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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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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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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

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

oct10-y J. P. FIEROE.

PLOWS

AND

PLOW CASTINGS,

Manufactured by the Subscriber,

And for sale as cheap as they can be had in the city.
ap15-2m H. B. SIMPERS.

M. M. ANDREW,

Successor to J. Thomas Jarman

Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,

GREENSBOROUGH, Md.

ALL work executed in the neatest manner, at the shortest notice, and at the lowest rates. I work only for the cash and am therefore enabled to keep good my word.
My12-4t.

B. F. STARR & CO.,

Mill Stone Manufacturers,

AND DEALERS IN

BOLTING CLOTHS,

Leather and Gum Belting,

No. 173 North Street,

ot29-1y BALTIMORE.

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

GEO. W. SPURRY,

Manufacturers' Agent for

Mill Furnishing Goods

OF ALL KINDS,

AND

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Buckeye Mower and Reaper;
Cardwell's Thresher & Cleaner with Horse Power; Horse Rake;
Sweepstakes Horse Power and Thresher;
je10-y Zell's Super-Phosphate of Lime.

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
ARRIVE.		
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. 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.

LEGAL CAP PAPER and good FOOLSCAP at TODD'S.

Select Poetry.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste our time in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold, and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow;
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty word and action
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when Winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the sea of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from our way,

Written for THE AMERICAN UNION.

Eugene Eggleston;

—OR—

The Robbers' Retreat.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter III.

When Joe, the negro boy, of whom Edna had spoken, aroused himself from the surprise into which the scene he had witnessed had thrown him, he did not, as she had suspected, return and immediately apprise Col. Tifferton of the fact, but was possessed of presence of mind enough to follow the gang at a distance, being careful, however, to keep out of their sight. After he had seen them pass over to the island, he turned, and retracing his steps, soon came to Don. He, in all haste, sought his master and acquainted him with the details of the capture of his daughter. As soon as he had learned all he could from the boy, Colonel Tifferton went throughout the village telling the people of his loss, and asking their assistance. In a short time he had gathered quite a large company, and placing himself at their head, with the boy as guide, set out for the wilderness.

They had not stopped to consider the danger into which they put themselves by a night attack upon the thieves, for the shades of evening were fast gathering, and by the time they reached the outskirts of the woods, the sun had sunk below the horizon, and the moon had just begun to cast shadows. By the time they arrived at the borders of the lake of mud, clouds had appeared in the sky shutting out the light of the moon, and ere long they were enveloped in midnight darkness.

Colonel Tifferton now began to realize his situation. In the the midst of a vast forest, of which not one of the company knew anything, for though they had always lived near it, they had never dared to venture far into its depths, their situation was indeed desperate. Colonel Tifferton resolved, however, if possible, to find the overgoing to the island. Placing the men around the lake of mud, he instructed each to feel with a stick for the bridge, but it was so dark they could not see more than a few feet in advance of them, and was a long time before they got around the circuit of the entire pond. All were diligently at work, when suddenly an awful shriek rent the air, all hastened to the spot as rapidly as the blackness of the night would admit. Arriving there they were told by a man who had been in company with the negro, that they were diligently searching for the overgoing when they all at once came to a log lying in the mud; the boy thinking he had found the object of his search, walked out upon it, but when he came to the end of it, unknowingly, he stepped off; an unearthly yell escaped from him, and that was the last of poor Joe. The Colonel was deeply stricken with grief when he heard this intelligence, for the boy had been a faithful servant, and but for him he would never have known what had become of his daughter.—Their situation was now rendered more desperate by the death of Joe, as he it was who had guided them to this place, and none of the others having taken notice of their route knew not where they were. Their only alternative, now, was to scour the woods in the wild hope of finding an exit from this labyrinth into which they had fallen. All were soon separated, Colonel Tifferton and a Rev. James Carson, pastor of the church in Don, being the only two who remained together. After they had traversed the woods for several hours they sank down exhausted on the banks of the swamp, having at last returned to nearly the same place which they had left some hours ago.

"Mr. Carson," began the Colonel, "I feel as though I am ready to give up all hopes of ever extricating myself from the predicament into which I have thrust myself, I now feel convinced that I should have waited till morning for such work as we have before us."

"Brother Tifferton," replied the preacher, "don't despair. He who sees and watches over all, will not forsake us. Let us abide His will, and in His own good time, He will bring us out all right. Trust in Providence, and if it is His divine will that we should perish here, let us say amen to it. God's ways are not men's ways, and this sad catastrophe may be the means of bringing about some great end. Let us unite in prayer, and afterwards lay our weary bodies down upon mother earth for repose, as their is not much hope of being able to clear ourselves from this wilderness until we have the light of day to aid us. And perhaps, after we have rested, our minds will be filled with clearer judgment how to act.

They kneeled there upon the banks of that dismal swamp, and such a prayer there was offered up. A person standing near might have heard the words as they rolled from that reverend man's mouth, ascending to the throne of the great Jehovah:

"O God, thou who lookest down in mercy, alike upon the weak and great, cast thy beneficent eye upon the wanderers who are scattered through this vast woods; they are under thy divine guidance, and if it be thy will, O Lord, guide them out from the depths of this forest; but, if, on the other hand, it is thy will they should perish here, enable them to say amen to thy decree. Lord, console with this grief-stricken parent, whose only child has been wrested from his keeping by the hands of outlaws. Look upon that child, who may be this moment undergoing torture at the hands of villians, and carry comfort to her soul. May the one who has been called, this night, by the hand of Death, from our midst, be revelling with saints on high. Finally, O Lord, breathe comfort and consolation to all our hearts, and teach us that we all may be enabled to know how to act. Now, we commit ourselves to thy keeping, well knowing we shall be in good hands. Amen.

Brief, the minister was, but that prayer, served in a great measure to aleviate the parents, sorrow.

They then lay themselves down to rest, being the only ones of the whole party who failed to reach the village before morning, the rest having succeeding in finding their way out. Long they slept, and during the time that Morpheus held them in his embrace, they were visited by a person whom we have not as yet introduced to our readers. He was a person dressed in the garb of a laborer; one whom every body knew as a strange kind of person, who called himself Jean, the fortune teller. He came and went as he pleased, having no particular place for his residence. He was a Frenchman by birth. He seemed to know everything, and very often surprised persons by what he told them. Upon this instance, he merely drew from his pocket pencil and paper and wrote the following note:

"*Vous etes perdu; alle l'est, et votre conge vous trouverez.*"

This he laid upon the bosom of the minister, and then took his departure.

Both awoke about the same time; the sun had been up about an hour. When the note was perceived, the minister took it up, opened and read. He exclaimed:

"Brother Tifferton, we have had a visitor; and it was no less a personage than Jean, the fortune teller."

"What has he written there?" asked the Col.

"He says, '*vous etes perdu; alle l'est, et votre conge vous trouverez*,' which being translated in English reads, 'you are lost; go towards the east, and you will find your way out.' What do you think of that?"

"That we had better make the best of the direction, for it is necessary that we should collect a force before attempting the rescue of my daughter."

"My opinion exactly, but before we go any farther, suppose we kneel, and thank God for the help he has sent us."

After the minister had prayed, they wended their way in the direction pointed out, guided only by the sun, and in about an hour and a half they found themselves surrounded by anxious friends in the streets of Don. It did not take long to collect a force sufficiently strong, as they thought, to storm the stronghold of the robbers. But when they were about to start they suddenly recollected they had no guide, and without some one to show them the way it was useless to attempt to find the retreat of the wilderness thieves.

In this condition, we will leave them for a while, and turn our attention to things that were transpiring in the "Robbers Retreat."

Chapter IV.

When Gordon Reese left the presence of Edna, he went directly to the cell in which Eugene Eggleston was confined. On entering the ceil, he found Eugene sitting upon the floor with his head bowed, resting upon his hands. On the opening of the door, he looked up and beheld who it was that had interrupted him, and setting erect assumed a very haughty attitude.

"Eugene Eggleston," Gordon commenced. "I have come into your presence to have a little conversation with you."

"Talk on," replied Eugene, "I am ready to hear."

"Your disappearance," continued Gordon, "has caused no one in Don to wonder, as it has been currently reported that you intended to go to Europe soon, and they think that you are gone. All except one accepts this version of your sudden departure, Edna Tifferton. I waited upon her to learn her feelings towards me, when she let me know she thought I had killed you in a duel. To prevent this from getting abroad, through the aid of my men, I have had her conveyed to this place, and she is now in the room next to this."

"Great God!" exclaimed Eugene, "have you sunk so low as to abduct helpless women? Cowardly villian! to so abuse a lady who you have always professed to admire."

"Beware, sir now you call me names, here in my own kingdom. Upon this island, and in this house, I reign supreme; at my bidding men do deeds that would make most people's blood run cold."

"Your langnge contains too much truth. From what I have seen, I presume that you reign here an absolute monarch."

"This is not what I came to talk about.—That which I came for, we have talked about before. Will you renounce all claim to the hand of Miss Tifferton, or shall I be compelled to use means which I fain would not?"

"Gordon Reese, though I am in your power I defy you. My claim to the hand of Miss Tifferton, I will never renounce. She is my affianced bride, and to wed her is my intention, though all the powers of Hades were brought to bear against it."

"Very well; but remember that you never leave this cell alive. Miss Tifferton and myself leave for the North to-morrow."

With that he left, closing the door after him, and securing it well. The determination embraced in the last sentence was fixed upon whilst he was conversing with Eugene and he lost not a moment in acting upon it. He called his men together in the consultation room to fix upon a mode of procedure. When they were all assembled, Eugene thus addressed them:

"Comrades, things have come to such a pass, that it devolves upon us, as necessity, to take some steps for our protection. In what we have been doing, we have been discovered. In all probability, we shall be surprised by the officers of the law, and we shall have to protect ourselves. I shall have to leave you for a short time to carry the lady we have here to a place of security. In a short time I shall join you again; in the meanwhile I leave you in charge of Alfred Allison and Bayard Kenton; be obedient to all their orders."

Thus ended the meeting; Gordon going to the room where Edna was confined. When he opened the door, Edna started up as in affright.

"Don't be startled, my little bird," he said. "I have come to inform you that we must take a journey. Very likely, you are tired of this place, ere now." With that he closed the door, and went to give instructions to his second in command.

Early the next morning while the things which we narrated in the last chapter, were occurring in Don. Gordon, with Edna under his charge, was leaving the island. On arriving upon the mainland, two horses in charge of one of the men, awaited them.—Mounting these they set out in a direction opposite from Don. Clearing the forest, they struck off in a direction towards Monticello, Florida, which was about twenty miles distant. Gordon urged his horse on at a very rapid rate and compelled Edna to do the same. On the road they overtook Jean, the fortune teller. They came up to him, and Gordon accosted him thus:

"How now, Jean? How far do you journey?"

"Not far, Monsieur, I am everywhere you are aware."

"Jean, your presence will be needed at the 'Retreat.' Return therefore, and do whatever Lieutenant Allison may command you."

"*Oui, Nonsieur, Jalle.*"

He then turned back, and retraced his steps towards the wilderness. Gordon and Edna journeyed on for some time until the spires in Monticello were visible. Soon they entered that town, and rode direct towards the house of one of the friends of Gordon.—Arriving there, they alighted from their horses, and entered the house. They were ushered into the parlor, where the master of the house soon joined them.

"How are you Gordon? I didn't expect a visit from you this morning. But, who is this you have with you?"

"You know Colonel Tifferton, of Don, Georgia?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, this is his daughter; she has refused to marry me, and I have abducted her."

"Ha! Well, upon my word, old boy, that was a bold trick, a bold trick, most assuredly."

"Well, you know my trade? I am a bold person."

"Yes, that is so. But, what do you intend doing with her? She is dangerous property to keep in this vicinity."

"I don't intend," said Gordon, "to keep her here. That is what I have brought her here for. I wish you to take her to St. Marks, and from there you can easily obtain passage to New Orleans. From New Orleans I wish you to take Edna, for that is her name, to New York, there await me. You shall be well paid for your trouble."

"I know that," replied Edward Thornton, "and I shall undertake the job. I love excitement. But excuse me, I have not yet seen to your horses." With that he went out.

"Miss Edna," said Gordon, turning to her, "how do you relish taking a journey north?"

"Mr. Reese," she replied, "if you ever loved me, as you say you do, return me to my father's house. Do that, and nothing more shall be said or done about this affair."

"Miss Tifferton, I am sorrow I can't comply with your wishes; once you refused me; now I have you in my power."

"It was impossible, Mr. Reese, to answer you otherwise, since I had already given myself to another's keeping."

"Yes," he interrupted, "to the keeping of that cursed puppy, Eugene Eggleston; but you and he shall never marry."

"I abide by the decree of heaven," said Edna, and buried her face in her hands.

"Adieu, Miss Tifferton, I must back to my comrades; but I leave you in safe keeping."

Gordon sought Thornton, gave him further directions concerning his charge, and left for the wilderness.

When Thornton again appeared before Edna, he was deeply struck with her uncommon beauty, and stood for some time regarding her. Edna was not aware of his presence until he gave a slight cough, when she looked up.

"Mr. Thornton," she said, "for I am told that is your name, have you a heart?"

"Miss Tifferton," said that individual, "are you insane to even suppose for an instant that I have not?"

"If you have," she continued, "please return me to my father's hands. I hope you are not so unfeeling as the one whom you choose to call friend, Gordon Reese."

"I am not unfeeling, Miss Tifferton, but as for returning you to your father, that is out of the question, as you were delivered over to me by another person, and I must do with you as I have promised."

"Alas, alas! Another hard-hearted wretch."

"I have nothing more to say Miss Tifferton, only to request you to be prepared to start by to-morrow morning. For the present, adieu."

(*Continued next week.*)

Better Tillage.

Farmers in general expect a yield of crops more in proportion to the surface of land occupied than to the depths of the soil whereon they grow. Yet it is obvious that if one should scatter seed over an acre of rock it would perish; if over the rock there was a layer of soil two or three inches in depth, the seed might reproduce itself; add as much more soil and an ordinary yield might result; and again, if this depth should be doubled, and made available to the plant, who doubts that proportionately large profits would be derived? Suppose this layer of soil contained plant food plentifully, but was of a consistent, impervious nature, so that the tender roots could not penetrate it and make use of its fertility, it would then require loosening, pulverizing, aerating, and in short, thorough cultivation, and according to the depth and thoroughness of that cultivation would be the amount of plant food made available, and consequently the yield of the crop.

This is practically the condition of most of our land; it contains plant food enough to double the average yield of crops, if it were only made available to them, but the unworked sub-soil is like rock, confining the roots of plants to the comparatively thin arable surface soil. Instead of coveting your neighbor's lands and putting forth great efforts to secure more surface, is it not more profitable to cultivate deeper that which you already possess, and double its productiveness? With most of our farm crops the amount of roots determines the quantity of products, and roots will develop abundantly wherever there is room and food for them, but they cannot push their way into stony lumps, nor live in hardpan layers where there is no air.

On many farms underdraining lies at the foundation of improved culture. The stagnant water must pass off or air will not enter the soil, nor the latter remain loose any length of time after being stirred. Then comes a fair depth of surface plowing, followed by subsoiling to any practicable depth. This way of preparing stubble ground for spring grain is excellent. Before sowing, cultivate deep across the furrows with a long-toothed cultivator. A seed bed of finely pulverizered earth, ten or twelve inches deep, can thus be obtained.

We have seen oat-stubble prepared for wheat by plowing to the depth of twelve inches, harrowing, rolling, then stirring, the soil nearly to the bottom of the furrow by a long-toothed wheel cultivator, to which four horses were attached four abreast, and all was finely pulverized. Such a chance for wheat on strong loam or clay land is better than most summer-fallows.

Farmers, look to your possesions down in the ground; there are richer mines than those in the far mountains, and the patient worker thereof wins health, peace and competence. —*Iowa Homestead.*

Parisian Ladies.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Journal* has a very poor opinion of the ladies of that city, and thus expresses himself in opposition to the common impression that Paris can beat the world in matters of taste and display of female beauty. Hear him: "A more common-looking set of women than the Parsian cannot be found on the face of the globe. I have seen them everywhere, In churches, at places of amusement, on the promenade, in the saloons of royalty, in parties very distinguished and regarded as very genteel, I declare I have scarcely seen a well-dressed lady in Paris, one who did not look frowsy whose complexion would not look the better for soap and water. They may make the nicest fitting glove in the world, but they don't wear them. They may send out the dantiest shoes that can be made, but they are not found on the foot of the ladies. Their nicely fitting dresses may be found in all the cities of the world, but the dresses worn by the ladies of Paris are ill-fitted, ill-adjusted, without harmony of color, without that indescribable touch which marks the lady of taste and discrimination. The more costly the material the less becoming the parties appear. Except the Empress, I have not seen an elegantly dressed Parisian lady. The Princess, Clothilde, who ranks next to the Empress, and to whom all parties must seek an introduction who are presented to the Empress, dresses like a fright. She is very short, enormously fat, and what little neck she has is very large, like her father's; and when she arrays herself in the so-called evening dress, with a very low neck, she is a sight to behold."

MARK OF A GENTLEMAN.—No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishment of dress or address can ever atone. Show us the man who desires to make every one around him happy, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give cause of offense to any one, and we will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth nor ever heard of a lexicon. We are proud to say for the honor of our species there are men in every throb of whose heart there is a solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

A CLERGYMAN, observing a poor man by the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark—"Ah, John! I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones."

"Perhaps, master, you did not work *on your knees*," was the reply.

"MY dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, on his return from business, "have you seen the beautiful set of walnut furniture which the Smiths have bought?" "Hem, no, my love, but I have seen the bill, and it quite satisfies me."

TOO OFTEN THE CASE.—An exchange paper says: "Truth" is in type, but is crowded out by more important matter.

They have at Portland, Me., what is called a "widow's wood society." Who ever heard of a widow that wouldn't

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