American Union.

VOL. 7 DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1867. NO. 246.

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

A [illegible]

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 Cotion 8 cents;
Dress Braid, 10 cents;
Buck Gauntlets, 1,10;
Gents Lined Kid Gloves, 2,00
Ladies' Faucy 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.

PLASTERING, &c.

THE undersigned, having permanly located in Denton, is ready at all times to do plain and ornamental

PLASTERING,

either in-doors or out. I am also prepared to do WHITEWASHING in the neatest manner.—Those wishing my services will find me at my residence, when not otherwise engaged, and find me ready at all times to do do their work in the most approved manner, and at satisfactory prices. References given if desired.
ap26-tf H. A H. MASON.

PUMP MAKING
—AND—
REPAIRING

THE undersigned is prepared at all times to make and repair pumps at reasonable prices. Having had long experience at the business, I feel assured that I can give general satisfaction. Orders for new Pumps or repairs may be left at this office, or at Blackiston and Saulsbury's store, in Denton.
SAMUEL E. MILLER,
my3-1y near Denton.

Christmas Has Gone!
—BUT—
J. ALBURGER & SON

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

GARDEN SEEDS, just received, and for sale by J. ALBURGER & SON.

FRESH CHEESE for sale at
J. ALBURGER & SON.

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	1.00

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.
Jo TYLOR
HAS RESUMED
The Auctioneering Business,
And respectfully solicits a share of patronage from the public. He may be found at his residence, Denton, Md. [ap11-tmy1'68

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 se ected 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.

Poetry.

There's Work Enough to Do.

The blackbird early leaves its nest,
To meet the smiling morn,
And gathering fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn;
The busy bee that wings its way,
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say—
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow-drop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass;
The ant within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor, too,
And writes upon its tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The sottish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe,
To see that all can write and read,
"There's work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wondrous earth, and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun!
The moments fly on lightning wings.
And life's uncertain too;
We've none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward to their cars,
For Nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's work enough to do."

Who then can sleep when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man—creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
The best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

THE SHADOWS WE CAST.

A child was playing with some building blocks; and as the mimic castle rose before his eyes in graceful proportions, new pleasure swelled in his heart. He felt himself to be the creator of a "thing of beauty," and was conscious of a newborn power. Arch, wall, buttress, gateway, drawbridge, lofty tower, and battlement, were all the work of his hands. He was in wonder at his own skill in thus creating from an unseemly pile of blocks, a structure of such rare design.

Silently he stood and gazed upon his castle with something like the pride of an architect who sees, after months or years of skilfully applied labor, some grand conception in his art, embodied in imperishable stone. Then he moved around, viewing it on every side. It did not seem to him a toy, reaching only a few inches in height, and covering but a square foot of ground, but a real castle, lifting itself hundreds of feet upward toward the blue sky, and spreading wide upon the earth its ample foundations. As the idea grew more and more perfect, his strange pleasure increased. Now he stood with folded arms, wrapped in the over-mastering illusion—now walked slowly around, viewing the structure on all sides, and noting every minute particular—and now sat down and bent over it with the fondness of a mother bending over her child. Again he rose, purposing to obtain another and more distant view of his works. But his foot struck against one of the buttresses, and instantly, with a crash, wall, tower, and battlement fell in hopeless ruin.

In the room with the boy sat his father, reading. The crash disturbed him; and he uttered a sharp, angry rebuke, glancing for a moment at the startled child, and then returning his eyes to the attractive page before him, unconscious of the shadow he had cast upon the heart of his child. Tears came into those fair blue orbs, dancing in light a moment before. From the frowning face of his father, to which his glance was suddenly turned, the child looked back to the shapeless ruins of his castle. Is it any wonder that he bowed his face in silence upon them, and wet them with his tears?

For more than five minutes, he sat as still as if sleeping; then, in a mournful kind of way, yet almost noiselessly, he commenced restoring to the box, from which he had taken them, the many-shaped pieces that, fitly joined together, had grown into a noble building. After the box was filled, he replaced the cover, and laid it carefully upon a shelf in the closet.

Poor child! That shadow was a deep one, and long in passing away. His mother found him, half an hour afterward, asleep on the floor, with cheeks flushed to an unusual brightness. She knew nothing of that troubled passage in his young life; and the father had forgotten, in the attractions of his book, the momentary annoyance, expressed in words and tones with a power in them to shadow the heart of his child.

A young wife had busied herself for many days preparing a pleasant surprise for her husband. The work was finished at last; and now she waited his return with a heart full of warm emotions. A dressing gown, and a pair of elegantly embroidered slippers, wrought by her own skilful fingers, were the gifts with which she meant to delight him. What a troop of pleasant fancies was in her heart!—How, almost impatiently, did she wait for the coming twilight, which was to be her dawn, not approaching darkness, to her.

At last she heard the step of her husband in the passage, and her pulse leaped with fluttering delight. Like a bird upon the wing she almost flew down to meet him, impatient for the kiss that awaited her

To men in the world of business, few days pass without their disappointments and perplexities. It is a man's business to bear this in a manly spirit. They form but a portion of life's discipline, and should make them stronger, braver, and more enduring. Unwisely, and we may say unjustly, too many men fail to leave their business and cares and troubles in their stores, workshops, or counting-rooms, at the day's decline. They wrap them in bundles and carry them home to shadow their household.

It was so with the young husband on this particular occasion. The stream of business had taken an eddying whirl, and thrown his vessel backward, instead of onward, for a brief space; and, though it was still in the current, and gliding safely onward again, the jar and disappointment had fretted his mind severely.—There was no heart-warmth in the kiss he gave his wife, not because love had failed in any degree, but because he had let care overshadow love. He drew his arm around her; but she was conscious of a diminished pressure in that embracing arm.

"Are you not well?"

With what tender concern was the question asked!

"Very well"

He might be in body, but not in mind; that was plain; for his voice was far from being cheerful.

She played and sang his favorite pieces, hoping to restore, by the charm of music, brightness to his spirit. But she was conscious of only partial success.—There was still a gravity in his manner never perceived before. At tea-time she smiled at him so sweetly across the table, and talked to him on such attractive themes, that the right expression returned to his countenance; and he looked as happy as she could desire.

From tea-table, they turned to their pleasant parlor. And now the time had come for offering her gift, and receiving the coveted reward of glad surprise, followed by sweet kisses and loving words. Was she selfish? Did she think more of her reward than of the pleasure she would bestow? But that is questioning too closely.

"I will be back in a moment," she said; and passing from the room she went lightly up the stairs. Both tone and manner betrayed her secret, or rather the possession of a secret with which her husband was to be surprised. Scarcely had her loving face faded from before his eyes when thought returned with a single bound to an unpleasant event of the day; and the waters of his spirit were again troubled. He had actually arisen, and crossed the floor once or twice, moved by a restless concern, when his wife came back with a dressing-gown and slippers. She was trying to trace her countenance into a grave expression, to hold back the smiles that were actually striving to break in truant circles around her lips, when a single glance at her husband's face told her that the dark spirit, driven away by the exorcism of her love, had returned again to his bosom. He looked at her soberly, as she came forward.

"What are these?" he asked, almost coldly, repressing surprise, and affecting ignorance in regard to the beautiful present she held in her hands, that he did not feel.

"They are for you, dear, I made them."

"For me? Nonsense! What do I want with such gimcrackery? This is woman's wear. Do you think I would disfigure my feet with embroidered slippers, or dress up in a calico gown? Put them away, dear! Your husband is too much of a man to robe himself in gay colors, like a clown or actor." And he waved his hand with an air of contempt. There was a cold, sneering manner about him, partly affected and partly real—the real born of his uncomfortable state of mind. Yet he loved his sweet wife, and would not, of set purpose, have wounded her for the world

This unexpected repulse—this cruel reception of her present, over which she had wrought, patiently, in golden hopes for many days—this dashing to the earth her brimful cup of joy, just as it touched her lips, was more than the young wife could bear. To hide the tears that came rushing to her eyes, she turned away from her husband; and to conceal the sobs she had no power to repress, she went almost hurriedly from the room; and going back to the chamber from whence she had brought the present, she laid it away out of sight in a closet. Then covering her hands, she sat down, and strove with herself to be calm. But the shadow was too deep—the heartache too heavy.

In a little while her husband followed her, and discovering, something to his surprise, that she was weeping, said, in a slightly reproving voice: "Why, bless me! not in tears! What a silly little puss you are! Why didn't you tell me you thought of making a dressing-gown and pair of slippers, and I would have vetoed the matter at once! You couldn't hire me to wear such flaunting things. Come back to the parlor"—he took hold of her arm, and lifted her from the chair—"and sing and play for me, 'The Dream Waltz,' or 'The Tremelo,' 'Dearest May, or 'The Stilly Night,' are worth more than forty dressing-gowns, or a cargo of embroidered slippers."

Almost by force, he led her back to the parlor, and placed her on the music stool. He selected a favorite piece, and laid it before her. But tears were in her eyes; and she could not see a note. Over the keys her fingers passed in skilful touches; but when she tried to take up the song, utterance failed; and sobs broke forth instead of words.

"How foolish!" said the husband, in a vexed tone. "I am surprised at you!" And he turned from the piano and walked across the room.

A little while the sad young wife remained where she was left thus alone, and in partial anger. Then, rising, she went slowly from the rooom—her husband not seeking to restrain her—and, going to her chamber, sat down in darkness.

The shadow which had been cast upon her spirit was very deep; and, though the hidden sun came out again right early, it was a long time before his beams had power to scatter the clouds that floated in love's horizon.

The shadows we cast! Father, husband, wife, sister, brother, son, and neighbor—are we not casting shadows daily, on some hearts that are pining for the sunlight of our faces? We have given you two pictures of life, true pictures, not as in a mirror, but in a kaleidoscope.—In all their infinitely varied relations, men and women, selfishly, thoughtlessly—from design, weakness or ignorance—are casting their shadows upon hearts that are pining for sunlight. A word, a look, a tone, an act, will cast a shadow, and sadden a spirit for hours and days. Speak kindly, act kindly, be forgetters of self, and regardful of others, and you will cast but few shadows along the paths of life. The true gentleman is always tender of the feelings of others—always watchful lest he wound unintentionally—always thinking, when with others, of their pleasure instead of his own. He casts but few shadows.

The Harp of Heaven.

One of the sweetest recollections of my boyhood is a beautiful reply my mother once made me when my heart was swelling with childish grief.

I had just returned from the house of a wealthy neighbor, who had kindly given me the use of her piano for a few hours every day, to gratify my extreme love for music. Our own cottage home looked so plain in contrast with the one I had just left, and no piano within its walls, I laid my head upon the table and gave vent to my overflowing heart. I felt grieved, and perhaps a little angry, that we were unable to afford the one thing I desired above all others—a piano—and expressed my feelings to my mother.

Never shall I forget her sweet, gentle tone, as she simply replied, "Never mind; if you cannot have a piano on earth, you may have a harp in heaven." Instantly the whole current of my feelings was changed. Earthly things dwindled into insignificance, and the "harp in heaven," with its golden strings became the object of my desire. I felt reproved for my repinings against Providence, that had placed me in an humble home, and from that moment the enjoyments of heaven seemed far to outweigh all the pleasures of earth.

That beautiful reply has followed me all my life; or rather has gone before me like a bright guiding star lifting my thoughts above this transient life, and opening to my spirit's vision the bright scenes in that "land of life and light."—I have a "piano on earth" now, but its charm has gone. Its music no longer gladdens my heart as it once did; for the ears that loved best to listen to its sweet tones are now enraptured with the grand harmonies of heaven. The fingers that so often touched its key now sweep the golden harp-strings. O, that "harp in heaven!" how my soul longs for one breath of its rich melody.

THE IMITATORS AND THE IMITATED.—If the imitator were only to use his eyes and ears he would soon learn how people loathe him; and if he were to turn to those whom he imitates, he would see *their* countenances radiant with approving smiles—because they are flattered by his immitation. Could there be sincerer eulogy? No one imitates what he despises, but that which he admires.

A GIRL in Topham, Maine, died from her blood turning to sugar. We wonder that a great many of our girls don't die that way.

HANGING in Montana is styled "climbing the pine limb."

The "Gentleman."

Riches and rank have no necessary connexion with genuine gentlemanly qualities. The poor man may be a true gentleman in spirit and in daily life. He may be honest, truthful, upright, polite, temperate, courageous, self-respecting, and self helping, and that is to be a true gentleman. The poor man with a rich spirit is in all ways superior to the rich man with a poor spirit To borrow St. Paul's words the former is as "having nothing, yet possessing all things," while the other, though possessing all things, has nothing. The first hopes everything, and fears nothing; the last hopes nothing, and fears everything Only the poor in spirit are really poor. For the man who is rich in spirit the world is, as it were, held in trust; and in freedom from the grosser cares, he alone is entitled to be called the "true gentleman."

The man who has even lost all, but still retains courage, cheerfulness, hope, industry, and virtue, is still rich. Tho' he may say, as Francis I. did to his mother, after the battle of Pavia, "All is lost but honor," he need not be dismayed.—His motto may still be "Excelsior," in the face of whatever difficulties may stand in his way:

"To thine own self be true.
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Occasionally, nay often, you find the true gentleman concealed under the humblest garb. Here is an old instance, but a beautiful one:

Once upon a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was carried away with the exception of the centre arch, on which stood a house, whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows, while the foundations were visibly giving way. "I will give a hundred French louis," said the Count Spolverini, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from a crowd, seized a boat, and pushed into the stream. He gained the pier, received the whole family into into the boat, and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the Count. "No," was the answer of the young man; "I do not sell my life. Give the money to this poor family, who have need of it."

Here, indeed, spoke out the true spirit of the "gentleman," though he was in the garb of but an humble peasant!

A SHORT RULE FOR FRETTERS.—A little girl has been visiting me who was a fretter. She fretted when it rained, and fretted when it shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to their friends. We, to be sure have our trials, but fretting does not help to bear or get rid of them

I have lately come across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have. Here it is:

Never fret about what you can't help, because it won't do good. Never fret about what you can help; because, if you can help it do so. Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, and say it at night; and not only say, but do; and that will be, do not fret at all—a fine doing.

The only right way of getting along, is not to wish ourselves somebody else, and fret ourselves because we are not, but contentedly bear our lot, and be satisfied with what God has given us

HOW HE BROUGHT IN HIS GAME.—A miner at Pike's Peak took his gun and strayed a short distance from the camp and shot a cub, not observing at the same time the old bear, who was near at hand, ready to avenge the death of her offspring. The hunter approached his game with an exulting air, glowing in his success, and anticipating the astonishment of his companions to see him march into their midst with an ample supply of tender bear meat, when, to his surprise, he saw a large bear bounding toward him, very much determined to demolish him at one meal.

Our hero dropped his gun and started off like a frightened deer down the hill. His companions saw him coming, tearing through the brush, and sung out to him—"What's the matter?"

"Gi-gi-gi-git your guns—ready for a shot," stammered he, almost out of breath; "I'm bringin' her right in to camp!"

COURTING.—If a girl refuses you, don't give it up, but try it again. Because two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, however, don't consider yourself accepted when a girl jilts you twice.

I asked one female forty-one times, and at last she got to expect it whenever I came, and sometimes would hollow out "No!" from the top of the stairs before I got fairly in the house. This is unusual, let me here remark —*Old Miserable.*

Two countrymen seeing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, thus spoke to him:

"Vot's that ere gemman?"

"Vy, he's a naturalist."

"Vot's that?"

"Vy vun who catches gnats, to be sure."

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