmodically.

"Why, we'll eat supper first, and then talk the matter over."

"Supper! Have you got any?"

"Yes—plenty of it."

"But you told me you had none."

"Neither had we this morning, but I've been after work to day, and found some."

"You? You been after work?" uttered the husband in surprise.

"Yes."

"But how? where? what?"

"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's, I knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she might have work to be done. I told her my story and she set me at work at once doing her washing. She gave me food to bring home for the children, and paid me three shillings when I got through."

"What! You been washing for a butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby earned enough to keep us in food through to-morrow, at any rate; so to-morrow you may come home to dinner."

"But how about the rent?"

"O, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him just how we are situated, and offered him my watch as a pledge for the payment of our rent within two months, with the interest on all arrears up to that date. I told him I did the business because you were away hunting up work."

"So he's got your gold watch!"

"No—he wouldn't take it. He said if I would become responsible for the payment he would let it rest."

"Then we have got a roof to cover us, and food for to-morrow. But what next? O, what a curse the hard times are?"

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not starve. I've got work enough engaged to keep us alive."

"Ah—eh? What's that?"

"Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to carry small packages, baskets, bundles, and so forth, to his rich customers. He has had to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came home to dinner, I was there, and I asked him if he ever had light articles which he wished to send around to his customers.—Never mind all that was said. He did happen to want just such work done, though he had meant to call upon some of the idlers who lounge about the market. He promised to give me all the work he could, and I am to be there in good season in the morning."

"Well, this is a pretty go. My wife turned butcher boy. You won't do any such thing.

"And why not?"

"Why not? Because—because—,

"Say, because it will lower me in the social scale."

"Well, and so it will."

"Then it is more honorable to lie still and starve, and see one's children starve too, than to earn honest bread by honest work? I tell you, Peter, if you can not find work, *I must*. We should have been without bread to-night had not I found work to-day. You know that all kinds of light, agreable business are seized upon by those who have particular friends or relatives engaged in them. At such a time as this it is not for us to consider what kind of work we will do, so long as it is honest. Give me the liberty of living upon my own convictions of right."

"But my wife, only think—you carrying out butcher's stuff! Why, I would sooner go and do it myself.

"If you will go, said the wife, with a smile, "I will stay at home and take care of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood; but the more he thought upon the matter, the more he saw justice and right of the path into which his wife thus led him. Before he went to bed he promised that he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly, praised his faithful wife, and then sent him off with two baskets, one to go to Mr. Smiths, and one to Mrs. Dixall's. And the new carrier worked all day, and when it came night he had earned just ninety-seven cents. It had been a day of trials to him; but no one had sneered at him, all his acquaintances whom he had met greeted the same as usual. He was far happier than he was when he went home the night before, for now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar; and thus he continued to work a week, and at the end of that time he had five dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, besides having paid for all the food for his family, save some few pieces of meat Snow had given him. Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds, another binder who had been discharged from work with himself. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.

"Don't ask me, groaned Mark—"My family are half starved."

"But can't you find anything to do?"

"Nothing."

"Have you tried?"

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I've pawned all my clothes save those I have on. I've been down to the bindery to-day and what do you suppose the old man offered me?"

"What was it?"

"Why he offered to let me do his handcarting! He had just turned off his nigger for drunkenness, and offered me the place! The old curmudgeon! I'd a great mind to pitch him into the handcart and run him to the—"

Mark mentioned the name of an individual who is supposed to dwell somewhere in a region a little warmer than our tropics.

"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in your place, I should have taken up with the offer."

"Mark mentioned the name of that same individual again.

"Why", resumed Peter, "I have been doing the work of a butcher's boy for a week."

Mark was incredulous, but his companion soon convinced him, and then they separated, one going home happy and contented, and the other going away from home to find some sort of excitement in which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provisions to carry to Mr. W——. It was his former employer. He took the load upon his arm and started off, and just as he was entering the yard of the customer, he met Mr. W—— coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood! is this you?" asked his old employer, kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"What are you up to now?"

"I'm a butcher's boy sir."

"A what?

"You see I've brought your provisions for you, sir; I am a regular butcher's boy.

And how long have you been at work thus?

"This is the tenth day, sir."

"But don't it come hard?"

"Nothing comes hard so long as it is honest and will furnish my family with bread."

"And how much can you make a day at this."

"Sometimes over a dollar and sometimes not over fifty cents."

"Well, now look here Stanwood; there have been no less than a dozen of my old hands hanging round my counting room for a fortnight whining for work. They are stout able men, and yet they lie still because I have no work for them. Last Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offerred him the job to do my hand carting. I told him I would give him a dollar and a quarter a day; but he turned up his nose and asked me if I wished to insult him! And yet he owned that his family were suffering. But do you come to my place to morrow, and you shall have something to do, if it is only to hold your bench up. I honor your manly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him fervently.

That night he gave Mr Snow notice that he must quit, and on the following morning he went to the bindery. For two days he had but little to do, but on the third day a heavy job came in, and Peter Stanwood had steady work. He was happy—more happy than ever, for he had learned two things; first, what a noble wife he had; and second, how much resources for good he held within his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to its moral. One is—no man can be lowered by any kind of honest labor. The second—while you are enjoying the fruits of the present, forget not to provide for the future; for no man is so secure but that the day may come when he will need the squanderings of the past.

What I Have Noticed.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts;" yet he makes everbody pay who owes him to the utmost farthing. I have noticed that death is a merciless judge, though most impartial. Everybody owes a debt. Death summons the debtor, and he lays down his dust in the currency of mortality. I have noticed that the individual who thinks every man a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, surrender the rascal to justice. I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all. I have noticed whatever is, is right, with a few exceptions—the left eye, the left leg and the left side of a plumb pudding. I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success. I have noticed that, in order to be a reasonable creature, it is necessary at times to be downright mad. I have notice that as we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortune "blind;" but it is the very best evidence, that the old lady has capital eyesight and is no "granny" with spectacles. I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds. I have notice that tombstones say "Here he lies," which, no doubt, is often the truth; and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would surely believe they had got into the wrong grave.—*Quilp.*

GIVE YOUR CHILD A LOCAL PAPER.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of persons, and things which are familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of the heads and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life and is braced against any emergency.—Children amused by reading or studying are of course more considerate and more easily governed. How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families would have given hundreds to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly or thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

PARENTS must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government, firm and mild, but sympathy, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

A BOARDER at one of the hotels was recently observed to shed tears when the cheese was passed. Upon being asked the cause of the agitation, he replied that "the cheese was a very moving sight."

A LITERARY ODDITY.

The Brewers should to Malta go,
She Boobies all to Scilly,
The Quakers to the Frendly Isles,
The Furriers to Chili.

The little, snarling, caroling "babes,"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Baby-lon,
To Lap-land or to Brest.

From Spit-head Cooks go'o'er to Greece,
And while the Miser waits,
His passage to the Guinea coast,
Spendthrifts are on the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needle go,
Wine bibbers to Burgundy,
Gourmands should lunch at Sandwich Isles,
Wags to the Bay of Fun-dy.

Bachelors to the United States,
Maids to the Isle of Man;
Let Gardeners go to Botany Bay,
And Shoeblacks to Japan.

Thus emigrate—and misplaced men
Will here no longer vex us;
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

The History of the Tune of "Dixie."

The Memphis *Post* tells this story of Dixie:

"In the first place, the song and chorus of "Dixie" was composed and arranged by Dan Emmet, a member of a traveling minstrel party, who, while at Mobile in the winter of 1847-48, heard some negro laborers singing on the levee while loading a steamboat with cotton. The thought struck Dan that with a little change of measure it could be made a good song and "walk round," which generally winds up a negro minstrel concert.

Dan arranged it and produced it. It became a success, and was sung and played all over the country by all the bands.

"In the spring of 1861 Mrs. John Wood came to New Orleans to play an engagement at the Varieties Theatre. During the time she appeared in Boughmam's burlesque of Pocahontas. At the first rehearsal of the piece everything went well till near the close of the second act; Tom McDonough (now agent for the Leffingweli), the prompter, got up a Zouave march and drill by twenty-two ladies, led by Susan Denin. Everything run smooth, but the music for the march could not be fixed upon. Cario Patti was leader of the orchestra and he tried several marches, but none suited McDonough—one was too slow, another to tame, another not enough spirit. At length Patti struck up the negro air of "Dixie." "That will do, Patti—the very thing," said Tom, and "Diixie" was played, and the march gone through with, and the chorus by all the characters. At night it receive a double *ancore*, and Pocahontas had a "run" and from that time out the streets and parlors rang with "Dixie."—The war broke out that spring, and the military bands took it up, and "Dixie" became to the South what the Marsellaise Hymn was to the French. And that's how "Dixie" became the popular war song of the South."

A GENTLEMAN, on a visit to Washington, one day very coolly opened the Senate Chamber door, and was about to pass in, when the door-keeper asked:

"Are you a privileged member?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked the stranger.

"A Governor, an ex-member of Congress, or a foreign minister?" was the reply.

The stranger replied that he was a minister.

"From what court or country?" asked the official.

Very gravely pointing up: "From Heaven, sir."

To this the door-keeper waggishly remarked: "This government at present holds no intercourse with that foreign power!"

A NEW ORLEANS jury lately declared a man to have come to his death by "an unknown cart." About on a par with this is the Philadelphia verdict, respecting a man who had been crushed to death in a mill, when the jury remarked: "No blame can be attached to the machinery."

A QUACK doctor advertises to this effect: "Consumptives, cough while you can; for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't." We rather think we won't take any of that stuff until we find out what he means by the above rather equivocal extract from his advertisement.

IT is stated that Mrs. Quinn, of Brooklyn, who recently gave birth to four children at once, accomplished the same feat some years ago. The next feat will be the best in five.

A WESTERN editor has placed over his marriages a cut representing a large trap sprung, with this motto: "The trap down—another ninny caught!"

WHY are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they cannot go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver till they get one.

A YOUNG man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

What is the difference between a barber and a mother? One has razors to shave, and the other shavers to raise.

WHY are young widows like a band of Ethiopian minstrels? Because they do not stay long in black.

WHAT is the difference between a girl and a night-cap. One is born to wed, the other is worn to bed.

WHY do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but men have.

WHY is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Becase it is the *scenter*.

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