

# Union

A FREE PRESS, THE PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1833. NO. 25.

VOL. XXVI. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY JOHN S. GALLAHER.

**BAR IRON,**  
I HAVE just received from J. D. Paxton & Co.'s Maria Furnace, a handsome assortment of **BAR IRON**, such as plates, ovens, skillets, gridirons, &c. Also, mould-boards, wagon boxes, and an additional supply of **IRON** of a superior quality, warranted to be equal to any iron in the United States, from Mr. Tho's C. Lane's Roxbury Works, Pa. Also, Cast, American, and English Blister **STEEL**, of first-rate quality. Also, a handsome assortment of Files and Rasps. Also, **STRAP IRON**, assorted, of the best quality, kept constantly on hand.  
THOMAS RAWLINS.  
Charleston, July 11, 1833.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?  
Mother, my child!—I, too, have watch'd its growth. For many summers, and full well I know That this would be its last, for it has liv'd While others faded!—It is dying now,  
And all your future care will ne'er restore it. Did you not know, my child, that all the buds And flowers of earth will also fade and leave us? They'll live as well as this, then, die, just like the rose!

THE DYING ROSE.  
Oh no; my child!—I, too, have watch'd its growth. For many summers, and full well I know That this would be its last, for it has liv'd While others faded!—It is dying now,  
And all your future care will ne'er restore it. Did you not know, my child, that all the buds And flowers of earth will also fade and leave us? They'll live as well as this, then, die, just like the rose!

THE DYING ROSE.  
Oh no; my child!—I, too, have watch'd its growth. For many summers, and full well I know That this would be its last, for it has liv'd While others faded!—It is dying now,  
And all your future care will ne'er restore it. Did you not know, my child, that all the buds And flowers of earth will also fade and leave us? They'll live as well as this, then, die, just like the rose!

THE DYING ROSE.  
Oh no; my child!—I, too, have watch'd its growth. For many summers, and full well I know That this would be its last, for it has liv'd While others faded!—It is dying now,  
And all your future care will ne'er restore it. Did you not know, my child, that all the buds And flowers of earth will also fade and leave us? They'll live as well as this, then, die, just like the rose!

**ADVERTISING.**  
The terms of advertising are: For a square or less, \$1, for three insertions—larger ones in the same proportion. Each continuance, 25 cents per square.  
All advertisements not ordered for a year, will be continued until notified to be discontinued.

**FRESH DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**PLANK!**  
THE subscriber has a quantity of seasoned **PLANK** for sale, of a good quality, such as 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 1 inch, 11 inch, 12 inch, 13 inch, 14 inch, 15 inch, 16 inch, 18 feet, and 20 feet.  
Two sets of **HOUSE LOGS**, 26 by 30.  
**SAWING**, pine and poplar, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, and 6 inch.  
ALSO,  
**6,000 BUSHELS OF STONE COAL.**  
Articles will be on hand at all times.  
Shepherdstown, July 4, 1833.—J.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**HOLLOW CASTINGS,**  
The subscriber has on hand, a complete assortment of **Pots, Ovens, Spiders, Kettles, Tea Kettles, and Adirons.**  
W. & S. B. ANDERSON.  
Harpers-Ferry, June 27, 1833.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**Wool Wanted.**  
The highest price in merchandise will be given for any quantity of **WOOL**, either washed or unwashed.  
WM. CLEVELAND & CO.  
Charleston, May 3, 1833.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**Wool Wanted.**  
The highest price in merchandise will be given for any quantity of **WOOL**, either washed or unwashed.  
WM. CLEVELAND & CO.  
Charleston, May 3, 1833.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**Wool Wanted.**  
The highest price in merchandise will be given for any quantity of **WOOL**, either washed or unwashed.  
WM. CLEVELAND & CO.  
Charleston, May 3, 1833.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**Wool Wanted.**  
The highest price in merchandise will be given for any quantity of **WOOL**, either washed or unwashed.  
WM. CLEVELAND & CO.  
Charleston, May 3, 1833.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**Wool Wanted.**  
The highest price in merchandise will be given for any quantity of **WOOL**, either washed or unwashed.  
WM. CLEVELAND & CO.  
Charleston, May 3, 1833.

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
The subscriber has just received, and is now opening, at his Drug and Medicine Store in Shepherdstown, a large supply of fresh  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES, &c.**  
which he offers to the public at the very best prices.

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?

**THE DYING ROSE.**  
Mother, why did my pretty rosy cheek fade! I once so sweet, so fair, and bright,  
I poured soft water over its shrivelled leaves; Still, ev'ry day it droop'd—its buds fell off,  
Its leaves fell too—and now there's nought But this dry stalk remaining: Say, mother, if I water it, and move it in a sunny spot, Will it revive again?





