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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. IX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1869. NO. 28.

THE AMERICAN UNION

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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, MARYLAND.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline. jan1

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

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF

CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES. ja16-y

JOHN 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

LATEST FASHIONS

JUST RECEIVED.

The undersigned, thankful for past favors, respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. He is prepared at all times to cut or make any kind or style of clothing, from a single garment to an entire suit. His work will be done in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

All persons indebted to him are requested to make immediate payment.

Shop at old stand, over Millinery store.

oct24-y THOS. P. SIMPSON.

F. W. RIDGELY. JAS. S. DUNGAN.

RIDGELY & DUNGAN,

PRODUCE AND

Commission Merchants,

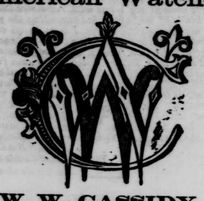
AND DEALERS IN

Merchandise Generally,

RIDGELY, CAROLINE CO., MD.

☞ Agents for Rambo's Lime and Alta Vela Guano Company. [se17-tf

WESTERN AND American Watches.



W. W. CASSIDY,

No. 12 *SOUTH SECOND STREET,*

PHILADELPHIA,

ASKS ATTENTION TO HIS

Varied and Extensive Stock

OF

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES

AND

SILVER-WARE.

Customers may be assured that none but the best articles, at reasonable prices, will be sold at his store. A fine assortment of

RODGER'S CELEBRATED PLATED-WARE CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired.

All orders by mail promptly attended to. jan7-1y

MILLINERY

AND

Mantua Making.

THE MISSES POSTLETHWAITE

HAVE recently returned from Baltimore with a large and carefully selected assortment of Notions, Trimmings, &c., suitable for fall and winter, which, having been purchased cheap for cash, they are prepared to sell on the most reasonable terms.

Bonnets and Hats made or repaired.

Dresses cut, fitted or made to order.

Stamping neatly executed.

Thankful for past favors they ask a liberal patronage of a generous public. [no26-y

DELAWARE Rail Road Line.



PASSENGERS TIME TABLE.

ON and after MONDAY, October 5th, 1868, Passenger Trains Northward will run as follows, until further notice. All trains Sundays excedted.

LEAVE.		
Crisfield,		7.00 A. M
Marion,		8.40
Kingston,		8.05
Westover,		8.30
Princess Anne,		9.10
Eden,		9.40
Forktown,		10.00
Salisbury,		10.30
Delmar,		10.45
Laurel,		11.05
Seaford,		11.30
Bridgeville,		11.50
Greenwood,		12.00
Farmington		12.15 P M.
Harrington,	7.00 A M.	12.35
Felton,	7.15	12.50
Plymouth,	7.20	1.00
Canterbury,	7.20	1.00
Willow Grove,	7.25	1.05
Camden,	7.35	1.15
Dover,	7.50	1.30
Mooreton,	8.05	1.45
Brenford,	8.10	1.55
Smyrna,	8.05	1.50
Clayton,	8.20	2.05
Sassafras R'd,	8.25	2.10
Blackbird,	8.35	2.20
Townsend,	8.40	2.30
Middletown,	9.00	2.45
Mt. Pleasant,	9.10	2.55
St. Georges,	9.25	3.10
Bear,	9.36	3.25
New Castle,	9.55	3.45
ARRIVE.		
Wilmington,	10.15	4.05
Philadelphia,	11.45	5.40
Baltimore,	1.15 P M.	8.10

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

LEAVE.		
Philadelphia,	8.30 A M.	5.00 P M.
Baltimore,	7.25	2.15
Wilmington,	10.10	6.25
New Castle,	10.30	6.45
Bear,	10.50	7.00
St. Georges',	11.00	7.15
Mt. Pleasant,	11.15	7.30
Middletown	11.35	7.50
Townsend,	11.45	8.00
Blackbird,	11.50	8.05
Sassafras,	12.00 P M.	8.15
Clayton,	12.05	8.20
ARRVIE.		
Smyrna,	12.15	8.30
LEAVE.		
Brenford,	12.10	8.25
Mooreton,	12.20	8.35
Dover,	12.40	9.55
Camden,	12.50	9.05
Willow Grove,	1.05	9.15
Canterbury,	1.10	9.20
Plymouth,	1.10	9.20
Felton,	1.20	9.30
Harrington,	1.40	9.45
Farmington,	1.55	
Greenwood,	2.05	
Bridgeville,	2.15	
Seaford,	2.25	
Laurel,	2.55	
Delmar,	3.10	
Salisbury	3.45	
Forktown,	4.10	
Eden,	4.30	
Princess Anne,	5.15	
Westover,	5.40	
Kingston,	6.00	
Marion,	5.20	
ARRIVE.		
Crisfield,	6.45	

Also Freight train, with Passenger Car attached, will leave Wilmington about 4 o'clock A. M., New Castle, 4.50, Middletown, 6.40, Clayton, 7.30, Dover, 8.50, Camden, 9.10, Felton, 10.05, and to be due at Harrington about 10.30 A. M. Returning, to leave Harrington about 3.20 P. M., Felton, 4, Camden, 5.05, Dover, 5.30, Moorton, 5.55, Clayton, 6.25, Middletown, 7.40, New Castle, 9.20, and to be due at Wilmington about 9.50, P. M. Subject to delays incident to freight business. This train will stop to take up passengers only at stations named, but will set down passengers at any stopping place except Hare's Corner, State R'd, Del. Junction and Dupont.

Steamboat trains heretofore rnn are withdrawn. A boat, however, will leave Crisfield for Norfolk, in connection with local train, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

E. Q. SEWALL,
Sup't Del. R.R.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.



Change of Hours.

On and after Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1868.
Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Hillsborough,	9.45 A. M.
	Ridgely	9,55
	Greensborough,	10,10
	Goldsborough,	10,20
	Henderson,	10,30
	Halltown,	10,40
	Slaughter's	10,55
	Kenton,	11,10
Arrive	Clayton,	11,00
Leave	Clayton,	2,05 P. M.
Arrive	Wilmington,	4,00
	Philadelphia,	5,25
	Baltimore,	8,00
	New York,	10,20

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	New York,	12,00 P. M.
	Baltimore,	7,25 A. M.
	Philadelphia,	8,30
	Wilmington,	10,10
Arrive	Clayton,	12,05 P. M.
Leave	Clayton,	1,00
	Kenton,	1,12
	Slaughter's,	1,25
	Halltown,	1,40
	Henderson,	1,50
	Goldsborough,	2,00
	Greensborough,	2,15
	Ridgely	2,25
Arrive	Hillsborough,	2,35

Passengers from Baltimore will purchase tickets for Clayton, and change cars at New Castle Junction. Passengers for Baltimore will change cars at Wilmington.

Until further notice, the office of the Superintendent will be at Greensborough, Md.

G. W. GOLDSBOROUGH,
de3-tf. Superintendent.

Select Poetry.

Love, Honor and Obey.

Love all on earth that's worthy love,
The beautiful, the good;
Love God in heaven for His works,
The earth and briny flood;
Love honest hearts wherever found,
In hut or palace hall;
Love those who love thee, those who hate,
Love every one, love all.

Honor the man who, rich in gold,
Gives largely of his store;
Honor the poor who envy not
The rich their glittering ore;
Honor the silver locks of age
And help them on their way;
Honor the forms that gave thee birth,
Living, or in the clay.

Obey the first of heaven's commands,
To love thy fellow man;
Obey the best of nature's laws,
To help him if you can;
Obey the still small voice within
That bids thee guilt abhor;
Obey the voice that trembling cries,
"Arise, and sin no more."

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Chapter I.

A STRANGE INTERVIEW.

It was a bright summer afternoon in the year 18—, that a young man could have been seen coming out of the city of P—— for the purpose of taking a stroll into the country. His countenance was care worn and dejected, and his mind evidently ill at ease, if the motion of the hands can indicate the working of the mind, for now they are clenched and then again they beat the air as if striking at some imaginary object. With his head bent to the ground, he wandered on as if unconscious of whither he was going, or careless of the space he was putting between himself and the busy city.

How long he would have remained in this semi-unconscious state had he not stepped into a brook which ran across his path, we are unable to say; but the coolness of the mountain stream restored him to his senses. Seating himself upon the mossy bank of the brook, he soliloquized thus:

"What," said he, "must I drag out this existence in poverty, obscurity and toil? My spirit pines for a more active life—for a higher sphere. I long to be with the honored of the land—to stand up against tyrany and oppression—to lead the van of my fellows in their battle of labor against capital, and to defend the laboring millions from the harpies who prey upon their life's blood and rob them of the bloom and vigor of man and womanhood. Yes, I would devote my whole energies to ameliorate the condition of my kind—raise them to that intellectual greatness which every human being should attain. But, alas! I am tied by poverty to the wheel of thankless, unremunerative toil, and can never reach the height that my ambitious mind is longing—"

"Yes you can," broke in a voice so deep, yet melodious, that it caused the young man to spring from his seat, and on looking in the direction from whence the voice proceeded, he perceived an old man dressed in the costume of a Spanish cavalier. The old man fixed his eyes upon the youth as though he would read his inmost thoughts. His singular dress, his tall, commanding form, his keen and steadfast gaze, all contributed to hold the youth spell-bound. The stranger was the first to break the silence.

"Young man," he said, "I have watched your every movement long, carefully, anxiously. I was with you when you did not know it. I rejoiced to see you triumph over vice; wept when the syren voice of social pleasure lured you too far; was joyful when, in the strength of your manhood, you breasted the tide of dissipation and rolled back the wave which, if allowed to roll on unchecked, would drive you to destruction's brink and swallow up in its rapacious maw both happiness here and hereafter. You are proud, but not vain; you wish for active life, but you lack energy, unless you are forced into energetic action. For the purpose of overcoming this one defect in your character, I will, if you accept of it, place a trust in your hands which will call forth all your latent energies, and if fully successful, place you hereafter beyond the reach of want. It is true that that which I wish you to undertake is full of peril, both to life and limb, but I am satisfied that the skill which you possess, and the presence of mind which you are master of, will see you safely through every difficulty."

The suddenness of the old man's appearance, and the singularity of his address, had kept the young man silent; but the assurance of the stranger's tone that he would accept all as was offered roused the hot blood of the youngster, and he was preparing a tart reply, but the concluding sentence flattered his vanity and he told his strange visitor that anything that was compatible with honor would be accepted, provided it would furnish him the means of getting rid of his *ennui* and bring on a more active life.

"During the time you are engaged, your life will be active enough," replied the old man; "and it will also be an enterprise in which the honor of the most fastidious will not be compromised. It will further give you an opportunity of seeing and mingling with the world, and successful or unsuccessful, your reward shall be liberal. But before I make you acquainted with the business I wish you to transact, I desire to bind you so that my secret will go no farther.—Are you willing thus to bind yourself, assuring you that there is nothing that savors of dishonesty in it?"

"Sir," said the young man, "I know not why, but there is a strange, magnetic influence which you exercise over me, and it seems as though my mind was willing to concede all to you. I, therefore, on my honor, promise to hold sacred all that you chose to reveal to me, reserving, however, the right to accept or reject your offers if on consideration I should decide so to do."

"I accept the terms," replied the stranger, "and rely upon your honor, knowing your character, as I do, for probity. I have no fears of the result. My story," continued he, "is soon told. I am an exile from that revolutionary-cursed country—Mexico. My crime—a too intense love of country. Castilian as I am by descent, I love liberty and hate oppression of any kind, and for this I have been driven from my country, stripped of a part of my patrimony, and to crown my misery, my daughter, an only child, was cruelly taken from me. Where she is I cannot tell. It may be a fruitless search, and I be deemed mad to wish you to engage in such a wild undertaking, but I desire some clue to her fate—some definite information concerning her—and the information I shall be able to give you leads me to believe that, on your return, you will bring her with you. I do not desire your answer now, and as it is growing late you had better return home. Think over it and return again on the morrow.—Till then farewell," and his disappearance was as mysterious as his appearance.

The young man drew a long breath, rubbed his eyes, shook his limbs, and wondered if he had been dreaming with eyes wide open and in the bright sunlight, or was it an hallucination of his senses. But no; it could not be. He was no believer in spiritual manifestations. What he had seen was real flesh and blood; and he made up his mind as he wended his way back to the city to come again and learn the sequel of this strange interview, where we will leave him for the present and follow the old man.

The cause of his sudden disappearance was a natural one. Immediately behind him was a large bush of laurel, the branches of which were so ingeniously trimmed and interwoven as to cover a path which led to a cave by the side of the brook, and which he had discovered in one of his rambles. This cave he had fitted up for his use, as he had no desire to live amongst the busy haunts of man. The reason for leading such a life will be further explained as we progress with our story.

The door was so contrived that the most acute observer would never detect it. This place was the residence of the old man, and we will take the liberty of following him in. The first room we enter is a small but agreeable apartment which is used for a kitchen and dining room. It is lighted by a large chandelier suspended from a rock ceiling.—The second apartment is larger and more splendidly furnished. This, too, is lighted in the same way, but the chandelier was larger and of better finish. The room is furnished in the most costly style. The walls are hung with superior paintings, and the hangings of the room are velvet worked with gold. The whole interior arrangement betokens both wealth and refinement.

The old man, as we enter, is seated beside a table on which lies the miniature of a woman in the bloom of early womanhood, and as he gazes upon the picture deep sighs escape from his heaving bosom. Tears steal down his aged cheeks; but listen, he speaks:

"Am I to die alone, amongst strangers, with no one to cheer me in the sunset of life—no one to comfort me when I am sad?—No, there is none; I must live alone. The one I love best on earth is cruelly kept from me, but were she here, my dear Antoinette, she would be my life, my joy, my comforter, and when death shall lay his icy hand upon me she would close mine eyes and perform the last sad duties that is incumbent upon us. But this poor boon is denied me.—Wealth and its surrounding is but ashes compared to strong parental love. But why despond? I have lived many weary years, and yet lived to hope I must live and hope, and why not? Harry Melville is brave, generous and daring. If I can enlist his services in my behalf, and if living, I once more will see my daughter, or I much mistake his character."

He arose from his seat with hope beaming in his eye. Going to the farther end of the room, he lifted a curtain which hid the portrait of a beautiful young girl of perhaps sixteen summers.

"Yes, dear one," he exclaimed, "if Providence so wills it, I shall clasp you once more to my bosom, listen again to your sweet voice and hear your gay, ringing laughter. But I must be patient—patient till the hour arrives."

Chapter II.

THE BANISHMENT OF ALBRITIO DE VERON.

Albritio De Veron was the only son of a wealthy and influential Spanish family. The father had emigrated to Mexico at an early period of its history, but with the peculiar jealousy of some of the descendants of old Castile, it was his boast that his blood was pure. The father of Albritio took an earnest and active part against the aggressions of Old Spain, and rendered efficient services in shaking off the yoke of the mother country. The service thus rendered caused him to be raised to high honors and at his death he left his only son heir to his wealth and honors.

One year after his father's death, Albritio De Veron married the daughter of one of the Old Spaish Hidalgos, and after a year of married felicity he was a widower, and an infant daughter dependent upon his care, a duty which he discharged with fidelity.

But the honors De Veron so quietly enjoyed, and the powers he so unostentatiously wielded, was envied by men of less note; and those less worthy of power and honors are always jealous of those who enjoy it, and seek by every means in their power to supplant merit and elevate their own base selves. So these men, by fabricating the basest falsehoods, and inflaming the minds of the populace, sought the destruction of De Veron.—Without warning, he was cast into a dungeon, and after weeks of suspense, brought before an arbitrary tribunal on a charge of treason; and without being allowed to consult with his friends, was sent back to prison to await a more formal trial

De Veron staggered under the blow. Conscious of his innocence, he could not immagine why that he was so ignominiously treated.—His soul was torn with anguish. Conscious of his fate, he wept at the friendless situation of his daughter. From her he could hear no tidings.

The day for his trial at length arrived, and so powerfully had De Veron's enemies worked upon the minds of the populace that, had it not been for the guards which were conducting him to trial, they would have torn him to pieces.

In the presence of his Judges, De Veron bore the same lofty part that he wore whilst in the height of his power, and when asked what he had to say in his defence, he as haughtily replied by asking, why it was that a Mexican citizen could be torn from his family, immurred in a dungeon without even a shadow of guilt; nay not even a show of evidence to convict him of so base a crime as treason? He plead his services to the State, his unblemished honor, his devotion to his country, and the fact that his life had been one of sacrifice to his country's honor; but his pleadings were vain. Prejudiced Judges pronounced him guilty, but in consideration of his former services and for the honor of his family name, he was banished from the land, and forty-eight hours were all that were allowed him in which to arrange his affairs.—Banishment from home and country, De Veron would have accepted without a sigh, but who can tell the grief that wrung his generous soul to find his daughter gone, no trace of her wherabouts being known to any of the domestics. All that was known was that, on the evening of his arrest, a closed cariage drove up to the gate, a man demanded admittance, and on opening the gate some half dozen armed men sprang inside, bound and gagged those about the gate, and then ransacked the house, carrying off Antoinette, his daughter, and her maid. This was all that was known of the affair, save that one of the servants thought he recognized the voice of one who always had been De Veron's bitterest foe. But De Veron knew that if he was found in the city beyond the time given for his departure, his life would pay the penalty of his neglect; so hastily collecting his valuables, and giving his affairs into the hands of an intimate friend, he turned his face eastward, and, with a heavy heart, commenced his journey to seek a home amongst strangers and in a strange land.

Chapter III.

THE SECOND INTERVIEW.

Harry Melville, for this is our hero's name, returned to the city with a mind torn by conflicting emotions. The strangeness of the interview, the singularity of the old man's request, gave him ample food for reflection, and he arrived at his home with a mind in a haze of wonder, and it is almost needless to say that the night was spent in sleeples disquiet, but with a determination to see the adventure of yesterday to the end.

The morning wore slowly away, as time always does when we are particularly anxious for its wheels to travel faster; but the time came at length, and with a beating heart he again left the city, but not with the listless air of yesterday. The old man was right. He needed something to force him into action—something to stir his sluggish blood into active circulation. As Melville neared the appointed place, he saw the old man standing by the willow tree, and he appeared to be in deep thought; but the sound of footsteps aroused him from his reverie, and he advanced quickly towards Harry, whose hand he shook cordialy.

"My dear friend," said De Veron, "you are punctual to your appointment, and punctuality in all things is a virtue seldom found amongst mankind. Some are punctiliously punctual in some of their affairs, but in others are viciously careless. Especially so are a vast majority in their dealings with those from whom their is no immediate prospect of gain or popularity."

"You speak the truth," replied Melville, "for I have often danced attendance upon those whom I desired to speak to, but being in a lowly station, I have been compelled to wait until their snobbish lordships pleased to attend to my wants, they knowing all the while what I desired."

"'Tis true, my young friend; there are many in this world who are so inclined; but it is the way of the world, and repining only makes matters no better. The only way to overcome difficulties is to compel such men to respect worth and talent, and this can only be done by exertion. But have you taken the proposition of yesterday into consideration?"

"I have," answered Melville, "but truth to tell, the proposition is a singular one, and until I have some substantial token that it is reality I must believe it a jest."

"Indeed," said De Veron, "the matter is of too much importance to me to jest, and any conditions compatible with reason I am willing to subscribe to; and oh! should you refuse, it would dash the hopes of a weary old man forever, and cause him to go to his grave with the dearest wish of his heart ungratified."

"I wish to gratify you, Mr. De Veron, and all I ask is ample means to set out upon the expedition. I wish in this matter to be dependent upon no one for funds, and unless this is furnished me, so that I can leave those dependent upon me in good circumstances, I beg leave to decline the offer."

"If money is the object," said De Veron, "you shall have enough to supply all your wants and those dependent upon you, and I will watch with jealous care over those you leave behind, and in your absence they shall lack for nothing that money can buy. Only say that you will go, and you shall have an old man's blessing, and, perchance, more than you have ever dreamed of in the wildest of your day dreams."

"The truth is," said Harry, smiling at De Veron's earnestness, "money is a necessity in this or any other enterprise, and where you have no power to create capital you must get it somewhere or the enterprise fails, but if you furnish the means I will undertake the task, and time will show the result."

"Thanks, Oh! thanks," cried De Veron; "let this be a token of our agreement," and he placed a heavy gold chain around the neck of Harry. "This ring," continued he, "will be known to Don Bernardo, who, at the sight of it, will give you gold or assistance; and here, in this box, is that which will get all that is necessary for the enterprise, and if, on examination, it should not be deemed sufficient I will add more. Deal justly with me, and your reward shall be as great as I believe your integrity to be unimpeachable."

"I have another request to make of you," said Melville, "and that is a companion. I cannot go unless I have one on whom I can rely—one who will be a fast friend and a help upon all occasions."

"In that," answered De Veron, "the choice is with yourself. All arrangements as to the mode of travelling and equipments belongs to you; and to finish all business I will give you my daughter's miniature, which is all the clue I can give of her, and also this packet, which you can examine at your leisure. Should you return and not find me waiting and watching at this spot, you will find buried beneath this tree my last instructions.—What I ask of you may seem the emanation of a madman's brain, but the desire to see my child is so intense that it occupies nearly all my thoughts, and why I do not go myself, as also why I live thus secluded, you will find explained in the packet you have. I will now bid you farewell, and may success crown our enterprise. Go; but in your going I see the hope realized."

The shades of night were fast enveloping the earth as De Veron uttered these words, and he glided softly from the side of Harry, and his form was soon lost in the gloom of the place. To Melville's mind it seemed like an act of a drama, but the chain, the box and the packet were realities, or he should have felt as he did at the first interview. He raised the box and trudged cityward, ruminating upon the fallibility and infallibility of sublunary things. Of one thing he felt certain: either his strange companion was a monomaniac, or there was reality in his desires: which fact it was could only be settled by an examination of the contents of the box, which was becoming uncomforrabiy heavy, and an acquaintance with the packet, which he determined to examine before he slept.

(Continued next week.)

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