ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.


# American Union.

VOL. 7 — DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1867. — NO. 254.



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.

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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 of 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.**

**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.

**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.

### FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

FAITH.

As points the needle which directs
The ship upon the ocean's breast
Until the mariner detects
The distant port he's sailed in quest;
So faith points to a port above,
Where all is bliss without alloy;
It points, as on life's sea we rove,
To that fair heaven of endless joy.

HOPE.

As gleams the lonely beacon light
Athwart the wild tempestuous sea,
And shows the storm-tossed ship at night,
A harbor safe whence she may flee;
So Hope, upon the sea of life,
Will rise a beacon to the soul;
And guide us on through danger, strife,
Or, safely, to our destined goal.

CHARITY.

As dew is to the drooping flower,
As rain is to the budding rose,
That grateful for the needed show'r,
Their loveliest colors all disclose;
So Charity infuses joy;
Distills its gifts on all around;
Which otherwise for want might die,
And lose their sweetness in the ground.

—*Waverley Magazine.*

THE MOTHER'S LAST GIFT

—OR—

## THE VALUE OF A SINGLE PENNY.

Thirty years ago there was seen to enter the city of London a lad about fourteen years of age. He was dressed in a dark frock, that hid his under apparel, and which appeared to have been made for a person evidently taller than the wearer. His boots were covered with dust from the high road He had on an old hat with a black band, which contrasted strangely with the color of the covering of his head. A small bundle, fastened to the end of a stick, and thrown over the shoulder, was the whole of his equipment. As he approached the Mansion House, he paused to look at the building, and seated himself on the steps of one of the doors. He was about to rest awhile; but the coming in and going out of half-a-dozen persons, before he had time to finish untying his bundle made him leave that spot for the next open space, where the doors were in part closed.

Having taken from the bundle a large quantity of bread and cheese, which he seemed to eat with a ravenous appetite, he amused himself by looking at the building before him with all the eager curiosity of one unaccustomed to see similar objects.

The appearance of the youth soon attracted my curiosity, and gently opening the door, I stood behind him without his being the least conscious of my presence. He now began rummaging his pockets, and after a deal of trouble brought out a roll of paper, which he opened. After satisfying himself that a large copper coin was safe, he carefully put it back again, saying to himself, in a low voice, "Mother, I will remember your last words:—'A penny saved is twopence earned.' It shall go hard with me before I part with you, old friend."

Pleased with his remark, I gently touched the lad on his shoulder. He started and was about to move away, when I said:

"My good lad, you seem tired, and likewise a stranger in the city.

"Yes, sir," he answered, putting his hand to his hat, He was again about to move forward.

"You need not hurry away, my boy," I observed. "Indeed if you are a stranger, and willing to work, I can, perhaps, help to find what you require."

The boy stood mute with astonishment; and coloring to such an extent as to show all the freckles of a sunburnt face, stammered out:

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to know," I added, with all the kindness of manner I could assume, "whether you are anxious to find work, for I am in want of a youth to assist my coachman."

The poor boy twisted his bundle about and after having duly placed his hand to his head, managed to utter an awkward kind of an answer, that he would be very thankful.

I mentioned not a word about what I had overheard with regard to the penny, but inviting him into the house, I sent for the coachman, to whose care I entrusted the new comer.

Nearly a month had passed after this meeting and conversation occurred, when I resolved to make some inquiries of the coachman in regard to the conduct of the lad.

"A better boy never came into the house, sir; and as for wasting anything, bless me, sir, I know not where he has been brought up, but I really believe he would consider it a sin if he did not give the crumbs of bread to the poor birds every morning."

"I am glad to hear so good an account," I replied.

"And as for his good nature, sir, there is not a servant among us that doesn't speak well of Joseph. He reads to us while we sup, and he writes all our letters for us. Oh, sir, he has got more learning than all of us put together; and what's more, he doesn't mind work, and never talks about our secrets after he writes our letters."

Determined to see Joseph myself, I requested the coachman to send him to the parlor.

"I understand, Joseph, that you can read and write."

"Yes, sir; thanks to my poor, dear mother."

"You have lately lost your mother, then?"

"A month that very day when you were kind enough to take me into your house, an unprotected orphan," answered Joseph.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Sir, my mother has been a widow ever since I can remember. She was a daughter of the village schoolmaster, and having to maintain me and herself with her needle, she took the opportunity of her leisure moments to teach me not only how to read and write, but to cast up accounts."

"And did she give you that penny, which was in the paper that I saw you unroll so carefully at the door?"

Joseph stood amazed, but at length replied with emotion, and a tear started from his eye.

"Yes, sir, it was the very last penny she gave me."

"Well, Joseph, so satisfied am I with your conduct, that not only do I pay you a month's wages willingly for the time you have been here, but I must beg of you to fulfil the duties of collecting clerk to our firm, which situation has become vacant by the death of a very old and faithful assistant."

Joseph thanked me in the most unassuming manner, and I was asked to take care of his money since I promised to provide him with suitable clothing for his new occupation.

It will be necessary to relate how, step by step, this poor lad proceeded to win the confidence of myself and partner.—The accounts were always correct to a penny; and whenever his salary became due, he drew out of my hands no more than he absolutely wanted, even to a penny. At length he had saved a sufficient sum of money to be deposited in the bank.

It so happened that one of our chief customers who had carried on a successful business required an active partner.—The person was of eccentric habits, and considerably advanced in years. Scrupulously just, he looked to every penny and invariably discharged his workmen if they were not equally scrupulous in their dealings with him.

Aware of this peculiarity of temper, there was no person I could recommend but Joseph; and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrothers & Co.—Prosperity attended Joseph in his new undertaking, and never suffering a penny's difference to appear in his transaction, he so completely won the confidence of his senior partner, that he left him the whole of his business, as he expressed it in his will, "even to the very last penny."

WE FADE AS A LEAF.—As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened! Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

—"Job printing!" exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first larnt to read; and if he was'nt the most patientest man that ever was he never could have stood it so long, nohow."

—There once lived in Georgetown, D. C., a tanner named Anthony Hyde. His sign was as follows:

Hyde's my name,
And hides I buy;
Four cents for green,
Eight cents for dry."

From the Wide World.

## ROME,

HER ORIGIN, RISE, AND FALL.

BY FRANK FOXCROFT.

Twenty-six hundred years ago, on the banks of the dark-flowing Tiber, the little city of Rome was founded. A thousand rude huts dotted over the slopes of the Palatine marked the origin of this mighty empire, destined to extend over the whole known world. Few were its inhabitants, but hardy and courageous. The early history of the city is but a record of bloody wars, waged against the surrounding nations; wars so fierce and destructive that only Romans could have lived thro' them. Conflict followed conflict in quick succession; one by one the neighboring tribes yielded to the superior strength of Rome, till, after four hundred and eighty years of constant strife, her dominion was extended over the whole of Italia, and her great career of conquest was fairly commenced, traced in steps of blood.

Rome had existed, as a republic, two hundred and fifty years, when the wars with Carthage commenced. Time advanced; victory after victory was awarded to the Romans. Step by step, inch by inch, the ground was disputed and won, till at length proud Carthage fell; her walls levelled to the ground, her houses destroyed, her leaders slain, her people wearied with over a century of strife—there was little left now with which to stem the tide of Roman ambition. Meanwhile the liberties of Greece had been lost by the treachery and dissensions of her own people, and she, too, had become a Roman province. Still the work went on—still the career of Rome was incomplete, until at the commencement of the Christian era, her power extended over the whole known world, from the Euphrates and the Nile on the east, to the broad Atlantic on the west.

The few rude huts that marked her founding were transformed into buildings of regal magnificence and stately grandeur; through her broad streets was heard the tramp of armies—cohorts and legions marshalling for the fight; the gleamings of their banners and the shining of their steel could be seen, where formerly were nothing but trackless forests and unknown wastes. No longer need the Roman citizen keep within the walls of the mother city. With no other safeguard than his name, he could go whither he would, for the glittering eagles of Rome waved over every city and every fortress from the plains of Scythia to the shores of Spain. Now that her conquests were over, the temple of Janus was again closed, and the people turned their attention to the more domestic avocations of peace.

The rise of Rome had been by slow, steady steps, and such was to be her fall. She had now reached the pinnacle of her glory, and the series must descend again. It was by the decree of a Roman magistrate that our Saviour was condemned; it was by the Roman soldiery that he was slain; upon Rome rests the blood of saints and martyrs, poured out as oblations to her heathen gods; upon Rome rests the responsibility of the fearful Inquisition, with cruelties that never have, never can be recorded; from Rome has proceeded the darkness of Papal superstition, the eternal night of ignorance, sin and wrong. All of these were to be avenged, and in the events that marked her fall, as well as in her rise, may be traced the hand of God.

For over fifteen hundred years this mighty empire has been crumbling. Each successive age has left its marks upon her, each century of time adds to the work of desolation. And now, in the nineteenth century, what is her place among the nations of the earth? Rome, haughty Rome, before whom kings and princes bowed in the dust, while thrones toppled and whole nations faded like mist before the sun. Rome, the store-house of learning, the birthplace of valor, the very centre of refinement and education—where is she now? Her territory reduced to the few acres of a petty province, deserted even by the foreign mercenaries who maintained her feeble power, with no army, no navy, no treasury, she stands at the present day a wonderful example of the workings of God.

Soon, very soon, will the little that remains of Rome give way before the demands of republican Italy; soon will the Pope, the nominal ruler of the whole Catholic world, retire to some insignificant island where he may wield his power.

Search through all the annals of the past, and you will find none in which light and shadow blend so strangely together, and are yet so vividly contrasted, as in the history of Rome. Some of its pages are wet with tears and crimson with blood, while others shine out bold and bright, emblazoned with the records of Roman valor and Roman virtue.

She was great; great in magnificence, great in power, great in men; but she planted herself in the path of advancing right, and therefore is she swept down—Thus the onward march of Truth casts down all the obstacles in its way, however great, however proud.

Ere long the day will come when the frail remains of what was once Rome, will have gone forever. Scarcely will the ripple that arises on the surface of the waters—the dark waters of oblivion—have subsided, her memory will be gone. The waves will close over her, hiding her ruins in their impenetrable depths.

Then will the great prophecy be fulfilled, the wonderful prediction be accomplished, for the mother of harlots and abominations, she that was drunken with the blood of saints and martyrs, will have been destroyed. Then will the shouts arise around the throne, from the souls of those whom she has slain—"Babylon is fallen, is fallen."

## Six Degrees of Drunkenness.

The most foolish predicament a man can get into is to get drunk. In drunkenness every man shows his strongest and most ardent passion. There are six kinds of drunkards, and if you get into a city drinking place where there are a dozen men under the influence of liquor, you will be sure to find those six different characters, representing different animals.

The first is ape drunk. He leaps, he sings, and yells, and dances, making all sorts of grimaces, and cutting up all sorts of "monkey shines" to excite the laughter of his fellows. Terribly silly is the drunken clown.

The second is tiger-drunk. He breaks the bottles, breaks the chairs, breaks the head of his fellow-carousers, and is full of blood and thunder. His eyes are fired with vengeance, and his soul raves with murderous fury. Of this sort is those who abuse their families.

The third is hog-drunk. He rolls in the dirt on the floor, slobbers and grunts, and going into the street makes his bed in the first ditch or filthy corner he may happen to fall into. He is heavy, lumpish and sleepy, and cries in a grunting way for a little more to drink.

The fourth is puppy drunk. He will weep for kindness, and whine his love and hug you in his arms, and kiss you with his slobbery lips, and proclaim how much he loves you. You are the best man he ever saw, he will lay down his money or his life for you.

The fifth is owl-drunk. He is wise in his own conceit. No man must differ with him for his word is law. He is true in politics, and all matter must be taken as authority. His arm is the strongest, his horse the fastest, his turnips the largest, his town the finest of all in the land.

The sixth and last animal in the menagerie is the fox-drunkard. He is crafty, ready to trade horses and cheat if he can. Keen to strike a bargain, leering around with low cunning, peeping through cracks, listening under the eaves, watching for some suspicious thing, sly as a fox, sneaking as a wolf. He is the meanest drunkard of all.

## Dress Well.

It is the duty of all men, young and old, to make their persons, as far as practicable, agreeable to those with whom they are thrown in contact. By this, we mean that they should not offend by singularity or slovenliness. Let no man know by your appearance what trade you follow. You dress your person, not your business. Be careful, ladies, to mold the fashion of the times to your own personal peculiarities. Fashion is to be servant, not your master. Therefore never dress in the extreme of fashion. Only adopt it as far as consistent with your face and figure. That which will become one man ill becomes another; and for all to follow the same model is obviously absurd. The exercise of a little judgment on your part will enable you to adopt as much of the prevailing style in your dress to show that you are acquainted with the fashion, without sacrificing your personal appearance for the scrupulous conformity to its laws.—The best possible impression you can make by your dress, is to make no separate impression to all, but to harmonize its material and shape with your own figure that it becomes part of you; and people, with recollecting how you were clothed, remember that you looked well, and were dressed becomingly.

An objection may be urged here that attention to dress is dangerous. We think not. Extravagance is dangerous, but extravagantly dressed people are seldom dressed well. We constantly meet multitudes of people dressed in every imaginable style. Here is one in the best of broad-cloth and the costliest of jewelry, but who looks exceedingly vulgar; here another, habited plainly, in good taste, is generally in his appearance at half cost. Showy and flaring clothes argue mental poverty of the wearer. The secret being well dressed, is but the exercise of judgment and good sense—it invariably requires more care than cash; and instead of making a young man or woman extravagant, it is saving of half the money it would cost to clothe them in the vulgar and pretending style which so many, now-a-days, unfortunately adopt.

—"Quit spitting that nasty tobacco on the floor, Josh, or I'll whop yo."

"La, mother, why don't you speak properly. You should have said, 'Cease ejecting that offending saliva of the Virginia weed upon the promenade, or I shall administer to you a severe castigation.'—That is proper, ma."

Ma fainted.


## Wonderful Pills.

Barnabas Basset, M. D. (much doctor,) chuck full of faith, bloze his horn, and bi these presents duz blo hiz born about hiz "Lightning Express and Serio Sensation Pills," a cumfurt and a joy to man.

These pills are ov rutes—ruty—and kost the author 4 years in the wilderness, beside sleepless nights and anxious days, to get them down to a spot without blemish, and filled with fun.

These pills will cure deffness, dipthera, and dandriff—are good for baldness, bronkeeters, and backsliding—are sertin to heel hedake, hifalutin and hangnales—will remove warts, windgauls, and wens, destroy all longings, lassitudes, and laziness—will sooth the sorrowful, cam the krazy, and kure the common size in 2 minits.

They are cluss packed in little round boxes, and each little box kontains 2 dos and 2, or no sail.

Each box is dun up in a trakt, which sez they are sure to kure as lightning is to strike what it starts for.

On the top of the box is a full-sized painting of the author, with a grub hoe in one hand, and a hull passel uv rutes in the other, with a knapsack on his back, and mountains in the distance, to which he is pinting with the grub hoe—them is the mountains where he gits the rutes.

On the top uv each little round box is these words in furrin tung: "Hocus Pocus quod constantus," which, being biled down, means "purely vegetable."


WHAT ONE GLASS OF WINE DID.—The influence which an apparently significant circumstance often exerts on the affairs of life was well illustrated in the history of the son of Louis Phillippe, who was heir apparent to his father's throne, and regarded as one of the most promising men of France. Not given to dissipation, of a lofty and noble character, and an officer of distinction in the army, the hopes of his family and his country were centred in him. One morning, being about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment, he invited a few companions to breakfast with him, and in the conviviality of the hour drank one glass too much. Bidding adieu to his companions he stepped into his carriage. Had it not been for the "glass too much" he would have remained seated; as it was, he sprang out. But for the "glass too much" he would have alighted on his feet; as it was, his head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was carried into a beer-shop and expired. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, caused the confiscation of their property, worth one hundred million dollars, and drove the family into exile.

—All through the range of philanthropy, patience is power. It is not the water spout, but the mighty dew which freshens vegetation. They are not the flashes of the lightning which mature our harvests, but the daily sunbeams, and that quiet electricity which thrills in atoms and which flashes in every ripening ear. Niagara, in all its thunder, fetches no fertility; but the Nile, coming without observation, with noiseless fatness overflows, and from under the retiring flood Egypt looks up again, a garner of golden corn. The world is the better for its moral cataracts, and its spiritual thunder-bolts; but the influences which do the world's great work—which freshen and fertilize it, and which are maturing its harvests for the garner of glory, are not the proud and potent spirits, but the patient and the persevering; they are not the noisy and startling phenomena, but the silent and steady operations.

—A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* at North Brookfield, Mass., writes that there is a man in that town that beats "all hollow" in meanness the man in Northampton who sued his brother for board when on a visit. This North Brookfield man also has a wife who is meaner than he is. The couple have some property, but in order to get more, they have whipped the husband's father, beat and starved his mother, and they have even been caught in shaving the hair from the tails of their neighbor's cows for hair to sell to tin peddlers.—Surely, this couple bear off the palm for meanness.

—"Pa, didn't you whip me for biting Tommy?" "Yes, my child; you hurt him very much." "Well, then, pa, you ought to whip mama's music teacher, too, for he bit mamma right in the mouth, and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him!"

—"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to a hopeful son, just budded into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy."

"I guess I won't min I it now, mother," replied Charlie; "I've got in some tobacco."

—One charge in a lawyer's bill against a client was, "For waking up in the night and thinking of your business—$5.

NOT MUCH.—Girls kiss one another, hug one another, but never marry one another, if they know themselves.

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