American Union

VOL. 7 DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1867. NO. 258.

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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

Register in Bankruptcy,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

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

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.

JNO. E. PEARSON,

CARPENTER and UNDERTAKER,

TEMPLEVILLE, MARYLAND,

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

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.

SCARFS for sale sale at

H. BLACKISTON.

Poetry.

Hoe Out Your Row.

One day a farmer's lazy boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
That welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the old man shouted in his ear—
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a ploughman's phrase,
The lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze"—
"I can," said he and manfully
He seized again his hoe,
And the old man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad this text remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, then! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil
Always hoe out your row.

The Girl That Would Be Married And Why.

Mr. Watts had, by industry and economy, accumulated a large property. He was a man of rather superior mind and acquirements, but, unfortunately, became addicted to habits of intemperance. Naturally fond of company, and possessing superior conversational powers, his company was much sought, and he became eventually a sot. His wife was a feeble woman; without much decision of character; but an only child was the reverse illustration of those singular laws of nature—that the females oftenest take after the father in character and personal peculiarities, and the males after the mother.

Mary was well aware of the consequences that would inevitably follow her father's course, and had used every exertion of persuasion and reason in her power, to induce him to alter his habits, but without avail; his resolutions and promises could not withstand temptation, and he pursued his downward course, till the poor girl despaired of reform, and grievously realized what the end must result in.

John Dunn was a young man from the East, possessed of a good education, as all New England boys are, and of their indomitable industry and perseverance, and was working on the farm of a neighbor by the month.

Mary, on going on some errand to the next house, met him on the road with the usual salutation—"Good morning, Mr. Dunn."

"Good morning, Miss Watts. How is your health?"

"Well, I thank you, but to tell the truth, sick at heart."

"Pray, what is the trouble,' said John "What can affect you, a cheerful, lively girl like you, possessing everything that can make you happy?'

"On the contrary, to make me miserable. I am almost weary of life. But it is a subject I cannot explain to you; and yet I have sometimes thought I might.'

"Anything that I can do for you, Miss Watts, you may freely command.'

"This is promising more than you would be willing to perform. But to break the ice at once, do you want a wife?'

"A wife! Well, I don't know. Do you want a husband?'

"Indeed I do, the worst way. I don't know but you think me bold and deficient in that maidenly modesty becoming a woman; but if you knew my situation, and the afflictions under which I suffer, I think it would be some excuse for my course."

"Have you thought of the consequence' said John—"my situation—I am poor—you are rich—I am a stranger—and—'

"Indeed I have; I am almost crazy.—Let me explain; you and every else know the unfortunate situation of my father.—His habits are fixed beyond amendment, and his property wasting like dew before the sun. A set of harpies are drinking his very heart's blood, and ruin and misery are staring us in the face. We are almost strangers, it is true, but I have observed you closely. Your habits, your industry, and the care and prudence with which you have managed your employer's business, have always interested me.'

"And yet, my dear young lady, what can you know of me to warrant you in taking such an important step?'

"It is enough for me that I am satisfied with your character and habits—your person and manners. I am a woman and have eyes. We are about the same age; so if you know me and like me well enough to take me, there is my hand!'

"And, my dear Mary, there's mine with all my heart in it. Now, when do you desire it to be settled?'

"Now, this minute, give me your arm, we will go to Squire Benton's and have the bargain finished at once. I don't want to enter our house of distress again until I have one on whom I can rely, to control and direct the affairs of my disconsolate home, and to support me in my determination to turn over a new leaf in our domestic affairs.'

"But not in this old hat, and in my shirt sleeves, Mary?'

"Yes—and in my old sun bonnet and dirty apron. If you are content, let it be done at once. I hope you will not think that I am hard pushed as that comes to; but I want a master. I am willing to be mistress. I will then take you home and introduce you as my own dear husband—signed, sealed and delivered.'

"So be it—permit me to say that I have always admired you from the first minute I saw you, for your beauty and energy, and industrious, amiable deportment'

"Now, John, if that is sincere, this is the happiest moment of my life, and I trust our union will be long and happy. I am the only one my father hears to; but alas! his resolutions are like ropes of sand. I can manage him on all other subjects; you must take charge of his business, and I have sole control; there will be no difficulty—I am confident of the result.'

They were married, and a more happy match never was consummated. Everything prospered, houses and barns were repaired, fences and gates were regulated and the extensive fields smiled and flourished like an Eden. The unfortunate father, in a few years, sank into a drunkard's grave. Mary and John raised a large family, and they still live respected and wealthy—all from an energetic girl's resolution, forethought and courage.

"How Are You, Bill?"

Recently, during the recess of the convention, we took a stroll up Main street, with our oleaginous and good-looking young friend, Judge Will T. Hanley, of Mount Sterling. Our objective point was Escott's gallery, where we intended to dazzle his eyes, bewilder his brain, and captivate his fancy, by introducing him to the master-works of the painter's genius.

Just after passing Fourth Street, we were considerably astonished, and our friend—who, without exception, is the most modest man in Kentucky—taken "all aback," by a young and lovely lady rushing out of a store, and throwing a pair of the whitest, roundest and plumpest arms about the Judge's neck. Warm, earnest and heavenly kissses fell upon his own, from lips that would tempt a bee to search there for honey. Between the pauses of the kisses she exclaimed:

"Why, Bill! how are you? (Kiss.) When did you get back? (Kiss.) Where have you been all this time? (Kiss.) Why have you not been to see us you queer old duck, you?" (Kiss, kiss, kiss)

"M-a-ad—"

(Kiss, kiss, kiss)

"There, there, you darling, (kiss) I'm not going to scold you!", (Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.)

Our friend's face turned as red as a boiled lobster. His eyes stood out from his head like the horns of a yearling calf Perspiration poured down his cheeks in drops as large as partridge eggs, and sufficient in quantity to thoroughly wash his shirt. At last, concentrating all his strength for a single decisive effort, the Judge wrenched himself from the lady's embrace, exclaiming as he did so:

"Madam, there's some mistake here!"

"Good Lord!" cried the lady, when she had been wasting her sweetness upon a stranger—"God Lord! I thought it was Bill Davis!" And in a second a vision of crinoline and a Coffure disappearing through a neighboring door was all that was visible of the charming young creature.—*Louisville Journal.*

TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—A cotemporary, turning his visage to the misty distance of two hundred years, describes the following scene:—House of citizen in New York. Time—A. D. 2067. A telegrapic message has been sent to a servant who presents himself at the window in a balloon. Master—John, go to South America and tell Mr. Johnson I shall be happy to have him sup with me this evening. Never mind your coat, go right away. In five minutes John returns.—John—Mr. Johnson, sir, says he will come; he is obliged to go to the North Pole for a moment, and will call here as he comes back. Master—Very well.—John! now you may wind up the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife that Mr. Johnson will be here presently. After that, John, you may dust out the balloon—I have an appointment in London at ten o'clock. John disappears to execute these orders, while his master steps down to the West Indies to get a fresh orange.

THE CONTRAST.—When Joseph Sutcliff was near his last hour he said, "I have been thinking of the difference between the death of Paul and Byron.—Paul said, 'The time of my departure is at hand; but there is laid up for me a crown.' Byron said:

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flower, the fruit of life is gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

WHAT AGE BRINGS WITH IT.—As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair; for one that we find real, there are nine that are false!

DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

The 21st of January will long be a memorable day in the history of France, as that on which an agonized nation, driven frantic by the threats of external enemies, threw down the bloody head of their king as a gage of defiance to all gainsayers. Innocent and amiable, but fallen upon evil times, Louis XVI. warmly engages our interest, as a victim who suffered for evil doings of those who went before him. The story of his imprisonment and death, including the final parting with his family, is one of the saddest ever put on record.

Early on a gloomy winter morning, Paris was astir with the movements of large bodies of troops, forming a guard along the line by which the unfortunate king was conducted from his prison to the scaffold. He had made all religious preparations for death; yet is believed to have still entertained some hope of a rescue, it being understood that five hundred devoted adherents had vowed to interfere in his behalf even at the scaffold. Hence his last moments did not exhibit that serenity and meek submission which would best become an innocent sufferer. There may, however, be room for debate as to the exact degree in which an unsubmissive spirit manifested itself. Somewhat to the surprise of our generation, it is thus described in Louis Blanc's *Historie de la Revolution Francaise*, tom. viii., published in 1856:—

At ten minutes past ten, they reached the foot of the scaffold. It had been erected in front of the Palace of the Tuileries, in the square called after Louis the Fifteenth, and near the spot where the statute of the most corrupt of kings—a king who died tranquilly in his bed. The condemned was three minutes descending from the carriage. Upon quitting the Temple he had refused the redingote which Clery had offered him, and now appeared in a brown coat, white waistcoat, grey breeches and white stockings. His hair was not disordered, nor was any change perceptible in his countenance.—The Abbe Firmont was dressed in black. A large open space had been kept round the scaffold,—with cannon ranged on every side.—while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stood an unarmed multitude gazing. Descending from his carriage, Louis fixed his eyes upon the soldiers who surrounded him, and with a menacing voice cried, "Silence!" The drums ceased to beat, but at a signal from their officer, the drummers again went on.—'What treason is this?' he shouted: 'I am lost! I am lost!' For it was evident that up to this moment he had been clinging to hope. The executioners now approached to take off a part of his clothes; he repulsed them fiercely, and himself removed the collar from his neck. But all the blood in his frame seemed to be turned into fire when they sought to tie his hands. 'Tie my hands!' he shricked.—A struggle was inevitable:—it came. It is indisputable, says Mercier, that Louis fought with his executioners. The Abbe Edgeworth stood by perplexed, horrified, speechless. At last, as his master seemed to look inquiringly at him, he said, 'Sir, in this additional outrage I only see a last trait of the resemblance between your Majesty and the God who will give you your reward.' At these words the indignation of the man gave way to the humility of the Christian, and Louis said to the executioners, 'I will drain the cup to the dregs.' They tied his hands, they cut off his hair, and then, leaning on the arm of his confessor, he began, with a slow tread and sunken demeanor, to mount the steps, then very steep, of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he seemed suddenly to rouse, and walked rapidly across to the other side of the scaffold; when by a sign commanding silence, he exclaimed, 'I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me.' His face was now very red, and, according to the narrative of his confessor, his voice was so loud that it could be heard as far as the Pont-Tournant. Some other expressions were distinctly heard, 'I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray Heaven that the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France' He was about to continue, when his voice was drowned by the renewed rolling of the drums, at a signal which, it is affirmed, was given by the comedian Dugayon, in anticipation of the orders of Santerre.—'Silence! be silent!' cried Louis the Sixteenth, losing all self-control, and stamping violently with his foot. Richard, one of the executioners, then seized a pistol, and took aim at the king. It was necessary to drag him along physical by force. With difficulty fastened to the fatal plank, he continued to utter terrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife.

AN ABSURD IDEA.—How exquisitely absurd to tell a girl that beauty is of no value—dress of no value. Beauty is of value; her whole prospect in life may often depend upon a new gown, or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her, just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

"A Fact."

A little incident transpired in a family circle, a few evenings since, that is too good to keep, and shall be confided to our readers. The kitchen of the excellent family of whom I speak, is presided over by a good-looking domestic whom we will call Mary Ann, she rejoicing in the attentive devotion of a young male servant, employed by a neighboring family, named John. Now, such were John's relations with the fair Mary Ann—they were "engaged" just like anybody's folks—that he had a habit of entering his inamorata's domain without the formality of knocking. And be it known that the lord of the mansion had been absent several days, and was expected home by the evening train: On that evening the mistress of the house sat in her boudoir panting in expectation of the coming of her husband. Shortly, she heard, or thought she did, his familiar footstep at the side door (his usual place of entry), and, dashing down stairs in the darkness, precipitated herself into his arms. A loving lingering kiss was imprinted upon the cheek of her representative of the sterner sex. He answered not, but pressed her closer to his heaving bosom. How long this thing would have gone on is not easy for us to say, had not an adjoining door been thrown open by the pretty Mary Ann with a light in her hand, when what a sight was revealed to the three! Mary saw her handsome mistress in the arms of her own lusty lover, John; the mistress saw not her expected spouse, but Mary Ann's young man; and John—well, he was so dumb-founded (supposing that he was hugging Mary Ann all the time) that he could not see anything. In the midst of the muddle the husband entered, and the *tab'eau vivante* was complete! He soon comprehended the affair, however, and had too much good sense to scold his wife for her carelessness, or to keep so good a joke to himself, but he never imagined it would get into the paper.

What Seventy Boys Became

Many peopl begin the education of their children with an exhibition of toys, marvellous tales, silly romances, and wind up with the circus and theatre. The degrading influences and sorrowful consequence of this mode of education will be best illustrated by stating a few facts that have passed under my own observation. So far as my memory goes, about thirty boys educated in this way—that is in contempt of all useful knowledge and occupation—spent their days in reading novels, the lives and confessions of pirates, murderers, etc., and their nights in the streets, dram-shops, gambling saloons, circus and theatre. At the age of forty-five, one had been hung for murder; and one for robbing the mail, and three as pirates; five died in the penitentiary, and seven lived and died as useless vagabonds about the streets; three were useful mechanics, and the fate of the remainder is unknown.

Of about forty educated with me by a really scientific teacher, under the old fogy Puritan system of restraint, as it is now called by young America, at the age of fifty-five, one was a member of Congress, one a Judge of the Supreme Court, two judges of the Circuit Court, three physicians, five lawyers, fourteen were dead, and the remainder farmers and mechanics, and, so far as known, not one of them ever was called before the bar of his country on a criminal charge, and they all had comfortable homes, except two or three, and every one was passably respectable.—*Dr. Lowton*

John Quincy Adams' Mother.

'Twelve or fifteen years ago,' says Ex-Governor Briggs, 'I left Washington three or four weeks in the Spring. While at home, I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy twelve years of age, in Europe. Said she: 'I would sooner see you laid in your grave, than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.'

And returning to Washington, I went over and said to Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you!'

'What do you mean?' said he.

I replied, 'I have been reading the letters of your mother.'

Had I spoken of that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed more quickly than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said: Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother'

Oh, what a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had, in his remembrance, all the stages of his manhood! 'All that is good in me I owe to my mother!' Mothers think of this when your bright eyed little boy is about. Mothers make the first impressions upon their children, and these are last to be effaced.

—It is well enough that man should be killed by love. Man, who is born of woman, should die of woman.

YANKEE DOODLE, NO. 2.

Ye gallant sons of liberty,
Who bravely have defended
Your country's rights, by land or sea,
And to her cause attended.

CHORUS.

Yankee Doodle is the tune
The Americans delight in,
It will do to whistle, sing and play,
And 's just the the thing for fighting.

Upon the ocean's wide domain
Our tars are firm and true, sirs,
And Freedom's cause they will maintain,
With Yankee doodle, doo, sirs.
Yankee doodle, &c.

The fourth day of July, 'tis said,
That day did Britain rue, sirs,
When an independent tune we play'd,
Call'd Yankee doodle, doo, sirs.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Columbia's sons did then declare,
They would be independent,
And for King George they would not care,
Nor yet for his descendant.
Yankee doodle, &c.

British tars think that they can
Whip Yankees one to two, sirs,
But only give us man to man,
They'll see what we can do, sirs.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Yankee doodle, boys, huzza!
Down outside, up the middle,
Yankee doodle, fa so la,
Trumpet, drum and fiddle.
Yankee doodle, &c.

Better than Nothing.

We recall to mind the story of a good old Methodist lady, very particular and very pious, who once kept a boarding-house in Boston.

Staunch in her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual faith, so that in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm. After some time a bluff old sea-captain knocked at the door, and the old lady, prim as a Puritan, answered the call.

"Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off as soon as I load."

"W-a-l, I don't know," said the old lady, hesitatingly.

'Oh, house full, eh?'

'No; but—,

'But what, ma'am?'

'I don't take any unclean or carnal people into my house. What do you believe?'

'About what?'

'Why, do you believe that anybody will be damned?'

'Oh, thunder! yes.'

'Do you?' said the good woman, brightening up. 'Well, how many souls do you think will be in fire, eternity?'

Don't know, ma'am, really; never calculated that.'

'Can't you guess?'

'Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand?'

'Wal—hem!' mused the good woman, 'I guess I'll take you—*fifty thousand is better than nothing*'.—*Wide World.*

EMBARASSING.—A gentlemanly agent of a certain city was collecting fares from the passengers of a very full 'bus one morning. All paid promptly except one fat old lady, who sat next the door, and who seemed to be reaching down, as if to get something she had dropped on the floor. When her time came to pay she raised her head, and thus addressed the blushing youth: "I allers, when I travels, carry my money in my stockin', for yer sees nothing can get at it thar, and I'd thank you, young man, just to reach it for me, as I'm so jammed in that I can't get to it." The youth looked at the other passengers, some of whom were laughing at his plight; one or two young ladies among them blushed scarlet, and he beat a sudden retreat, muttering something about not charging old ladies, &c. His cash was short that morning the fare of one passenger.—*Lex. Gazette.*

—An old lady living on one of the telegraph lines leading from Louisville, in the early days of telegraphing, observed some workmen digging a hole near her door, and inquired what it was for.

"To put a post in for the telegraph," was the answer.

Wild with fury and affright she seized her bonnet and ran off to her neighbor with the news.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed in breathless haste, "they're setting up that cussed *paragraph* right agin my door; and now I reckon a body can't spank a child, or scold a hand, or chat with a neighbor, but that plaguey thing will be a blabbin' it all over creation. I won't stand it! I'll move right away where there ain't none of them onnatural things."

"Petsy! Petsy!" "Vat you vants Shon?" "I vants to introduce mine vriend, Shacob Stump, to big fool, to more you gets acquainted mit him."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3527-0109.jpg