ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,
JOHN R. BROWN, Jr., Editor and Proprietor.
TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

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ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

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March 29, '73-1y.

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April 16,'70-1y.

—A very common mistake is made and much fuel is wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often: but servants, to save time and trouble, put on a grate at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which does not give out heat until it becomes red hot. Hence, for a while the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on the surface; then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and, as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out. Many also put out a fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir a fire is when the new coal laid on is pretty well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives a more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alternation of heat and cold above referred to.

KERAMOS.

Mr. Longfellow's new poem, "Keramos," in *Harper's Magazine* for December, has for its subject Pottery—under various national types. Considered simply as a realistic description of ceramic wares and their ornamentation, it is a work displaying an almost magical skill. But it is far more than this—it is an imaginative poem of the highest order, interpreting the subtle analogy which connects art with nature and human life.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of the hand;
For some must follow and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quilted sunshine and leaf shade
Moved, as the bows above him swayed,
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange:
Nothing that is can pause or stay:
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will,
The melody, and even the words,
Were intermingled with my thought,
As bits of colored thread are caught
And woven into nests of birds.
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of France
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes and dunes?
This water-net that tessellates
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

What land is this? You pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the market place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With grotesque mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairway and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief:
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay:
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

Now southward through the air I glide,
The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of Saintes
Ripple and rock from side to side,
As when an earthquake rends its walls,
As crumbling city reels and fall.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks,
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks by
Mingled earths and oars combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates!

Turn, turn, my wheel. This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it too the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand!
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenian chain,
Above the field and farms of Spain,
Above the bright Majorcan isle
That lends its softened name to art,
A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,
Are ruby-lustred with the light,
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke.
Then eastward wafted in my flight
On my enchanter's magic cloak,
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,
And o'er the windy Apennines,
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of Art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow
With brilliant irridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of color and design.
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendant grace,
And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the masters's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves
About some landscape, shaded brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,
Colors of every tint and hue
Mingled in one harmonious whole!
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,
Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,
Cana, the Beautiful! A name
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow—
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream;
For Lucca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair
They made thy sovereignty supreme.
These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,
Their maker's praise; nor these alone,
But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they,
These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveler's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting place;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,
Made perfect by the furnace heat;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;
Seeming to say, "Our years are fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all
The ornaments on tomb or wall
That grace the fair Ausonian shores
Are those the faithful earth restores,
Near some Apulian town concealed,
In vineyards or in harvest field:
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,
Memorials of forgotten griefs,
Or records of heroic deeds
Of demi-gods and mighty chiefs;
Figures that almost move and speak,
And, buried amid mould and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest
The presence of the graceful Greek:
Achilles in his armor dressed,
Alcides with the Cretan bull,
And Aphrodite with her boy,
Or lovely Helena of Troy,
Still living and still beautiful!

Turn, turn, my wheel! Tis Nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old and gray:
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest-home of day.

And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual ebb and overflow;
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,
Beating their breasts with loud appeals,
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazars
The dreaming traveler first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambuscade;
And seeing more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities—
Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue-enameled links;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Granges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains
Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with caladon.

Nor less the coarser household wares—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must as dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day:
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift,
And on the hill-side I can see,
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,
Cloud-cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the right flowers that fill the land,
Ripples of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusiyama's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars;
Again the sky-lark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
An artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,
Whose eyes behold not what is near,
But only what is far away,
When suddenly sounding, peal on peal,
The church bell from the neighboring town
Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.
The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,
His apron on the grass threw down,
Whistled his quiet little tune,
Not overloud nor overlong,
And ended thus his simple song:

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon,
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday:
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay!

Truths.

To be silent about an injury makes the door of it more uneasy than complaints.

Every one is in one thing at least original—in his manner of sneezing.

People in love generally resolve first and reason afterwards.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like wo buckets in a well; while one ascends the other descends.

Never reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

The greatest truths are the simplest—so are the greatest men.

—Be a Philosopher; but amid all your pdilosophy be still a man.

Characteristic Anecdotes.

Mr. Edward L. Pierce, of Boston, has just published a most interesting volume of memoirs and letters of Charles Sumner, who, whatever the opinion as to his political career must be regarded intellectually as a prominent figure in the history of his country for all time to come. In one of the letters, it is said: "He had no interest in games and athletic sports; never, so far as I know, fished, or shot, or rowed; had no fancy for dogs and horses; and, in a word, was without all those tastes which are almost universal with men of his age. As for dancing, I think he never danced a step in his life. Of all men I ever knew at his age, he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. Men he liked best, and with them he preferred to talk. It was in vain for the loveliest and liveliest girl to seek to absorb his attention. He would at once desert the most blooming beauty to talk to the plainest of men. This was a constant source of amusement to us, and we used to lay wagers with the pretty girls, that, with all their art, they could not keep him at their side a quarter of an hour. Nor do I think we ever lost one of these bets.

"I remember particularly one dinner at my father's house, when it fell to his lot to take out a charming woman, so handsome and full of *esprit*, that any one at the table might well have envied him his position. She had determined to hold him captive and win her bet against us. But her efforts were all in vain. Unfortunately on his other side was a dry old savant, packed with information; and within five minutes Sumner had completely turned his back on his fair companion, and engaged in a discussion with the other, which lasted the whole dinner. We all laughed. She cast up her eyes deprecatingly, acknowledged herself vanquished, and paid her bet. Meantime, Sumner was wholly unconscious of the jest of the laughter. He had what he wanted—sensible men's talk. He had mined the savant, as he had mined every one he met, in search of one, and was thoroughly pleased with what he got."

An interesting anecdote is that relating to Sumner's visit to Walter Savage Landor, as told by Sumner:

"Landor's conversation was not varied, but it was animated and energetic in the extreme. We crossed each other several times; he called Napoleon the weakest, littlest man in history; whereas, you know my opinion to the contrary. He considers Shakspeare and Washington the two greatest men that ever lived, and Cromwell one of the greatest sovereigns. Conversation turned upon Washington, and I was asked why he was still suffered to rest in the humble tomb at Mount Vernon.

"I then mentioned the resolution of Congress to remove his body to the Capitol, and the refusal to allow it to be done on the part of his legal representatives. In making this statement I spoke of the 'ashes of Washington,' saying, that, his *ashes* still repose at Mount Vernon.' Landor at once broke upon me, with something like fierceness: 'Why will you, Mr. Sumner, who speak with such force and correctness, employ a word, which, in the present connection, is not English? Washington's body was never burnt: there are no ashes—say, rather, remains.' I tell this story, compliment and all, just as it occurred, that you may better understand this eccentric man."

The account of his visit to the family seat of Lord Brougham is somewhat amusing: "Yesterday I passed at the rectory of the venerable Archdeacon Scott—a friend of Horne Tooke and Parr—and, on his invitation and in his clerical company, disguised in old clothes loaned for the occasion, and weighed down by heavy shoes, went on the fells and moors in his neighborhood to shoot grouse and partridges. Our dog started several conveys; but my gun missed as also did that of the dignitary of the church, and I contented myself with peppering to death a poor hare! I am no Nimrod, as you well know, though my parson is, and I can well bear the mortification of an empty game bag in such company.

"While we were on the moors it rained constantly, and the shower has been descending all day. In this rain, however, I left the archdeacon this morning, and, mounted on his horse, and with his groom in attendance (my baggage being previously sent on), spattered over the moors and valleys of Northumberland, then took an open gig, and at three o'clock drove into the court-yard—all surrounded by battlements—of Brougham Hall. I was thoroughly wet and covered with mud.

"On my mentioning my situation to his lordship, who kindly received me in the hall, he himself at once showed my bedroom, where I enjoyed the comfort of a complete change of dress. After I came down stairs he left me in the library and went about writing letters, which were to leave by the mail before dinner. He wrote more than the number which he could frank—that is, ten—and at 6 o'clock was in the library dressed for dinner. The only person besides myself was an old familiar friend, a clergyman (who brought with him as a present to the ex-Chancellor a bottle of rum upwards of fifty years old), though Lord Chief Justice Tindal and Lord Monerieff (the latter the great judge and lawyer) were expected.

"The truly venerable and interesting mother of his lordship—now eighty-six years old—was in the dining-room when we entered, and presided at the table. Never did I see a person who bore her years so well. She seemed a fit mother for a distinguished son. Her manners were easy, and even graceful, with very little of the constraint of age. She refused my proffered assistance in helping the soup, though she afterwards condescended to allow me to mangle a partridge. She is tall, has sharp features, and an acquiline nose. Her countenance is much more refined and intellectual than her son's. You doubtless know that she is the niece of the historian Roberston.

"Lady Brougham and her daughter are at a watering place at the South. During the dinner his lordship was constant in his attentions to his mother, addressing her as 'mother,' and urging her to eat of particular dishes. I heard Mrs. Brougham address her son as 'Lord Brougham.' I could hardly make up my mind and my tongue to address this venerable woman as 'Mrs. Brougham,' which is all that belongs to her, and then speak to her son as 'My Lord.'

"At table the conversation turned on light matters—the great scarcity of game, the merits of some old Maderia (the gift of Cutlar Fergusson), of a black cock (the gift of Lord Anglesey), and of the rum (the valuable contribution of the clergyman). Besides these, there was a variety of topics arising from familiarity with the parson, and reminiscences of common acquaintances. Mrs. Brougham retired very soon after the cloth was removed.

"His lordship took very little wine, less than I have any gentleman take at the head of his table in England; but if he have not that vice, which has been attributed to him—and I fully believe that he has it not—he has another which is, perhaps, as bad; certainly it is bad and vulgar beyond expression—I mean swearing. I have dined in company nearly every day since I have been in England, and I do not remember to have met a person who swore half so much as Lord Brougham—and all this in conversation with an aged clergyman! His manner was rapid, hurried, and his voice loud.

"He seemed uneasy and restless; and of course, made me feel the same. His language, as you may well suppose, was vigorous and to the point. He told some capital stories of King William, from which I should infer, notwithstanding all the reports to the contrary, that he was on good terms with that monarch. You remember Denman's famous appeal on the Queen's trial, alluding to the slanders of the Duke of Clarence: 'Come forth, thou slanderer!'

"Brougham said that the Duke of York, sitting in one corner of the house, said to a peer near him: 'There is my brother William; he is always in some scrape;' while the Duke of Clarence, sitting on the other side of the house, whispered to his friend: 'My brother Frederick is always saying some d—d absurd thing'—each supposing the other referred to by Denman."

A Prose Poem.

With a face as red as a lobster, and a back like the shell of a clam, the wife stands over the kitchen stove and manipulates raspberry jam.—*Birkshire Coureir.*

While her husband, with nose like a sunset, and a mouth like the song of a years, leans over a counter of "free lunch," and elevates schooners of beer.—*Burlington Haweye.*

And her daughter, with ears like a shovel and eye like a Florida bean, swings on the front gate with her fellow, with darkness to cover the scene.—*Graphic.*

And her son with false teeth as big as tombstones, and hair loose as any barn door, sweetly sleeps on a vacant soap box, in the shade of an old corner store. *Fulton Times.*

And her cousin, who comes from the city, and snubs her as much as she can, rocks at her ease in the parlor, swinging a palm-leaf fan.—*Holyoke Trans.*

And the hired girl, scrubbing like sixty, and down on the floor on her knees, tells the coachmen, who slyly kissed her, to "behave yourself, sir, if you please."—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

And the children out on a vacation, tearing away clothes, hats and shoes, add terror to all her vexations; who can blame her for having the blues?—*Poughkeepsie Eagle.*

Thus "mom" makes raspberry jam, sir, while "pap" drinks schooners of beer, and the "gall" hangs to gate and the man, sir, and soap-box boy brings up the rear. *Camden Post.*

—William L. Vaughan, principal of a public school in Covington, Ky., lectured on "The Duty of Good Example." On the following day he was arrested for bigamy, a deserted wife having arrived from Canada.

—Stannard, Vt., has a wild man of the woods, four feet high, covered with hair, with a head of fiery red hair that hangs over his shoulders, and who runs like a deer and yells like a hyena.

—O blessed prayer, thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes. Thy voice of comfort is a moist whistling wind in the midst of the furnace, tempering the heat of the flames.