ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

American Union.

VOL. 7 DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1867. NO. 250.

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.

Dr. H. C. KEMP

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. He may be found at all times, when not professionally engaged, at the Drug Store, or at the Hotel.
my9-6m

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST.

GREENSBOROUGH, MD.

Will visit Felton every second and fourth Tuesday in each month. [my2-y

Dr. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.,

Will hereafter visit Greensborough the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. jly29y

Jno. D. Kemp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.
Office, next door to residence, Main street.
may9-y

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,

TEMPLEVILLE, MARYLAND,

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

AUCTIONEERING.

J. 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.

Highly Important.

ISRAEL & CO,

PHOTOGRAPHERS

125 *W. BALTIMORE ST.,*

BALTIMORE, MD.

GREAT REDUCTION IN OUR PRICES.

Cartes and Vignettes $2.50 per dozen, formerly $5.

☞ Particular attention paid to copies of deceased persons. [apr25-1y

MRS. WHEELER'S NURSING SYRUP for Children teething at
ALBURGER & SON'S.

Poetry.

TO THE RICH.

Oh! you who sit in parlors fine,
And in your velvet chairs—
Who think not on the starving poor,
Nor of their wants and cares:
Do you not think, this stormy night,
Some one in pain doth moan,
May lie in poverty and cold,
Yes, hungry and alone?

Is there no feeling in your heart
To save the lingering breath?
Do you not hear the howling wind—
Are you entirely deaf?
Ah, no, not deaf, you hear the storm,
But care not for the poor—
Their sorrows they must bear alone
Till their sad life is o'er.

Your riches may not always last,
Sometimes they do take wings
And fly like warblers through the air
Just in the glowing spring;
Then do not sit so calmly there,
But cast your thoughts abroad,
And send a little to the poor,
And God will you reward.

Extravagance.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—In these times, when there are so many enticements to improvidence, and often so many facilities to the indulgence in folly—in luxurious and costly habits, which too often ruin the character and the prospects at once, young men need, more than ever, to be cautious, courageous and decided, as to all good habits and courses.

Perhaps there is scarcely anything more destructive to a young man's character, than the reputation of extravagance—spending more than circumstances warrant, more than can honorably be repaid. The difficulties in which a spendthrift is continually involved are very disgusting to all steady people. They disapprove, and justly, of such conduct; they fear to connect themselves with persons who must often become burdensome to them; for he that gets a habit of exceeding his income is seldom cured of it. All the sufferings he endures himself, all the vexations he brings upon his relatives and friends, affect him but in a slight or transient manner. His being assisted out of his trouble will only encourage future imprudencies; till, having wearied friend after friend, in rapid succession, he becomes an outcast from society, and eventually aims to obviate the consequences of his follies by crime, some disgraceful or desperate crime.

For your own comfort, for your friend's solace, for the sake of your eventual prosperity, cultivate a strict manly habit of economy. It is impossible to raise a good character without it. And this one single trait, connected with moderate talent, will recommend you to all with whom you may wish confidence, or expect remuneration. Assistance, should you need it, will not be withheld, till it is known that your care of personal expenses is correct. But as nothing can essentially benefit or relieve a man inattentive in this point, so those who might otherwise be inclined to favor you, will be backward to do it, perhaps will roughly refuse all connection or concern in your ruinous affairs. Do not esteem the practice of it mean. Generous, free, call it what you will, are terms which do not apply, unless it is literally and truly your own money with which you are sporting; nor then, if you sport more than your rank and circumstances prudently warrant.

Mother, Home, Heaven.

Mother, Home, Heaven! the three beaconlights of life's ocean. Far out over the dreary waste of waters, they shine with cheering light, to the storm tossed mariner; and when sorrow's dark cloud hides the blue sky, and the troubled waves rise higher and higher, warring with the winds, he steers his tiny bark to Memory's Isle, and, carefully avoiding the broken hopes, that little rocks, lie hidden beneath the treacherous waters, rests his tired heart in the golden rays of the starlike words—Mother, Home Heaven.

Rudely may the waves dash against the rocky coast below him; loud may the winds roar and chant their solemn psalm, and lightning may flash, and thunders roll, yet he lingers calm, untroubled, in time's old castle, turning over the records of the past, and reading with serene eyes the dim prophecies of the future

Far back in those beautiful days of long ago, he sees the form of his *Mother*, and feels the soft touch of her lips as she presses loving kisses on the baby brow; or, in the quiet of his loved *Home*, hears her sweet voice as she teaches him, with closed eyes and reverently folded hands, to repeat 'Our father who art in Heaven,' and then looks far into pages of the distant future, and fancies the time already at hand when he shall anchor his bark on the shore of Eternity, and tread with joyous step the golden streets of the Heavenly City, or linger by the crystal waters of the River of life, with glad strains of welcome to him from the angel hosts gathered around God's Throne.

A Beautiful Story.

"A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away;
One little act performed in love
Turns darkness into day."

It was a warm summer afternoon—a lazy breeze stole through the windows of a little hot district school house, lifting the white curtains, and rustling the leaves of the copy books that lay open on all the desks. Thirty or forty scholars of all ages were bending over their writing, quiet and busy; the voice of the master, as he passed about among the writers, was the only sound. But, though silent, this little light, hot school-room had its heroes and heroines as certainly as the wider sphere of life.

The bell rings for the writing to be laid by; and now comes the last exercise of the day, the spelling, in which nearly all the school joined. At the head of the class is a delicate little girl in a blue dress, whose bright eyes and attentive air show that she prizes her place, and means to keep it.

Presently a word, which had passed all the lower end of the class, came to Eunice. The word was privilege. "P-r-i-v priv—i, privi—l-e-g-e—privilege," spelt Eunice. But the teacher, vexed with the mistakes of the other end of the class, misunderstood her and passed it. The little girl looked amazed; the bright color came into her cheeks; and she listened eagerly to the next person, who spelt it again as she had done.

"Right," said the teacher, "take your place."

"I spelt it so," whispered Eunice to herself, tears springing to her eyes as she passed down. But, too timid to speak to the master, she remained in her place, inwardly determining to get up again.—

Many expedients had been tried in the school to keep out the arch enemy of all teachers—whisper. At length the following plan was adopted: The first whisperer was stood upon the floor in front of the teacher's desk. Here he acted as monitor; as soon as he detected another he took his seat, and the next offender kept a sharp look-out to find some one to take his place; for at the close of the school, the scholar who had the whisperer's place was punished severely—as the school phrase was, "took a ferruling!" This plan appeared to operate very well; every one dreaded being found the last on the floor; but though it secured an orderly school, many of the parents and scholars doubted its justice.

The boy who was on the floor when Eunice lost her place was an unruly, surly fellow, who had smarted for his faults often before; and as school drew near its close he began to tremble. The instant Eunice's whispered complaint reached his ear his face brightened up; he was safe now. And when the class was dismissed he said: "Eunice whispered, sir."

Eunice rose, and in a trembling voice related what she had said; but the teacher saw no excuse in it, and she was called to take the place of the ungenerous boy who had told of her.

The books had been put away, and the waiting school looked on in sorrowfulness as Eunice left her seat to take the dreaded punishment. She was one of the best scholars—bright, faithful, sweet tempered, and a general favorite. Every one felt that it was unjust; and many angry glances were cast at the boy who was mean enough to get a little girl like her whipped. Overcome with shame and fear, she stood by the side of the desk crying bitterly, while the teacher was preparing to inflict the punishment.

At this moment a tall boy stepped out of his seat, and, going to the desk, said;

"Are you going to whip Eunice, sir?"

"Yes, I never break my rules," the teacher answered.

"We will not see her whipped!" said the boy in an excited voice; "there is not a boy here but one that would see her whipped! Whip me, sir, and keep your rule if you must, but don't touch that little girl!"

The master paused; the school looked tearfully.

"Do you mean to say you will take her punishment?" asked the teacher.

"I do, sir," was the bold reply.

The sobbing little girl was sent to her seat, and, without flinching, her friend stood up and received the punishment that was to have fallen on her. The school was dismissed, and the boys paid him in admiration and praise for all he had suffered, while the grateful little girl blessed him from her heart for a noble and generous boy, who had saved her from the greatest shame and suffering.

I said the little school had its heroes, and this was one of them. Do you not think this conduct admirable?

Now for the moral:

The punishment received by this noble boy was Christ-like; it was one of suffering from its own will, the punishment that was to have been borne by another.

You see—do you not?—that this is just what Christ did, who bore our sins in his own body on the tree—the Saviour of men. How great the gratitude each of us owes such a friend!

THE seed of repentance is sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

The Practical Joke.

A company of young men, who were supping together at a tavern, found the wine that was served of a very indifferent quality; when one of them, whose house was not far distant, mentioned that he had in his cellar at home some wine that was particularly fine, and that he would step to his house and fetch a couple of bottles, which suggestion much pleased the company. But after he was gone on his errand, one of the company proposed to play him a trick, by going out to meet him on the way and to frighten him. To this practical joke they all assented with great glee; and accordingly off the planner went on his expedition, which promised to have so pleasant an effect. The night was dark, and a part of the way was in a lonely road; but what heightened the fun was that just at hand there was a tanyard, where there lay many fresh hides of cattle with the horns on them; and in one of these our hero invested himself in order to complete the horror of his figure.

The company, in high expectation, waited some time for the result of the frolic. At last their companion who had been for the wine, entered with his two bottles, according to promise; but as their jocular companion did not appear, and being impatient to learn the history of the joke, they plainly asked him if he had not met with something of rather a shocking appearance on the road. He answered, "Indeed, something of that sort made an attack upon me, probably a robber in disguise; but," he continued, "whatever it was, I have done its business, for I quickly ran my sword through its body, and it dropped instantly at my feet without a groan." Terror now seized the whole company; they all rushed out in search of their unfortunate friend whom they too soon found enveloped in the cow's hide, lifeless, and weltering in his blood.

A practical joke is as always liable, more or less, to be attended by very dangerous consequences; it is the resource of fools who are incapable of forseeing the great risk they run of involving themselves or the object of their unfeeling wit in some fatal catastrophe. It is a cruel and hazardous jocularity, which has often turned a comedy into the deepest tragedy. The instances that might be brought as proofs are innumerable. The proverb says, "To the wise it is a great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with mirth, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudeness."

A WORD TO WIVES.—Little wives! if ever a half-suppressed sigh finds place with you or a half unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same good-luck now. If you do feel that you become less loveable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all you love on earth or hope for in heaven—turn back and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not, the lover you admire will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you first. Do not seek to "emancipate" yourself—do not strive to unsex yourself, and become a Lucy Stone or a Rev. Miss Brown; but love the higher honor ordained by our Saviour of old—that of a loving wife. A happy wife, a blessed mother, can have no higher station—needs no greater honor.—*The Ladies' Home.*

DON'T BE A LOAFER.—Young man, pay attention. Don't be a loafer; don't keep a loafer's company, don't hang about loafing places. Better work than sit around day after day, or stand on corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your own health, better for your own prospects. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a patient by riding after an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper, tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case, and make his fortune. Such is the world; to him that hath shall be given. Quit dreaming and complaining; keep busy and watch your chance.

—If you want a shoe to fit you comfortably, next time you are measured for a pair stand upon a piece of paper, and get the shoemaker to trace with pencil the outline of each foot; each foot we say, because two feet are never alike in size and shape, though they belong to the same person. They are more than right and left—they are unlike. Don't suppose you can be measured for a pair by the most careful measurement of one.—Insist on having the outlines as well as the girth and length of each foot taken, and then, if the maker is an honest man, he will send home a pair of boots which, with turned-in toes, will prove not only the most becoming, but the most comfortable you ever wore.

Witnesses in Court.

Of all unfortunate people in this world, none are more entitled to sympathy and commiseration than those whom circumstances oblige to appear upon the witness stand in Court. Here is a picture, drawn by a cotemporary, and a very accurate one it is, of the pleasure of being a witness: "You are called to stand and place your hand upon a copy of the Scriptures in sheep-skin binding, with a cross on one side and none on the other, to accommodate either variety of the Christian faith. You are then arraigned before two legal gentlemen, one of whom smiles at you blandly because you are on his side, the other eyeing you savagely for the opposite reason. The gentleman who smiles proceeds to pump you of all you know, and having squeezed all he wants out of you, decently hands you over to the other, who proceeds to show you are entirely mistaken in your suppositions, that you have never seen anything you have sworn to; that you never saw the defendant in your life; in short, that you have committed direct perjury. He wants to know if you have ever been in State prison, and takes your denial with the air of a man who thinks you ought to have been there. Asks you all the questions over again in different ways, and tells you with an awe-inspiring severity, to be careful what you say. He wants to know if he understood you to say so and so, and wants to know whether you meant something else. Having bullied and scared you out of your wits, and convicted you in the eyes of the jury of prevarication, he lets you go. By and by everybody you have fallen out with is put on the stand, to swear that you are the biggest scoundrel they ever knew, and not to be believed under oath. Then the opposing counsel, in summing up, paints your moral photograph to the jury, as a character fit to be handed down to time as the type of infamy; as a man who had conspired against innocence and virtue, and stood convicted of the attempt. The Judge, in his charge, tells the jury if they believe your testimony, &c., indicating that there is even a judicial doubt of your veracity, and you go home to your wife and family, neighbors and acquaintances, a suspected man, all because of your accidental presence on an unfortunate occasion. Who would be a witness?

IT'S DARK.—The following beautiful sentiments are from Meister Karl's Sketch Book, entitled the 'Night of Heaven.' It is full of touching tenderness:

"It is dark when the honest and honorable man sees the results of years swept cruelly away by the knavish, heartless adversary. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather round and knows that the hopes and happiness in others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity will be a true consolation, and assure him even here on earth of gleams of light in Heaven. It is dark when the dear voice of that sweet child once fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark when the pattering feet no more resound without the threshhold, or ascend step by step up stairs. Dark when some well known air recalls the strains once oft attuned to childish voice now hushed in death!—Darkness; but only the gloom which now heralds the day-spring of immortality, and the infinite light of Heaven."

THE LAUGH OF A WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in a cool exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that voice this day. Sometimes it will come to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and we turn away and listen and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe that sweet laugh! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadow of immortality.

"MOTHER."—Despise not thy mother when she is old Age may waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always at the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in the flourish. It may be autumn, aye, with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring.—Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone, when the cares and coldness of the world come withering on our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few will befriend us in misfortune, then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

—Without the *deer* ladies we should be but a *stag*-nation.

PAYING LIKE A SINNER.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern keepers to charge the ministers anything for lodging and refreshments', a preacher presumingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage without offering to pay for his accommodations.—The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said:

'There is some one who has not settled his bill.'

The passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who said he understood that ministers were never charged anything.

"What? you a minister of the gospel—a man of God" cried the inn keeper; you came to my house last night, you sat down at the table without asking a blessing; I lit you to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker, (for I stood there until you retired,) you rose and washed without praying, ate your breakfast without saying grace; and, as you came to my house like a sinner, and ate and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner!'

MONEY BEFORE HONOR.—A rich planter lying on his death-bed, and wishing to reward a faithful black, called him into his room and thus addressed him:—"Cato, to reward your long and faithful services, I have remembered you in my will." "Berry well, massa," replied Cato, (his eyes brightning at the hope of receiving a considerable sum of money,) "me berry glad massa tink ob poor Cuff." "I intend you a great honor," continued his master; "I mean to have you interred by my side in the family tomb." "O! massa," replied Cato, me no like dat—fifty dollars better for me; and besides, suppose some dark night de debil come look for massa, perhaps he take poor Cuffee in mistake."

—A gentleman, driving up to a country inn, somewhere in Clinton co., Pa., accosted a youth thusly:

"Adolescence, extricate my quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him in a sufficient supply of nutricious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward your amiable hospitality with a pecuniary compensation."

The boy becoming puzzled, and not comprehending the meaning of the gentleman's high-sound effusion, ran into the house and exclaimed: "Daddy, here is a dutchman out here who wants some lager beer and switzer cheese."

PRECIOUS.—An urchin leading a small dog along the streets some days ago was accosted by a gentleman as follows:

"Well, my son, what's your dog's name?"

"Haint got any name yet."

"Well, why don't you name him?—Give him some good name. Call him Thad. Stevens."

"I don't like to do that, 'twould be disrespectful to Mr. Stevens."

"Well, then, name him Andy Johnson."

"I won't do that neither, for that would be disrespectful to the dog."

—A mother trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep, one night said to her:

'Annie, why don't you try and go to sleep?'

'I am trying,' she replied.

'But you haven't shut your eyes.'

'Well, can't help it—'um's come unbuttoned.'

—A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming, "I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou be able to get it?" said the taunting spouse, in 'reiteration,' which married ladies so provokingly indulge in. 'I will keep thee a week after thou are dead!' was the Quaker's rejoinder.

THERE is an old story that a Jew while indulging in a morsel of forbidden food, (pork,) was overtaken by a terrific thunder storm, and that, as the thunder roared and the lightning flashed around, he he exclaimed:

"Plesh my soul, vot a pother apout a leetle pit of pork!"

—Jones, who is engaged in the real estate business, was riding along one day, when he saw this sign: "This farm for sail." Seeing a woman pick up an apron full of chips at the wood pile, he politely asked her when the farm was to *sail*.—"Just as soon as the man comes along who can raise the wind."

—"Is there any person you would particularly wish me to marry?" said a widow expectant to her dying spouse who had been somewhat of a tyrant in his day. "Marry the devil, if you like," was the gruff reply. "Oh, no, my dear, you know it is not lawful to marry two brothers."

—It may afford some encouragement to a mind in distress to remember, that the narrowest part of a defile is often nearest the open field.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3527-0076.jpg