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THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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:

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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

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,

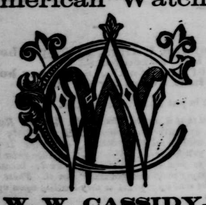
BALTIMORE,

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 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,		12.00
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.

True Heroism.

BY GRANT P. ROBINSON.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yelds;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years,
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low,
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man that drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Chapter X.—The Marriage of Ponce Badruck, and De Arville's Vow.

The Tlascians returned in triumph to their homes. Magiscatzin and his daughter—Guilpa—were received with all the honors due their high rank: and if the ancient Senate of Tlasca was shorn of some of its dignity by the violence of the conquerors, it was still a power amongst the Tlascians, and they, in consideration of the services rendered by Ponce Badruck to their principal Cacique, when he was surrounded by the enemies of the State and in great danger of his life, ordained that he (Badruck) should be admitted a member of their tribe, and should receive all the honors due a prince of the blood; and for a further recompense in saving the life of their beloved king, he should have Guilpa for a wife, and that the marriage ceremony should be solemnized at such time and place as the parties interested should see fit to appoint.

Gonzales De Veron was highly pleased at the turn affairs had taken. He had amassed wealth beyond his most sanguine expectations, and he desired once more to return to the society of his countrymen. He informed his friends of his resolution, and that, as soon as the marriage of Ponce and Guilpa was consummated, he intended to go to Vera Cruz and give over to Badruck all the right, title and interest of his business.

The marriage of the pair was celebrated with all the pomp and splendor of a semi-civilized people. The whole of the Tlascian people participated in the joyful event; but the rejoicing was somewhat dampened at the loss of their friend and adviser—De Veron—who, three days after the marriage, set out upon his journey to Vera Cruz, accompanied by such of his men as chose to go with him.

On arriving at Vera Cruz, he took up his abode in the most fashionable part of the city. But in doing so he was not long left in idleness. During his stay in the Tlascian kingdom, he had performed several delicate missions for the Viceroy, and that official, becoming aware of his presence, gave De Veron a pressing invitation to accept the office of colonial secretary, which was then vacant. De Veron, ambitious of fame and honor, and knowing it would be a stepping-stone to some higher position, accepted after some hesitation and still more urging.

Franciscos De Arville, as soon as he reached the chapperel, sought refuge in a hiding place which he had prepared for just such an emergency. In this safe retreat, which was known to none but himself, he had secreted all his hoarded wealth. He laughed to think how he had duped his foes; but his mirth was suddenly turned to wrath as he saw the lurid flames of his burning ranche raise high in the air. Just as the victorious Tlascians were taking their triumphal march home, Franciscos De Arville was breathing fiery words of hate and vowing vengeance upon De Veron and Badruck to their remotest posterity.

Novazilla, the debauched Cacique, had also escaped the vengeance of his foes, and after the departure of the Tlascians, came to view the destruction of his patron's ranche and the scene of his defeat. Here the two met once more, and, as criminals seek those in crime, the pair were well met. Each vowed fidelity to the other in seeking a common revenge.

The Nopalucian council, which was convened immediately after the destruction of the ranche, decreed that all who had participated in the abduction of Magiscatzin's daughter should be expelled from the kingdom, and that Novazilla, the leader, should be degraded from his rank as a Cacique, and all who harbored any of the proscribed ones should share the fate of those thus ostracised. This caused a considerable body of men to rally to the standard of the disgraced ones, the Nopalucians possessing within their ranks a class of men not at all dissimilar to those found in every community—those opposed to the prevailing polity, however mild or just that polity may be.

De Arville and Novazilla did not long remain around their old home, and while the Tlascians were rejoicing over the marriage of their favorite Cacique's daughter the former was maturing plans to strike the meditated blow of vengeance. To further his designs, he moved North of the Tlascian country, where there were tribes of Indians who lived in all the pride of barbaric rudeness, and who were the old and inveterate enemies of that tribe. At first the new comers were looked upon with distrust, but the Indians soon that they were as fond of war and rapine as they were themselves, and that they would make valuable allies. Thus was a friendship cemented. De Arville, not destitute of that which some men term shrewdness, but which in fact is only the outcropping of downright villainy, soon gained the esteem of the principal Cacique; and to further engraft himself in his confidence, he, on one of his trips to Vera Cruz, brought a number of muskets and the necessary ammunition and presented them to the Cacique to be distributed by him amongst his favorite warriors. Having put his treasures in secure hands, and having the full confidence of his new friends, De Arville began to mature his plans for an attack upon the Tlascians and revenge himself for the destruction of his ranche. But his great aim was either to kill or capture the daughter of Magiscatzin.

So well had De Arville and Novazilla concealed their movements that the Nopalucians did not know in what direction the disgraced members of their tribe had gone. De Veron believed his old enemy was no more. Ponce Badruck was beloved by all the Tlascians, and Magiscatzin was proud of his adopted son. Free from the vice and avarice of his kind—secure in the affections of his tribe—Ponce was introducing many of the habits of civilized life. But all this happiness was to be destroyed by his own countrymen.

De Arville was using all his influence to band together the savages north of the Tlascian country for the destruction of that tribe. Badruck's marriage had been blessed with a son, and just as the boy was beginning to walk, the wolves of the north set out upon the war-path, swooping down upon the doomed village like an eagle when it strikes its prey. In the grey dawn of the morning, the marauders commenced their work of death. The Tlascians, roused from their slumbers by the savage war-whoop of their foes, sprang to their arms; but being taken by surprise there could be no concert of action and each Tlascian fought as if victory depended upon his single arm for success.

Magiscatzin and Ponce Badruck fought side by side, animating the warriors by their voice and actions. Many a stalwart Indian fell beneath the blows struck by their strong arms, for they were fighting for all men hold dear on earth, and the enemy, if victorious at all, would have a dear bought one. De Arville, like a cunning gamester, kept out of danger, waiting for a favorable opportunity to seize his prey.

The Tlascians were fast giving way. Magiscatzin and Badruck were hard pressed by the foe, when, high above the din of the strife, a shriek broke upon their ears which almost stilled the blood of their throbbing hearts, and nearly unnerved their steady arms.—With their faces towards the foe, they slowly retreated to their habitation, and when a favorable opportunity offered they cleared themselves of the enemy at a bound and hurried to the house, where they found Guilpa struggling amid a party of Indians, whom they recognized at a glance as the followers of Novazilla and De Arville. As the lion springs upon his prey, so sprang Badruck and Magiscatzin upon their foes.

Novazilla fell beneath a stroke of the Cacique's axe, and Ponce Badruck, striking right and left with his heavy Spanish blade, was within arm's length of De Arville, when he raised his axe, and ere Ponce could interfere in behalf of his much loved wife, the blow descended, and the blood and brains besprinkled his clothes. With a yell of hellish delight De Arville fled from the spot. The Nopalucians, finding their leader gone, withdrew from the contest.

The Tlascians were giving way. In an agony of despair, Ponce seized his child which, luckily, had not quitted the house.—Magiscatzin still strove to animate his warriors, but De Arville, who had been foiled in his attempt to capture the Indian princess, was now in the thickest of the fray, urging on the Indians. Being overpowered by numbers, the Tlascians at last broke and fled.—As soon as the pursuit was given over, the victors returned to the village, and soon, from every cabin and house, the smoke of the incendiary's torch could be seen, and ere the sun set the peaceful town of the Tlascians was a heap of ruins. The women and children had, at the commencement of the fight, betaken themselves to the appointed place of refuge, (which, in such cases, were always known to them) and the victors, unaware of this fact had taken but few of them prisoners.

As soon as the destruction of the town was complete, the conquerors took up their homeward march with all the booty they could carry, their belts reeking with the scalps of the slain. De Arville accompanied them, but on the second day of their march was missing, he, during the night, having struck across the country. His design was to reach the city of Mexico, which was to be the capitol of the conquered country.

Magiscatzin and those of the tribe that remained determined to move further south, and if possible, unite with the friendly Nopalucians. Ponce Badruck, having lost his all, concluded to go to Vera Cruz and take service with his old friend—Gonzales De Veron—who, having married, was as prosperous and as much respected in his new position as he had been in the old.

When the Colonial Government removed to the city of Mexico, De Veron also took up his residence in that city, and here he and De Arville met once more, and once more their interests clashed. De Arville, by his immense wealth, had gained a high position in society. He sought by every means which his wealth could command to attain to eminence. He solicited the office of Governor of the province of Guanaxuato, to which post he was appointed, his old enemy—the Viceroy—being dead, and the new one not knowing his character but dazzled by his riches.

Time glided along, and the two who had started in such opposite careers had become men of prominence. Yet the hate of younger years still rankled in the breast of Franciscos De Arville, but he was too politic to make it manifest.

Gonzales De Veron had attained to the high honor of viceroy, and under his mild sway Mexico was rapidly advancing in prosperity. His only son was all that a father's heart could desire, and every way worthy of the name of his illustrious parent. His daughter was the acknowledged beauty of the city.

Franciscos De Arville had a son, and he aspired to the hand of De Veron's daughter. The proposition was treated with the scorn and contempt which it deserved. The vow of vengeance, made in the sight of his burning ranche, was not forgotten by the elder De Arville, and the seeds of hate were planted in the bosom of his son whilst smarting under the refusal of De Veron's daughter's hand.

Ponce Badruck was forgotten, or was considered too low to be noticed by De Arville; but the death of Guilpa remained green in the memory of the bereaved one, and the child of the Indian princess was taught to live to avenge the death of his mother, and in case of his failing to do so to hand it down to his remotest posterity as an heir-loom.

This was the situation at the death of the three principal characters which figured in our last chapter, and the hate was handed down to other generations until it culminated in the banishment of Albritio De Veron, the father of Antoinette, which will be the subject of another chapter.

Chapter XI.—The Vow Being Fulfilled.

Albritio De Veron inherited all the honors of his house, and like the elder De Verons, he was far in advance of the times and surroundings in which he lived. His family fame had grown with the growth of the country. Some had distinguished themselves in the field, as well as the council chamber, and as all had loved liberty, Albritio opposed the elevation of an emperor to the throne of Mexico. The family of De Arville, as if by instinct, took the opposite side, and in the struggle between freedom and monarchy, the rival families came once more to an open complicity. When the first emperor was crowned, De Veron retired to the shades of private life, satisfied with the honors he had gained and proud of the fame his ancestors had won.

But the demon of hate yet lived in the descendants of Franciscos De Arville and, as was stated in the last chapter, that hate was to be satiated in the third generation.

In wealth and social position, Juan De Arville stood as high as did De Veron; for in Mexico, as in all other civilized parts of the world, money covered a multitude of sins.—His power was greater than that of De Veron's, for his was a power behind the throne, and more than once did an innocent victim of his rapacity receive sentence from the venal judges who, at a nod from Juan De Arville, performed his bidding, and for so doing their conscience was recompensed with gold. The malicious disposition of Franciscos De Arville was well represented in his great grand-son—Juan—for it seemed as if the hate of the whole family was concentrated in this scion of the race.

The first open rupture between the young men was the preference which a young lady had for Albritio De Veron, and when she became a wife to the man of her choice, De Arville began to weave a net in which he hoped Albritio would be caught. But his antagonist kept aloof from all political circles, and as a last resort to accomplish his ruins, he was arrested on a charge of conspiracy. So well had De Arville laid his plans—with so much cunning had he fenced the charge—and so industrious were the satalites of this bold, bad man, in circulating evil reports against the victim of his malevolence, that, had it not been (as has already been remarked) for the guards which surrounded De Veron on his way to the court, he would have been torn to pieces by the populace. Almargo Badruck, great grand-son of Guilpa, was the only one who was aware of the real cause of the trouble, and it was during his absence that Antoinette was stolen from her home. On the day that Albritio received his sentence of banishment, a party of officers were sent out to arrest Badruck, but he, becoming aware of the fact, left the city secretly and joined a party of banditti. By his courage and address, he soon became the leader of a formidable band, which, for years, defied the powers of the government. Death sometimes nips our brightest hopes, and so it happened to Juan De Arville, who, however, left a son to finish the work so well begun. He was a worthy representative of the De Arville family. His father's spies had tracked Albritio De Veron to his retreat in the States, and, notwithstanding his seclusion, his every movement was watched, and on more than one occasion he only saved his life by his superior presence of mind. Finding that his enemies had followed him, he became extremely cautious and seldom went out alone. But even this precaution failed, and but for an accident, he would have lost his life.

He now determined to seek some secluded spot, away from the haunts of men, and there try to live in peace. Having discovered the cave by the brook, in one of his rambles in the country, he had it fitted up, and placing his funds in trusty hands, he retired to this solitary place to watch the developments of time.

Almargo De Arville's son, being informed of the disappearance of De Veron, turned his attention to the manner in which he could gain possession of the immense property which he knew was held in trust by Gomez Bernardo. All his efforts to do so had thus far failed to put him in possession of this much desired wealth. Cruel to the highest degree, he cared nothing for the feeling of others, and many dark deeds were attributed to the bold, dashing Henrique De Arville. Many whispered of blood, but none dared accuse one who stood so high in imperial favor. Iturbide, aping the old feudal monarchs of Europe, claimed the wardship of all minor children in his realm, and the daughter of Albritio De Veron was too rich a prize to be neglected. Although Gomez Bernardo had checkmated all efforts to gain possession of his friend's property, he was well aware that if Antoinette, could be induced to marry Henrique De Arville he would be compelled to appear before a public tribunal and the husband would wring from him the last dollar of his friend's money. He knew that De Arville would brave any and everything to gain the hand of Antoinette, for the sake of obtaining her wealth, and being under the shadow of imperial favor, there was no doubt of his accomplishing his aim. Bernardo, too, feared that, as soon as he had accomplished his object, he would cast off one whom his family had taught him to hate, or, worse still, immure her between the walls of a convent, or, if the more easier mode of murder would rid him of an incumbrance, he would not hesitate to do the deed, and thus fulfil the vow made by Franciscos De Arville in sight of his burning ranche.

It was for the purpose of claiming her hand in marriage that Antoinette had been taken from the convent at Puebla, where she had been placed to finish her education, and it was for the double purpose of keeping her from her father's friends and bending her to the will of her father's foe, that she was confined in the house of De Arville.

(Continued next week.)

The Mischief of Passion.

"Will putting one's self in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog.—The dog only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy; and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy, and bit his leg; while the stone bounded against a shop-window, and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane. He had mended the matter finely, indeed!

It never did, and never will, mend a matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

Try to be calm, especialy in trifling troubles; and when great ones come, try to bear them bravely.

LETTERS hereafter addressed to initials will be sent to the Dead Letter office.

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