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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. M. EMERSON & BRO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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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.

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'S.

Poetry.

"I Love Somebody."

A matter-of-fact poetical genius says: "I overheard a moonstruck chap the other day remark that he loved a certain young lady well enough to die for her. Now, I LOVE SOMEBODY very much, and

I'd swear for her—
I'd tear for her—
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her,
I'd lie for her—
I'd sigh for her—
I'd drink the Hudson dry for her;

I'd "cuss" for her—
Do "wuss" for her—
I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her,
I'd weep for her—
I'd leap for her—
I'd go without sleep for her,

I'd fight for her—
I'd bite for her—
I'd walk the streets all night for her;
I'd plead for her—
I'd bleed for her—
I'd go without my "feed" for her;

I'd shoot for her—
I'd boot for her—
A rival who'd come to "suit" for her;
I'd kneel for her—
I'd steal for her—
Such is the love I feel for her;

I'd slide for her—
I'd ride for her—
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;
I'd dry for her—
I'd cry for her—
But—HANG ME IF I'D DIE FOR HER!

N. B.—Or any other woman.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, was a piece of canvass glowing with soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door sat a plump rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver gray poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement, 'to see how Frank was getting along.'

'Here, mother,' said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, 'just see the way that sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair.'

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair.

'It's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures.'

Frank laughed good-humoredly.

'Well, mother, she is pretty.'

'Yes, I don't deny that she's pretty enough.'

'Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?' demanded the young artist, pleasantly. 'What have you discovered about Miss Teller that isn't charming and womanly and loveable?

'Frank, do you know who she is?'

'Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low, soft rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy.'

'Nonsense,' said Mrs. Seymour sharply. 'Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?'

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

'Mother, I think one day she will be my wife!'

'Frank! Frank! are you crazy?'

'Not that I know of,' said Mr. Seymour composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his palette from a dainty tin tude, and mixing it thoughtfully.

'We know so little about her,' thought Mrs. Seymour. 'To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in half a house, and takes in fine embroidery for a living. But, then, she has no style compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me! a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive!'

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and then put on her mouse-colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set out on a tour of investigation.

'I'll find out about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why,' thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Teller 'was at home' helping Mary Elton on an elaborate piece of embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the very cheapest ingrain, and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat black bird was chirping in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet blossomed pansies gave a delicate refinement to the detail of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been very different, under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lively blonde, with large blue eyes, rose leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureola.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheeks, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

'Very warm this morning,' said the old lady, fanning herself. 'Do they have warm weather where you came from, Miss Teller?'

'I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville,' said Grace, composedly, taking another needleful of white silk.

'Factoryville! is that your native place? Perhaps, then, you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent of the great calico mills there?'

'Very well—I have seen him.'

'Are you acquainted with Cynthia?'

'No, I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in this city.'

'That's very true,' said Mrs. Seymour eagerly. 'Cynthia often says there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory, and Cynthia is very genteel. But—excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not his daughter?'

Grace colored.

'Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet Miss Parker.'

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair; she was beginning to see through the mystery.

'Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?'

'I have,' said Grace with calm dignity.

'A factory girl?' gasped Mrs. Seymour growing red and white.

'Is there any disgrace in the title?' quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyeing crimson.

'Disgrace? Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way,' returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was she was thinking in her inmost mind, what will Frank say? and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

'I do not hesitate to confess,' went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eye, 'that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread.'

'Very laudable, I'm sure,' said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue, clear gaze, 'only there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and—and I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is—'

Mary came over to Grace's side and stooped to kiss her cheek.

'My dearest friend, my most precious companion,' she murmured, 'I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour.'

The old lady took her leave stiffly, and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distinct terms.

'Frank!' she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, 'who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?'

'The loveliest of her sex,' returned Frank, briefly and comprehensively.

'A factory girl!' screamed the old lady at the top of her lungs, 'a factory girl.'

'Well, what of that?'

'What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?'

'I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl, mother,' said the young man, with aggrivating calmness.

'Frank, don't jest with me,' pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. 'Tell me at once that you will give up this idle fancy for a girl who is in no respects equal to you.'

'No, she is in no respects my equal,' returned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, 'but is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well as the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife.'

Mrs. Seymour sat down, limp, lifeless and despairing.

'Frank, Frank, I never thought to see my son marry a factory girl.'

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the picture.

* * * * * * *

'So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?'

Grace Teller had been crying; the dew was yet on her lashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary Elton considerately slipped out to search for a missing pattern.

'I should rather think so,' said Frank, looking admiringly down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies.

'But your mother thinks me far below you in social position.'

'Social position be ignored! What do I care for social position, as long as my little Grace has consented to make sunshine of my home!'

'Yes, but, Frank—'

'Well, but Grace!'

'Do you really love me?'

For the answer he took both the fair delicate hands in his, and looked steadily into her eyes.

'Frank,' said Grace Teller, demurely, 'I'm afraid you'll make a dreadfully strong-willed, obstinate sort of a husband.'

'I shouldn't wonder, Grace.'

And so the purple twilight faded into purple softer than the shadow of the eastern amethysts, and the stars came out one by one, and still Frank and Grace talked on, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding the missing pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July; the fact was she wanted a chance to confide her grief to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

'Crying? Yes, of course I have been crying, Mrs. Randall; I've done nothing but cry for a week.'

'Mercy upon us,' said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid gloved hands, 'what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble?'

'My dear,' said the old lady in a mysterious whisper, 'Frank has been entrapped—inveigled into the most dreadful entanglements. Did you ever fancy that he the most fastidious and particular of beings could be resolutely determined on marrying a factory girl?'

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Teller, looking rather more lovely than usual.

'Well,' thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the newcomers, 'well, wonders never cease!—Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree!—But I suppose its all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the Judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia; dear me, what a curious mixture is our American society; how they will be shocked to see Miss Teller!'

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not the kind of astonishment that was on the programme.

'Miss Grace! You here? Why when did you come from Factoryville?'

'You are acquainted with Miss Teller?' asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise.

'Quite well; in fact, I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village takes its name.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, turning pale, and sinking down upon a divan near her. 'Why, they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country.'

'Grace,' said Frank gravely and almost sternly, 'what does this mean?'

The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

'I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?'

My little deceiver! But why did you not tell me?'

'Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind, and be plain Grace Teller for awhile, and when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's wilfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I would maintain my incognito, come what might. Mrs. Seymour,' she added, turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfitted old lady, 'didn't I tell you I owed my daily bread to the factory?'

And poor Mrs. Seymour for once in her life was at a loss for an answer.

"MY BOY DRUNK?"—"Drunk!—my boy drunk!" and tears started from the mother's eyes, and she bent her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment the visions of a useful and honorable career were destroyed: and one of worthlessness, if not absolute dishonor, presented itself. Well did she know that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame and death; and her mother's heart was pierced as with a piece of steel. Ah, young man! if the holy feeling of love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain; adhere to that which gives her joy. If she is with you on earth, she does not, cannot desire to see her son a drunkard; if she is with her Father in heaven, shun that course of life which shuts the gates of heaven against you and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard can never inherit the Kingdom of God.

It is better to love a person you cannot marry than to marry a person you cannot love. This is a short text to a long sermon which human experience will continue to preach until the last syllable of recorded time.

—Every morning meditate on the uncertainty of the time to come, and every evening examine the employment of the day past.

Physic, for the most part is nothing but the substitute for exercise and temperance

Address to the Temperance People of the State of Maryland.

The Board of Control of the United Temperance Association desire to present to the people of the State of Maryland the following expression of their principles and aims:

The Association is composed of representatives elected by different temperance organizations in the city of Baltimore, who have for their object the dissemination of the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage believing as they do that the enormous increase of crime and pauperism owes in a great measure, its present awful proportions to the common use of alcoholic liquors. They aim to abate this evil by prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors within our commonwealth, and to secure the enactment of laws that will make the vending of such liquors a criminal offense.

During the past few years, or since the termination of the war, crime has steadily advanced, while pauperism has increased thirty per cent. Thus the tax payers of the State have been compelled to pay enormous taxes to support the criminals and paupers, made such by the use of intoxicating liquors. Vice in every form, the legitimate offspring of intemperance, rules with terrible sway throughout our large and populous towns and villages.

The missionary of God appeals in vain; his efforts seem powerless for good in community where the liquor traffic is so abundant as in the city of Baltimore. It is, therefore, the object of the Association to call a State Temperance Convention, for the purpose of devising some plan whereby the people will be saved from the dreadful scourge which now afflicts them. They therefore appeal to the temperance men and women of the State to organize in every ward, township and county temperance associations, and from their number to select good and true men to represent them in a Convention to meet in the city of Baltimore, on Tuesday, August 27, 1867.

The Board, acting for the benefit of all, being composed of Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, and others who have no connection with any secret order, desire the members of every branch of the temperance brotherhood, to cast aside all prejudice in favor of their own particular organization, and to unite their efforts in this common undertaking, which is intended for the benefit of all organizations whose object is the furtherance of the cause of temperance. The motto, Love, Purity and Fidelity govern our action, while Faith, Hope and Charity will prove the great incentive in urging us forward in the great work.

It is earnestly hoped that the Convention will be composed of uncompromising friends of the cause; that prohibition will be made the standard principle of our contest, and that in future we will use all honorable means to secure through our State representatives the passage of a prohibitory liquor law.

Prohibition is no new theme; it has been advocated by the ablest of statesmen and jurists more than a century ago.—Lord Chesterfield, in a speech made in the British House of Lords, February 21, 1843, in opposition to a bill for granting licenses to gin-shops, by which the ministry hoped to realize a very large annual income, thus argues: "Nothing, my lords but the destruction of all the most laborious and useful part of the nation can be expected from the license which is now proposed to be given, and not only to drunkenness, but to drunkenness of the most detestable and dangerous kind; to the abuse not only of intoxication, but of poisonous liquors. For when did any man hear that a commodity was prohibited by licensing the sale?" One of his opponents answered and said: "These men ought to be allowed to sell, because if restrained, a number would be deprived of their occupation; it employs great numbers; they have arrived at exquisite skill, and therefore the trade of distilling and vending of course is not to be discouraged." Lord Chesterfield responded: "It appears to me that since the spirits which the distillers produce are allowed to enfeeble the limbs and vitiate the blood, to pervert the heart and obscure the intellect, that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favor, for I never heard a law against theft was repealed or delayed because the thieves were numerous; it appears to me, my lords, that if so formidable a body are confederated against the virtue or life of our fellow citizens, it is time to put an end to the horror, and to interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction. If, then, liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their destruction, let us, my lords, secure them from the fatal draughts by bursting the vials that contain them; let us crush at once these artists in slaughter who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and to ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such bait as cannot be resisted."

The celebrated Dr. Wm. Jay, of England, in a letter, says: "I believe that next to the glorious Gospel, God could not bless the human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating spirits."

Dr. L. Beecher, in one of his sermons, has these words: "The ungodliness in time, and the everlasting ruin in eternity, inseparable from the commerce in ardent spirits, proscribe it as an unlawful article of traffic."

Carefully compiled statistics show that sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States; one hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink; twenty thousand children are yearly sent to the poor house for the same reason; three hundred murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance; four hundred suicides follow these fearful catalogues of misery; two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed each year to private and public charity; two hundred million dollars are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost from the same cause.

Fellow citizens: We therefore appeal to you to unite your efforts with us in staying the further progress of an evil so monstrous and powerful, that its influence is felt at nearly every fireside throughout the entire country.

In conclusion, we again urge the temperance men and women of the State to rally—rally around the standard of total abstinence, and select trustworthy representatives to represent you in the Convention on the 27th day of August next.

Associations wishing to unite will report to the Secretary, at No. 13 Lexington street.

By order Board of Control.

ROBERT BOOTH, President.
ALEXANDER LYNCH, Secretary.

YOUNG AMERICA.—The following delicate specimen of juvenile bravado is too good to be lost:

One night Freddy had been put to his bed, and mother and Johnny were in an adjoining room.

Presently Johnny cut up some caper, on which his mother threatened to take him into another room and whip him.

"Mother," said Freddy's voice under the bed-clothes, "I know where I'd take him."

"Where?" said the mother, whose curiosity was excited.

"I'd take him under the left ear."

—A loving wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were very sore.

"Let him wash them," said the doctor, "every morning, with a small glass of brandy."

A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the wife.

"Well, has your husband followed my advice?"

"He has done everything in his power to do it, doctor," said the wife, "but he never could get the glass higher than his mouth."

—A young man recently having succeeded, after much persuasion, in getting a kiss from a girl, went and told of it. One of her acquaintances met her and said, "So Mary, John says that you let him kiss you." "I did let him, after he had teased me an hour, but it was a tight squeeze even then."

"So, ho!" exclaimed the other, "he did not mention that."

—"And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman.

"Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, aither."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

GREECE AND ITALY.—At a recent party one of the candles was leaning slightly. Bliffkins, who boasts of his geography, remarked that it represented the Tower of Pisa.

"Yes," said the facetious Sniffkins, "except that one is a tower in Italy, and the other is a tower in grease."

—As a fop was riding a very fine horse in the Park, a young and pretty lady was very evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and impudently asked:

'Are you admiring me, miss?'

'No,' was the ready reply; 'I was admiring the horse, not the donkey.'

—We have invariably found that blacksmiths are, more or less, given to *vice*.—Carpenters, for the most part, speak out *plainly*, but they will *chisel* when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are *bores*, and often annoy one with their old *saws*.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.—'Oh, Jacob,' said a master to his apprentice boy, 'it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat.'

'Yes, master,' replied the boy: 'I have been practicising ever since I was a child.'

—A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in New York, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age, their owners have to fasten long poles to the end of their horns for the wrinkles to run out on!

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