Spicer Proj.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. XI. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1870. NO. 14.

The American Union

Published Weekly, at Denton, Md.,

BY

J. MARION EMERSON, Proprietor.

$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.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1.00
"	6	2.00
"	12	4.00
"	6 months	5.00
"	12 "	8.00
"	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 advertising rates.

☞ All advertisements collectable on 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, offers his professional services to the then not professionally engaged, he nd at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

RUSSUM,

ISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

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

DENTON, MD,

es to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

y

. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

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

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST,

Denton, Md.,

Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.

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

eeth filled, cleaned, and artificial teeth inted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patonage 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,

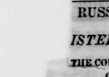
A FULL STOCK OF

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.

Comfortable stables and a No. 1 ostler.

Opposite the Court House.

jy14-2y.

MANTUA MAKING.

Fall Styles. Winter Styles.

We would announce to the ladies of Denton and vicinity that we are prepared to perform mantua making in the highest style of the art. We have now, and are constantly receiving

The Latest Fashions

from the great emporiums, and feel ourselves able to please the most exquisite. We have a large assortment of patterns cut in the city by which we can cut or make dresses of any style.

Patterns for Sale.

May be found at the residence of Mrs Todd.

JULIA PARK,

oct6-tf. ADAH M. TODD.

THE AMERICAN BUTTONHOLE & OVERSEAMING SEWING MACHINE

is the only complete

TERMS EASY — 511 King — WIL DEL.

G. PATRONI

IT HAS

THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES

Over Most all the Other Sewing Machines

IN THE MARKET:

1. It has a tension which prevents cutting of thread or dropping of stitches.

2. It has the most powerful construction, which will insure good work for a quarter of a century.

3. It sews the lightest cambric and the usual shoe leather without any strain whatever.

4. It has a feed bar which can be lowered or raised at will, thus adapting it to all kinds of material.

5. It is impossible to get the machine out of order unless by rust, dust or taking apart. It will never get out of order by working.

6. It has the highest attainable speed, making about 2,200 stitches per minute by foot, and 3,000 by steam.

7. It is the lightest running shuttle machine.

8. It makes the most beautiful Lock Stitch.

9. It has the handsomest appearance.

10. It has the strongest, most convenient, handsomely polished, braced table, with drawer, and board to prevent soiling the dress.

11. Its cover is polished, fitting and locked as a little trunk. There is nothing better than this to preserve the machine.

12. It has a straight needle.

13. Four bobbins hold a spool of cotton.

14. It has the best hemmer.

15. It has the most complete attachment, the Jack-of-all-trades, hems, fells, binds, bastes, tucks, braids and ruffles.

16. It is as simple as any machine in market.

17. It needs but little time to learn its operation.

18. It has the best embroidering attachment.

These advantages combine the best qualities of a Sewing Machine for the family who want to use it steadily in all kinds of work. Nothing equal can be found in the way of combining the advantages of all the Sewing Machines now known while obviating all their faults.

THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES

THE AMERICAN

Possesses Alone and Undisturbed

There Being no other Machine even Pretending Them.

1. It has a larger arm and stronger construction than any family machine, admittin larger pieces of work, thus fitting the machine to family and manufacturing purposes as well, without need of two machines. It has 8½ x 5 inches clear room.

2. It sews on straight a piece while puffing another at the same time without basting, attachment or after-work.

3. It binds a coat, a skirt, or a hat without any braid or binding whatever.

4. It folds up the brim of a hat to any fulness.

5. It overseams a sheet or Brussels carpet.

6. It makes beautiful eyelet work.

7. It embroiders on the edge.

8. It makes button holes of any size, on any material.

9 It has the braiding machine which makes braid of any size or color at the rate of 150 yards per hour. This sells for $10 extra.

10. It always won the first premium at every exhibition in which it has been entered.

THE AMERICAN

Can be had as a plain Sewing Machine without the Buttenhole and Overseaming at $15 less than the given prices.

☞ *We want a few reliable agents everywhere, to whom we will make it an object to sell these popular machines.*

Machines will be sent to any address on receipt of price. Every machine has a full outfit for plain sewing, hemming, &c.

☞ We simply ask an examination to verify all we state.

G. PATRONI,

Office and Warerooms, 511 King Street,

sel-1y *WILMINGTON, DELA.*

[For THE AMERICAN UNION.]

A GHOST STORY.

BY DON O'HOOTIZ.

NOTE. The writer claims no merit for the following, beyond its truth and reasonable ending.—D. O'H.

"In the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear."
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

In boyhood I was told, and did believe,
Immortal spirits the other world could leave,
To come again unto this world of strife—
Appear to those who had injured them in life.
With visage dark, and forms distorted they'd appear,
Uttering words of menace, striking deadly fear,
Or, should their mission be of anxious love,
Then these immortal spirits from the world above,
Aspects bright and smiling faces would employ,
And whisper words of comfort, love and joy.

Believing thus; as I was passing by, one night,
The village grave-yard, I saw a form arrayed in white;
First boldly on a mound 'twas seen, then lost to view,
Then 'peared again, and with silent tread, its way pursue,
Now crouching low, and giving forth the strangest sound,
Then starting up, it sniffed the air, and gazed around—
O, horrors! then its glittering eyes I saw, flaming red,
Which shone like two great stars, from its ungainly head.
Thus stood it for a time, then started on with such unearthly noise
As Zeus' self, methinks, could scarcely counterpoise.

Great terror through my soul was spread,
My heart stood still, was filled with awful dread
Lest this some supernatural power should prove to be,
Revisiting earth, to pour its vengeance out on me;
Though wherefore knew I not, nor could conceive of harm
That I had wrought to man; no cause for this alarm
Had I from pangs of conscience, guilty, yet did I fear and dread,
And would have turned, and from this horror fled,
But strength had now forstalled me, coward power
Was it, thus to desert me in my trying hour.

Nearer came the ghost, and shorter my suspense,
Nearer, nearer, on it came, even to the paling fence,
Then, with one bound, leaped o'er. O, heaven! then did I
Think my last day had come, that I should die.
First gave it forth a moan, then an awful sound;
Methinks, in terror, I should have fallen to the ground,
Had not my strength returned, which, coming back,
I turned and fled, nor in my haste did slack
Till I was safe at home, then, though out of breath,
Came the truth, *a great white dog, had scared me near to death.*

GREENSBOROUGH, Oct. 7th, 1870.

Young Men in Society.

A modest and virtuous young man, on first going into soceity, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confessed that a well dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing room where ladies were present without painful embarrassment. It is certainly a good sign for a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen who blush and stammer in the company of young ladies; the girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them. You are awkward in your manners, you thiuk. If you think so, it is likely that your young friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we have never suspected their ill breeding. And, after all, what is good breeding but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess, or will soon acquire the power to do so. The good heart and well-informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed.—Besides, the ladies—that is most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided that they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners, and ready wit are good as far as they go. But be sure of this, O bashful, blushing youth, that, in the society of ladies and of men, you will pass, in the long run, for what you are worth—no more—no less. The art of pleasing, therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Chesterfield or awkward as Caliban, all worthy women trust and love.

THIS is the pure, undiluted English for "Jordan's a hard road to travel:" Perambulatory progession, in the pedentrianary excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune, cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforseen difficulties."

WILL you dake sumding?" said a German teetotaler to a friend, while standing near a tavern.

"I don't care if I do," was the reply.

"Vell, den, let's take a valk."

JINKITS is a man who takes matters humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "bustin biler," Jinkits cried after him, "There you go my esteamed friend!"

An Awkward Predicament.

A few evenings since a party of friends met at a social gathering at a fashionable restaurant. Some were bachelors, and some were in the enjoyment of "Heaven's best gift to man!" The evening was cold and chilly, and most of them wore overcoats.—Two of these were nearly alike, and were owned respectively by Charley G——— and Charley S———, one of them married and the other single, and a wild, rakish sort of fellow, who, as fast as he was out of one scrape he was in an other. His pockets were always full of rose-colored missives and delicate love tokens. His heart was desolate out of the sunny glances of woman kind: yet his adventurous head never permitted the matrimonial noose to curl around it.—His friend Charley G———is a sober, married man, cherishing a bright-eyed, but jealous-hearted little wife, who loves him tenderly. He had found it difficult to obtain permission to attend the supper at all.

It was given at last with an understanding that he would come home early. He didn't, however, but, sat late; so very late indeed that he slept soundly the next morning until after the sun was far advanced towards the zenith. He had met with a misfortune, too, having stumbled on his way home and rolled over in the muddy street.—His wife, however set about repairing this mishap the next morning by cleaning his muddy great coat. While engaged in this occupation, her hand, by the merest chance in the world, strayed into one of the side pockets of the coat, and encountering a neetly folded billetdou superscribed simply to Charley, read:

"Do not go to that horried supper, love, but come to me instead. I am so lonely.

"Your devoted KATE."

Oh, my! but the little blue eyes flashed—the color came and went upon her cheek and forehead—when she read the lines, There was a moment's pause, as if to still the intensity of passion, and then Mr. G——was rudely shaken from his rest.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" and the little white hands trembled with passion as the offending paper was held up before the culprit.

"I don't know. Who brought it?"

"Who brought it, sir? I found it in your coat pocket, Mr. G——— I want an explanation; I will have one; I want a divorce, too!"

Mr. G——was fully aroused by this time. He protested he knew nothing of the note; he did not know how the treacherous little thing came in his pocket. He appealed to his wife's good sense. She would hear of no danial, but instead made another dive into the coat pocket. Another little missive rewarded her search. It was brimful of the tenderest endearments, and dated only two days back, but in another handwriting, very beautiful, and signed "Jennie."

"Oh, you Turk! Just look at that!"—and while Charley's bewildered eyes were perusing the latter, another visit was made to the receptacle of love—another letter came out. It was equally as delicate, but full of upbraiding. It called Charley cruel, false, deceitful, and said that "Fanny's" broken heart was to be laid at his door, said his once loved darling would die early.

The lips were white now with rage, the blue eyes all aflame with fire, the little willowy form all drawn up to its fullest height. Charley never saw her looking so indignant.

"You rake—monster! Why, Brigham Young would be ashamed to do as you have done."

Another dive was made to the pocket, and letter after letter brought out until a dozen strewed the floor—all of them from different ladies, all evincing the tenderest love for Charley.

Unable to cope with the storm of indignation, he made a hasty exit from the room, and leaving the house, left his wife to meditate upon divorce or suicide at loisure. A few moments after, however, the servant of Charley S———appeared with Mr. G——'s overcoat, and respectfully solicited the return of his masters.

The reader is left to imagine the rest.

A Juvenile Mother.

A census-taker, going his round, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling-house, the exact locality of which is no business of anybody. He was received by a stiff, well dressed lady, who could well be recognized as a widow of some years' standing. On learning the mission of her visitor the lady invited him to take a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself in a working position he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady. "Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madam?"

"My age, sir!" replied the lady, with a piercing, dignified look. "I conceive it's none of your business what my age might be; you are inquisitive, sir." "The law compels me, madame, to take the age of every person in the ward; it's my duty to make the inquiry." "Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it compels me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."—"I presume that means thirty-five?" "No, sir, it means no such thing—I am only thirty-three years of age." "Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest, if you please." "Josephine—pretty name—ten." "Minerva was twelve last week." Minerva—captivating—twelve." "Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen." "Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen." "Angelina is eighteen, sir; just eighteen." "Angelina—favorite name—eighteen." "My eldest and only married daughter, Anne Sophia, is a little over twenty-five." "Twenty-five did you say?"—"Yes, sir. Is there anything remarkable in her being of that age?" "Well, no, I can't say that there is; but is it not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age?"

About that time the census-taker was observed running out of the house. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her exact age.

A good rule—to keep good company, and be one of the number.

Raising the Tune.

The following story is in print for the first time, and every word of it true:

Where there is no regularly organized choir in a church, it is often the case that difficulty is experienced in raising the tunes, and the beauty and harmony of this part of the service of the sanctuary is at times greatly marred. An untoward circumstance of this kind happened many years ago, in the Methodist church at Greensboro', Md.—There lived at that time, within two or three miles of that town, a plain, independent old farmer, named Nathan Hunter, of blessed memory. Although he dressed in home spun kersey, and wore stout brogans, a broad-brimmed hat, and a shad-bellied coat, he had the air and mien of a lord of the manor, and he would not have felt himself an inferior in the presence of the greatest magnates in the land. Nathan did not often stray far away from home, not even to attend church. It happened, however, one Sunday morning, that he turned up in the Methodist church at Greensboro'. The minister arose and announced the opening hymn, commencing with these words:

Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high.

After reading the hymn, there was profound silence, no one present seeming to be able or willing to raise the tune. The silence was growing painfully embarrassing. Just then our old friend, Hunter, arose, and with the utmost gravity, looking towards the preacher, exclaimed:—

"I say, Mr. Preacher, just give out that hymn again; I'll try if I can't strike a jovial tune on it."

The preacher, with due solemnity, again read the first two lines of the hymn:

Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high.

Hunter struck up the old familiar tune of "Pretty Betty Martin," thus:

Lord, in the morning,
Thou shalt, Thou shalt,
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear,

Here he discovered that the metre of the tune did not agree with the words of the hymn; so, instead of singing, he spoke the balance of the couplet:

My voice ascending high.

The gravity of the congregation was by this time put to the severest test, and as the best thing which could be done, the preacher called out, "let us pray." But it may readily be supposed that the praying, like the singing, was not what it should have been on that occasion.

Marriage.

Marriage is to a woman, at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on death of all present enjoyment. She quits her home her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort—for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided the sister to whom she has dared impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her, turns the cousellor and the counselled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and the playmate—all are to be forsaken at one instant; every former tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is to be changed and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden paths before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can, coward like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence which his love inspired.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—The late eminent Judge Sir Allan Park, once said at a public meeting in London, "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a portion is due to Christianity out of the page of a man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts to the Gospel."

AN honest German boasted that he could take a glass of beer at one swallow. Some of the boys, just to try him, dared him, to do it one night, having put a defunct mouse into the mug. Hans downed the whole business at one fell swoop, and sat quietly wiping his lips.

"How did it go, uncle?" chimed the boys in a chorus.

"It vas goot," replied the old man; "but," he added, as if he had just thought of it.—"I think dere vas von big hop at the bottom."

A HORSEMAN crossing a moor asked a countryman if it was safe riding.

"Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you;" but in a half-a-dozen steps the horse sunk up to the girths.

"You story-telling rascal, you said it was hard at the bottom!"

"Ay," replied the other, "but you are not half-way to the bottom yet."

"How heavy you walk!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackwhack, on hearing he husband stumbling up stairs the other night.

"Well, my dear," was the gruff response, "if you can get a barrel of whiskey up stairs with less noise, I should like to see you do it."

I'VE been a member of this church nigh unto forty years," said a punched up libel of Christianity, "and it hasn't cost me five cents." "God bles your poor stingy withered up soul," said a fervent brother in the corner.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3529-0171.jpg