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THE AMERICAN UNION

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

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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

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 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.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

MRS. WHEELER'S NURSING SYRUP for Children teething at

ALBURGER & SON'S.

Poetry.

YOUNG GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
But he has left a son who bears
The name that old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of latest cut,
His hat is new and gay;
He cannot bear to view distress,
So turns from it away.

His pants and gaiters—fitting snug
O'er patent leather shoes;
His hair is by a barber curled—
He smokes and chews.
A chain of massive gold is borne
Above his flashy vest;
His clothes are better every day
Than were old Grimes' best.

In Fashion's court he constant walks,
Where he delight doth shed;
His hands are white and very soft,
But softer is his head.

He's six feet tall—no post more straight—
His teeth are pearly white;
In habits he is sometimes loose,
And sometimes very tight.

His manners are of sweetest grace,
His voice of softest tone;
His diamond pin's the very one
That old Grimes used to own.

His dyed mousteche adorns his face,
His neck a scarf of blue;
He sometimes goes to church for change,
And sleeps in Grimes' pew.

He sports the fastest "cab" in town,
Is always quick to bet;
He never knows who's President,
But thinks "Old Tip's in yet."

He has drunk wines of every kind,
And liquors cold and hot;
Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort
Of man—old Grimes was not.

TOM COLLINS AND THE WIDOW.

"Do you know anything about widders?" asked Tom Collins.

We were about to make some reply, when he interrupted us by continuing:

"I know something about them to my sorrow, I do—that is to say, one of them did, once on a time, teach me a lesson I am not likely soon to forget; and I reckon they're all about alike. Tell you how it was. To me there was always something fascinating about the word widder—guess it's so with you, and all other gallant young men. I don't know why it is, but the mere mention of it rather touches a fellow in a tender place located just under the watch fob of his jacket.—I dont mean to say that it works that way with me now—the case is quite different—but that's the way it operated away back when I was several years younger—that is to say, when I was a shaver—for you see I ain't old enough to hurt anything now."

We ventured to say something about gray hairs, but he drowned our words by continuing in a somewhat higher key—

"I say, that's the way it used to get me till a little adventure with the widder hinted at rather revolutionized my feelings on the subject.

"When I was about thirty—or, shem—that is to say about the year eighteen tweuty—pshaw!—excuse me—I've got my subject sorter mixed up some way, for you know I'm not more than thirty now, though some people try to make me out older. They say I've got gray hairs, and it may be true that I've got a few of them, but it's not age that makes them; it's hard study. You see I'm a self-made man, and you must know that a man, to reach a degree of information equal to that attained by me, and to do it all himself, has got to study hard. It's a thousand wonders that every hair in my head hasn't been gray before now. Gray hairs brought on that way are not dishonorable though some people would try to make out they were. You know Bill Morris, up here? Well, he's a perfect chuckle-head—don't hardly know when he's cold; and besides that, he's one of the most impudent shoats unhung. If it hadn't have been for the good feeling I had for his father's folks, I'd a thrashed him a few days ago. The way of it is about this: I was talking to him just as I now am talking to you about how I come to look so much older than I am, and such like, when, said he, 'If you've studied so hard in your time, I can't see how it is that you've never learnt nothing!' It was gross impudence. Every man knows what my intelligence is. If I'd never learned nothing, do you suppose the people'd a run me for the office of Squire? I said that to him, and said he, 'you got beat.' Said I, 'It makes no difference if I did, for it was the fault of the feller that run against me, and not mine.'

"But to the widder. It was several years ago. I had been seeing her to church a good many times, and I'd met her at parties a time or two, all of which went to impress me in her favor, to say nothing of the few thousand greenbacks which report said would fall into the hands of the lucky chap But I didn't care a copper about the money. I'd seen the widder, and I'd fell in love with her, just as a feller would; and so I concluded I'd just see if I couldn't persuade her to be Mrs. Collins. I called to see her one day. She received me very politely with all kinds of winning smiles, and made me feel entirely at home. We talked pleasantly about this thing and that 'till I had almost come to the point so much dreaded by bashful lovers—in short, I'd given her plainly to understand what my business was, and she seemed highly pleased with it. I began to feel first rate, and to try to study up the proposed speech which I had intended to make her, when there was a sudden interruption—some one was coming down the road toward the house. It was Sim Kiger, the sheriff, and very well I knew what he was arter. You see I'd—ahem—no—that is to say, my friends had got me into some kind of a little difficulty, and the State, fool that it is, wanted to meddle in the matter. It was evident that Tom Collins had better be striking for tall timber, so said I.—

'Widder, yonder comes the Sheriff, and I reckon he's after me, for he's been looking around for me these two or three days. There's nothing the matter, only my folks have got me into a little difficulty.—Can't you hide me in some place till he leaves?'

'O, yes, Mr. Collins,' said she, sending a bright smile entirely through me; 'just into the little room at the head of the stairs, and you'll be all safe enough.'

'Of course I stepped into the little room at the head of the stairs.

'Pretty soon I heard the Sheriff enter. He was a Dutchman.

'Is der Tom Collins mit ye at der house?' came up the stairway.

'No, sir, don't you see he is not with me?' responded the sweet voice of the widder.

'I leafs not,' said the Sheriff, and then they went talking about other matters.

'The dear creature,' thought I, 'she'll fix it all right with the old fool. That's a woman worth having, and if I don't make short work of it before I leave this house, I ain't the man I think I am.'

'They talked on, and the widder said many pretty and sweet things—not to please the Dutchman, of course, but that I might hear them, as I had every reason to believe

'Mr. Kiger,' said she, 'I've a beautiful pet up stairs, won't you walk up and see it?'

'Leafs I will,' said he.

'The sweet angel!' breathed I, 'she wants to get him upon his feet, when, she thinks, he'll leave without sitting down again She's the rib for Tom Collins!'

'Step this way,' said she; 'I've no suitable cage to keep it in, and therefore, if you like it and will take it away at once, I'll present it to you.'

'Bless her!' thought I; 'but it's too bad! She's going to give the old bloat a favorite canary or something of the kind, just to get him away. I wish I could prevent it; but as I can't, I vow she shall never lose anything by it. My whole life shall be developed to her. Only to see what a woman will do for the man she loves!'

'They ascended the stairs. They stopped at the head. My door opened slightly, the widder looked in and exclaimed—

'There it is, Mr. Kigor! I think it is the finest specimen of the monkey tribe ever seen in this country.'

'Eankhe!' said the Dutchman, 'I dakes im,' and thereupon I left without the pleasure of any further conversation with the charming widder on the delicate subject of matrimony. Do you wonder that I now find no pleasure in the word 'widder?'

Manners and Morals.

Manners easily and rapidly mature into morals. As childhood advance to manhood, the transition from bad manners to bad morals is almost imperceptible. Vulgar, obscene forms of speech, keep vulgar and obscene objects before the mind, engender impure images in the imagination, and make unlawful desires prurient.—From the prevalent state of the mind, actions proceed, as water rises from a fountain. Hence what was originally only a word or a phrase, becomes a thought, is meretriciously embellished by the imagination, is inflamed into a vicious desire, gains strength and boldness by being always made welcome, until at last, under some urgent temptation, it dares, for once, to put on the visible form of action; it is then ventured upon again and again, more frequently and less warily, until repetition forges the chains of habit; and then language, imagination, desire, and habit bind their victim in the prison-house of sin. In this way, profane language wears away the reverence for things sacred and holy; and a child who has been allowed to follow, and mock, and hoot at an intemperate man in the streets, is far more likely to become intemperate himself than if he had been accustomed to regard him with pity, as a fallen brother, and with sacred abhorrence, as one self-brutified or demonized. So, on the other hand, purity and chasteness of language tend to preserve purity and chasteness of thought and of taste; they repeal licentious imaginings; they delight in the unsullied and untainted, and all their tendencies and aptitudes are on the side of virtue.

The Death of Cleopatra.

FROM ABBOTT'S ITALY.

Octavius, now undisputed master of the world, was dreaming of the splendid triumph which awaited him in Rome, and the presence of Cleopatra, the renowned Queen of Egypt, to lead in the train of the captives, would be one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the triumph.—Conscious of the degradation which awaited her, she watched for an opportunity to commit suicide. Octavius, with almost equal interest guarded his captive that she might not thus escape him. Her fetters were truly those of silk and gold, for she was treated with the most profound deference, surrounded with all her accustomed luxuries and all her wants were abundantly supplied.

Octavius indulged himself with triumphal entrance into Alexandria, endeavoring by humanity and condescension to secure the favor of the people. Yet cruelly it would seem, he caused the eldest son of Antony, and also Cæsario, Clepatra's son by Julius Cæsar, to be put to death.—Fearing nothing from any of the other children of Cleopatra, he treated them all as princes, provided them with teachers, that they might receive an education suitable to their rank.

At length Octavius visited Cleopatra in person. She received him artistically languishing upon a couch, draped in gauze like robes which scarcely concealed her voluptuous beauty; for though the freshness of youth had departed, she was still a woman of rare loveliness. No one knew better than Cleopatra how to magnify her charms, by tones of softness and that artlessness of manner, which is the highest achievement of art. Her beautiful eyes were filled with tears, her cheeks flushed with emotion, and rising from her couch, she fell half fainting, prostrate at the feet of Octavius. The young conqueror lifted the exquisitely moulded, drooping form and placed her on the couch by his side, supporting her against his own bosom. A queen whose renown filled the world, beautiful, graceful, pliant, had thrown herself into his arms.—How could he treat her cruelly. Had Cleopatra been nineteen instead of thirty-nine, the decision might have been different, and, by facile divorce, the way might have been made easy for Cleopatra to share the throne of universal empire with Octavius. But as the circumstances were, ambition proved more powerful than love.

Cleopatra exhausted all her magazines of art—tears, smiles, reproaches, blandishments, flattery, supplications, to win Octavius, but in vain. He treated her with politeness, but his heart remained obdurate. The queen took from her bosom some letters, full of tenderness, from Julius Cæsar, and with a trembling voice and falling tears read them to Octavius.

But of what avail to me now, she said, is all this kindness? Why did I not die with him? And yet in Octavius I see another Julius. You are his perfect image. He seems to have returned from the spirit land in you.

All was in vain. After a long interview Octavius left, and Cleopatra reflected in despair that for the first time her charms had failed. She had surrendered herself to Octavius and he has coldly laid her aside. What more could she do?—Nothing. There now remained for her but to die, or to be carried to Rome to grace the triumph of her conquerer.—There was a young Roman in the camp by the name of Dollabella. He was much affected with the queen's grief, and she, with woman's tact, had thrown around him all the meshes of her wiles. Dollabella kept her informed of all that was transpiring. One day he brought to her couch the tidings, that in three days she and her children were to be sent to Rome.

The crisis had now come, and, with singular calmness and fortitude, Cleopatra prepared to die.

After taking a bath she attired herself in her most sumptuous robes and sat down with her friends to a truly regal feast.—Apparently banishing all care the festive hours passed rapidly away. At the close of the feast she dismissed all her attendants but two. She then wrote a note to Octavius informing him of her intention to die, and requesting that her body might be buried in the tomb with that of Antony. She had contrived to have brought to her in a basket of flowers, an asp, a reptile the concentrated venom of whose bite causes inevitable death, yet with but little pain. She dispatched the letter to Octavius, and immediately placed the reptile upon her arm. The poisonous fangs pierced her flesh, stupor and insensibility soon ensued, and she sank back upon her couch and died.

Octavius, immediately upon receiving the letter from Cleopatra, dispatched messengers to prevent the fatal deed. But they arrived too late. Upon entering the chamber they found Cleopatra already dead, still arrayed in her royal robes.—Her two waiting women were at her side. One of the messengers uttered words of reproach, but the maid of honor replied,—

It is well done. Such a death becomes a glorious queen, descended from a race of illustrious ancestors.

Rather Dull.

The stagnation of trade has been severely felt by all business men, and even that enterprising class of our fellow-creatures known as "drummers" or travelling salesmen, despite their almost inexhaustible invention and resources, have been obliged occasionally to yield to the pressure of the times.

One of these gentlemen, who has recently returned from a trip for Thistle, Brothers & Co., did not show a very large exhibit of orders to balance the liberal expense account allowed him by the firm and Mr. Thistle, after looking over his returns, said:

"Mr. Rataplan, I'm afraid you do not approach the dealers in the right way; I used to be very successful in this line.—Now, just suppose me to be Mr. Bigher, of Sellout, Ill., and show me the way you introduce the house."

Accordingly, Rataplan stepped out of the counting-room and re-entered, hat in hand, inquiring, 'Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"That's my name," said Thistle, urbanely.

"My name is Rataplan, Sir—I represent the house of Thistle Bros. & Co., of Baltimore, (Thistle, in his character of Western Merchant, here rose, offered the salesman a chair, and expressed his great pleasure at seeing him.)

"I am stopping with Overcharge, at the Stickem House, and have a fine unbroken lot of samples which I would like to show you; and think we can offer you some special advantages, &c." And Mr. Rataplan delivered himself of a neat little speech in professional style.

"Very well, very well," said Thistle; "I don't see but you understand the way to get at customers."

"Excuse me, Mr. Thistle," said Rataplan; "I'm afraid you do not understand the style of Western merchants just now; suppose you exchange places with me, and we repeat this rehearsal."

"Certainly," said Thistle, and picking up his hat, he stepped out. Returning he found Rataplan with his chair tilted back, hat cocked fiercely over his right eye, his heels planted on Thistle's polished desk, and a lighted cigar between his teeth.

Thistle looked a little staggered, but nevertheless he commenced:

"Is Mr. Bigher in?"

"Yes, he is," responded Rataplan,—blowing a cloud of pure Connecticut into Thistle's eyes, "Who in—— are you?"

"I sir represent the house of Thistle, Bros. & Co.," said the astonished employer, coughing out about a quart of smoke from his throat."

"The blazes you do; are you one of that concern?"

"No, sir, I am not," said Thistle.

"Well, it's d——d lucky for you that you are not, for I've had two drummers to one customer for the last two months, and if I could get hold of the blasted fools that send 'em out here at this time, I'm darned if I wouldn't boot 'em clean out of the town of Sellout."

"That'll do, that'll do, Mr. Rataplan," said Thistle; "I've no doubt you did the best you could for the interest of the house. Trade is a little dull."

CAN'T COOK.

It is a sad defect when young ladies are incapable of directing their own servants—shoes without soles, or wristbands without a shirt, are not more useless than one of these. One day shortly after his marriage, a young merchant went home, and seeing no dinner ready and his wife appearing anxious and confused, asked:

"What is the matter?"

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chambermaid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband, very coolly.

"Under my direction! I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction."

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise.

"You certainly do not think I could give direction," replied the wife; "how should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered, "as much surprised as I should be to find the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. You don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family!—Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular.

AN honest old lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed:

"Well, I do declare our troubles never come alone. It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Hopper has gone too, poor man."

"THAT motion is out of order," said the chairman of a meeting when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

A Sharp Trick.

Anderson, the wizard, met with a Yankee, who stole a march on him one day, after the following pattern:

"I say, are you Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Wa'all, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm something at a trick, too, kinder cute, deu ye know."

"Ah, indeed, what trick are you up to?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Wa'all, I take a red cent and change it into a ten dollar gold piece."

"Oh, that's a mere slight of hand trick; I can do that, too."

"No you can't; I'd like to see you try."

"Well, hold out your paw with a cent lying in it. This is your cent, is it, sure?"

"I'ts nothing else."

"Hold on to it tight—presto—change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Wa'all, you did it, I declare; much obleged to you," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay," said the Professor, "you may leave my ten dollars."

"Yours! warn't it my cent; and didn't you turn it into that yaller thing, eh?—Good bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this child!"

DON'T TOUCH THE TRAP.—The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snapped from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a witty rat said:

"It is my opinion that if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the other rats present loudly squealed assent, when they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the midst, stood up to speak.

"My friends, I have tried the method just proposed, and you all see the result. Now let me suggest a plan for avoiding all harm and risk—don't touch the trap."

"THIS SIDE UP."—We saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents, we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage; so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much abused "This side up, etc," conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after, we saw Jake.

"Heard from your goods, Jake?—Did they get there safely?"

"Every one broke!" replied Jake, sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!"

"Did you put on 'This side up,' as we told you?"

"Yes I did; an' fur fear they shouldn't see it on the river, I put it on the bottom too—confound 'em!"

Two cowards met in a narrow way, neither disposed to turn out of the road. "Give me the road," said one in a braggart voice, "or, if you don't, I'll do for you what I did for the man who refused it to me yesterday."

The other scrambled aside in great terror, and when the braggart had gone by, asked timidly: "What did you do, sir, to the man who refused you the road yesterday?" "Why," said the other, "I got out of his way."

A MAN from the country applied lately to a respectable lawyer for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred.

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant, I have told you the plain truth; you can put the lies to it yourself."

A MAN in Hartford advertised recently that on a receipt of a certain sum he would, by return mail, instruct any applicant how to make a fortune. His directions were:

"Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home made, as I did, and always be ready to pick up a stray chicken."

MANKIND have been learning for six thousand years, and few have learnt yet that their fellow beings are as good as themselves.

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