American Union.

VOL. 8. DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1867. NO. 261.

THE AMERICAN UNION

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Office, American Union Building, 2d St.

J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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.

J. 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.

Brightly Beams the Summer Sky.

O, brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover;
But the little pond will soon be dry—
The summer soon be over!

O, light and soft the west wind blows,
The flower-bells gently ringing;
But blight will fall upon the rose,
Where now the bee is swinging!

A smile is on the silver stream—
A blush is on the flowers;
But the cloud that wears a golden gleam
Will waste itself in showers!

O, little hearts with gladness rife,
Among the wavy grasses!—
A deeper shade will fold your life
Than o'er the meadow passes!

O, maiden lips! O, lips of bloom!
Unburdened save by singing!
Pale Grief shall leave his seal of gloom,
Where kisses now are clinging!

O, hope is sweet! O, youth is near!
And love is sweeter, nearer!
O, life is sweet, and life is dear,
But death is often dearer!

O, shield the little hearts from wrong,
While childhood's laugh is ringing!
And kiss the lips that sing the song,
Before they cease their singing!

O, crown with joy the brows of youth,
Before those brows are older!
O, touch with love the lips of truth,
Before they cease their singing!

For the little pool will soon be dry—
The summer soon be over;
Though brightly beams the summer sky,
And rarely blooms the clover!

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

Scarcely a child, yet scarcely a woman, Mary Lendall stood there in her white silk and orange-blossoms, with the sunlight from the old church window falling upon her as if she had been some sweet mediæval saint.

And Colonel Medham, as he held her hand in his, and listened to the solemn words that joined them together, now and forever more, felt that his cup of happiness was full to the very brim.

"My wife, my dear little child wife," he said, tenderly, when they led her away to remove the white veil and fragrant waxen blossoms, in order that she might don her quieter travelling dress.

And Mary's blue eyes, clear and liquid as the firmament mirrored in a clear woodland spring, answered him without the need of words.

Yes, she was very lovely, that sixteen-year-old bride. Her hair was of a warm gold, rippled in little shining wavelets, and you might trace every blue vein on the transparent snow of her temples, while the little rosebud of a mouth breaking into smiles at every happy thought, was perfect in its outline.

Was it strange that Colonel Medham scarce believed it possible that he, the bronsed, middle-aged man, with grave eyes and serious aspect, could have won this exquisite human blossom to gladden his heart and home?

Was it strange that he looked on his happiness as a dream from which he might at any moment awaken?

"Of course it is a money match. Any one with half an eye could see through it."

Colonel Medham started as the words fell on his ear, but the unconscious speaker, standing just within the doorway of an adjoining room, went on:

"She don't care a pin for him personally—she merely wants his money; but he is too blind—"

And the voice died away in the buzz of many other voices.

One instant Colonel Medham stood there, pale and motionless, like a person stricken with the hand of death. And in that instant his resolve was taken.

"Where is my husband?"

The very blood mounted to Mary Medham's cheek as she—the wife of a single, sunshiny hour—spoke the questioning words.

"Call Algernon, mamma—tell him I am quite ready."

She looked sweeter in her travelling dress than she had looked in all the gleam of pearls and snow-white silk—the fair little creature.

"If you please, ma'am," said a rough-looking man, carelessly elbowing his way through the crowd, "here's a note for Mrs. Medham."

Mary broke the seal with a transient thrill of curiosity.

"I may as well read it while I wait for Algernon," she thought. "How strange! this is Algernon's own writing!"

"MARY—I heard your Uncle Sinclair's words, just now—that you cared not for me, but for my money solely. It is yours, unfettered by me. Good-by—forever,

A. M."

Mary uttered a low cry, as she clung to her mother's arm.

"Mamma, I am not dreaming, am I? Am I wife and widow both in a single hour?"

And she fell down like one dead at Mrs. Kendall's feet.

"There is some strange misunderstanding," said Mrs. Kendall, who had grown as pale as a ghost. "Colonel Medham will be back in a few hours!"

But the hours went by—and the days—and the weeks—ay, even the years—and Algernon Medham never came back to the beautiful young wife, whose bridal day had been so strangely clouded.

* * * * * * *

"Only four more miles to the village, sir. Keep up a good heart, and we'll have you there in no time at all."

The kind-hearted old stage driver pulled the warm robes closer around the wasted figure in the corner, ere he mounted to his seat, muttering to himself:

"He isn't fit to travel, nohow. I don't see what his folks could ha' been thinking of to let him go away from hum. Fever, I s'pose! Well, there's no countin' for some folk's freaks!"

Algernon Medham—so weak and faint that the wintry stars above seemed blurs of light against the blue-black concave—lay back and indulged in melancholy thought.

"Homeward bound at last! And can it be possible that I am coming home only to die? Well, Winley church-yard is a sweet and peaceful spot—perhaps it is well. I would rather be buried when the fragrance of the violets that purple Medham Park shall be wafted over my lonely grave by the earliest spring winds. I may as well die in the little village inn. I would not darken Mary's bright life with the shadow of death. Perhaps she has married some happier man. If so, I will perish as I have lived and make no sigh. Yet I would like once more to see her, the sweet mistress of Medham Park."

He roused from his gloomy, half-delirious reverie, at what seemed the echo of his own words, from two young men who were chatting carelessly on the opposite seat.

"Medham Park! It is the finest old place in the country, and a very pretty romance hangs over its beautiful lady."

"How do you mean?"

"Did you never hear? Mrs Medham was deserted by her husband—"

"No—never deserted!"

The words broke almost involuntarily from the sick man's white lips in a husky whisper that was quite inaudible to the speakers.

"—Within an hour of their marriage, in consequence of a strange misunderstanding. It seems that a relative of hers was speaking of some *marriage de covenance* that had recently transpired, in the bridegroom's hearing, and he rashly concluded the terms applied to him. From that moment to this he has never been heard of."

"A romance indeed. And the bride?"

"Remains a widowed bride, in truth, and indeed to this very hour. She dwells alone at Medham Park, devoted entirely to his memory. If all we hear is true, she must have loved him with a depth of affection that is as rare as it is admirable."

And from that the conversation strayed to other topics, and neither noticed the strange expression on the invalid's white face.

"Here we are, sir. At which hotel shall I leave you?"

"Neither. Let me be drawn up to the Park."

"The Park, sir?"

"Yes—the Park!"

How strange his footfall sounds on the velvet carpet of the stately vestibule—the doors were open as he came forward leaning on a servant's arm.

Ah! six years had altered her little, and, watchful as ever, she sat by the ruddy glitter of the fire, her golden curls falling in a shower of brightness on her deep mourning dress, and on the flushed cheek resting on her hand.

On her lap lay open his own picture—the picture he had given her in the sweet "courting days."

"Mary!"

She looked up vaguely. This was most probably but one of the fevered fancies that had so often led her into agonized disappointment.

"Mary—my wife!"

"Oh! Algernon!"

Now, indeed, she knew that it was her husband's self! And, springing to her feet, she burst into hysterical tears and laughter on his breast.

The years of patient waiting—the long ordeal of sweet submission—were rewarded at last.

And when the violets of spring-time purpled the sunny slopes of Medham Park the sweet odors floated across no nameless grave, but fannned the forehead of a happy husband, whose fair wife gathered them as she walked by his side, with eyes that were full of unspoken bliss.

PHALARIS' BULL.—Perillus, an Athenian, cast a brazen bull for Phalaris, the tyrant of Sicily, which was constructed so that when it was heated and offenders put into it, their cries seemed not like those of human beings, but like the roaring of a bull. When he went to Phalaris, in the hope of being recompensed for so admirable a refinement of cruelty, the tyrant at once ordered him to be thrown into the bull, that he might show the excellence of his own invention.

A Glimpse at Jeff. Davis.

We clip the following from the correspondence of the Buffalo *Express:*

"We left Montreal yesterday for this place, and as we entered the car and took our seat we saw a face opposite us which looked hatefully familiar—two men facing two ladies, their travelling companions. The face we speak of is one which once seen cannot easily be forgotten. A grim, emaciated face, with eyes cold, stony and cruel. It was Jeff. Davis with his wife and two friends on their way to attend the 'commencement' of the Seminary at Lennoxville, on the G. T. road, where their children are being educated.

"Mr. Davis appeared to be in the best of spirits; in fact, we fancied the presence of that smirk of satisfaction which a malefactor may well wear when he has outwitted the ministers of justice and escaped their toils. But little notice was taken of this notorious personage until our arrival at Sherbrooke, a station a few miles west of Lennoxville. There the news of his approaching advent had been heralded days before. As we reached the station crowds of men, in white shoes, with fiery red faces and flaming side whiskers, were seen trooping down towards the depot, and with such precipitancy as to scatter their H's promiscuously behind them.—'Jeff. Davis! Jeff. Davis!' bellowed the mob, intent on getting a glimpse of his amiable visage from the car window.—Failing in that, the mob entered the car in two detachments, each entering simultaneously the opposite end, and thus blocking each other's way, and producing a scene of confusion much easier imagined than described. At last a few leaders of the rabble distinguishable by a more fervid glow in their puffy cheeks and a more generous development of side-whiskers, urged their way up to Jeff, and after prolonged salaams, and expressions such as 'Appy to see you, Mr. Davis. 'Ow is your 'ealth?' &c., prevailed upon him to show himself at the rear platform of the car and address a few words to the gaping crowd. His appearance was the signal for three lusty cheers. The speech was a mere formal expression of his thanks—wishes for their happiness and prosperity—congratulations on the Confederation scheme—a hope that the Provinces would always be independent, except of the tie that bound them to the mother country, &c.

"Its conclusion was greeted with another round of cheers, and the departure of the train with still another. Had Jeff. Davis been the saviour of their country, those friendly Canadians could scarcely have been more demonstrative in their veneration and enthusiasm. Indeed, the toadyism, sycophantic spirit manifested by the leaders was nauseating in the extreme. The two or three Americans on board the train could scarcely restrain an expression of their disgust and indignation.

"All honor to that one stalwart voice of dissent roared out, by some returned soldier indubitably, 'O, that I had a few men to stand by me, and a good stout rope!' The speaker stood not ten feet distant from the arch-Rebel. We sought him out and found that he hailed from Minnesota—a big, bearded, rough backwoodsman—and that 'he'd as lief shoot a durned Rebel as an Ingin.'

"At Lennoxville Jeff. was the recipient of similar honors. He relieved us of his presence at this point, getting into a buggy with his daughter holding the reins. He was driven off amid loud hurrahs, and frantic waving of hats and canes."

Swallowed a Snake.

About three years ago, Peter Lynke, of Ames, while a soldier in the army, was one day drinking water from a spring, when he accidentally swallowed a small water snake, but did not know what it was at the time. Since his return home he has been unwell, and has been compelled to drink a quart of water each night before he could get any sleep. Dr. Smith, of Ames, gave him some medicine and told him not to taste food for twenty-four hours. He followed the physician's directions, and a day or two afterwards, while in the field at work, he was taken suddenly sick, and commenced vomiting. While going up to the house, something suddenly came up in his throat and out of his mouth three or four inches, and was turning to go back again, when he seized it and threw it from his mouth.—It proved to be a snake the color of a copper cent and over a foot in length. His snakeship was secured and placed in a bottle of water, where it seems quite contented. It is fed on potatoes, &c., which it devours with a ravenous appetite.—Lynke is doing well.—*Canojoharie Radii.*

A GREAT FOUNTAIN.—The most powerful fountain in the world is at Bennington, on the premises of S. B. Hunt. The water is brought in a six-inch pipe from an elevation of 325 feet, and is thrown in an inch jet to the height of 154 feet.—Basin of the fountain is 100 in diameter, and 4 1-2 feet deep, and the entire works cost $20,000. The celebrated fountain at Catsworth, England, throws a jet only 90 feet high.

Serpents.

The very name "serpent" is a protection to its owner. The strongest man, when unarmed, quails in the presence of the rattle-snake, and many of the inferior animals are so petrified with terror at the sight of it, as to fall unresisting between its jaws, even when at sufficient distance for escape; they are paralyzed by the presence of their tremendous foe, and deprived of all their faculties in a manner which appears wholly supernatural.

The security of some serpents lies in their strength, which is truly prodigious; others possess almost a sovereign sway, in virtue of their poison daggers; whilst others again, without possessing either of these faculties, appear to live in security on the character acquired for the tribe by the few.

The terror with which large animals regard the class as a whole, is a protection equally to all. The boa-constrictor can suffocate almost the largest quadrupeds, by entwining itself around them. Twisted round a tree, the boa awaits in ambuscade the arrival of its fated victim, which it immediately envelops in its torturous folds and strangles in its murderous embrace.

The serpent met by Attilius Regulus between Carthage and Utica was of this kind. It strangled the soldiers in its folds, and stifled them with its breath and slime. No dart could pierce its scales, which were as brilliant as brass. Its back was finally broken by an immense fragment of rock discharged against it; but it still remained formidable to the army, whose cohorts, even then, had some difficulty in dispatching it. Its skin when sent to Rome, was found to measure 120 feet in length.

The fabled victory of the infant Hercules in his cradle over one serpent, and the strangulation to death by another, of Laocoon and his sons, serve as his historical evidence of the great and ancient repute of these creatures for powerful, muscular strength.

The poison apparatus of venomous serpents is a perfectly efficacious weapon.—It consists of a gland on each side of the head, from which the poison is being continually distilled, so as to always be brimful, and ready for execution, and a long, dagger-like tooth, with a canal running through its centre from root to point, for the reception and conveyance of the poison to the bottom of the wound inflicted by it. The fangs ordinarily lie concealed in the mouth, and are only raised for hostile purposes; and, then, such is the excellent construction of the whole apparatus, that the very muscle which raises the weapon and plunges it into the victim, becomes the agent by which, at the same instant, the poison is propelled from the gland into the wound. The canal of the tooth opens towards the point obliquely, like the cut of a pen—a disposition which secures both a permanent sharp point to the fang, and a patulous orifice for the transmission of the poison; and that the animal shall not be deprived by age or accident of this, its only defence, it is furnished with a complete armory of such teeth, from whence any such losses may be at once supplied.

The death of Cleopatra by means of an adder, brought to her by her own directions, concealed in fruit and flowers, has rendered ever memorable the venom of this reptile. The exact species employed by her still remains undetermined; for the effects described by historians as having been produced in her case are not such as are observed to follow the bites of any species known at the present day.—Agony and fever usually precede the death arising from such a cause; but, if we credit the poet, Cleopatra experienced, or at least expected to experience by the aspic poison, a more easy escape out of this world.

MAN COMPOSED OF ALL OTHER ANIMALS.—A distinguished German professor recently announced that if a drop of human blood was placed under a microscope capable of magnifying it twenty million times larger, it would show all kinds of animals that ever existed, or that now exist, on the earth. In the blood of a healthy person the animals are quiet; in that of a sick person they fight. From this he draws the conclusion that man has within him all the elements from which the universe was created. He further says, that if a ded cat was flung in a pool of water and left to decompose, the drops of water would show, when under a microscope, all the animals belonging to the cat species.

WHITEWASH.—This article, as ordinarily made, rubs off the walls after it becomes dry, soiling cloths and everything coming in contact with it. This may be obviated by slacking the lime in boiling water, stirring it meanwhile, and then applying, after dissolving water, white vitriol, sulphate of zinc, in proportion of four pounds to a barrel of whitewash, making it the consistency of rich milk. The sulphate of zinc will cause the wash to harden, and prevent the lime from rubbing off. A pound of white salt should be thrown into it.

—Andy Johnson has had thirteen toes mashed. They were all ve-toes, and Congress mashed them. Served him right; mash another one.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

—A dandy asked a barber's boy if he had ever shaved a monkey. 'No, sir,' answered the boy, 'but if you'll take a seat I'll try.'

A DIFFRENCE.—A woman said in a police-court, the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

—We know a good-natured bachelor so generous that, poor fellow, he would give even his heart away, if he could only find an interesting object to take it.—*Ex.*

Pshaw! that's nothing. We know plenty of fellows that *ain't* bachelors who would willingly do the same thing.

—A little girl was lately reproved for playing outdoors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But with all imaginable innocence she replied, "Why, the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em."

VERY GOOD.—At a school examination a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tail," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position causing roars of laughter.

—At Lynn, Mass., a Sunday School teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, 'Adam, sir,' with apparent satisfaction.

'Law,' said the first scholar, 'you needn't feel so grand about it, he wasn'd an Irishman.'

A MODEL ANSWER.—In a Western Sabbath School a boy was asked to give an account of Moses.

'Moses,' said the boy, 'was born on the banks of the Nile in a basket. As the infant lay concealed in the bushes, a huge crocodile came swimming along, and approaching him said: 'Moses, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!' whereupon the infant stretched out his little arms toward the crocodile, and said, 'Verily, thou art the man!'

A YOUTHFUL STRATEGEM.—You remind me of Bob. He begged hard, the other day, when some friends were dining with us, to be allowed to come in, and sit at the table during dessert, which I told him he might do, provided he neither talked nor annoyed people by asking for fruit. He very readily assented to this condition, which he honestly fulfilled to the letter. At last I heard the poor fellow crying and sobbing most pitifully.

"What is the matter, Bob?" I said, "What are you crying about?"

"Why, pa," he replied, "here I am asking for nothing, and getting it!"

BROKE HER PLEDGE.—In a certain 'Ladies' Reform Society,' existing not many miles from the bank of a certain river, the members were required to sign a pledge not to 'set up,' as it is termed, or do anything else that might be supposed to have a tendency, however remote, to immorality. One evening as the President was calling over the names to know whether each member had kept her obligation, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady burst into tears, and on being questioned as to the cause, said she feared that she had broken her pledge.

'Why, what have you done?' asked the president.

'Oh!' sobbed the young lady, 'Dr. — kissed me the other night when he waited on me home from meeting.'

'Oh, well that is nothing very bad,' said the president; 'his kissing does not make it that you have broken the pledge.'

'Oh! that isn't the worst of it,' exclaimed the conscientious young lady, 'I kised him back again.'

CHANGE OF TUNE.—An Irishman employed in a shop in New York was one day surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After ten minutes' jollification, the friend left, when Pat's employer said to him:

"So, Pat, you knew that person in the old country, did you?"

"Och, and sure did I; an' it's a lucky day I met with him here. It's a fine boy he is, wid all his family. His grandfather was a general—his father was a general—and he'd been a general hisself if he had not come away."

"But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him put his fingers there rather slyly."

Clapping his hands to his pocket, Pat ascertained that both watch and purse were missing.

"Murther!" he cried, gesticulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his side; "the thafe! the spalpeen! I knew him well wid all his family. His grandfather was hanged—and his father was hanged—and he'd been hanged hisself if he had not run away!"

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3527-0122.jpg