

THE BACHELOR LAWYER'S QUEER CLIENT.

Into the lawyer's office
Entered a maiden fair,
"Now, welcome, welcome, madam,
Sit ye in yonder chair.
What can I do for thee to-day?
Art thou a student here?
Or do thou come to get—without
Publicity, of course
For unsuitability
A writing of divorce?
Or wouldst thou have me by the heels
Lay a defendant brute,
In default of thumping damages
In a breach of promise suit?
Whether thou mayst a plaintiff
Or a defendant be,
Madam, behold me here prepared
To take thy case and fee."

Then up and spake the maiden,
Blushing coral
"I have a man, a bright particular star,
My social sphere above,
All thoughts, all feeling, all that stir
Each impulse of my living frame,
To his love do but minister
And breathe his Christian name.
And he?—"The wretch!" the lawyer cried,
"Oh, throat-encircling nelp!"
"Nay, I am pure as the curdled snow
That hangs on Dian's Temple."
"Oh, breach of promise, then, he said;
"Have you the villain's letters?"
"Not so, not so," the maiden cried,
"I am bound in Cupid's fetters—
Though it may seem ridiculous
To you—unto a youth
Whom I have spoken to but once,
And who knows it not in sooth,
I am not old or ugly—"
"Said he, 'I should think not!'
"And he does not lack the good greenback
Nor the unnumbered lot.
This is it I would have thee do—
Behold an ample fee—
By write, injunctions, briefs and things
Which that man marry me?"

He knitted his brows, that lawyer,
And thoughtfully he said,
"Madam, this case of yours is an
Extraordinary case;
And if there is any process
To relieve your tort I'm blowed,
By the Rev. Stats. or the Common Law,
Or Mr. Throop's code.
But if you are bent on marriage
I can indulge your whim—
You must, in the words of Waite, C. J.,
Put up a job on him.
Get this young man to make with you
An appointment some fine day,
And keep his letter to be filed
And marked 'Exhibit A.'
And when you go to meet him
Take witness two or three
Of your goings in and your comings out
To give their testimony
Make any pretense for seeing him,
No matter what, and when
He has made appointments in writing
With you again and again,
As on repeated occasions,
As by witnesses can be shown,
You have called on him at his office
And been with him alone,
Then you can lay an action
And swear what'er you please,
And he will have to marry you
Or pay the damages,
For a woman's word is better
Than a man's in cases like these."

"Thanks," said the blushing maiden;
"And will you write me
When I can come my counsel
In privacy to see,
For I would not have the matter known
Unto my family?"
"I will," replied the lawyer,
The interview was done.
She went out through the doorway,
And with her went the sun,
And the lawyer turned to the clients
In the ante-room that stood—
The man who wanted to make his will,
And the man who had been sued.

And once a week the maiden,
For the next six weeks or so,
Unto her counsel's office
Would regularly go.
She told him of the letters
Which could be duly proved,
And the cunning lawyer would rub his hands
In perfect ecstasy,
And "We have him where the hair is short,"
He gleefully would cry.
Take but once more your witness—
You've good grounds now to sue him—
And then, in the great Blackstone's words,
Then we will sue of them.
And when the matter had gone, he'd say,
"The mansuelling case,
Who'er he is, if he needs a wife,
Might do a great deal worse."
Then he would turn to the clients
In the ante-room that stood—
The man who wished to make his will,
And the man that had been sued.

She came again, his client,
Saying, "I have brought with me
The letters from the man I love
Marked 'Exhibits A to G.'
My witnesses are ready
To swear unto the truth,
So you may write a letter
Unto the well-loved youth;
Say, unless he marries your client,
In the Court of Common Pleas
You will have to enter an action
For enormous damages;
And say your client is ready
To swear that he proposed
To her in his private office
When all the doors were closed;
And that her word is better
Than his."
"Who is he?" "Thou art the man!
Lo, here I have thy letters;
There my witnesses have stood—
The man who wanted to make his will
And the man that had been sued.
I love thee, and will swear it,
Not by the inconstant moon;
And thou hadst best come down with grace
Colonel Crockett's coon."

John Quincy Adams.

Mr. Adams was a connecting link between the Revolutionary period of our history and our own times. He was the most thoroughly-educated statesman that our country has produced, and he was employed in public tasks at an age when others were pursuing their academic studies. Under the eye of his father, he was instructed in diplomacy and trained for political life before he attained the age of twenty-one years. He grew up in the midst of events which shaped the destiny of nations, and studied politics as a science. He survived his contemporaries and came down to our times with a traditional reputation that gave him a commanding influence wherever he appeared. He was still a power in the state long after he had passed the ordinary boundary of human life. I saw Mr. Adams, for the first time, in the House of Representatives—of which he was a member—in December, 1815. He sat at a desk alone on the Whig side of the House. His appearance was impressive. Of medium stature and firmly built, he was the impersonation of energy. Even at his advanced age—seventy-eight—he did not betray the first sign of infirmity when seated. It was when he rose to walk that one discovered some want of strength in his steps. He sat erect, and never wore glasses. No member rivaled him in punctual attendance on the sittings of the House, or in unswerving application to public business.

I well remember that, on one occasion, when the session was prolonged through the entire night—the House refusing to adjourn even for an hour—Mr. Adams occupied his seat, and was absent only to take the refreshment absolutely requisite to enable him to go on with his duties. At sunrise I walked out to the eastern portico of the Capitol to breathe the fresh morning air, and, upon my return, I found Mr. Adams in his seat. Many younger men had either gone away from the hall or lounged on the sofas.

Mr. Adams' mind seemed to be undimmed to the last hour of consciousness. His vigor was wonderful. He bore at all times the appearance of a man profoundly in earnest. He took a prominent part in the debates of the House. I heard him, for the first time, in the great debate on the Oregon question. The conflicting claims of the United States and England to that distant country, stretching through several parallels of latitude on the Pacific coast, were still unsettled. The controversy was suspended by a treaty for the joint occupancy of the territory. The president recommended that the treaty should be annulled, by giving notice, in accordance with its terms, to the British Government. The title of the United States was the subject of debate. Mr. Adams took an original view of the question, and insisted that the white settlers upon this continent were entitled to the soil; that the claims of the Indian were useless. He called upon the Clerk of the House to open the Bible that was on his desk, and read the passage, Genesis i. 28, and then proceeded to argue that, as the Indian did not subdue the earth, and make the soil productive, but only kept it as a hunting-ground, he must give way to the white man. Of course he took this view, in reviewing the claims of the two governments, so far as they rested upon titles derived from the Indians. It is a fact not generally known that Mr. Adams was the author of what is called the Monroe doctrine. Mr. Monroe, in opposition to the plans of the Holy Alliance, asserted the great principle that the United States would not suffer the European message was written by Mr. Adams, and he is entitled to the honor of that great and generous declaration in behalf of free government, made at a time when the peoples of South America were struggling to establish republican institutions.

The cabinet of Mr. Monroe was composed of men remarkable for ability and influence. Of the five, no less than three were candidates for the presidency at the close of his term—Mr. Adams, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Calhoun. General Jackson and Mr. Clay were also brought forward. General Jackson obtained the largest vote, but failed to receive the requisite majority, and the election came into the House of Representatives. The health of Mr. Crawford had given way, and Mr. Calhoun had withdrawn from the contest. He was chosen vice-president. Mr. Clay's vote was not large enough to bring him before the House, but his influence in that body enabled him to secure the election of Mr. Adams on the first ballot. Mr. Clay became secretary of state. And now arose one of those political combinations which the world sometimes witnesses—powerful and implacable, unsparring in assault and intolerant of opposition. It was asserted that Mr. Adams had bargained for the support of Mr. Clay, and his acceptance of the first place in the cabinet gave some

Umbrellas.

It is owing perhaps to their late introduction into Europe that men have as yet hardly recognized any distinct or separate property in the umbrella. Like game, they belong to the class *ferre nature*. A faint trace of communism lingers over the stand in the hall. Nobody feels very guilty at taking a "stray" umbrella if it happens to be raining as he leaves his club, at finding himself walking home with a new umbrella when he was conscious of having left it with an old one. It is amusing to notice the unconcerned curiosity with which the new owners, as they put his spoil by his hat and coat, guesses who on earth such a pretty little thing could have belonged to. There is not the least sense of guilt in the question. In common thought the umbrella is gifted with a certain vague personality, which is supposed to explain its constant tendency to get astray. A kind of gypsy-like and vagrant nature is assumed to belong to it. It is credited with a volition of its own, and supposed to be in some way itself responsible for its presence in any man's hand but the man who bought it. Its own will brought it to us, and, if it happens to be a new one, we generally leave it to its own will to take it back again. There are, we believe, persons eccentric enough to return umbrellas, but the instances are rare. And, in the same way, there are eccentric people who make a fuss about getting back their umbrellas. Dr. Buckland, for instance, after the loss of a good many, boldly carved on the handle of a new one, "Stolen from Dr. Buckland," and found that his friends were only too eager to return it to him when ever it took its walks abroad. But the common-sense of mankind has always frowned down invidious attempts of this kind to contradict a large and almost universal human instinct. If we recognize our watch in a friend's watch-pocket it needs a very warm friendship indeed to reclaim it without a serious explanation. But if we fix an eye of welcome recognition on a long-lost umbrella which happens to be dangling between a friend's thumb and fore-finger, neither party feels the least embarrassment. The owner cries, with a start of pleasant surprise: "My Jove! Isn't that my umbrella?" and the felon surrenders it with a discreet, "Is it, really?" but without an attempt to cover or explain his larceny. Our feeling on the subject reflects itself, indeed, in common language. An umbrella is never supposed to have been "stolen," but always to have been lost; and to lose an umbrella is simply to be a man. The accurate person who "never lost any thing in his life," is careful to except his umbrella. There are limits to the credulity even of the most credulous, and he knows that, if he had omitted the saving clause, nobody would have believed him.

It was Punch, if we remember rightly, who told the story, some years ago, of a man who loaned an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman in his street, on a wet, nasty day. It was not returned, and on another wet, disagreeable day, he called for it, but found his friend at the door, going out with it in his hand. "I've come for my umbrella," exclaimed the loaner. "Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well—yes—" replied the lender, as founded at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—but what am I to do?" "Do?" replied the other, as he threw up the top, and walked off; do? do as I did! borrow one!"

One of the best chapters in "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," is where that amiable and greatly-abused angel reproaches her inhuman spouse with loaning the family umbrella: "Ah! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas! What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain. I don't think there was any thing about him that would spoil. Take cold, indeed! He does not look like one of 'em that take cold. He'd better taken cold, than our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that. Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it, do you? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last six weeks, and no stirring all the time out of the house. Poh! don't think to fool me, Caudle; he return the umbrella! As if any body ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs for six weeks—always six weeks—and, no umbrella!"

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school, to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, that I'm determined. No; they shall stay at home, and never learn any thing, sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing. People who can't feel for their children ought never to be fathers."

"But I know why you lent the umbrella—I know, very well. I was going out to tea to mother's, to-morrow; you knew that very well; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; I know; you don't want me to go, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Caudle! No; if it comes down in buckets-fall, I'll go all the more; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death," &c., &c., &c.

A little girl, daughter of a clergyman, being left one day to "tend door," and obeying a summons of the bell, she found a gentleman on the steps who wished to see her father. "Father isn't in," she said, but, if it's any thing about your will, I can attend to you. I know the whole plan of salvation."

color to the accusation. No administration had been able or purer than that of Mr. Adams, but he could not be elected for a second term. The charge of Mr. Randolph, that a union existed between the Paritan and the blackleg, if not merited, was used with great effect. The charge was unfounded, but it illustrated the Italian proverb: "If not true, it is well invented." It drew from Mr. Clay a challenge, which Mr. Randolph accepted, and a duel followed, which came near proving fatal to the eccentric Virginian. The clamor against the administration increased, and it was declared that it must be expelled from power, even if the members that composed the government were as pure as the angels in heaven. Mr. Adams reappeared in public life as a member of the House. He died in his seat, after filling it for seventeen years. He was as much distinguished for force of character as for intellectual ability. He became the earnest champion of the right of petition. With a profound respect for the constitution in all its provisions, and with a conscientious regard for the rights of the States, he found himself in alliance with a party which, under the sway of a sentiment so intense and potent as to subordinate every thing to one idea, finally assaulted the very foundations of the government.

A Story of Real Life.

Mr. Maroney is foreman in a foundry and gets thirty dollars a week. With this salary the family ought to get along well and save money, but they did not. Mr. Maroney has a cousin, a shoemaker who only gets fifteen dollars a week, yet who sails right along in lightning express, while Maroney comes lagging along like a freight train with a hot box.

"How do you manage it, Jack," he would frequently ask, "to get along the way you do? Here you actually keep your family and save money on fifteen dollars a week, while it takes every cent I make to live and I get double pay?"

"Oh, I don't manage it at all, says Jack, "I just take my money home to the old woman every Saturday night, and she takes her five dollars to run the house with and puts the rest away."

"Do you give her all the money?" asked Mr. Maroney, musingly.

"Oh, no, not quite, I keep a little for tobacco during the week, and a trifle to keep me from being lonesome. I'll keep it all in my pocket I would spend it sure, but Mary keeps it tight and safe."

Mr. Maroney talked it over with his wife that night, and they concluded to try Jack's plan. The following Saturday night he brought home his thirty dollars, and, keeping back one, put the rest in her keeping, and she promised to do her level best to set the table on fire. The first week she squeezed through somehow, and got along with six and a half. Mr. Maroney was quite pleased, and began lying awake at night thinking about what kind of a house he would build. He thought a plain rustic cottage with a bay window would be about right. The next week the expenses footed up five dollars and eighty cents, and Maroney changed his design for a future residence from frame to brick; the next week she brought it down thirty cents more, and he added a wing with a wash-house. Then she made a superhuman struggle, quit buying milk, and came within two shillings of a goal for which she had been striving. Mr. Maroney decided on an iron fence in front of his premises. The next week she lost her ground, slipped, and came out at the six dollar post. Mr. Maroney thought a neat pailing fence was good enough for anybody; but when, in the ensuing week, she came in with flying colors and struck the five dollar mark in both eyes, Mr. Maroney had the iron railing reinstated, and granite running up to the door. The next week she took the money she had saved, went and bought her a love of a hat, too cute for anything, a black dress, and a cherub of a cloak, that made the woman next door cry with envy till her nose got sore, and Mr. Maroney came to the conclusion that it didn't pay to live in one's property, keeping up repairs, insurance, etc., and the worry, and stew and dread of fire and earthquakes more than counterbalanced any trifling advantages there might be.

—Inordinate Curiosity is what gets us into half our quarrels. If a man would just mind his own business and let his neighbors alone, the amount of brotherly love in the world would be doubled in a week. But if we happen to hear anything derogatory, how we stretch our ears with eager listening; and when we tell what we have heard, how natural it is to whittle down the sting of it to a fine point. Every man and woman in the world rather likes to hear something bad about the person who lives next door. When this curiosity is not offensive it is very ludicrous. A Frenchman was sitting at the same table with a Western Hoosier who ate voraciously. The Frenchman was astonished beyond measure, and said—

"Sare, vil you be so polite to tell me is dat your breakfast or your dinner vat you make?"

High words and a duel followed. As the Frenchman lay dying, he said—
"Oh monsieur, I shall die happy if you will tell me vat dat your breakfast or your dinner vat you make."

German Law.

A curious work, on "The Humorous Element in German Law," by O. Gieske, has been published in Berlin. The author describes the punishments which were inflicted in the various parts of Germany, in some cases up to a very recent period, with the object of humiliating the culprit, and exposing him to public ridicule. A common punishment was that of going in procession through the streets of a town or village in a dress covered with images of swords, whips, rods, and other instruments of corporal chastisement. In these women who had beaten their husbands were made to ride backward on a donkey, holding his tail, on which occasion the animal was led through the streets by her husband. This custom existed in Darmstadt up to the middle of the eighteenth century, and was so common that a donkey was kept always ready for the purpose in the capital and the neighboring villages. If the woman struck her husband in such a manner that he could not ward off the blow, the donkey was led by a man who has charge of him; if not, then by the husband himself. At St. Gear a miller was allowed a certain quantity of wood from the forest belonging to the town, in return for which he was bound to supply a donkey to the municipality whenever required for the chastisement of a scolding wife. Another very old custom was that of punishing a henpecked husband by removing the roof of his house, on the ground that "a man who allows his wife to rule at home does not deserve any protection against wind and weather." If two women fought in public, they were each put in a sort of closed entry-box, which only left their heads exposed, and then posted opposite each other in the market-place, where they remained for an hour, face to face, but unable to use their hands or feet. A common punishment for scolding women was the "shameful stone," which was hung around their necks. This stone was usually in the shape of a bottle. At Hamburg libelers and slanderers were compelled to stand on a block and strike themselves three times on the mouth as a sign of repentance. This custom still existed thirty or forty years ago. In some towns the "shameful stone" was in the shape of a loaf, whence the German saying, "A heavy bit of bread." At Lubek it was in the shape of an oval dish and in other places in that of a woman putting out her tongue. Such stones were usually very heavy according to the law of Dortmund and Halberstadt (1815), they were to weigh a hundred-weight. Those who were wealthy could purchase exemption from this punishment with a bagful of hops tied with a red ribbon.

"Save me, Doctor, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars."
The doctor gave him a remedy that soon eased him, and he called out:
"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars."
In an hour more he was able to set up and calmly remarked:
"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go, the sick man was up and dressed, and he followed the physician to the door, and said:
"Say, doctor, send in your bill the first of the month."
When six months had been gathered to Time's bosom, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was pressed to cut it down to three and after so doing, he sued to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay of execution.

"The old foggy who poked his head out from behind the 'times,' had it struck suddenly by a 'passing event.'"
"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice. "Not guilty." "Den what you wants here? Go about your business."

"No true gentleman or lady will wantonly wound the feelings of any one. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true man or woman."
—Nothing tries the patience of a man more than to be sitting on a sofa in a dark room with a pretty girl, and be compelled to listen to her brother giving the history of a minstrel troupe.

—Lookout that your nurses do not drug your little ones with laudanum, paregoric or other soothing remedies. Give them Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which innocent remedy is warranted not to contain opiates.

"This tunnel is one mile long, and the train will be four minutes passing through it," shouted a lying brackenan on the Central Pacific Railroad; and when the train dashed into daylight in just four seconds, the sight of a fellow kissing his girl was revealed.

—When you see two young persons seated in the centre of a pew in church, you may make up your mind they are engaged, or going to be; but, when one is at the head and the other at the foot of the pew, you can immediately determine that they are married.

—Tallyrand was lame, Madame de Stael was cross-eyed. There was no love lost between them, and both disliked to be reminded of their infirmities. "Monsieur," said Madame, meeting her dearest for one day, "how is that poor leg?" "Crooked, as you see," was Tallyrand's reply.

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY.
OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

CHARLES W. HEUSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
12 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, 1874.

J. D. HOGUE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leitch's Store.
Will prosecute for Penalties, Fines, Bonds, etc., and practice generally before the Department in Washington.
Oct. 7, 1864.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
32 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.
Will be at Ellicott City on Orphans' Court days, the first and third Tuesdays of every month.
March 29, 1874.

I. THOMAS JONES,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 22 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.
Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the first and third Tuesday of every month.
Dec. 12, 1874.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, 1874.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, Md.
Nov. 27, 1874.

W. H. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott City, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
Baltimore.
July 27, 1874.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.
Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Ellicott City,
Jan. 6, 1874.

ALEXANDER H. ROSES,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Ellicott City on the first and third Tuesday of every month.
Mar. 6, 1874.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 31 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.
Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland.
Jan. 29, 1874.

T. S. CHENNINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, 1874.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City, prepared to practice his profession in this City and County.
He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.
Oct. 3, 1874.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).
Having located at Clarksville for the practice of medicine, respectfully offers his professional services to the community.
May 18, 1874.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, 1874.

DR. JAMES E. SHREVE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).
Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Crable, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEITCH'S STORE.
April 21, 1874.

JAMES L. MATHEWS,
AGENT FOR THE
MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
ANNE ARUNDEL AND HOWARD COUNTIES.
OFFICE—One door west of T. H. Hunt's Store, Ellicott City.
Feb. 16, 1874.

WILLIAM B. PETER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate and Collection Agency, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected; Money procured on Securities; Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property collected; Property Leased; Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, etc., &c., &c., Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.
MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rates, on first class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000.
June 21, 1874.