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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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J. MARION EMERSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

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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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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.

J. S. URICK,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
HAS just returned from the cities with a fine stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, which he will make to order at good rates, consisting of French, English and German cloths, &c., &c. [oc22-1y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,
OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,
DENTON, MD.
Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.
JUMP & RIDGELY,
ATTORNIES AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the 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 St. my9-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. dec19-y

BUY YOUR HARNESS
FROM THE SUBSCRIBER
IN GREENSBOROUGH
IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,
AT A VERY LOW PRICE
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Successor to J. Thomas Jarman
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
GREENSBOROUGH, Md.
ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.
My12-y.

T. H. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. BARECKSON.
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

GEO. W. SPURRY,
Manufacturers' Agent for
Mill Furnishing Goods
OF ALL KINDS,
AND
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

NEWARK ACADEMY,
NEWARK, DELAWARE,
Prof. EDWARD D. PORTER, A. M. Prin.,
A First-class Mathematical, Classical and Scientific
BOARDING SCHOOL
...ys and Young Men, will commence its ...red and first Academic year
...tember 1st, 1869.
...cation, send for circular.

Select Poetry.

MY ACRE.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

I had an acre fenced around—
A little modest spot of ground
My father gave me, and I made
Shift, day by day, with plough and spade—
Working while others danced and played—
To cultivate my acre.

I sowed my seed—a little store;
So little!—but I had no more.
"This is not borrowed, but my own,"
I said, "and when the hours have flown
The harvest will be mine alone—
The grain reaped on my acre."

Then came the snow, and winter's cold;
The stormy winds like cannon rolled,
For four long months—and in that blast,
That iron hail that hurled past,
The stoutest trees fell thick and fast
Around my little acre.

But nothing harmed it. Spring-time came:
On every side, like yellow flame,
Blazed buttercups; and early buds
Made pictures in the laughing woods;
Birds sang, I heard the noise of floods
Around my smiling acre.

I smiled, and hoped on as before;
My good friends sneered, and said no more,
Looking upon me with disdain.
But soon my little field of grain
Laughed in the flashing summer rain
Falling upon my acre.

I reaped—and now my grain is bread;
I and my household all are fed!
I have enough, and those who eat
My bread, declare it light and sweet—
My modest bread made of the wheat
Cut from my little acre.

'Tis not ambrosia. Few indeed
Know where to find that costly seed.
Shakespeare and Dante knew—but I?
Ah, well-a-day! the years flit by,
I cannot find it, and I sigh—
Toiling upon my acre.

Alas! I am so little? Yet
Above me, too, the rainbow set
In heaven bends. The winds sing clear,
Clouds float, birds twitter through the year!
For me, no less, the spring is here
Laughing above my acre.

And evermore the sun and rain
Bring me my little crop of grain,
Or more or less, as heaven sends.
I owe no man—have faithful friends:
More!—one to whom my whole life tends,
Queen of my royal acre!

Come, friend! my door is open wide:
Here is my hand and heart. My pride
Is that I earn the bread I eat—
That only at His holy feet
I kneel, whose smile, like the sunshine sweet,
Lights up my little acre.

Honesty is the Best Policy.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon. At this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close, unless the pressure of business compelled the partners to keep open until later. The duty of closing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had lately been engaged to perform a few light duties, for which he received the sum of fifty dollars annually. He was the "boy," but if he behaved himself so as to win the approbation of his employers, his chance of promotion was good.

Yet there was some things that rendered this small salary a hard trial to him—circumstances with which his employers were not acquainted. His mother was a widow. The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upon their own resources, and they were indeed but slender.

There was an older sister who assisted her mother to sew, and this, with Edward's salary, constituted the entire income of the family. Yet, by means of untiring industry, they had contrived thus far to live, using strict economy, of course. Yet they had wanted none of the absolute necessities of life.

But Mary Jones—Edward's sister—grew sick. She had taken a severe cold, which had terminated in a fever. This not only cut off the income arising from her own labor, but also prevented her mother from accomplishing as much as she would otherwise have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had expressed a longing for an orange. In her fever it would have been grateful to her.

It is hard indeed when we are obliged to deny to those we love what would be a refreshment to them.

Mrs. Jones felt this, and so did Edward.

"I only wish that I could buy you one, Mary," said Edward, just as he set out for the store. "Next year I shall receive a larger salary, and then we won't have to pinch so much."

"Never mind, Edward," said Mary, smiling faintly, "I ought not to have asked for it knowing how hard you and mother find it to get along without me."

"Don't trouble yourself about that Mary," said Mrs. Jones, soothingly, though her heart sank within her at the thought of her empty larder. "Only get well, and we shall get along well enough afterward."

It was with the memory of this scene that Edward went to the store in the morning.

All around were boxes of rich goods representing thousands of dollars in money.

"Oh," thought he, "if I only had the value of those boxes, how much good it would do poor Mary." And Edward sighed.

The long day wore away at last, and Edward was about to close the warehouse.

But as he passed the desk of his employer, his attention was drawn to a bit of paper lying on the floor beneath.

He picked it up, and to his great joy found it to be a ten dollar bill.

The first thought that flashed upon him was, "How much good this will do Mary; I can buy her that orange she wants, and she will have some every day; and perhaps she would like a chicken."

But a moment later his countenance fell. "It isn't mine," he sighed. It must be Mr. Hubbard's. This is his desk, and he must have dropped it."

"Still," urged the tempter, he will never know it. And after all, what are ten dollars to him? He is worth a hundred thousand."

"Still Edward was not satisfied. Whether Mr. Hubbard could spare it or not, was not the question. It was rightfully his, and must be given back to him.

"I'll go to him this very night," said Edward. "Otherwise I will be tempted to keep it."

He determined to go to Mr. Hubbard's before he went home. The sight of his sister would perhaps weaken his resolution, and this must never be. He must preserve his integrity at all hazards.

He knew where Mr. Hubbard lived. It was a fine looking house, on a fashionable street. He had passed it several times, and wondered whether a man must not feel happy who is able to live in such style.

Without unnecessary delay, therefore, he went to the house, and ascending the steps, rang the bell.

A man servant came to the door.

"Well?" he said.

"Is Mr. Hubbard at home?"

"Yes, but he has just come in, and I don't think he can see you," was the supercillious reply.

"I am in his employ," said Edward, quietly "and I have come from the store. I think he will see me if you mention this to him.

"Very well, you can come in."

Edward was left standing in the hall, while Mr. Hubbard was sought by the servant.

"Well?" he said inquiringly, "has anything happened?"

"No, sir," said Edward, "but I picked up this bill near your desk; and I suppose you must have dropped it. I thought I had better bring it here directly."

"You have done well," said Mr. Hubbard, "and I will remember it. Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing in a business career. Hereafter I shall have perfect confidence in your honesty."

Edward was gratified by this assurance, yet as the door closed behind him, and he walked out into the street the thought of his sister sick at home again turned upon him and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. Not that he regretted that he had been honest.—There was satisfaction in doing right, but I think my reader will understand his feelings without explanation.

Mrs. Jones brought some toast to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it away. "I thank you for taking the trouble to make it, mother, she said, "but I don't think I could possibly eat it."

"Is there anything you could relish, Mary?"

"No," she said hesitatingly, "nothing that we can get."

Mrs. Jones sighed—a sigh which Edward echoed.

It was with a heavy heart that Edward started to the warehouse next morning. He had never felt the cravings for wealth that now took possession of him.

He set about his duties as usual. About two hours after he had arrived at the warehouse, Mr. Hubbard entered. He did not at first appear to notice Edward, but in about half an hour summoned him to the office, which was partitioned off from the remainder of the spacious rooms in which goods were stored.

He smiled pleasantly as Edward entered his presence.

"Tell me frankly, did you not feel an impulse to keep the bill which you found last night?"

"I hope you won't be offended with me, Mr. Hubbard," said Edward, "if I say I did."

"Tell me all about it," said Mr. Hubbard with an interest. "What was it that withheld you? I should never have known it?"

"I knew that," said Edward.

"Then what withheld you from taking it?"

"First I will tell you what tempted me," said Edward. "My mother and sister are obliged to depend upon sewing for a living, and we live but poorly at best. But a fortnight since Mary became sick, and since then we have had a hard time, Mary's appetite is poor, and she does not relish food, but we are able to get her nothing better.—When I picked up that bill I could not help thinking how much I could buy with it for her."

"And yet you did not take it."

"No, sir, it would have been wrong and I could not have looked you in the face after it."

Edward spoke in tones of modest confidence.

Mr. Hubbard went to his desk and wrote a check.

"How much do I pay you now?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars a year," said Edward.

"Henceforth your duties will be increased, and I will pay you two hundred. Will that please you?"

"Two hundred dollars a year!" exclaimed Edward, his eyes sparking with delight.

"Yes, at the end of the year that will be increased, if, as I have no doubt you will, you continue to merit my confidence."

"Oh, sir, how can I thank you?" said Edward, full of gratitude.

"By preserving your integrity. As I presume you are in present need of money, I will pay you one-quarter in advance. Here is a check for fifty dollars which you can get cashed at the bank. And by the way, you can have the rest of the day to yourself."

Edward flew to the bank, and with his sudden riches hastened to the market, where he purchased a supply of provisions such as he knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste to announce his good fortune.

A weight seemed to fall off the heart of the mother and daughter as they heard his hurried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God for bestowing upon her son those good principles which had brought this great relief.

And Mr. Hubbard slept none the worse that night that at a slight pecuniary sacrifice he had done a kind action, confirmed a boy in his integrity and gladened a struggling family. If there were more employers as considerate as he, there would be fewer dishonest clerks.

A CHILD IN COURT.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany *State Register*. He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the higher courts:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath."

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered.

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I never was in court before." was the answer.

He handed her an open Bible.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?" She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the Great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else," asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction; "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,"

"I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in the court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with my father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child," with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray to God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined.—The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questions, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by the child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and vallainy had manufactured him a sham defense. But before her testimony falsehoods were scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother had prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity,—terrible, I mean to the prisoner and his associates,—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

A GENTLEMAN being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam boiler exploded, is said to have replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that mere steam had no effect on him.

Josh Billings says he will never patronize a lottery so long as he can hire anybody else to rob him at reasonable wages.

Why was Pharoah's daughter like a broker? Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the bank.

Ceremony is the necessity of phools; good breeding is the luxury of the wise.

Never wait for anything to turn up go and turn it up yourself.

LIFE IS NOT A DESERT WIDE.

BY CHAS. WM. BUTLER, BOSTON.

Life is not a desert wide,
But an Eden blooming fair;
We may walk where rivers glide,
Breathe anew the balmy air;
We may see the sunbeam smile,
Lighting all the eastern sky;
From some distant golden isle,
Hear the music floating by.

To the sunny paths of youth
Age bids memory backward go,
When its paths were paths of truth,
And the heart dreamed not of woe.
Then the sports of boyhood seemed
Prophets of life's full-orbed prime;
Then a heaven of beauty gleamed
Through the mists of morning time.

Why should life's inspiring dawn
Fade so quickly from our view?
Why should hopes in gladness born,
Vanish with the morning dew?
Why should we, with trembling feet,
Walk thro' earth with shuddering fear?
Why should hoary age repeat,—
Bring my youth's lost Eden here?

I have seen the man whose years
Held their own with wondrous skill,—
Strange to him all doubts and fears,—
Strange to him the powerless will;
On his brow no furrow showed
Years of life, by him, passed o'er;
From his blithesome lips outflowed,—
"I am young: I'm but threescore."

In the blush of youth, he kept
Morning sunshine on his way;
When he rose, and when he slept,
Life was but one smiling way.
Age increased; its stealthy pace
Voiced this lesson from his tongue,—
Age can wear a hopeful face;
Eden blooms where hearts are young.

The Suez Canal.

Among the grand achievements of modern enterprise and modern engineering which have marked the present century, the Suez Canal is entitled to a prominent place. The idea of cutting a canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea is by no means a new one, but it has been reserved for M. Lesseps, a French engineer, to accomplish that of which others only dreamed.

The object of the Suez Canal is to save vessels bound for India from the tedious voyage down the African coast and around the Cape of Good Hope, thereby opening for them a route similar to that over which thousands of passengers travel every year.—Some conception of the magnitude of work necessary to effect this can be gained from a few statistics. The length of the Canal is about one hundred miles, and when completed its dimensions will be,

Width at the top	328 feet.
" " bottom,	246 "
Depth,	26 "

The quantity of earth excavated to accomplish this will not be far from ninety-seven million cubic yards, equal to a pile one yard high and one yard wide, extending more than fifty-five thousand miles, or twice around the globe. All the dredging has been done by steam excavators of immense size, which were brought from France in peices and put on the line of the Canal. There were seventy-two of these machines employed, costing from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars each. The coal for the engines was brought from England, and it was requisite to dig a canal from the Nile to supply the workmen with fresh water. In addition to the work on the canal proper, it was necessary to construct a harbor on the Mediterranean side.—This was done by building out into the sea two walls (one eight and the other five thousand feet in length,) converging together seaward, and enclosing an area of about five-hundred acres. These walls are composed of solid blocks of stone, weighing twenty-two tons each, which were manufactured on the beach of sand found there and hydraulic lime brought from France. The composition consists of one part of lime to three of sand, moistened with salt water, mixed and moulded by machinery, and allowed to dry in the sun three months before being used.

The location of the Canal takes in several natural lakes, through all of which it was necessary to dredge a channel of the proper dimensions. Although the work commenced seven years ago, little progress was made until 1865, since which time, in spite of much opposition and many discouragements, it has been pushed to a successful issue by the untiring energy of M. Lesseps, who was backed by the Suez Canal Company with a capital of seventy millions of dollars.

The opening of the Canal took place October 13th, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Viceroy of Egypt, and a host of other titled diguitaries.

"Nothing in the Paper."

The Richmond Examiner has a spicy chapter on the subject of newspapers, elicited by the sterotyped remark of indifferent readers after scanning the "minature world" of a daily issue of news, that "there's nothing in the paper." He says:

And men are always grumbling about their papers, and insinuating how much better *they* could do it. They talk as flippantly about "fine articles" on every imaginable subject as if *they* could effect such a change. Let some of these overrunning philosophers *trg it* for one hundred and fifty days in succession.

And then they think it is nothing to "select for a newspaper—you have merely to run the scissors through a half a dozen exchanges, and you have got matter enough. Now this is *the* most important, and the most difficult department to fill on a newspaper. Very few men have the slighest idea how to do the work. It takes a *thorough newspaper man*—who knows the public appetite well—who knows what is going on in the world—and who knows how to re-write and pack a column into a dozen lines.

Men who skim a newspaper and toss it aside little reflect how much brains and toil have been expended in serving up that meal. Busy heads and busy hands have been toiling all day to gather and prepare those viands, and some vast building has been lit from cellar to garret all night to get that paper ready for the newsboy at crack of dawn.

"Nothing in the paper!" Nothing in your head! that's what's the matter.

The Farmer's Column.

Cheap Ice-Houses.

To satisfy the numerus inquiries which every year flow in upon us early in autumn, we must give pretty regularly a chapter on ice-houses. This year almost everybody that inquires asks about cheap houses. The cheapest ice-house we know of is really no house at all. Many years ago we knew of its happening in Virginia, that there was a very cold spell, and a gentleman wishing to save the ice, and having plenty of straw, mad a floor of rails, 14 feet square, which he covered with straw two feet thick; then layer after layer of ice was piled up, kept in place by stakes and boards perhaps, and when the pile was high enough, straw was stamped down around it, and a wall built probably six or eight feet thick, and the whole was capped and thatched like a stack. The ice kept well through the summer. All the conditions of a good ice-house were met—drainage, non-conducting walls, and a slight degree of ventilation, or rather a change of air, through diffusion. In whatever way we meet these conditions we shall succeed in keeping ice. The most successful packers put a very thick mass of straw at the bottom.

In building it is cheapest to use good materials. It is rare that we save much in employing cheap lumber. The sills of the building should rest on a stone foundation, to keep them as dry as possible, and it is best to lay this in cement mortar. A tight floor (or a cement floor) may be laid, having a slight incline, in connection with a drain to carry off the water, on the floor may be laid so as to let the water through it. On this rails are laid, which are to be covered with straw, to support the ice. Upon the sills, which may be 10 inches wide and 3 inches thick, a frame is set up of 10-inch hemlock planks, 2 inches thick, 3 feet apart, nailed to the sills with a 3x4-inch strip, as a plate, nailed outside on the tops of the upright planks. To the planks are nailed the inside wall and the weather boarding. These double walls should hardly be less than 8 feet high, and as the weather boarding is put on, the space between the inner and outer boards is filled with spent tan bark, planing-mill or carpenters' shavings, sawdust, or any similar porous filling, put in dry, and well packed. The roof rests upon the plates described, and it is best to have the eaves extend a good way beyond the side of the building, though not essential. The ice should never be filled much if any above the plates, and the best place for the door is in the gable end, above them although a door may be made in the north end, going nearly to the ground. This is a convenience, both in packing and in taking out the ice, and may remain closed and tightly packed until the house is nearly empty. Such doors are made with a common door for the outside, but within, instead of another door, is a series of boards, to fit horizontally between cleats in the door posts. Tie the roof down, if necessary, by nailing strips from several of the rafters on each side to the plank stanchions forming the walls, or allow some of the stanchions to extend above the plates, and nail or pin them to the rafters. The space between the sill and the roof should be as little as possible, but there should be a few augerholes or a sliding shutter in the north end, to provide ventilation. With such a house, 12 feet square, or 12x14, or larger still, we think there will be no difficulty in keeping ice the year round. A structure such as we have described may be built very cheaply if a man does a good part of the labor himself, and any farmer in the country ought to be able to do it all.—*American Agriculturalist.*

A Peanut Crop.

A writer in the Norfolk Journal gives the following account of this crop upon the farm of Gen. Bryan Grimes, near Washington, N. C.

"The most remarkable feature we noticed on the farm was an *experiment* in raising peanuts, which consisted in a field of 540 acres devoted to this crop! We have seldom witnessed a prettier crop of any kind, or one that we think will pay as well. Indeed the value of this peanut "patch" is incredible.—Here is a low estimate of its value: Fifty bushels to one acre (and this estimate would be nearer right at 100 bushels per acre) gives us 27,000 bushels, which at the moderate price of $2 per bushel, will be $54,000.—Twenty-five hundred pounds of "long forsage" to the acre will make 1,350,000 pound, worth at least 50 cents per cwt., makes $6,750. The peas that are left in the field with the "pops," which are unsalable, will fatten 600 head of hogs—averaging 150 pounds, will be 90,000 pounds, of pork; which is $3 per thousand pounds for fattening will give us $27,000. Total, $87,000."

SALT FOR FOWLS.—"H." asks, "Will the water that ham or salt beef is boild in be injurious to fowls if used to wet up the meal given to them." We do not like to give salt in any form to fowls.

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