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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

VOL. IX. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1869. NO. 32.

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.

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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.

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

DR. P. STACK,
DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.



Teeth filled, extracted and inserted, from one to an entire set. All plate work warranted to fit, but must be returned within two weeks to entitle the party to the benefit of the guarantee.
December 19th-y

T. N. GOULD. I. R. DUKES. R. W. EARECKSON.

Gould, Dukes & Eareckson,

GRAIN & GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No 102 Light Street Wharf,

Below Camden St., BALTIMORE.

Consignments of Grain and Produce solicited.
Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers and Groceries promptly attended to. [je14-y

HO! FOR VIRGINIA!

WM. H. NEWTON & CO.,
Land Agents,

23 LEXINGTON STREET,

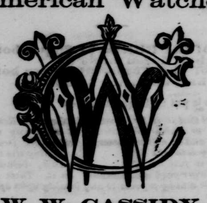
BALTIMORE,

HAVE for sale some great bargains in farms on the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, in the Northern Neck of Virginia. Send stamp for circular.

300 Farms with Improvements at $8 to $25 per Acre.

Many of them have brick dwellings.
jan28-3m

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

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,	2.35	
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. O. 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.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Chapter IX.—The Cause of the Family Feud.

You will bear in mind that, in a former chapter, we told you that Harry Melville received a package of papers from Albritio De Veron, at his second interview, at the brook. One of these papers related the cause of De Arville's enmity to the De Veron family; and in this chapter we will recite the reasons for the feud. It will be seen during the course of the narrative that villainy can reign triumphant, bearing down all moral obligations in its lust for vengeance, wealth and power; and we will also see that those who tread its thorny path have no fear for God, men or devils, but at all times follow the bent of their own evil inclinations without let or hindrance.

Albritio De Veron's ancestry, as has been before intimated, were from Spain. Gonzales De Veron, the great grand-parent of Albritio, was a noble of broken fortunes. Being far in advance of the spirit of the age, he came under the surveilance of that priestly fanaticism which has been a curse to Spain and a blot upon her fame.

Gonzales De Veron, on landing in Mexico, threw off the haughty reserve of the Spanish hidalgo and cast about for the means by which he could mend his broken fortunes and again assume the position which the name had heretofore enjoyed. Many new commodities had been discovered in the New World, which were fast being introduced into the Old; and having some knowledge of commerce he determined to turn trader. To that end he purchased such a stock of goods as would suit the natives with whom he intended to trade. He then pushed for the interior of the country. On arriving at a point called Nopaluca, now a town of that name, situated on the national road which leads from Vera Cruz to the capitol city, he concluded to settle and begin life anew. At this post he first saw Franciscos De Arville, a descendant of one of the followers of Cortez, who, by fraud and artifice, was rapidly accumulating a fortune. He was the agent of the home government, and had a company of soldiers at his command; so, if he could not gain his aims by fraud, he would resort to violence. By fomenting disputes amongst the natives he had them continually at variance, and he generally profited by their quarrels.

When De Veron made known his intentions of remaining at the post, Franciscos De Arville took an intuitive dislike to the young Spaniard, and as his claim to the country was one by right of conquest, he looked upon all new comers as interlopers, unless he could bend them to his own purpose. De Veron, however, regarding the territory as belonging to all the inhabitants of the Mother Country, at once pitched his tent, and by fair dealing and strict integrity was soon on friendly terms with the natives. His trading house was a resort for them for miles around.

When De Veron left his native land, he had, through the influence of a noble, procured a royal grant of unoccupied land wherever he should see proper to locate it, and having ascertained from the proper authorities that the large and fertile tract of Tlasca was unoccupied, save by the natives—that De Arville only laid claim to that portion on which his ranche was erected—and that about fifty miles north-west of his present location was a large tribe of Indians, he resolved to move; and no sooner was the resolution formed than it was put into force. Being directed by the friendly natives, he was not long in finding a most eligible situation and in the very heart of one of their largest settlements.

As soon as his habitation was completed, trade began to flow in, and, in the course of a year, had increased with such rapidity that he was compelled to enlarge his establishment. He had regular trains to Vera Cruz. But as his business increased, the enmity of Franciscos De Arville rose, and at last it got to such a pitch that he attacked and robbed one of De Veron's trains. De Veron entered complaint against him to the Viceroy, and as that official and De Arville were already on bad terms it only complicated matters; but the semi-lawless state in which the country was made it a matter of difficulty to punish an offender against law and good morals.

As the lawlessness of De Arville increased, so his trade decreased, and, at length, the post of Nopaluca became nothing more than a den of thieves and outlaws.

But notwithstanding De Arville's hostility De Veron pursued the even tenor of his way, and by his industry and unswerving integrity, he was gaining the good will of some of the fiercest tribes which surrrounded him. His name at Vera Cruz stood higher than any of the numerous traders who sent the products of the interior to that seaport, and if a merchant wished an order filled for any of the productions of the interior provinces, Gonzales De Veron was the man to do it. But things were fast coming to a crisis between the rival parties. An Indian runner informed De Veron that his old enemy was meditating an attack upon his hicienda, and the young Spaniard, not doubting the probabilities of such a proceeding, at once prepared for their reception. Nor was he a moment too soon in his preparations, for he had just finished, when, the night being dark and stormy, his little fortress was surrounded by a yelling set of demons, composed of Spaniards and Indians. They were urged on by the hope of plunder, and had expected to find their victims unprepared to resist the onset. But they received such a warm reception that, had the hate of Franciscos De Arville been less intense, and his followers not inured to scenes of slaughter and destruction, they would have withdrawn. But their repulse only maddened the survivors, and knowing that De Veron was on the alert, they withdrew to plan some more feasible mode of attack.

At the dawn of the next day, the marauders renewed the attack, and so fierce was the onslaught that they broke down the palisading which surrounded the hicienda, and with the impetuosity of hate and revenge to urge them on they rushed toward the well-barricaded house, where De Veron and his men had taken refuge. But he, anticipating just such a scene as was now enacting, had procured several swivel guns, and as the assailants came rushing in in a body, he discharged the guns almost in their faces. As the guns were discharged, De Veron's men poured in a well-directed volley from their small arms upon the advancing foe. They did not wait for a second discharge, but, dismayed by the firm resistance of De Veron and the fearful havoc made in their ranks, they fled in terror from the place where they had anticipated an easy victory.

De Arville returned to his post at Nopaluca, maddened by defeat; his hate intensified because of his ill success. But disaster only increased his desire for vengeance, and he remained idle only to plot new mischief.

The Indians in the immediate vicinity of De Arville's ranche had, by contact with the lawless Spaniards, become as debauched as De Arville was corrupt. The ancient dignity, for which the Nopalucans were celebrated, was no longer known to those who resided in the immediate vicinity of the ranche. So completely wedded were they to De Arville that he need only tell them to commit a deed, and he could rely upon its being done, if it was in their power to do it.

The Nopalucians and the Tlascians had always been enemies; but since the conquest they had been on the most friendly terms.—De Arville determined, however, to fan to a flame the ancient hate of the two parties, and to this end he prevailed upon Novazilla, a wicked, brutal Cacique of the Nopalucians, to demand the daughter of Magiscatzin in marriage. De Arville well knew that the haughty Tlascian Cacique would refuse the proposition with contempt, and that the blood of Novazilla would be fired at the seeming insult, and that, if once roused to action, he would leave no means untried to gain the object of his desires.

De Arville was not mistaken in his conjectures; for Novazilla returned to the ranche, boiling with wrath and swearing vengeance against the whole tribe of Tlascians. His hate was incited to a still greater degree by the representations of De Arville, who represented the affair to the Cacique as an outrage that could only be washed out with blood, and that not only he, but the whole tribe of Nopalucians had been outraged by the indignity shown to one of their chief men. Novazilla listened and believed; nor was he destitute of those qualities which are a marked characteristic in the indian, being incited by a supposed affront. His vanity wounded and disappointed, where he had no cause to hope for success, he set to work to avenge an imaginary wr ng, and rouse the slumbering passions of his tribe. Many of the young Nopalucians had already been tampered with, and Novazilla found no difficulty in rousing their hate. Upon the old men, however, his eloquence had no effect. They shook their heads as the young Cacique depicted, in glowing language, the honor it would be to the nation to curb the insolence of the Tlascians. They had measured their strength on more than one well-fought field in palmier days, and they had no desire to test their powe.s. They kdew that at the sound of Magiscatzin's war-drum the whole Tlascian force would rush to arms.

De Arville, knowing the esteem which many of the older Nopalucians had for De Veron, who must suffer by such a predatory attack, and the influence which would be exercised by the more discreet of the tribe, hurried forward the preparations with such rapidity that, ere the chief men were aware of it, Novazilla and his followers were well upon their way. Their march was swift, the attack sudden, and before the alarm could be sounded Novazilla had borne off the prize.

The sound, however, of Magiscatzin's war-drum caused the Tlascian warriors to fly to arms. De Veron determined to make it a common cause; and as Ponce Badruck, a distant relative of his, had found favor with the Indian princess, the Spaniards of the hicienda deemed it their duty to assist in her recovery. The Tlascian Senate having been assembled by their chief, it was determined that the ranche of De Arville should be destroyed, as they had no doubt that he was the instigator of this new outrage. Magiscatzin chose five hundred of the bravest from the eager throng, and to this number De Veron added twenty of his best and truest men.

Swiftly did the pursuing host follow on the trail of the retreating foe. They reached the stronghold of De Arville just in time to see the gates close behind the booty and prisoners, and they immediately began thundering at them. De Arville was not wholly unprepared for such an attack, but his cheek paled and his heart sank within him as he viewed the well-ordered ranks of the Tlascian warriors, and when he saw the twenty Spaniards, with De Veron at their head, marching into the Tlascian camp, he knew the contest would be one of life and death.

Novazilla, proud of his achievments, asked permission to lead out his warriors and attack the foe at once. He boasted he could scatter them like leaves before an autumn wind. But De Arville was too shrewd a gamester to throw away a single risk of defeat; but, like the lion in his lair, was determined to await the attack.

All day long the beseigers were busy in their preparations. Fascines were made, the swivel guns of De Veron were mounted, and the place so completely surrounded that the leaguered ones had no chance of escape, nor any hope of succor from without. On De Veron's arrival at the ranche, he had sent out runners to inform the friendly Nopalucians that they made no war on them, but had come to avenge an outrage committed by a part of their tribe, and urged to do the deed by the rapacious De Arville. The name of De Veron was a host of itself; and now that the fangs of him they feared was likely to be drawn, many a half-forgotten outrage, committed by the companions of De Arville, was revived—many an outraged home was brought to their recollection—and as the news spread that the stronghold of De Arville was attacked by the Tlascians and De Veron, hundreds of warriors, whose martial ardor was kindled at the sound of war, flocked to the standard of the beseiging force.

At the dawn of day, the forces, dividing into two parties, commenced the attack. One party was to fire upon the fort, and under cover of the fire, the largest and bravest portion of the combined force was to storm the works. The signal for the attack was the firing of the swivel guns, and as the report of them was heard the heavy spanish muskets, with which many of the Tlascians were armed, answered back the echo of the large ones. For half an hour the firing was kept up, and under its cover, the agile Indians advanced to the attack.

With the swiftness and lightness of the panther, they sprang to their closer work of death, and the voice of Magiscatzin was heard high above the din of battle, urging on his men.

But the garrison was not idle. As the forms of the storming party rose above the palisades, they received such a galling fire that they were compelled to withdraw. Their repulse was hailed with a shout of derision.

The check was but momentary, and the death-dealing weapons paused but an instant. The fiery Tlascans rested but to reform their shattered ranks, and with a seried front they rushed to the attack once more with redoubled impetuosity. Up and over the palisades they went. Some, more successful, broke part of them down, and now, hand to hand, the contest became fierce. On the side of De Arville's party it was life or death; on the part of the Tlascans it was revenge and honor.

The garrison fought with desperation and fiend-like courage, and it prevailed over the impetuous assault of the Tlascians. They were driven from the foothold they had gained, and had not De Veron and his men come to their aid, the defeat of the Tlascians would have been complete.

Disaster, however, only animated the Indians to a more determined effort. All night long were the sounds of preparations heard for a still more decissive effort to rescue the daughter of their favorite Cacique and avenge the death of their fallen comrades.

Runners were sent in every direction, asking the assistance of the friendly Nopalucians.—The ranche was surrounded by vigilant and active guards, and the garrison of outlaws and desperadoes could hope for no aid from without. By the advice of De Veron innumerable facines were prepared, temporary ladders were constructed, flints replaced in the locks of muskets, hatchets distributed to those who were unsupplied, and at last the busy camp sunk to rest.

Whilst these preparations were going on outside of the ranche, the reader must not suppose those within were idle. The dead dying and wounded, inside of the palisades, were forgotten in the busy preparation of the morrow. All the muskets in their possession were put in complete order; broken stakes replaced and those loosened were made fast; the muskets were loaded and placed in convenient places for immediate use; pistols, knives and sabres distributed, and every precaution that fear and desperation could suggest was taken.

At the dawn of day, Magiscatzin aroused his sleeping warriors, and after a hearty meal the host was marshalled to make another onset upon the doomed ranche. Just as the sun was raising from his bed, shedding a flood of rosy light upon the earth, the Tlascians took their station just out of musket range of the ranche.

Novazilla, with the bravado of an Indian, showed himself above the palisades, and with the instinct of his race dared the Tlascians to the conflict, heaping upon the warriors all the abuse that Indian tongue could command, or Indian nature suggest.

Some of the younger Tlascian warriors were for rushing upon the ranche and silencing the boaster; but the more discreet councils of Magiscatzin and De Veron prevailed.

The beseigers divided themselves into four parties, for the place could only be carried by storm, and it was agreed that those who carried and placed the fascines and ladders should fall back and take position as a reserve in case the main body should be beaten back. The portion who carried the facines and ladders were to advance under the cover of the fire of the swivel guns, which were now charged with heavy iron balls, the train which carried them having arrived during the night.

All being ready, each one at his post, they advanced upon the ranche in a solid body, and as they came within musket range, they suddenly divided into four columns, as if it were intended to attack upon all sides. Under the cover of a heavy fire, those bearing the ladders and fascines rushed up to the palisades, and in a twinkling they were properly placed, and before the last bundle of faggots were down, and the last ladder put in position, the forlorn hope of chosen braves sprang to their work like a flash of light. Ponce Badruck, with ten volunteer spaniards, followed swiftly with axes to cut a way through the pickets. The garrison, deceived by the movements of Magiscatzin and De Veron, had scattered their force, so that the party who first advanced found little difficulty in gaining the enclosure. Those who had placed the ladders and fascines had taken up their arms, and as the forlorn hope went over the pickets the combined force sprang forward with a wild yell. Ponce Badruck and his men plied their axes with such force that a breach was soon effected. De Arville's robber-hold was so beset on every side that it was lost beyond redemption. On every side the Indians swarmed into the enclosure. The odds were fearful, and De Arville, as if nerved with a demon's power, and bearing a charmed life, fought with a giant's strength. His heavy sword made fearful havoc amongst the Tlascians. Ponce Badruck, anxious to meet the man who dared steal his dark-skinned maid, made his way through the struggling throng, and just as De Arville was bringing his sword down with a fearful sweep, the incensed Spaniard caught the blade upon his own. De Arville did not falter for an instant, but taking advantage of a temporary opening in the surging mass, he parried the blow Badruck aimed at him, and ere he could bring his sword into play, De Arville had passed through the throng, and on clearing it, made for the nearest thicket. Those Indians who were led by Novazilla threw down their arms and escaped as best they could.

The Spaniards, finding their leader gone, entered into the strongest building and barricaded the doors, hoping thus to save their lives, and getting the best terms of surrender they could from the victorious party. De Arville, the author of all the mischief, having escaped, De Veron prevailed upon Magiscatzin to spare the lives of the remainder, if they would open the doors and surrender all within, to which terms they gladly acceded. On the doors being opened Ponce Badruck and Magiscatzin entered to scarch for the missing one. The Indian girl was found safe, unharmed, in an inner chamber where De Arville had locked her the day before. The meeting of father, lover and maid is left to the immagination of the reader. The Indians and Spaniards, after plundering the ranche, set fire to it, and before they were ready to resume their homeward march, the trading post and robber den of Odega De Arville was a heap of smouldering ruins.

(Continued next week.)

A GENTLEMAN was chiding his son for staying out late at night, and said,—

"Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark."

"Then you had a duse of a father, you had," said the young profligate.

Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you young rascal."

WHAT is that that never was and never will be?

A mouse's nest in a cat's ear.

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