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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

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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.

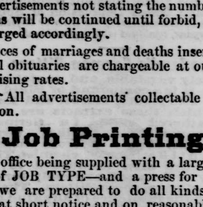
F. W. RIDGELY. JAS. S. DUNGAN.

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 excepted.

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,		12.80
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,
de2-tf. Superintendent.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Chapter V.—A New Adventure.

Harry, whilst staying in Rio Ferio, determined to inform Antoinette of his designs, and also of the whereabouts of her father, but how to do so was a question yet to solve. As yet, he had only hinted to Dick of his design. He had had no opportunity of conversing with her alone during their journey, for Arno, like some evil genius, was ever at her side, and now he guarded her with jealous care. Dick was his only resource, as he had free communication with all parties, and to him Harry went for consultation.

Dick, on being informed of the errand which brought Harry to that part of the world, opened wide his eyes in wonder and astonishment.

Dick's plan was short and feasible. Harry was to write a note and Dick was to see to its delivery. Harry promptly wrote the note and we will leave Dick to deliver it, in the meantime seeing what Arno is doing during his leisure moments.

He had made up his mind to kill Melville, or have him killed, for the suspicion had entered the wily Mexican's brain that Harry was an emissary of Don De Veron's, and that the sooner he dispatched him the better it would be for his master. So we find him closeted on the outskirts of this straggling Mexican town with two others as unprincipled as himself, and who were willing to do the darkest deeds for gold.

Arno was plying them with their favorite beverage, and as they drank his dark eyes would flash the unuttered evil thoughts that were burning within his breast. "Now, Berando," said he, as they emptied their cups for the sixth time, "to-morrow you must meet me here. Have as many men with you as you think necessary. I will then lead you to the place where the young man is.—Try to take him without noise, and bring him here and you shall have your reward."

"But, Senor, they say these Americans fight like devils. What shall we do if he resists?" asked Berando.

"Kill him," was the unhesitating reply.

"Ah! So it makes no difference about the life or death of him, Senor?" inquired the villain.

"No," replied Arno, "and as I just happen to think of it, dead men are more tractable than live ones. If you can ease him of life with your stiletto so much the better, for I fear he will thwart all my well-laid plans. But come; all has been arranged.—Let's take another drink and hie to our homes; but remember to-morrow."

The two companions in crime parted, the one to prowl around and attack any benighted traveller he might find, the other to devise some means whereby he could rid himself of an incubus which he was satisfied in his own mind would eventually upset all the well-laid schemes which were to benefit himself and his unprincipled employer. All night long he was planning, but as fast as one scheme was formed it was rejected; for the wily Mexican did not wish to have a direct hand in the abduction or death of Melville, if he could avoid it. At length he fixed upon a plan, and that was to invite Harry and Captain Armond to visit some ruins which existed some distance from the town, and whilst they were busy examining them to form a plausible excuse for his hasty return, he knowing the curiosity of the American would cause him to remain and thoroughly examine the ruins. He (Arno) could meet his confederates, and the rest would be easily accomplished.

In the afternoon, Captain Armond, Harry and Arno set out to see the ruins, and as before stated, on their arrival at the place, the latter found means to excuse himself. A person came golloping in haste to the ruins, and after a brief conference with Arno alighted. The arch villain then said to his companions that business of extreme importance called him back to town, and after many hypocritical regrets at his inability to remain he rode swiftly away.

After satisfying their curiosity, our sightseers retraced their steps just as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon. Twilight was deepening into the gloom of night, yet Harry and the captain sauntered along as if no danger begirt the path of either.—They were discussing the merits of the races which inhabited Mexico before the ruthless Spaniard invaded their country, when they were startled by the agonizing scream of a woman. Harry bounded in the direction of the sound with the speed of a frightened deer, and before his less energetic companion had fairly started he had gone some hundred yards and had just got into the shadow of a large building when he received a severe blow upon his head which felled him senseless. Several men now came out from the deepening shadow, and taking up the senseless form, began to move rapidly away. Captain Armond saw the blow struck and his friend fall. He shouted and hurried forward, discharging his pistols, but without avail.—The abductors were soon lost in the darkness and Captain Armond, not knowing but what it might be part of Badruck's band, whom he knew would not spare an army officer, hastened home with a heavy heart, and on finding Dick informed that veritable personage of Harry's mishap.

Dick did not spend his breath in idle lamentation or useless threats, but was content to wait patiently till morning; then go in search of his master.

When Harry recovered from the stunning effects of the blow, he found himself lying upon the floor of a dimly lighted apartment. His head ached severely, and he could not divine how he came into such quarters. But he was not kept long in doubtful suspense, for the author of the outrage, at this moment, entered, bearing in his hand a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, which he set down and then moved to the place where Harry sat.

"Ah, ha," said Arno, "I have caged my fine chivalrous gentleman. I knew the scream of a woman would throw my brave, cautious traveller off his guard, and Antonio's blow done the rest of the business, though I confess he struck harder than I desired. Nay, don't look so savage; it spoils good looks.—How do you like your quarters? Your bed, I suppose, is not quite as soft—" but ere he could finish the taunt, Harry sprang upon him like a tiger springs upon his prey. The struggle on the side of Melville was for freedom, for he now felt himself a prisoner to Arno, and on the part of Arno to retain a man whom he felt stood in his and his master's way.

The contest was short and fierce. Harry, in his weakened condition, could not long contend with the robust Mexican, who hurled our hero to the floor with a force that again almost deprived him of his senses.

Arno now continued his taunts, which Harry had to bear. After venting his spleen to his satisfaction, he left the room but promised to return on the morrow.

What was to be done Harry did not know. That Arno was the author of the outrage there was no doubt. That he suspected Melville of something was equally plain to the prisoner's mental vision, but how he gained his informatian was not so clear. Could he have babbled in his sleep? or were there spies on his track? But one thing he determined upon, and that was escape if it lay in the power of man so to do. He laid down on his bed of straw, and exhausted nature soon sought its sweet restorer, balmy sleep, in which he forgot his pain and imprisonment.

Chapter VI.—The Escape.

On the evening of Harry's abduction, Dick managed to deliver the note his master had written to Gulietta Antoinette's waiting maid, who immediately delivered it to her mistress.

After Antoinette had read the brief missive, her surprise and delight knew no bounds. She rang the bell to recall her maid, who answered it promptly. She asked her who had delivered the note to her, and on being informed that it was the colored gentleman who had traveled with them since leaveing Puebla, and that he was waiting below for an answer, Antionette ordered her maid to show Dick up, who, on entering the room, hat in hand, saluted the beautiful Mexican with a regular Virginia darky salam.

"Who gave you this?" asked Antoinette, holding the note towards him.

"Massa Harry Melville," replied Dick.—After looking carefully around the room, he added, "massy am in ded arnest bout it, too."

Antoinette closely questioned Dick concerning the matter, and after gaining all from him that was possible, she dismissed him with thanks for his fidelity and caution.

Dick, on regaining the street, muttered his thoughts aloud: "I'll be gol swiched if she ain't purty. Why, she am de purtiest gal in creation. No wonder massy am in sich a hurry to git her off. Golly, but she am purty.

"Who is pretty?" asked a gruff voice behind him.

Dick turned quickly around, and in a bold tone said "dat am none ob you yaller gemman's business."

"Now, look ye here, stranger," said the new comer, "don't get impudent or we will serve you as we served one already."

But Dick was not in a quiet humor. He felt as if his steps had been dogged, and ever since the affair at the National Bridge, he was suspicious of all strangers, and being so, he retarted sharply:

"Gess den you'd better be leavin' dis chile, if you don't, by golly, I'll gib you dis, you cowardly, miserable, yaller cusses."

Now the common class of Mexicans love anything but gunpowder, especially if there is no show for large spoils, and Berando, for it was he, showed his discretion in the matter, and took to his heels when Dick presented his shooting irons. Dick escaped from the clutches of Arno by the cowardice of his hireling, but had Arno known the errand which Dick had done, his life would not have been safe one single instant.

On Dick's return to his lodging house, he found Arno bewailing the loss of Harry, but Dick seemed careless of the fate of his master.

That night he made his bed upon the floor. About midnight he was awakened by a noise, as if some one had stumbled, but Dick lay quiet, hugging his pistols and watching to see what would turn up. It was a beautiful, star-light night, and by their glimmering sheen he thought he saw some one move close by the wall. Dick watched close to see what the intruder was going to do; nor had he to wait long, for by the dim light he saw that whoever it was had a dagger in his hand, and, by his cautious movements, he concluded it was some midnight marauder. Acting under this impression, he leveled his pistol and fired. With a yell, the intruder burst through the window and fled. The immates of the house were aroused by the noise, and came rushing pell mell into the room. Dick stood ready for an attack, and when Capt. Armond came he explained the cause of his firing. On examining the room, spots of blood were found on the floor, but on searching around the outside of the house nothing further was discovered.

Early the next morning Dick started on the hunt of Harry. He examined the ruins thoroughly, but no trace of the missing one could be found. He examined every part of the extensive pile to ascertain if there could be a place in which he could be confined, but with like success. He next proceeded to the spot indicated by Capt. Armond as the place were Harry had been struck down and carried off, but still no clue could be obtained of his absent master.

When night came, Dick was weary and dispirited. He stepped into a shop to get something to brace up his drooping spirits, and whilst he was drinking his Argentine some one tapped him on the shoulder and made a sign to be silent and follow him.—This Dick had no inclination to do; for the events of the preceeding evening had made him doubly cautious. A second time this strange visitor beckoned to Dick, but the man was such an ill-looking fellow that he feared treachery. When the stranger found that the negro had no inclination to follow him, he entered the room and seated himself beside our sable friends and commenced conversation. Dick understood the lingo possibly well, and could also express himself tolerably well in their dialect. They had taken several drinks together and finally the stranger told him he knew where Harry was confined, and if he would go with him they could liberate him. Dick forgot his caution and left the room with his new found acquaintance.

As soon as they were away from the house the stranger turned to Dick and said: "Now, my good fellow, I know where your master and my friend is. We have the power, and I the will, to liberate him; but you must go with me. I give you my word that I mean no harm to you, but on the contrary, wish your master all the success he can have.—Dick, without any hesitation, consented to go with his new found friend, arguing within himself, that he would leave no chance untried to get Harry out of a scrape.

The two then started, and after going about a quarter of a mile out of town, they came to an old building which once had been a hospital, but now appeared to be uninhabited. "Wait here a moment," said Dick's strange friend, "till I get a ladder."

The stranger was soon lost in the gloom which surrounded them, but reappeared, bearing a long ladder, which by the united efforts of the two, was reared against the wall directly under the only window that was in the gable end of the house. The stranger then ascended it, leaving Dick to guard below. The stranger, when he reached the window, rapped on the glass, but no sign was given that he was heard. He rapped louder than before, but still no answer.—The third time the stranger rapped with such force that the window rattled. "Who is there?" asked a voice on the inside.

"It is I, a friend," replied the unknown one, "and your black man is below waiting for you; but make haste, Senor, for Arno will be here at midnight, and he must not find you here. Here is a file and saw to cut the inside bars; I will take care of these outside. Now work away with a will, for it is your only chance of escape."

Harry needed no second bidding, and as his limbs had been left free, he could work with better advantage. The keen-toothed saw soon told on the rust-eaten bars, and in half an hour he was once more a free man.

Dick's joy can better be imagined than described; he fairly danced. On Harry's turning to see who his other friend was, he saw, to his astonishment, the same person who had given him warning concerning Arno.

"How is this?" said Harry. "We have met before."

"Why, yes," said the stranger; "and I warned thee then to beware of Arno, for if a favorable opportunity occurs he will murder you, and had you remained in this prison pen of his you would not have seen the dawn of another day, for he had made up his mind to slay you this very night. Beware of him; he is a dangerous man."

"But why do you take so much interest in me?" asked Harry.

"That I cannot tell thee at present, but our aims are the same," replied the stranger. "But," continued he, after a pause, "the day will come when I can tell you all."

Harry thanked him for his kindness and advice; also for his timely assistance, promising to be more careful of himself in the future. After bidding each other adieu they separated. Harry and Dick proceeded to town, and on the way the faithful negro related minutely all that had happened since their separation.

When they arrived at their lodgings, Captain Armond joyously welcomed Harry.—"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "that you escaped from the villains. But Harry was too hungry to talk much; and Dick intuitively imagining how Harry's victual's basket felt had promptly ordered supper. After the cravings of nature were satisfied, Harry related to the captain all that had befallen him.

"The infernal villain!" said the captain, "I half suspected him, but had no just grounds to accuse him of so diabolical a deed. But my dear friend this quarrel shall be mine to settle; I know how to deal with such men."

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Harry encountered Arno. The villain did not even start at the sight of him, but coolly passed the compliments of the morning as if nothing had happened.

After breakfast, Captain Armond, in a somewhat peremptory tone, told Arno that he must start next morning. Arno was surprised at the tone and manner of the captain, and objected to starting on the morrow. In the evening he requested a private interview with Captain Armond.

After a few preliminary remarks, Arno at once stated that he did not wish Melville to travel with the escort.

The captain remarked that "if Senor Melville and his companion wished to go with them they were welcome to do so."

Arno still objected, and finally said that as he, too, "had some authority, he would order Melville not to proceed with the escort."

"Do so if you dare," responded the captain, "and I will learn you who commands the party."

Hot words passed between them, and finally Arno told the captain to go to the d—l, and he would remain as long as he pleased.

"That you may do," replied Armond, "but the Senorita De Veron goes with me, and I dare you, or any one else, to stand between me and my authority. Here we have been two weeks since the reinforcements came, and I tell you I am going to start to-morrow. If Senor Melville, or any other respectable person, wishes to be of the party they can come in welcome. As for you, sir, you can go or stay, just as you please."

"Senor Captain, I always judged you to be a man of your word and true to the interests of those whom you serve," said Arno.

"So I am," replied the captain, "and here is my answer to all who doubt my fidelity." As he said this, he drew his sword. "Nay, more," he added; "I will defend myself against all who entertain such doubts."

"O, I don't doubt your courage, Captain, but I do doubt your honesty," said Arno, but the last word was scarcely out of his mouth when Captain Armond struck him in the face and sent him reeling across the room.

"You doubted too much that time, Senor Arno; and if you ever utter such sentiments again in my presence I will run you through as sure as my name is Alphonso Armond."

The next morning, all hands were early in the saddle; but Antoinette was not under the same restraint as she had been heretofore, Captain Armond having notified Arno that he would not suffer it. She now had an opportunity of unrestrained conversation with the young American, and she was pleased with his deportment, charmed with his affable manner, and interested in the sweet accents of his silver-toned voice. The kind and considerate manner in which Harry treated Antoinette would have won the heart of a more callous being than the impetuous Mexican beauty.

Arno viewed the growing intimacy of the pair with the feelings of a demon, and vowed within himself that he would slay Melville at the first favorable opportunity. But there was a watchful eye upon him.

Dick, during the day, had kept close to Arno, and more than once words of crimination had passed between the two. When they encamped for the night, they came to an open rupture. Arno, irritated at the restraints imposed upon him by the leader of the party, the freedom accorded to Antoinette, and goaded to madness by the coolness with which Harry treated him, was determined to wreak his vengeance upon some one.—The pretext for a quarrel was not long wanting. Arno's fire, that evening, was the first lighted, and Dick came to get a brand to light that of Captain Armond. Arno commanded him to lay down the brand, which Dick refused to do, when he sprang at the negro. Dick's temper, being roused by the attack, caught his antagonist and hurled him to the ground. Arno rose mad with passion

(*Continued on Fourth Page.*)

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