American Union.

VOL. 7 DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1867. NO. 245.

NEW GOODS

—FOR THE—

SPRING TRADE OF 1867.

THE undersigned have opened in Hillsboro' a very large stock of goods, and will continually increase their stock by additions from the cities, and invite all to call and see them. Their stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,

All Wool Cassimeres, 1.20 to 2.25;
Murphy's Kerseys, 1,20;
Best Prints, 20 to 22 cents;
Laurel D. Muslin, 25 cents;
Oregon Drills, 25 cents;
Delaines, 31 cents;
Ticking, 31, 45 and 50 cents;
Bleached Muslin, 18 to 37 1-2cts;
Twilled Flannels, 40 cents;
Best Shaker Flannels, 65 cents;
Dewey's best sheep grey Kersey, 85 cts;
Domestics, 25 cents;
Fine Balmoral Skirts, 2,50;
Spool Cotton 8 cents;
Dress Braid, 10 cents;
Buck Gauntlets, 1,10;
Gents Lined Kid Gloves, 2,00
Ladies' Fancy Hoods, 1,00, Children's do. .75
Sontags, 1,25, 1,75, and 2.00.
Hoop Skirts, 75 cents to 1,50.

Groceries.

Sugar, 12 1-2. 14 and 15;
Crushed do, 20 cents;
Cheese, 22 cents;
Raisins, 25 cents;
Coffee, 30 & 33 cents;
Pure Cider Vinegar, 50 cents;
Coal Oil, 70 cents per gal.;
Concentrated Lye, 30 cts pr box.

Boots and Shoes.

Gents Kip Boots, 4,50, 5,00, 5,50, and 6,50;
Boys Boots, 3.00 to 3.25;
Men's, Women's and Children's Coarse and Fine Shoes at proportionate prices, and all other articles usually kept in a country store.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market rates.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

mr14-y FLYNN & GOLT.

IMPORTANT

TO THE LADIES.

Mrs. S. R. BYRN

HAS just returned from Baltimore, and opened at her store, on Main street, opposite the residence of Mr. John R. Fountain, a large and well selected assortment of

New Goods

to which she invites the attention of the ladies of Denton and vicinity, feeling assured that she can suit all who may give her a call. Her stock consists, in part, of a large assortment of

WORSTED GOODS,

SUCH AS

BREAKFAST SHAWLS, SONTAGS, TWILIGHTS, HOODS, CAPES and JACKETS for children, LEGGINS, ARMLETS &

Balmorals at Reduced Prices.

—ALSO—

FANCY ARTICLES

consisting of

FLUTING,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
BUTTONS in variety,
MAGIC RUFFLINGS,
INSERTION and EDGING,
FANCY EMBROIDERING BRAID,
BEREGE for VEILS,
CORSETTS,
HOOP SKIRTS,
HOISERY, SKIRT BRAIDS,
KNITTING and SPOOL COTTON,
Handkerchiefs, Collars & Cuffs for ladies and gentlemen, Kid Gloves, Gauntlets, Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ribbands a good assortment, Belting different styles, Waterfall Pads, Hair Pins, Hair Brushes & Combs, Tooth Brushes, Portmonies, Elastic, Extracts and Pomades, Lilly White, &c.

Thankful for past favors, she again solicits the patronage of the public. Give her a call.

nov8-6m S. R. BYRN.

ROAD NOTICE.

WHEREAS, a certain commission has been issued by the County Commissioners for Caroline county, bearing date the 14th day of March, 1867, reciting that sundry citizens, residents of Caroline county, have petitioned the Commissioners for Caroline county asking the grant of a public road to begin at the county road now leading from Preston to Dover ridge, near the lands of Mr Coates, from thence to run between the lands of Madison Williams and John Pool, then through the lands of Curtis A. Wright and the heirs of James Harris, thence to intersect the county road leading from Hog Creek to the new Church.

Now, notice is hereby given to all persons and parties concerned, and to the public, that the undersigned examiners will meet at the beginning of said road, on MONDAY, the 22nd day of April, next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and proceed to examine and determine whether or not the public convenience require said road should be opened, and if upon examination we should be of opinion and so determine in our judgments that the public convenience requires said road should be opened, to locate and open the same agreably to said commission and the laws of Public General Laws in such case made and provided, and we will continue in the execution of said commission from day to day, if necessary, until the same is completed.

WILLIS CORRAN,
TWIFORD S. NOBLE,
RICHD S. FRAMPTON,
21-tm Commissioners.

Christmas Has Gone!

—BUT—

ALBURGER & SON

WE still on hand a large and fresh supply Cakes, Candies, Crackers, Nuts, Raisins, Currants, Citron; Dates, Apples, Cheese, Coffee, Flour, Meal, Salt, Lard, Coal Concentrated Lye, Plain and Fancy Pipes, Tobacco, Snuff, Powder, Shot, Patent ines, &c., &c.

e call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We are determined not to be undersold. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods jan31-y

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. M. EMERSON & BRO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

J. M. EMERSON. E. W. EMERSON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, in advance.

If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars will be charged.

A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1 00
1 "	6 "	2.00
1 "	12 "	4.00
1 "	6 months	5 00
1 "	12 "	8 00
1 "	for any less no of insertions	1.60

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions will be continued until forbid, and will be charged accordingly.

Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

JOB PRINTING.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

W. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF THIS AND THE ADJACENT COUNTIES.

Office on his farm in the upper District. Will attend in Denton on Tuesdays, and Greensboro' on Saturdays, from 9 o'clock, A. M. [mr21

ROB'T J. JUMP. J. W. BRYANT.

JUMP & BRYANT,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties. [fe21-tf

GEORGE M. RUSSUM

HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE

Of the

L A W,

AND WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIM.

Oct. 30—y

JNO. E. PEARSON,

CARPENTER and UNDERTAKER,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Will faithfully execute all work entrusted to him. *Charges moderate.* [fe21-y

AUCTIONEERING.

THE subscriber having taken out license as Auctioneer will call sales of all kinds at short notice. Persons having property to sell will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber as I guarantee to give satisfaction.

COLLINS TATMAN,

mr7-tf near Denton.

AUCTIONEERING.

THE undersigned, having taken out license as an AUCTIONEER, is now ready to cry sales at action. Terms moderate.

dec13-5m JAS. HIGNUTT.

MILLER & KEMPER,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Foreign & Domestic Hardware

No. 96 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

Corner of Camden Street,

BALTIMORE, MD

G. W. MILLER, late Edge-Tool Manufacturer, No. 7. Camden Street;

JOHN KEMPER, late with H. W. Webb, Pratt Street. [fe28-1y.

FRESH ARRIVAL

—OF—

NEW SPRING GOODS.

HENRY BLACKISTON has just returned from Baltimore with a large and well selected assortment of

New Spring Goods,

which he has selected with the greatest care.—His stock consists in part of a general assortment of

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES.

HARDWARE,

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

WOODENWARE.

BROOMS, TUBS, BUCKETS, TINWARE, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange for goods by

m7-tf H. BLACKISTON.

McDOWELL, ROBINSON & CO.

CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS AND MATTINGS,

No. 264 Baltimore Street,

Opposite Hanover St.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

may 17-y

Poetry.

The Maiden's Choice.

Oh! give me the life of a farmer's wife
In the fields and woods so bright,
'Mong the singing birds and lowing herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The note of the morning's heavenward lark
Is the music sweet to me;
And the dewy flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see!

Oh! give me the breeze from the waving trees
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallow's song as he skims along
Or twitters beneath the eave;
The plowman's shout, as he's turning out
His team, at set of sun,
Or his merry "good-night," by the fire-fly's light,
When his daily work is done.

And give me the root and the luscious fruit,
My own hands rear for food;
And the bread so light and the honey so white,
And the milk so pure and good!
For sweet the bread of labor is,
When the heart is strong and true,
And a blessing will come to the hearth and home,
If our best we bravely do.

THE TWO PARTINGS.

The following is a tale from real life. The *National Baptist*, from which it is copied, states that the instance can be verified at the office of a gentleman, at 530 Arch street, Philadelphia.

On a winter evening, twenty years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come, Emma," called her mother at length, "I am afraid that you forget Mr. B. is waiting for you."

No, Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy blush that stole across her cheek testified. Her last thought, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass, had been, "this is the color which *he* likes, I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B—'s evident admiration, turned to her mother saying, "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said her mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the brilliantly lighted room many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered,

'James is a lucky fellow; I'd give a good deal to monopolize Miss Emma as he does."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length, towards its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B. was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the centre of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house with a smile offered him a glass of wine.

"No, I thank you, I do not drink it," was the reply.

"Pshaw! what nousense," she returned, "no one has refused this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just one glass, it can't hurt any one."

"I cannot do it," he answered gravely, "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady, "I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a glass of wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hand, and, with a smile which few could resist, said, "Come, James, you will take just this one glass, won't you?"

"No, Emma," he answered with a powerful effort, "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home to-night, Mr. B." said Emma, with an angry flash of her dark eye, "now take your choice."

"I must bid you good-bye then, Emma, if it comes to that," he said sorrowfully. "I would gladly do anything else for you, but that I cannot do." So saying he bowed and turned away.

Never mind, Emma, I will see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened that he had taken more than one glass. "Let him go, the ill-natured fellow."

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together.

More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B. was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma was almost forgotten.

One day a man, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, came into his store and asked for employment.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Morris," was the answer. "I make it a rule not to have any one in my employ who is intemperate."

"But I mean no stop all that, Mr. B.," said the man earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely.—It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."

"Well," said Mr. B, partially relenting, "I will try you, come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up, with which Morris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B sent to his residence to ask the reason.

Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic leaving a sick wife and three starving children.

Mr. B.'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and he found the sick woman lying in a room almost bare of furniture, while the children, sitting on the floor by the bedside, were crying for bread. A few kind words and a promise of something to eat soon dried up their tears, and hastening to the grocery, he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood smiling at their delight the mother burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. B can you forgive me?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.

"Don't you remember Emma E. ?—Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and you refusing it? God knows I wish I could forget it, but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before Mr. B. could realize the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly, say no more about it. You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir, in the country."

"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes, sir, but I have no means," she answered sadly.

"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B., "as soon as you are sufficiently recovered I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgement, "good bye."

This was the second parting.

Young ladies, you who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now and ask yourselves the question whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.—We are passing toward final rest ourselves. Do not regret it if the eye grows dim. You will see better by and by. If the ear is growing heavy, do not be sorry. If your youth is passing, and your beauty fading, do not mourn. If your hand trembles, and your foot is unsteady with age, be not depressed in spirit. With every impediment, with every sign of the taking down of this tabernacle, remember that it is the striking of the tent that the march may be tabernacle it shall be on an undisturbed gin, and that when you next pitch your shore, and that there, with eyes unwet with tears, through an atmosphere undimmed with clouds, and before a God unveiled and never to be wrapped in darkness any more—that there, looking back upon this world of ignorance and suffering and trouble, and upon the hardships of the way, you will, with full and discerning reason, lift up your voice and give thanks to God and say, "There was not one trouble too much; there was not one sorrow too piercing." And you will thank God, in that land, for the very things that wrings tears from your eyes in this Look, then, to that better land, out of all the trouble of the way, sigh for it, pray for it, prepare for it, and enter into it.

TRUE TREASURE.—The desirable treasure of wisdom and knowledge, which all men covet from the impulse of nature, infinitely surpasses all the riches of the world; in comparison with precious stones are vile, silver is clay, and purified gold grains of sand; in the splender of which the sun and moon grow dim to the sight; in the admirable sweetness of which, honey and manna are bitter to the taste.

HOME.—Home is the sacred residence designed by divine goodness for the happiness of woman. Over its quiet retirement she was formed to shed her peaceful influence, and in the conscious freedom with which she is permitted to discharge the responsibilities which its relations impose, to receive happiness herself, and to communicate it to those with whom she is connected in love.

A MAN proves himself fit to be higher, who shows that he is fathful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit to be neither where he is nor yet above it.

A Model Letter.

To please ladies we publish a few extracts from a letter of Patrick Henry, the statesman and christian, to his only daughter. We know that our lady readers will be edified by the perusal:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—You have just entered into that state which is replete with happiness or misery. The issue depends upon the prudent, amiable, uniform conduct which wisdom and virtue so strongly recommended, on the one hand, or on that importance which a want of reflection or passion may prompt on the other.

You are allied to a man of honor, of talents, and of open, generous disposition. You have therefore, in your power, all the essential ingredients of domestic happiness; it cannot be marred, if you now reflect upon that system of conduct which you ought invariably to pursue; if you now see clearly the path from which you will resolve never to deviate. Our conduct is often the result of whim or caprice often such as will give us many a pang, unless we see beforehand what is always most essential to happiness.

The first maxim you should follow is never to attempt to control your husband by opposition, by displeasure, or any other mark of anger. A man of sense, of prudence, of warm feelings cannot, and will not bear an angry opposition of any kind which is attended with an angry look or expression. The current of his affection is suddenly stopped; his attachment is weakened; he begins to feel a mortification the most pungent; he is belittled even in his own eyes, and be assured, the wife who once excites those sentiments in the breast of the husband, will never regain the high ground which she might and ought to have retained.

When he marries her, if he is a good man, he expects to find in her one who is not to control him—not take from him the freedom of acting as his own judgment shall direct, but one who will place such confidence in him as to believe that his prudence is his best guide. Little things, what are in reality mere trifles in themselves, often produce bickerings and even quarrels. Never permit them to be a subject of dispute; yield them with pleasure, and with a smile of affection. Be assured that one difference out-weighs them all a thousand or ten thousand times. A difference with your husband ought to be considered as the greatest calamity—as one that is to be studiously guarded against; it is a demon which must never be permitted to enter a habitation where all should be peace, unimpaired confidence and heartfelt affection. Besides, what can a woman gain by opposition or indifference? Nothing. But she loses everything; she loses her husband's respect's for her virtues; she loses his love, and, with that, all prospects of future happiness. She creates her own misery, and then utters idle and silly complaints, but utters them in vain. The love of a husband can be retained only by the high opinion which he entertains of his wife's goodness of heart, of her amiable disposition, of the sweetness of temper, of her prudence, of her devotion to him. Let nothing, upon any occasion, ever lesson that opinion. On the contrary, it should augment every day; he should have much more reason to admire her for those excellent qualities which will cast a lustre over a virtuous woman when her personal attractions are no more.

Has your husband staid out longer than you expected? When he returns receive him as the partner of your heart. Has he disappointed you in something you expected, whether of ornament or furniture, or of any convenience? Never evince discontent; receive his apology with cheerfulness. Does he, when you are housekeeper, invite company without informing you of it, or bring home with him a friend? Whatever may be your repast, however scanty it may be, or how impracticable it may be to add to it, receive them with a pleasing countenance, adorn your table with cheerfulness, give to your husband and company a hearty welcome; it will evince love for your husband, good sense in yourself, and that politeness of manners which acts as the most powerful charm? It will give to the plainest fare a zest superior to all that luxury can boast. Never be discontented on any occasion of this nature * * *

In the next place, as your husband's success in his profession will depend upon his popularity, and as the manners of a wife have no little influence in extending or lessoning the respect and esteem of others for her husband, you should take care to be affable and polite to the poorest as well as the richest. A reserved haughtiness is a sure indication of a weak mind and unfeeling heart.

I will only add, that matrimonial happiness does not depend upon wealth; no, it is not to be found in wealth; but in minds properly tempered and united to our respective situations. Competency is necessary, all beyond that point ideal.—Do not suppose, however, that I would not advise your husband to augment his property by all honest and commendable means. I would wish to see him actively engaged in such a pursuit, because engagement, a sedulous employment, in obtaining some laudable end, is essential to happiness. In the attainment of a fortune by honorable means, a man derives satisfaction in self-applause, as well as from the increasing estimation in which he is held by those around him.

A Mother's Grave.

There is a tender pathos in the following incident from the North British Mail. It suggests the sad thought that many a home is made utterly desolate by a mothers death, and that children are often ruined by the loss of her comforting and restraining love:—

Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the Vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, some time ago, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep over a recently made grave. Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up, and asked how he came to be there. He said that he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him.

"And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party.

"In Dumbarton," was the answer.

"In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off; and how came you to wander so far away from home?"

"I just came," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mother's grave was here."

His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow was a beautiful touch of nature in a child, who could scarcely have yet learned to realize the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself to sleep.

FANCY DANCING.—An exchange cautions young men who can't dance the fancy dances, not to go to a ball with a young lady who can, and adds a few suggestions as follows:

If we ever have any children we shall teach them to dance the fancy dances to the neglect of their catechism. Not that they will enjoy the hopping around first on one foot, then on the other, then on both; but they will have a good chance to hug other folks' wives and sweethearts!—This is the secret of dancing. No one could object then; but if a fellow were to sit by the side of his own wife, even in a ball room, and hug her half as hard—well, wouldn't there be remarks? Guess not. (We speak ironically.) Talk about going sparking by moonlight, sitting on the stoop Sunday evening and stealing a kiss every time a star shoots, (that's the nicest game,) riding by the side of a rosy cheeked girl, or eating happiness with a gold spoon—all, all these sink into insignificance when fancy dancing comes on. But then, if a fellow don't know how, and takes to a party a girl that does, he has to sit on a cold bench and see another doing the sweet hugging of that angelic creature that he paid his ticket for, it's awful! Just sit and see another's arms where yours ought to be, her head where it should not be, and—well, don't take a girl to a dancing party unless you know the ropes.

A CERTAIN member of Congress from one of the Eastern States, was speaking one day on some important question, and became very animated, during which sat a brother member, his opponent on the question, smiling. This annoyed him very much, and he indignantly demanded why the gentleman from——was laughing at him.

"I was smiling at your manner of making monkey faces, sir," was the reply.

"Oh, I *make* monkey faces, do I?—Well, sir, you have no occasion to try the experiment, for *nature has saved you the trouble!*"

The hammer was distinctly heard amid a roar of laughter, calling the house to order.

A FEW Sabbaths since, in a town in the vicinity of Rochester, a teacher of a Sunday school, was engaged in questioning his pupils upon the subjects connected with their previous studies of the Bible. At length, turning to a young Irishman, a member of the class, he asked:—

"What did Adam lose by the fall?"

Pat for a moment was apparently in a brown study, but at last his face brightened as he interrogatively replied,—

"An' was it his hat, sir!"

NEVER.—When Colonel A——was in command at a post, just as the soldiers were called out for drill on a certain morning, it was noticed that one of them had only blacked the fore part of his shoes, leaving the back parts unblacked and of a dirty red color. The Colonel noticed it, and said, "Hinson, you have not blacked the back parts of your shoes." "Colonel," replied Hinson, "a good soldier never looks behind him."

HUMAN beings are by nature fighting animals. The very babies are up in arms as soon as they come into the world.

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