THE AMERICAN UNION.

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

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Md.

THE AMERICAN UNION

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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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

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,

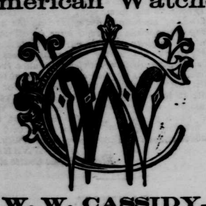
AND DEALERS IN

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 Greensborongh, Md.

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

Select Poetry.

LIFE'S ROSES.

BY ALICE CARY.

When the morning first uncloses,
And before the mists are gone,
All the hills seem bright with roses,
Just a little farther on!
Roses red as wings of starling,
And with diamond dew-drops wet;
"Wait," says Patience, "wait my darlings—
Wait a little longer yet!"
So with eager upturned faces,
Wait the children for the hours
That shall bring them to the places
Of the tantalizing flowers.

Wild with wonder, sweet with guesses,
Vexed with only fleeting fears;
So the broader day advances,
And the twilight disappears.
Hands begin to clutch at posies,
Eyes to flash with new delight,
And the roses, Oh! the roses,
Burning, blushing, full in sight!

Now with bosoms softly bearing,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Youths and maids together meeting,
Crowd the flowery harvest land.
Nor a thought of rainy weather,
Nor of thorns to sting and grieve,
Gather, gather, gather, gather,
All the care is what to leave!

Noon to afternoon advances,
Rosy red grows russet brown;
Sad eyes turn to backward glances,
So the sun of youth goes down.
And as rose by rose is withered,
Sober sight begins to find
Many a false heart has been gathered,
Many a true one left behind.
Hands are clasped with fainter holding,
Unfilled souls begin to sigh
For the golden, glad unfolding
Of the morn beyond the sky.

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

A LIFE HISTORY.

BY H. C. C.

The venerable judge rose to his feet and in a solemn impressive voice, pronounced these words: "Clifford Hunter you have been found guilty, by a jury of your countrymen, of murder in the second degree, and thereby it becomes me to pass upon you the sentence of the law 'imprisonment for life in the State Pententiary.'"

The prisoner raised his bloodshot eyes toward heaven, and a deep sigh escaped his lips, as though that sentence had crushed out his last earthly hope. I turned to a gentleman at my side and inquired if he knew anything of the former life of the prisoner. He said he had known him from early boyhood; and, if I would step across to the hotel, he would tell me his life history.

"Twenty years ago," said he, "a more honest, industrious and promising lad could not have been found in this State. He was the son of a retired banker, living in this village, and was brought up in luxury and ease. When about fifteen, he was sent to school to the City of P———. Alas! it was there that the seed were sown which brought forth such evil fruit to-day. After being at school for about a year, he, and a few of his companions, became accustomed to spend their evenings in *fashionable drinking houses.*—Things went on from better to worse, until almost every evening Clifford Hunter was carried home by his companions drunk.—One day his father was taken very unexpectedly ill; word was immediately sent to Clifford, but when it arrived he was in such a beastly state of intoxication that it was impossible for him to go.

"Three days afterward, when he arrived home, he found his father 'cold in the clammy folds of death.' He was so horrified by his father's death that, for two years afterward, he never touched a drop of liquor.—At the end of that time, he began giving what are generally termed *fashionable wine suppers.* These soon led to his old dissipations, so that, at the end of two more years, it was a common thing to see him drunk upon these tavern steps. Many a time, at the midnight hour, have I taken him home from this very spot. Two years more of these dissipations and all his immense fortune had been squandered, and the once noble, generous Clifford Hunter was known as a drunken sot. One evening about six weeks ago, he was at this tavern, intoxicated, when he made an attack upon the landlord and, before any one could interfere, he had killed him.

"For this offense—for striking a blow at the man who, for the last ten years, has been dragging him down, body and soul—he is doomed to live out a weary existence in the State Pententiary."

This is but one more drop added to the already brimming bucket; but one more victim to the *curse* that already fills millions of graves. "Look not upon the wine, when it is red within the cup."

A MAN who Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useleless and demoralizing business said in excuse,—

"You know, doctor, I must live."

The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied,—

"I do not see the least necessity for that."

A JUDGE in Clay county, North Carolina, recently charged the grand jury that a lawful fence should be "horse-high, bull-strong, and pig-tight."

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE RESCUE.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

BY TARDY TURNOUT.

Chapter VII.—A New Acquaintance.

Three weeks after their arrival in the city, Harry was able to go out. He was still weak from the wound and fever, but the clear, pure air from the mountains gave new life to his blood, and in a short time he was as vigorous as ever.

His convalesence was spent in viewing the city of Mexico—once the capital of a mighty but now almost extinct race—a race which, if we believe the chroniclers of that day, would now be a powerful people had not the greed of gold and the infatuation of priestcraft swept them from earth. Nothing now remains of the great tributary kingdoms and the flourishing empire but a revolutionary-cursed country—fitting monument of the craft and cruelty of the rapacious Spaniard.

After Harry had fully recovered, he was desirous of accomplishing his object and returning home. He was still De Arville's guest; but since their arrival in the city he had seen nothing of Antoinette. Dick had seen her occasionally during the illness of his master, but as she seemed under the guardianship of an old woman nothing could be communicated. Since Harry's recovery even Dick had seen nothing of her.

Harry was getting impatient at the delay. He could see no hope of successfully accomplishing his mission. He feared the journey would be a fruitless one, so far as the recovery of De Veron's daughter was concerned.

One day, whilst perambulating the streets, Harry and Dick came to the conclusion to return to their lodgings; but just as they had turned their faces homeward they espied a pair of horses and volante dashing down the narrow street. The pedestrians uttered a wild cry and hurried to the sidewalks. No efforts were made by the many hundreds, who witnessed the mad career of the horses, to check them. As the volante neared the two Americans, Harry saw it contained a solitary female, and bidding Dick to follow and assist, he sprang into the street. They were just in time to catch the affrighted animals, and with almost superhuman power they grasped the reins. After a short struggle the horses were quieted. The people gave a wild yell of admiration for the courage displayed, and gathered around the vehicle gabbing, as Dick remarked, "like a set o' ole Virginny geese."

The crowd parted; when a venerable old man approached Harry and with true Castilian politeness thanked him and his companion for their courage and presence of mind in rescuing his daughter from danger. The young lady was unhurt, but considerably frightened, and as Dick professed a willingness to take the reins if, as he said, "only jist to show de dirty greasers how an ole Virginny darkey could drive."

After a pressing invitation Harry also mounted the volante, and was driven to the house of a new acquaintance.

When once in the house the old gentleman introduced himself as Gomez Bernardo, and inquired the name and nationality of his guest. The name of the old Mexican sounded familiar to the ear of Harry, but why he could not for the moment recollect.

The dinner was served in sumptuous style, and Dick took upon himself the office of waiter to his master "because," he whispered to Melville, "dat it was jist like in ole Virginny."

During dinner the host inquired of his guest where, or in what part of the city, he was staying. On being informed that he was the guest of Senor Henrique De Arville, Gomez Bernardo turned pale. But hastily collecting himself, he said:

"Pardon my agitation, my friend; but had I known you were an inmate of the Senor's house I should have taken time to consider the propriety of asking you to mine, notwithstanding the eminent service you performed for me, and for which I am truly grateful.—If it lays in my power I will only be too happy to repay the debt of gratitude I owe you. But De Arville is my bitterest foe. He, too, destroyed the happiness of a most valued friend."

To this Harry replied that he need give himself no uneasiness, for their intimacy extended no farther than travelling acquaintances. He then related to Bernardo the circumstance that caused him to be an inmate of De Arville's house.

During the recital, Harry noticed that the old gentleman became agitated at the mention of Antoinette's name, but was too polite to inquire the cause. Harry adroitly turned the conversation, but it was evident that his host wished to know something, but he did not rightly know how to get at it.

At length he asked Harry, very politely, if he could have permission to examine the ring which he wore. Dick, suspicious of everything and everybody, whispered to Harry to beware, "for," said he, "you mite git in a debble of a scrape with dat ar."

Harry replied that the ring was given to him by an old and valued friend; that on receiving it he had made a vow that he would not draw it from his finger unless to present it to him who should know it.

"You are cautious, sir; and I cannot intrude upon the privacy of a stranger. Yet methinks there is something providential in our meeting, which time will develop satisfactorily."

After viewing the house and grounds, Harry took leave of Bernardo, who extended a pressing invitation to call again.

Harry, on his way to his lodgings, endeavored to recall the name of Bernardo to his memory, but was unable to do so. He determined to examine the papers he had received of De Veron, at the brook, and ascertain who it was that he was to apply to for advice in case of need. It was late when he retired to his room, and, as usual, he found Dick stretched upon his cot, wrapped head and foot in his blanket, snoring away for dear life.

Harry seated himself and began the examinati n of his papers. The first one he laid his hand upon was a letter to Gomez Bernardo. This, then, was the reason why the host of the day was agitated at the name of Antoinette De Veron; this the reason why he hated the name of De Arville, and the cause of his desire to examine the ring. But Harry determined to act with caution, and first ascertain if this was the Bernardo to whom he was directed.

Whilst musing of past and future events, he was startled into the present by the sound of a groan, as if some one was in great misery. He listened, when a shriek so loud and unearthly broke upon his ear that it woke Dick from his sound sleep, and caused his dusky skin to grow a shade paler. Even the firm nerves of Melville were sartled, but it was only momentary. He bade Dick rise and secure his weapons. The negro needed no second bidding. Grasping their well tried weapons, they waited to hear more. Nor were they kept long in suspense, for the groan was repeated, and each time more deep and agonizing.

"Now, Dick," said Harry, "I am going to see where this comes from. There is foul play somewhere in this house, and I am going to find out what it is."

"O, massy! don't go; it may be ghostes, or it may be de debble himself. an' den dis darkey be gone ded sure."

But Harry, determined to see where the shriek and groans came from, shamed Dick into compliance, and he reluctantly followed his master. Their sleeping room was at the end of a long corridor, on the second floor, and after ascending a long flight of stairs they found themselves in a dark, narrow entry. From this direction the noise appeared to come. The walls of the entry were covered with dust, and the ceiling filled with cobwebs. It was evident that this part of the house was little used.

They listened: the groans were repeated; and as Harry proceeded he came to a narrow door, which, as he opened, creaked upon its hinges. The air of the room was damp and fetid. The walls were covered with green mould, and it appeared as if the light of day had never penetrated the apartment.

Upon a closer inspection of the room they found several chains, fastened with staples to the floor, and alongside of one of the chains was the green and mouldy skeleton of a man who had evidently died in the position they found him. As Harry accidentally touched the skull with his foot, innumerable bugs and beetles run from it. Our adventurers shuddered at the sight, and the air seemed to grow oppressive.

They were on the point of returning to their room, when the groaning once more attracted their attention. But this time it sounded so near that it almost frightened Dick out of his five senses; even the stout heart of Harry quailed at the sound. Quickly recovering himself, and animating Dick, they proceeded along the wall in search of an outlet. They soon found the door, but, as it was barred and bolted, and having no tools to force it open, they returned to their room. Neither felt inclined to sleep; so they waited patiently for the sun to rise so they could take their usual morning walk.

On returning from their ramble they found the master of the house at breakfast, but he was sullen and reserved. He did not even speak to Dick, which was something unusual; for ever since they had been stopping at the robber's house he had been very condescending to our sable friend. Breakfast was eaten in silence, but as De Arville was leaving the room he told Melville that he would be absent for several days, at the same time expressing the hope that he would find plenty of amusement.

"Now," thought Harry, "is my time to discover Antoinette and be off."

As he was going to his room, he heard several voices, as if in earnest conversation, and he imagined he heard his name mentioned. He stopped and listened for a moment, and, to his surprise, he found some one plotting against his and his faithful black's life. Harry was chagrinned and mortified to hear De Arville offer some one money if he would wipe out his (Melville's) existence.

His American blood boiled at the treachery, and he was on the point of opening the door to confront the conspirators when his good genius, Dick, made his appearance and beckoned him away with a mysterious wink and nod.

On gaining their room, Dick locked the door and put the key in his pocket, at the same time shutting up the key hole and pushing a bolt, which was inside the door, into its socket. Harry eyed him in his proceedings with wonder. He began to have a faint suspicion that Dick had been tampered with. He felt for his weapons, but the feeling was only for a moment; for, as soon as Dick had made the room secure from all intruders, he went to Harry, and in a low, decided tone, said:

"Massy, it's time we's a gittin' out o' dis, for I tells you dey mean us no good; an', by golly, dis nig don't want he froat cut."

He then related to Harry what he had heard in coming to the room, and that he had gone to their room for their weapons, and was bringing all the small arms he could find when he met him at the door where De Arville had went in.

Chapter VIII.—Antoinette and a Strange Visitor.

The house which De Arville occupied was in the southern part of the city, and was an old heir-loom of the family. It was large and spacious, there being two wings to the main building—one on the east and west side. The west wing, on the second floor, was unoccupied, and had been for years.—Save the room at the corridor, of which we have already spoken, and which was now occupied by Harry, the west wing had a bad reputation amongst the household of De Arville. Some grey headed persons had known of deeds of blood done in that western wing, and none of the superstitious household could be induced to visit it after nightfall; but if compelled they commended themselves to the protection of his or her favorite saint.—Lately the eastern wing was gaining as evil a reputation as had the western. It was asserted amongst the domestics that that part of the house was haunted by a man dressed in a full suit of ancient armor. Some went so far as to declare they had seen the ghost, and that he appeared to be dressed in a complete suit of steel—that he wore a blood red cap, and had a red cross upon his breast.

The old woman, who was the constant attendant of Antoinette, would sometimes join the servants in their hall when her charge was asleep, and she was positive in her declarations that she saw such a being; but as she cared neither for man or devil, it was a matter of indifference who or what it was.—The more discreet ones shook their heads and whispered evil to the house. The more credulous portion told over their beads and recommended themselves to the protection of the saints.

It was in this newly haunted portion of the house that Antoinette was placed on her arrival in the city or, more properly speaking, she was imprisoned. Her jail-keeper was the old woman. She was not allowed to have pen, ink or paper. Books were also denied her, and her only company was this old crone. De Arville would visit her daily, but each day the young girl learned to hate him more deeply. She was also aware of the fact that the family of De Arville were the deadly focs of her father, and that he was in some way implicated in the cause of her parents' troubles.

Her thoughts often wandered after the handsome young American, whose society had such a peculiar charm for her during the brief season in which they had had free communication with each other. She was also meditating on the means of escape; but the argus-eyed old woman watched her every movement. What could she do? Weak and inexperienced in wordly craft, she felt she was in the meshes of a net which would take a stout heart and a strong arm to break. She could only weep, watch and pray that some friendly hand would yet release her from her self-constituted protecter and persecutor.

At the time we commence this chapter, Antoinette was seated at a window weeping bitterly. The old crone sat near her and was eyeing her as if extremely well satisfied with her prisoner's anguish. She, however, addressed her, not with an intent to console but rather to upbraid her for her "pettishness," as she termed it.

"Now, senorita," said she, "these tears ill become you, and should Senor De Arville find you thus, he certainly would not be pleased, as he has often told you. As for your situation, a young lady who has had a father ban—," she could utter no more, for Antoinette rose from her chair, and, in her indignation, forgot her own sufferings. Her eyes flashed; her bosom heaved with scorn and contempt for the being before her. With a calmness that astonished herself, she dared her tormentor to couple her father's name with that of dishonor.

"I shall say what I please about your dishonored father," replied the hag.

"If you do, you do it at your peril; and as sure as you utter a sentence, aye, a word,

(*Continued on fourth page.*)

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