American Union.

VOL. 7 DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1867. NO. 244.

NEW GOODS
—FOR THE—
SPRING TRADE OF 1867.

THE undersigned have opened in Hillsboro' a very large stock of goods, and will continually increase their stock by additions from the cities, and invite all to call and see them. Their stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,

All Wool Cassimeres, 1.25 to 2.25;
Murphy's Kerseys, 1,20;
Best Prints, 20 to 22 cents;
Laurel D. Muslin, 25 cents;
Oregon Drills, 25 cents;
Delaines, 31 cents;
Ticking, 31, 45 and 50 cents;
Bleached Muslin, 18 to 37 1-2cts;
Twilled Flannels, 40 cents;
Best Shaker Flannels, 65 cents;
Dewey's best sheep grey Kersey, 85 cts;
Domestics, 25 cents;
Fine Balmoral Skirts, 2,50;
Spool Cotion 8 cents;
Dress Braid, 10 cents;
Buck Gauntlets, 1,10;
Gents Lined Kid Gloves, 2,00
Ladies' Fancy Hoods, 1,00, Children's do. .75
Sontags, 1,25, 1,75, and 2.00.
Hoop Skirts, 75 cents to 1,50.

Groceries.

Sugar, 12 1-2, 14 and 15;
Crushed do, 20 cents;
Cheese, 22 cents;
Raisins, 25 cents;
Coffee, 30 & 33 cents;
Pure Cider Vinegar, 50 cents;
Coal Oil, 70 cents per gal.;
Concentrated Lye, 30 cts pr box.

Boots and Shoes.

Gents Kip Boots, 4,50, 5,00, 5,50, and 6,50;
Boys Boots, 3.00 to 3.25;
Men's, Women's and Children's Coarse and Fine Shoes at proportionate prices, and all other articles usually kept in a country store.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market rates.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

mr14-y FLYNN & GOLT.

IMPORTANT
TO THE LADIES.
Mrs. S. R. BYRN

HAS just returned from Baltimore, and opened at her store, on Main street, opposite the residence of Mr. John R Fountain, a large and well selected assortment of

New Goods

to which she invites the attention of the ladies of Denton and vicinity, feeling assured that she can suit all who may give her a call. Her stock consists, in part, of a large assortment of

WORSTED GOODS,
SUCH AS
BREAKFAST SHAWLS, SONTAGS, TWILIGHTS, HOODS, CAPES and JACKETS for children, LEGGINS, ARMLETS &

Balmorals at Reduced Prices.

—ALSO—
FANCY ARTICLES
consisting of

FLUTING,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
BUTTONS in variety,
MAGIC RUFFLINGS,
INSERTION and EDGING,
FANCY EMBROIDERING BRAID,
BEREGE for VEILS,
CORSETTS,
HOOP SKIRTS,
HOISERY, SKIRT BRAIDS,
KNITTING and SPOOL COTTON,
Handkerchiefs, Collars & Cuffs for ladies and gentlemen, Kid Gloves, Gauntlets, Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ribbands a good assortment. Belting different styles, Waterfall Pads, Hair Pins, Hair Brushes & Combs, Tooth Brushes, Portmonies, Elastic, Extracts and Pomades, Lilly White, &c.

Thankful for past favors, she again solicits the patronage of the public. Give her a call.

nov8-6m S. R. BYRN.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Chemical & Pharmaceutical
PREPARATIONS, &c.,
CAREFULLY SELECTED BY
KEMP & STEVENS,
APOTHECARYS & DRUGGISTS,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

Acids, Spices, Patent Medicines, Perfumery Cosmetics, Toilet and Shaving Soaps, Cologne, Lavender, Verbena and other Waters, Extracts, Brushes and Combs of all kinds, Steel Pens Pen Holders, Lead Pencils, Cap, Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes of all kinds, Cigars, Tobacco of the best brands, Wines and Brandies for medical use, &c., &c.

Strict attention paid to compounding prescriptions with neatness and accuracy. [apr6-tf

Christmas Has Gone!
—BUT—
J. ALBURGER & SON

HAVE still on hand a large and fresh supply Cakes, Candies, Crackers, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Currants, Citron; Dates, Apples, Cheese, Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Meal, Salt, Lard, Coal Oil, Concentrated Lye, Plain and Fancy Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Powder, Shot, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We are determined not to be undersold. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods [jan31-y

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 pai .

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.

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

ROB'T J. JUMP. J. W. BRYANT.

JUMP & BRYANT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
DENTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties. [fe21-tf

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,
DENTON, MARYLAND,

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

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.

MILLER & KEMPER,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Foreign & Domestic Hardware
No. 96 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
Corner of Camden Street,
BALTIMORE, MD

G. W. MILLER, late Edge-Tool Manufacturer, No. 7. Camden Street;
JOHN KEMPER, late with H. W. Webb, Pratt Street. [fe28-1y.

FRESH ARRIVAL
—OF—
NEW SPRING GOODS.

HENRY BLACKISTON has just returned from Baltimore with a large and well selected assortment of

New Spring Goods,

which he has selected with the greatest care.—His stock consists in part of a general assortment of.

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES.
HARDWARE,
CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,
WOODENWARE.
BROOMS, TUBS, BUCKETS, TINWARE, &c.
BOOTS AND SHOES.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods by
m7-tf H. BLACKISTON.

McDOWELL, ROBINSON & CO.
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS AND MATTINGS,
No. 264 Baltimore Street,
Opposite Hanover St.,
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
may 17-y

Poetry.

"NINA LEE."

In a cottage down the valley,
'Neath a large old willow tree,
Lived a maiden fair and pretty,
Who was all the world to me.
Oft I've sat and gazed upon
That bright face of Nina Lee,
Though the days are past and gone,
Yet the thoughts are joy to me.

Now I wander through the church-yard,
Where they laid fair Nina Lee,
While alone I hear the whisper,
She was far too good for me.
I am sad and very lonely
Since from me dear Nina's gone,
Yet there's something whispering softly,
Heaven is her happy home.

Ne'er again shall I behold her
On this earth so cold and drear,
But will always look above me,
With the thought that she is near:
Calmly something bears me onward,
Visions in my dreams I see!
Angels beckon me to heaven,
There to meet dear Nina Lee.

—*Waverley Magazine.*

"Woman."

Fair woman is our best of friends,
Her love's a golden treasure;
To every scene of life she lends
A charm which none can measure

When fortune frowns and joys decay,
And we are sunk in sorrow,
She shares with us our grief to-day,
And points a bright to-morrow!

When pain or sickness lays us low,
And hope's star has departed,
Who can such loving kindness show,
Or prove so tender hearted?

When friends of yore are friends no more,
And friendship breaks its token,
Her love burns brightly as before—
Her vows remain unbroken.

—*Waverley Magazine.*

THE FEMALE PATRIOT.

BY M. J. B. SCOTT.

The year 1781 had opened with a succession of victories, which put fresh courage into the hearts which had nobly perilled all, around their heroic leader, Washington.

In the South, the war was vigorously carried on, and Rawdon had been compelled to surrender foot by foot the ground so precious to the British arms. General Sumter, at the head of six hundred men, had performed wonders of daring, while Gates and Green seconded his rapid and successful movements. Sumter held possession of Wateree, and Green who had pushed on in the rear of Lord Rawdon to Camden, was himself perplexed and distressed for provisions. He must act rapidly in concert with Gen. Sumter, while the British force lay between the two armies, and their scouts traversed the intervening country in all directions.—Day after day the Tory gentry in the neighborhood gathered strength, and day after day the position of the American general became more alarming.

Already had he offered large sums of gold to the peasantry, and even to the privates in his army, to become the bearer of despatches to General Sumter. They must communicate, or the cause of freedom must be lost in Carolina. Who—who would take his life in his hand and go?

It was the evening of the sixth day that he had waited for a messenger, and the commander, wrapped in his own thoughts, strode up and down the small and rude apartments which formed his headquarters, while his compressed lip and furrowed brow told how anxious were the reveries in which he was lost.

An Orderly sat at a small table waiting for directions, while no sound broke the stillness but the heavy footfall of the general, and the clanking of the unwieldy broadsword which rather encumbered than ornamented his person.

The dim fire, which mingled its light with the shadows of twilight, glanced on the not unhandsome features of the officer, while it helped to reveal the utter desolation of the comfortless apartment.

"It is vain," said the general, suddenly turning to his subaltern; "these cowardly churls will neither, for love of country, or of gold, put their necks in peril; and, if rescue arrives not within a short space, we must surrender!"

He was interrupted by the entrance of the sentinel, who, striking his hand across his forehead, with the rapid military salute, said,—

"General, a lady desires to speak with you."

"A lady—and wishing to speak with me! Show her in, although," he continued, in an undertone, "I could well dispense with interruption."

She entered—a tall and beautiful girl of some eighteen summers. Her fine features were slightly flushed, and bore the fixed resolute expression which a sculptor would give Minerva. Her dark eyes flashed the glance of earnest defiance so often found where oppression wrings a noble heart, and her small and delicate lips were compressed as if by some high purpose. Her slight and elegant figure was arrayed in coarse riding habit, such as was worn by the farmers' wives of the period; and it was alone by an inexpressible refinement of manner that her real rank was apparent.

"General," she said, as the officer hastened to present a seat to the fair intruder, "my presence at this place needs some apology."

"To whatever I can serve you, madam," replied Green, "command me. The distressed have ever found refuge beneath the stars and stripes."

"Yet I come not as a supplicant, but as your messenger to General Sumter, if," she continued, blushing, "you will accept a feeble ally."

"*You*, young lady," said the general, "I cannot, I dare not imperil one so young and—"

"And inefficient," she said, smiling.—"For the peril," she continued, "daughters of my country must scorn it, in a noble cause; and, moreover, sir," she added, seeing the irresolute look in the face of the soldier, "Heaven will defend the cause of the right, and such has ever been that of our land!"

"Go then, my noble girl," said Green, "bear this letter to General Sumter.—The road through the woods will be safest, although that, alas, is beset with dangers!"

Adding a few more rapidly traced lines, General Green placed in the hand of the heroine a small packet.

A few moments more, and the intrepid damsel was threading her way through the dense forest of pine and undergrowth, which led to the distant Federal camp.—The road, cut through the rude clearing, was winding and sinuous, now shelving down to some abrupt bottom, now well-nigh stopped by the tangled boughs of the forest which here and there quite shut out the moonbeams which flickered in silver as the waters of the Wateree were at times visible.

The occasional cry of some night-bird fell on the lonely ear of the young traveller, as now bending to avoid the scratching branches of the stiff pines, she bent her solitary way through the forest.

"Bear me safely, my fleet Gennet," she whispered, as her dark locks mingled for a moment with the white mane of her palfrey; "and, oh, protect me, thou guardian Heaven! and if I die, bless—save my country!"

The horse, as if comprehending her caress, lifted its ears, erected its head and seemed to step more lightly with its fair burden, while with beating heart and straining eye his mistress scanned the depths of shade before her.

Occasionally the beams fell on a wider clearing or some vista stretching away to the river. And these spots formed the most dangerous parts of her journey, for ringing high and clear across them was borne the challenge of the British Sentinel, and the faint "all's well," that sounded musical in its clear cadence, caused the blood to rush back to her heart, for it told that the foe was near.

Morning was faintly blushing in the east, and the sinking stars seemed to float among the pine-tops, as our heroine emerged from the shelter of the wood.

"Now, Gennet, bear me bravely," she exclaimed, as, shaking the rein, she pressed her horse to its utmost speed.

A few miles more, and the camp would be reached, the danger past, and the gallant Green be saved. Such were her musings as the high road narrowed in the distance.

She was not, however, doomed to proceed farther without molestation. As she came to a sudden turn around the base of a cliff, a rude hand was laid upon her horse's bridle, and a harsh voice cried,—

"Stand!"

Thinking it might be some highwayman, whom the troublous times had driven to desperation, she exclaimed,—

"Take this purse, friend, but do not bar my way; life and death depend on my speed."

"Ah, yes, young mistress, carrying news to the rebel camp, perhaps; but dismount, sweetheart, thy way stops here; and bear them instead, to his excellency, Lord Rawdon."

Emily, for such was her name, felt the blood blanch from her cheek, at this confirmation of her worst fears. Her captor conducted her across the broken ground which lay between the head quarters of the British General, and soon Emily was led through the long line of outposts to a low building, which she was bidden to enter.

The door was no sooner locked upon her, than taking a rapid survey of her condition, she saw the necessity of destroying the letter of the American General. Taking it from her pocket, she hastily broke the seal, scanned the contents and as rapidly swallowed it piece by piece.

She had no sooner finished her dangerous task than the entrance of two officers made her heart thrill with dread. Lord Rawdon, for such was the elder of the two, was past the meridian of life, and his not unhandsome features bore the marks of care and hardship so characteristic of the soldier. His form, strongly built, was rather below the middle size, while the white wig and black hat, gave him the antique appearance of the commander of that age.

"So, young lady," he said, in clear, ringing tones, "carrying despatches, eh? Helping some handsome rebel out of an embarrassing position, perhaps. Please deliver to me the commission with which you were charged.

"I have none to deliver to you, my lord," said Emily; "and the prowess of British arms will gain but little by a triumph so small as the death of a poor woman."

Lord Rawdon asked her a series of questions, and, finding no evidence against her, she was at length suffered to proceed. Then pressing her noble steed to the utmost, on the evening of the second day our heroine, faint and weary, rode into the camp of Sumter. Without pausing for the refreshment she so much needed, she besought an interview with the general, and relating the situation of the army, gave him the message of Green.

It was with a proud heart that Emily, under protection of the stars and stripes, retraced the ground she had passed in her nights journey, and a yet prouder moment, when she heard the British drums beat the retreat, while grateful admiration dwelt in the glance of the worn soldier, as it fell upon her, while he whispered to his comrade,—

"Such are the women of the Revolution!"

The Fat Man.

It isn't every day that we encounter a sketch so amusing as the one subjoined and where all parties seem to enjoy the joke with so good relish. Let the reader peruse for himself.

"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning as she was reconnoitering in the kitchen, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget.

All that morning Bridget, between each whisk of her dishcloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last, her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the fat man now, thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"Speak to me, my girl!" replied the old gentleman.

"Yes sir, wants to speak to you and says would you be kind enough to walk in sir."

This request, so direct, was not to be refused, so, in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and, knocking at the mistress' door, put her head in, and exclaimed:

"Fat gintleman's in the parlor, mum."

So saying she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor," thought the lady. "What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered," but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her lips in spite of herself, as she afterward said:

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir. I told her to call in the fat man to take away the grease when she saw him, and she made a mistake, you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! ha! as never comes from any of your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed madam," said he.

"It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!"

And all up the street and round the corner was heard the merry ha! ha! of the old gentleman as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed, "Such a good joke."

IT is supposed the man who left the house was not able to take it with him.

A Tough Story.

"Did you ever hear of the serape that I and Uncle Zeke had fuckin' onct on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage for and in consideration of a bran new tin milk pan.

"No, I never did, do tell it," was the eager reply.

"Well, you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads one Saturday afternoon to go a gunnin' after ducks in father's skiff; so in we got and down the river. A proper sight of ducks flew up and down that river, I tell ye, and a few of 'em lit down by the marsh and went to feedin on muscles. I catched up my powder horn to prime, and it slipt right out of my hand and struck for the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I couldn't swim a jot; so I sez to Uncle Zeke, you're a pretty clever fellow, let me take your powder horn and prime, and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't? Well, sez I, you're a pretty good diver and if you dive and get it, I'll give you a prime. I thought he'd leave his powder horn, but he didn't; he stuck it in his pocket and down he went—and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and astonishment, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added.

"I looked down and what do you think the critter was doing?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pouring the powder out of my horn into hizzen!"

A NEW GAME.—A Southern paper thus speaks of a new game played in the South by the "chivalry," who are "too good" to be honest manual labor:

"FLY LOO."—Look out for the blue tailed fly—keep your eye on your sugar lump—"Lor' bless your soul, sabe yourself honey"—a new game has turned up for the chivalry of the South. We hasten to lay it within their reach. It is called "fly loo" and beats kino and draw poker all hollow. It is very simple, and can be played by any number of "Men at leisure." The players all put up a stake, and after the pot is made up, each one puts a lump of sugar on his tongue, and the one who closes his potato trap on the first fly that lights on the sugar, rakes down the spondulix. Any number of Ex-Confederates may be seen setting in the sun out West, playing "fly loo," and their tongues hanging out like so many yards of red flannel.

THE BLESSED ONES.—Blessed are they that are blind; for they shall see no ghosts.

Blessed are they that are deaf; for they shall never lend any money, or listen to tedious stories

Blessed are they that are afraid of thunder; for they shall hesitate about getting married.

Blessed are they that are ignorant; for they are happy in the thought that they know everything.

Blessed is he that is ugly in form and feature; for the gals shant molest him.

Blessed are they that expect nothing; for they shall not be disappointed.

Blessed are they that don't advertise; for they shall very rarely be troubled with customers.

ONE of the rebel sharpshooters, who was hid in a rifle-pit at Fredericksburg, seeing one of our advance guards toss a plug of tobacco to his companion, called out: "I say, Yankee, toss me a chew, will you?"

"Show your head, open your mouth, and shut your eyes, and we'll send you a plug," said the Yankee, cocking his rifle. The rebel did not show his head.

A Gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water.

They looked, and exclaimed—

"Why, we only see our faces."

"Well," said the Gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands' when you're married."

AN Irishman caught a hornet in his hand, but dropped it and exclaimed,—

"Be jabbers, what kind of teeth do your birds have in Ameriky."

A COUNTRY boy who had heard of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

THE very climax of superfluous benevolence has been declared to be that of holding an umbrella over a duck in the rain.

"COME here, Tommy," said a schoolmaster: "Do you know your A B C's."

"Yes, zur, I know a bee sees."

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