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THE AMERICAN UNION.

A Weekly Newspaper of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

VOL. XI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1870. NO. 2.

The American Union

Is Published Weekly, at Denton, Md.,

BY

J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

Terms: $1.50 per annum, 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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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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. M. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

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. jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

T. J. SMITHERS,



DENTIST,

Denton, Md.,

Will Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.

Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.

Teeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Office—Room occupied by Dr. Stack. [aply

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. MYERS,

PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock Maker,

SILVERSMITH,

JEWELLER, &C.,

my29-3w DENTON, Md.

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P FIEROE.

J. W. LOCKERMAN.

AUCTIONEER,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.,

HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [je10-1y

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK

Opened on Saturday, April 23rd,

A FULL STOCK OF

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

Of the very Latest Fashions,

☞ COME AND SEE. [ap28-y

The Great Choptank



HOTEL,

ALEX. STEWART, Pro'pr.

DENTON, MD.

Is now open to the accommodation of the public. No pains will be spared to give general satisfaction.

Opposite the Court House.

jy14-2y.

MANTUA MAKING.

Latest Spring Fashions.

Having just received from the great emporium of fashions the latest spring fashion plates and patterns, we have opened at our old place of business, and solicit calls from our lady friends.

Dresses Cut and Fitted,

or anything else in our line of business done in a neat and tasteful manner.

JULIA PARK,
R. A. DUNNING.

Denton, April 14-tf.

$10 A DAY—Business entirely new and honorable. Liberal inducements.—Descriptive circulars free. Address. J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. [je16-3m.

[Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.]

I'VE MISSED THEE.

BY DON O. HOOTIZ.

I've missed thee every hour, love,
I've missed thee every day,
I've missed thee, oh! so sadly, love,
Since thou hast been away.
This life's without its charm, love,
The hours drag slowly on,
And wearily, wearily I sigh, love,
Since thou, sweet one, art gone.

I've missed thee most at even, love,
Those glorious evenings bright,
E're twilight's mellow shadows, love,
Were deepened into night;
When the zephyr's softly stirred, love,
The verdant leaves above,
At the time we used to walk, love,
And whisper words of love.

I've missed thee, oh! I've missed thee, love,
When my soul with care was tried—
Then I wished, oh! how I wished, love,
That thou wer't by my side
To aid me with thy counsel, love,
To cheer me with thy voice,
For woman, 'tis her mission, love,
To make man's heart rejoice;

To throw her influence 'round him, love,
His wayward steps to stay,
To urge and help him onward, love,
In the straight and narrow way
That leads to life eternal, love,
There all shall happy be,
Where sinners who've been faithful, love
Shall there be glad and free.

Then hasten to return, love
To one who loves thee well—
To one who ever would, love,
In thy sweet presence dwell,
And soothe thy every care, love,
Protect thee with his might
And pray kind heaven above, love,
To keep thee in the right.

GREENSBORO' July 16th 1870.

[Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.]

Country Life as It Is.

LEWES, July 18th, 1870.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

What is the reason city people are so aggravatingly ignorant about country life?—Why will they persist in the fictitious belief that, upon a farm, all is lovely, pastoral, poetic?

Let those who think so try it. There are few having the opportunity to see it as it is, and who, having enjoyed the refinements and pleasures of city life, would voluntarily continue the experiment for more than one year.

I am not now speaking of the wealthy man, whose wife wears silks, and drives her span; who imports her servants every season; spends the winter in the city, and, for three or four months every year, returns to her country-seat, and fills her hospitable mansion with fashionable friends; but of the other sort—those who till the soil, and literally "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

You have seen, in print, the charms of country life so often that I, who have read it, am tempted to show the other side of the picture. Of course, by this time, you know 'tis a woman speaking. Don't, upon that account, lay aside your article, but give us encouragement to speak the truth boldly and like—well, like a woman.

In the first place, you are compelled to early rising, say four o'clock, in order to have breakfast for the hands, as, generally, your help is very poor help indeed. Oh! the misery of getting up before you have that most delicious of all morning luxuries, a morning nap. Then you must help milk the cows. Ah, I hear a simpering miss exclaim, how romantic! The smell of the clover blossoms; the dew shining on the grass; the flowers kissed by the sun, &c., &c. Pshaw, my dear, you can't take time to see the beauties. The sun only makes you blink; the dew draggles your skirts, and sitting on a three-legged stool, milking those same innocent looking cows, makes hand and wrist ache woefully. All the drudgery of the dairy falls upon the wife; trust it to your help if you dare.

A few days ago, I heard a gentleman say, (who, mind you, never lived on a farm) that conversing with nature enlarged the mind, purified and elevated the spirit. "Ah," said he, contemplating the fields, watching the changes of the seasons, being alone in the woods, and hearing the whisperings of the winds, "solitude, solitude," &c.

Do farmers have time for such things?—No; they *plow* the fields instead of gazing; they don't watch the changes of the season, only with a spirit of gain, to see if every change will benefit the crops. They go into the woods to chop the trees, and make their backs ache while the axe rings out musically. And why are they called "nature's noblemen?" True, they are honest, hospitable and kind, but no better than their fellows. They are seldom men of education, and education alone enlarges the mind and gives true refinement.

After the day's work is over, what have you to look forward to? Nothing. No place of amusement is within your reach, where your weary mind or body can find change or relaxation. You can't read, for who ever found a library worth a snap in a genuine farm house? Books are not to be had—not to be thought of—so, we go to bed with chickens, and pass, in stupid sleep, hours which should be filled with pleasure and instruction.

Are you lonesome? do you feel like taking a walk? A dirty road invites you, and for change you see what you have gazed at all day long—corn fields, pastures and fences. Very pretty in a picture, but, oh! how inexpressibly dull every day—every day.

Moreover, people degenerate in both manners and dress. Living alone, we learn gradually to neglect those little refinements of speech, those little shades which mark out the difference between the gentleman and the clodhopper; dirty finger nails, and soiled shirt fronts; women with no collars, and hair done or undone most unbecomingly confront you at every turn. Try to be different from your neighbors in this respect, and the honest people call you proud, and in the country that is an unpardonable sin.

No; do not try to be so independent. It has been truly said, "one who would retire from the world should betake himself to a large city. Certain it is that, in the country, where every person seems to feel a personal responsibility for the doings of the neighborhood, nothing is more difficult than to maintain an independent course as to one's own affairs. It certainly requires more philosophy than most country people possess, to live as though their neighbors were cabbages. No difficult attainment in the city.

Ah, me! As I sit by my window and hear the "colored breddren" yelling at their refractory oxen, or see the farm hands, our nearest neighbor sometimes with their coarse faces and loud voices giving their opinion upon Grant and his policy, murdering Queen's English in every other word, I sigh for one familiar face, not made brown by the sun; one voice, not accustomed to out door vocal exercise, and wonder, in my heart, if I can ever again enjoy the sight of fields and pastures; the taste of fresh air and new milk. Can these compensate for the comforts of a town house, town servants, the varied scenes of city life, and the society of cultivated men and women?

Yours faithfully,

DISCONTENT.

The Two Roads.

It was New Year's night; and Von Arden, having fallen into an unquiet slumber, dreamed that he was an aged man standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

Already, as it seemed to him, he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O days of my youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear; these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness; this was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf.—Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer to look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return: for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years have passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain; "O youth, return! Oh give me back my early days!"—*Richter.*

The Gloss on Silk

"The method of giving an artificial gloss to the woven pieces of silk," says the *Druggists Circular*, "was invented in 1863. The discovery of the method was purely accidental. Octavio Mey, a merchant of Lyons, being one day deep in meditation, mechanically put a small bunch of silk threads into his mouth and began to chew them. On taking them out again in his hand he was struck by the peculiar lustre which they had acquired, and was not a little astonished to find that this lustre continued to adhere to the threads even after they had become dry. He at once saw that in this fact there was a secret worth unraveling, and being a man of ingenuity, he applied himself to the study of the question. The result of his experiments was the *procede de lustrage*, or 'glossing method.' The manner of imparting the artificial gloss has, like all other details of the weaving art, undergone certain changes in the course of years. At present, it is done in this wise: Two rollers revolving on their axes are set up a few feet from the ground, and at about ten yards, in a straight line, from each other. Round the first of these rollers is wound the piece of silk, of twenty, forty, or one hundred yards in length, as the case may be. Ten yards of the silk are then unwound, and fixed by means of a brass rod in a groove on the second roller, care being taken to stretch the silk between the two cylinders as tightly as possible. A workman with a thin blade of metal in his hand daintily cover the uppermost side of the silk (that which will form the inside of the piece) with a coating of gum. On the floor under the outstretched silk is a small tramway, upon which runs a sort of tender filled with glowing coals. As fast as one man covers the silk with gum, another works the tender up and down, so as to dry the mucilage before it has had time to permeate the texture.—This is a very delicate operation; for if, on the one hand, the gum is allowed to run through the silk, or if, on the other, the coals are kept too long under one place, the piece is spoiled. In the first instance, it would be stained beyond all power of cleaning, and in the second, it would be burned. None but trusty workmen are confided with this task; and even with the most proved hands there is somtimes damage. When ten yards of the piece have been gummed and dried, they are rolled around the second cylinder and ten more are unwound. This is repeated till the end. But the silk, with its coating of dry gum, is then stiff to the touch and crackles like cream-laid note-paper when folded. To make it soft and pliant again, it is rolled anew, some six or seven times, under two different cylinders, one of which has been warmed by the introduction of hot coals inside, and this is sufficient to give it that bright, new look which we all so much admire in fresh silk."

A BEAUTIFUL HABIT.—I was reading the other day that, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of the fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit, at eventide, of going down to the sea-shore and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they will listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gales upon the waves and both are happy. Perhaps, if we listen, we too, might hear afar to remind us that there is a heaven and a home, and when we sing the hymn upon the shore of each, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in the music upon the sands of time and cheering the hearts of those that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundation.

SHE HAS NO MOTHER.—What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance, "no mother!" We must go down the rough path of life and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms before we can take home to our experience the dread reality, no mother, with a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail, young girl, just passing from childhood toward the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in that short sentence! Who shall now check the wayward fancies? Who shall now bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughter? Let not the cup of sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your sympathizing coolness. Is she heedless of your doings? Is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless of her movements? Remember, oh! remember, she has no mother.

A SICKLY man, slightly convalescing, recently in conversation with a pious friend, congratulating him upon his recovery and asking him who his physician was, replied; "Doctor Jones brought me through."

"No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness, not the doctor."

"Well, may be he did, but I am certain the doctor will charge for it."

AN Ohio widower wears five weeds on his hat—for as many wives. Isn't this rather crowding the mourners.

How They Had Him.

When I was young and tender too,
I had to mind and had to do
Whatever mother bade me;
She used to have a walnut stick
Which kept me on the double quick,
And there was where she had me.

When older grown and quite a beau
Among the girls, I used to know
A Miss Priscilla Cadmy;
And with the help of smiles and nods
I fell in love at forty rods,
And there was where she had me.

When I was older, say sixteen,
I thought it time to have a queen,
And asked her if she'd wed me;
She said she didn't much object,
Or words something to that effect,
And there was where she had me.

But when, to make the matter straight,
I went up to negotiate
Affairs with Colonel Cadmy,
He said he "didn't care to sell,"
He told me I might go to—Well,
And there was where he had me.

I drowned my sorrow in the cup
Until I got my dander up,
I couldn't have been madder,
When she proposed that we be one
In spite of pa—the thing was done.
And there was where I had her.

Two lovely urchins on my knee
I'm proud to say belong to me,
(That is to me and madam,)
For when we left our native sod,
We spent a year or two abroad—
And there was where we had 'em.

SCANDAL.

A STORY FOR SUSPICIOUS PERSONS.

A lady purchased a home in a beautiful village about forty miles from a well know city. She longed for the fresh air and quiet scenes, and, doubtless, she would have found all the happiness which she sought in this rural retreat had not the place been haunted by that terrible spectre—*scandal.*

"Have you seen the new arrival? asked Mrs. Thomas of her neighbor, Mrs. Lawrence, about a week after the stranger took posession of Maple Cottage—as the little place she had purchased was called.

A curl of the lip and shrug of the shoulders was all the reply made by Mrs. Lawrence, but in the gestures Mrs. Thomas saw, or supposed she saw, sufficient reason for shunning the acquaintance of the stranger.

Mrs. Thomas was very jealous and suspicious and translated this sign language in her own way. "I have no doubt," she said to her husband at night, "that she has had a bad reputation in the city. She has come here dressed in deep mourning, but who knows whether she ever had a husband? And, if she had, her wearing black is no sign he's dead, in my opinion."

The next day quite a crowd had gathered in the store of Mr. Thomas, waiting for the arrival of the daily mail, which was due about that hour. The stranger came in to make some trifling purchases, and was stared at by the people, as strangers always are.—After she left the store, some remarks were made concerning her lady-like appearance. Mr. Thomas immediately rejoined. "Yes, she appears enough like a lady, but my wife thinks her reputation none the best."

Customers coming in, nothing more was said at that time, but the fire of scandal was kindled—the story spread rapidly, each one telling it his own way, until there was not a family in the place but heard and believed the rumor.

Weeks passed on, and the inmate of Maple Cottage felt that for some reason she was looked upon with much suspicion and dislike. There was no hospitality, nothing said or done for which she could demand an explanation.

Every day seemed to increase the avoidance of her neighbors; and she, seeing this, ceased making overtures towards an acquaintance with them, sending to the city for her household supplies, and never came in contact with any of them save at church, and even here she found a whole seat at her disposal.

At last the storm which had so long darkened the village horizon seem about to burst over her head. There were low threats of driving her from the place, and the mob spirit seemed to be gathering strength.

About this time, some three months after the stranger came to Maple Cottage, a very handsome carriage, drawn by a span of noble greys, stopped in front of her dwelling, and a fine looking man, apparently about fifty years of age, with his wife and two children, were seen to alight and enter the house. All the day and through the evening, there was heard the sound of many voices, mingled with the rippling laughter of joyous hearts.

The next day was Sunday, but this time the widow did not sit alone. Strange looks and low, murmured words ran through the congregation, and the minister seemed to share the surprise of his audience, and looked and preached as though under painful embarrassment. He recognized in the stranger a minister whose reputation was world wide—no other than the rich and distinguished President of———College, from which he was a graduate.

Professor C. remembered his former pupil, but it must be confessed he was both surprised and disappointed. He had given the young man credit for individual talent, but this sermon was a mere repetition of poor platitude and a truckling to public opinion, which showed a weak and little mind.

After service the President stopped a moment until the preacher came forward, and when the greetings were over he said kindly:

"My sister wrote me that Richard Forbes was preaching here, but I did not connect the name with the name of my former pupil."

"Your sister!" said the embarrassed young man. "You do not mean to say that the woman with whom you entered the church is your sister?"

"And why not!" It was now Professor C.'s turn to look surprised.

Sure enough, why not? What did he know against the woman of whom all had been "speaking evil," for the last three months?

"There is something about this matter that I cannot understand," said Professor C. "You do not mean to say that my sister has been a resident of your place, and listened to your preaching for three months, without your calling upon her? The duties of a preacher are surely better defined—"

"But I did not dare!" and here the poor man stammered and stopped.

"Did not dare to call on my sister, the widow of General Finch?" and the tinge of contempt mingled with the look of surprise and indignation with which he contemplated the abashed and crestfallen young preacher.

After reaching his sister's residence, he questioned her in regard to the matter, but she could only tell him that since her residence in the place she had been "let alone," in full acceptance of the term. Determined to understand the wherefore of such a proceeding, he again demanded explanation of the minister, who was finally compelled to admit that he had supposed from the gossip of the church members, that the woman was a very outcast from society, and that there had been talk of driving her from the place.

"She will not care to remain," said the Professor; "but before she goes I will sift this matter thoroughly," and so he did, gathering up link by link, the whole chain of scandal until he came to Mrs. Lawrence.—But this she utterly denied, and Mrs. Thomas was at last obliged to confess that Mrs. Lawrence had merely shrugged her shoulders and curled her lip, when asked her opinion of her new neighbor.

"Ah, indeed!" was Mrs. Lawrence's rejoiner. "I remember of thinking she could not be much of a lady, as she wore a faded delaine and did her own washing."

The Professor preached the following Sunday, and at the conclusion of the discourse repeated the tale of wrong, adding, "Had this woman really been poor and friendless, as supposed, what would the end have been?—Deprived of her good name and in consequence, of all means of earning a livelihood, she would doubtless have discouraged and desponded, and sunk down to the grave a victim of the scandal of those falsely calling themselves *Christians*; and who in the sight of God, would not only have been classed among liars, but murderers."

FLIES ON HORSES.—The *Journal of Chemistry* gives the following as a preventative of horses being teased by flies: Take two or three handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, namely, between and upon the ears, the neck, the flanks, etc. Not only the gentleman or lady who rides out for pleasure will derive pleasure from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

"PATRICK, the widow Malony tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs.—Is that correct or not?"

"Yis, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, yer honor!"

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick! when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?"

"To be sure I did!"

"Well then yer riverance, I'll say, 'Mrs. Malony, there's yer pig!'"

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds about a girl in Chester, Vt., dying from tight lacing. An editor, commenting on the fact, says: "These corsets should be done away with; and if the girls can't live without being squeezed, we suppose men can found to sacrifice themselves. As old as we are we would rather devote three hours a day, without a cent of pay, as a brevet corset, than see these girls dying off in that manner. Office hours almost any time.

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