ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
J. THOMAS CLARK,
Editors and Proprietors.

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Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets,
AND ALL KINDS OF
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Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and at the Lowest Rates.

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OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott City Times," in the Town Hall.

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13 Law Buildings, Baltimore, Md.
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Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty, &c., and practice generally before the Departments in Washington.
Oct. 7, '76-tf.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 32 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, '74-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office.—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLICOTT CITY, Md.
Nov. 27'69-1y.

WM. A. 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 27-72-tf.

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Will practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.
Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.
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ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
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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 the First and Third Tuesday of every month—(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6-'75-1y.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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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, '70-1y.

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No. 82 W. Fayette street,
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March 2, '78 1y.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLICOTT CITY, MD.
Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City is 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, '69-tf.

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, '78-tf.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turnpike, Howard County.
March 16, '78-tf.

DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,
DENTIST,
(Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery).
Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Crabbe, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,
MAIN STREET,
Three doors below Leishear's Store.
April 21, '77-1y.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
Office—At the Court House, Ellicott City.
Oct. 12, '78-1y.

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, '78 tf.

WILLIAM B. PETER,
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Real Estate and Collection Agency, and
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,
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Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected Money procured on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &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 24, '71-tf.

ON A PICTURE.

When summer o'er her native hills
A veil of beauty spread,
She sat and watched her gentle flocks,
And twined her flaxen thread.

The mountain daisies kissed her feet;
The moss sprung greenest there;
The breath of summer fanned her cheek
And tossed her wavy hair.

The heather and the yellow gorse
Bloomed over hill and wold,
And clothed them in a royal robe
Of purple and of gold.

There rose the skylark's gushing song,
There hummed the laboring bee;
And merrily the mountain stream
Ran singing to the sea.

But while she missed from those sweet sounds
The voice she sighed to hear,
The song of bee and bird and stream
Was discord to her ear.

Nor could the bright green world around
A joy to her impart,
For still she missed the eyes that made
The summer of her heart.

Habits of Literary Men.

John Calvin commenced his daily studies at five or six in the morning, reading and writing in bed for hours together. If business required him to go out, he would rise and dress, but, on his return, again went to bed. As he advanced in years, he wrote little with his own hand, but dictated to secretaries, rarely having occasion to make any corrections. Sometimes his faculty of composition would fail; then he would quit his bed, attend to his out-door duties for days, weeks, and even months together, and not think of writing until he felt the power had returned. Then he would go to bed, send for his secretary, and resume his labors.—The great Cardinal Richelieu, who was a dramatist as well as prime-minister of France, usually went to bed at eleven, slept three hours, would rise and write till eight in the morning, now and then amusing himself by playing with his cats, of which he was very fond. Buffon, the naturalist, rose early, and worked perpetually. His great "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printers. He composed in a singular manner, writing on large-sized paper, on which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thought; in the second he corrected, enlarged, and pruned it; and so on, until he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But, even after this, he would recompose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to find the proper word with which to round off a period.—Cuvier, who raised comparative anatomy to a science, never had occasion to copy his manuscript. He composed very rapidly, the proper words falling into the proper place and everything being arranged in his mind in a very orderly manner.—Bossuet, the French divine, who left fifty volumes of his own manuscripts, rose at four, wrapped himself up in a loose dress of bear-skin, and wrote until, from sheer fatigue, his hand refused to hold the pen. Then he would return to bed, take the sleep of exhaustion, and, on awaking, go through the same process again.

The common idea about writing, seems to be the idea of *Dogberry*—namely, that it comes by nature, or as Mr. Wittle Harvey, the Commissioner of Police, once put it, that, if you wish to turn out poems equal to those of Wordsworth, you have nothing to do but to picture to yourself a brilliant sunset, a few trees and flowers, peasants returning from their work through the long grass or the golden corn, and

"Forty oxen feeding like one"

in the meadows. "It's of no use talking to me," the Paris shopkeepers used to say when chatting over their papers in the boulevards about Scribe. "It is impossible that a man can earn three or four million francs by simply writing plays, *for, if he could, of course every one would write plays.*"

If you have the fluency of the Ariosto of the North, if you can throw off a novel like "Guy Mannering" in the leisure of six weeks at Christmas; if, like Brougham, you can write an article for the *Times* in the hubbub and confusion of the Court of Chancery while waiting for a case, or can sit down and cut up a book like Jeffreys at the end of a hard day's work in the Court of Session, you may do all that is done by the heroes of novels, outwit even the best men upon the *Times*, keep a bank-book, a footman, a park cob, and, in the end, if you keep your guineas in a pill-box, like Pope, hoard a fortune equal to Dickens's, or ask the premier for a coronet in honor of literature. But improvisatores are as rare as orators. A great deal of brilliant work has been done at a dash, and is still done. Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten days, at the rate of two hundred lines a day, and sent it to press as it was written, publishing it with hardly a correction. Lope de Vega wrote three hundred dramas for the stage in one hundred days, upon the principle upon which an athlete now and then walks one hundred miles in one hundred hours; and it has been reckoned that the average amount of his work was nine hundred lines a day. Voltaire wrote "Zaire" in three weeks, and "Olympie" in six days; Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a sitting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was the work of twelve hours. It was written to complete the original two volumes of her poetry, and to send out with her proofs to America. But as a rule the best work is not to be done at a dash in this style. "What do you think of 'Olympie?'" Voltaire asked of one of his friends after that work was published; "I wrote it in six days." "You should not have rested on the seventh day," was the answer; and the answer was wise as well as witty. Shakespeare was not one of these slap-dash workers; and Shakespeare, with his thirty-four plays, has conquered the world. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Tom Moore, with all his effervescence and sparkle, thought it quick work if he added seventy lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week, although living out of the world in a writing-box in the Park. Planche produced his burlesques at an equally slow rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day good work. The author of "Caste" and "School" was one of the slowest of workmen. Even Albany Fonblanque often wrote his articles in the *Examiner* six times over before he thought them fit to go to press—and sometimes ten times over. Hepworth Dixon, it is said, wrote and rewrote his "Two Queens" eight times. That exquisite trifle of Kinglake's, "Eothen," was rewritten five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept "The White Doe of Rylstone," and kept like that to be taken out for revision and correction almost every day. And that is the way in which good honest work—work, that is, to be read to-morrow and the day after to-morrow—must be written. Scotts and Scribes only turn up once in a century.

Unlucky Compliments.

I do not agree with those cultivators of grumpiness who denounce all compliments, classing them under the head of flattery. It would be a dingy world if we never said civil things to one another. If I can honestly praise a friend's work, or his conduct, why should I not do so?

If he tells me he liked my last literary effort, I feel encouraged, and applaud his taste; if he informs me that I am looking well, I conclude that certain symptoms which had raised disquieting suspicions were all nervous fancy; if he tells me that he often regrets seeing so little of me, I truly believe that he thinks so at the time. I do not seek to tickle others with false phrases; why should I suspect them of being less sincere?

I am speaking, of course, of the words of the mouth, not the conventionalities of the pen. For I own that I am not the humble servant of all the correspondents to whom I profess obedience; and when I present my compliments in writing I mean nothing at all, or at any rate am in perfect ignorance as to what my meaning is.

By-the-by, I have known very young men who, in answering a first invitation, have presented their complements to the lady who proposed herself their hostess.

And why not? If it is a dance, their legs are required, and legs are complements; so are ears, and tongues, and stomachs. Really, the substitution of an "e" for an "i" makes the phrase sense, which it was not before.

But a genuine compliment, with a good foundation of truth, and expressed neatly and aptly, is a moral bonbon, and wholesome enough in moderation, though of course excess in all sweets is cloying.

It is not everybody, however, who knows how to manufacture the article, or how to administer it. If you are any way deficient in tact, or given at all to blunder, you had better let compliments alone altogether, or you may possibly sting the object of your good will, instead of tickling him as intended, as the Marquis of Seneterre stung Poinsinet.

The marquis, who was blind, went to hear the opera of "Enclinde," which caused a furore at Paris in the reign of Louis XV., and being very much pleased, asked his attendant who wrote it.

"Monsieur Poinsinet," was the reply.

"I should like to speak to him," said the marquis.

So afterward, in the crush-room, Monsieur Poinsinet was introduced to the blind nobleman, who embraced him with effusion, and said: "My dear sir, accept my warmest thanks for the pleasure you have afforded me. Your opera is full of beauty, the music is delicious. Oh, what a misfortune that you had to set it to such trashy words!"

Now, unfortunately, it was the *libretto*, and not the music, of which poor Monsieur Poinsinet was the author.

Louis XIV., who, like many humbler rhymsters, somewhat overrated his poetical powers, showed a copy of verses to Boileau, and asked his candid opinion of them.

"Ah, sire," said the poet, "I am more convinced than ever that nothing is impossible to your majesty; you desired to write some poor rhymes, and you have succeeded in making them positively detestable!"

But perhaps there was a spice of malice in this reply; though, if so, Boileau played with edged tools with a vengeance.

The worst blunder in what was intended for a pretty speech that I ever heard of, however, was perpetrated in modern times by a dignitary of the Church, who was asked to marry a young couple in a country place where he happened to be staying, and was also called upon to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom at the subsequent breakfast.

Now the host and hostess were noted in the country round as the most genial and the happiest couple that had ever gone hand-in-hand through life; so the good divine thought he might as well turn this to account in his speech.

"To sum up all our good wishes for the happy pair whom we have seen united this morning," he said, in conclusion, "we cannot, I am sure, do better than express a desire that the result of their union may prove strictly analogous to that of the parents of the fair bride."

Whereupon the "fair bride" went into hysterics; the bridegroom's eyes flashed daggers; the bridesmaids colored and looked down; the master of the house blew his nose violently. He who had caused all this commotion wisely sat down and held his peace, wondering at the effect of his innocent compliment to the host and hostess.

He soon, however, found some one to enlighten him.

"She is not their daughter at all," his informant explained, "but a niece who came to live with them when her own father and mother were divorced!"

Uncle Remus on "Niggers."

"Dere's a kind er limberness 'bout niggers dese days dat's mighty cu'rus," remarked Uncle Remus yesterday as he deposited a pitcher of fresh water on the exchange table. "I notisses it in the alleyways an' on de street corners. Dey er rackin' up mon—dese yer cullud folks is."

"What are you trying to give us now?" inquired one of the young men in a bilious tone.

"The old man's mind is wandering," said the society editor, smoothing the wrinkles out of his lavender kids.

Uncle Remus laughed. "I spec I is gittin' mo' frailer dan I wuz fo' de fahmin days wuz over, but I sees wid my eyes an' I hears wid my ears same es eny er dese yer young bucks w'at goes a gallopin 'roun' huntin' up devilment, an' wen I sees de limberness er dese yer culled people an' wen I sees how dey er dancin' up, den I gets sorter hopeful. Dey er kinder ketchin' up wid me."

"How is that?"

"Oh, dey er movin'," responded Uncle Remus. "Dey er sorter comin' roun'. Dey er gittin' so dey b'leeve dat dey ain't no better dan de w'ite folks. W'en freedom come out de niggers sorter got dere humps up, and dey stayed dat way, twell bimeby dey began for to get hongry, an' den dey begun fer ter drap inter line right smartually, an' now," continued the old man emphatically, "dey er as palavarous ez dey wuz befo' de war. Dey er gittin' on solid groun', mon."

"You think they are improving, then?"

"Youer chawin' guv'nment now, boss. You slap de law onto a nigger a time or two, an' larn 'im dat he's got fer to look arter his own rashuns an' keep out'n udder folks chicken coops, an' sorter coax 'im inter de idee dat he's got ter feed 'is own chilluns, an I be blessed ef you ain't got 'im on risin' groun'. And more'n dat, w'en he gits hold er de fack dat a nigger kin have yaller fever same ez w'ite folks you done got 'im on de mo'ners' bench, and den ef you come down strong on de p'int dat he oughter stan' fas' by the folks w'at help him w'en he wuz in trouble de job's done. W'en you does dat, ef you ain't got yo' han's on a new-made nigger den my name ain't Remus, an' ef dat name's bin changed I ain't seen her abbertized."

WHY THEY WENT TO WAR.—A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—." The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied, "I have not got one; and if I had—." On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutally laid waste, it might be well to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but, before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?'" "Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—?'" "Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it." An explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

—The servant girl in sweeping my lady's chamber, comes across a five franc piece and gives it to her mistress, who says:

"Thank you, Catherine; keep it for your honesty."

A day or two later, my lady, missing a ten franc piece, asks Catherine if she has seen it.

"Yes, 'm; I found it this morning when sweeping, and kept it for my honesty."

—The handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense is to address her as such.

Brief Biography of Methuselah.

What a tremendous boyhood old Methuselah had! He died at the rather advanced age of 969 years, about 900 years more than man's span of life. At that rate when he was 200 years old he about equaled an ordinary lad of sixteen. He was about thirty or forty before his parents bought him a rattle to play with, and he didn't have the measles and other infantile diseases until he was over 100. He was in no sort of hurry about these things, as he had so far to go. We imagine that he was rather a delicate child to begin with, as most people were who live to a great age. We can imagine his mother's anxiety with regard to his delicate constitution, telling Mrs. Brown across the way, on his nineteenth birthday, that she was afraid she "never would be able to raise that child." Generations of men lived and passed away while he was going round in petticoats, and he was almost a centenarian before he got into his first boots. His father used to lick him when he was 150, for robbing a neighbor's watermelon patch.

Young Methuselah was probably in the vicinity of a hundred years old when he was first sent to school. We can imagine him sitting on the low bench, learning his a-b-abs, among the great-great-grandchildren of people who began life when he did. He was mischievous, of course—all boys are, no matter what their age, (we experience a mild friskiness ourself occasionally), and had to be punished for it.

"William Henry Methuselah, stand up!" says the teacher, catching him in the very act of placing a bent pin in a seat where a schoolmate was about to sit down. "What do you mean by such conduct as this?"

Young Methuselah begins to sniffle and wipe his eyes with the corner of his jacket.

"One would think," continues the teacher, sternly, "that you wasn't over seventy-five or eighty years old by the way you behave. Instead of that you have already celebrated your first centennial—almost a young man, in fact. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Then Methuselah is condemned, as an expiation, to "sit among the girls" until recess, and if you think that isn't an agreeable form of punishment you will have to ask some one older than Methuselah.

Whenever a circus came to town, with "children half price" on its bills, young Methuselah must have experienced difficulty in making the ticket-seller understand that he was entitled to go in on a half-price ticket, particularly after he got along towards his two hundredth year. But he probably did it. Boys are enterprising and persistent where a circus is concerned. And we will bet that Methuselah, in his youthful days, could accumulate as much old iron as the next boy, and lay it by for the coming show.

When this youngster got into his teens—say from 200 to 300 years old—he probably did as other young gentlemen of tender age do, went around with the girls. It must have been a little embarrassing to him, after beaning a young lady about a spell—taking her to concerts, parties, balls, &c.—to discover that she was a great-great-great-great-great-grandchild of some old friend of his father's, but these things were inevitable under the peculiar and exceptional character of the circumstances. They could hardly be otherwise. There is no record to show that any woman lived in his time to an age that would begin to compare with his. And if there had the world would never have known it. At least not from her. She wouldn't have acknowledged to anything over forty had she lived twice the age of Methuselah. That is the kind of a hair-pin a woman is.

Employing the proportion of twenty-one to seventy to Methuselah's years, we find that he was a minor until he was 270 years old. If the laws regarding minors were enforced in his day young Methuselah must have been run out of billiard rooms and shut out from bars for over two centuries. And what a sensation must have been created when he stepped up to deposit his first vote. Of course he voted for all the Presidents from Washington (whom he remembers shaking hands with) down. All old men did that. And when he got to be along in years, say 900 or such a matter, he could sit and tell the boys about the hard winter of '32, and the panic of '37 and the flood of '39 and the hard cider campaign of '40, and all that sort of thing. This is all we have to write at present of Methuselah, the original "oldest inhabitant."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

—The other day a gentleman residing in a neat, modest cottage, caught a tramp prowling about his back yard.

"Why don't you come to the front door if you want anything?" indignantly roared the proprietor.

"That's what I'm looking for," was the impudent reply.

"Didn't you see it on the other side of the house?" retorted the gentleman.

"How was I to know that was the front door? No silver door plate, no bell, no telephone, no statuary, no servant to take your hat and cane. Tell your boss there is a gentleman out here who is waiting for his breakfast."

When the gentleman got back with his shotgun the tramp was not there any more.

Irritating Virtues.

About the utility and the advantages of punctuality there can be no manner of doubt. Time is a commodity as strictly limited in quantity as coal itself—at least as far as each individual is concerned—and whatever tends, as punctuality does to economize time, is, of course, a good thing. But it is good only as a means to an end, not as an end to itself, and there are some people who do not cultivate punctuality for the saving of time, but rather devote their time to the cultivation of punctualty. In fact, it may be observed that a large proportion of people eminent in the practice of this minor virtue, are people who have more time on their hands than they know what to do with; who, when they have punctually swallowed their breakfasts, have nothing on earth to occupy their minds with except watching the approach of the luncheon-hour. To such people, any event which breaks the monotony of the day is an important epoch, just as to travelers in the desert the merest sand-hillock in the distance is an interesting feature in the landscape. It is a positive godsend to them. It gives them something to do and something to think of—or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, excites a certain mental motion which may be considered a kind of rudimentary form of thinking. And yet, forsooth, these people must give themselves prodigious airs of virtue, and crow over all creation, because they never miss a train, fail in an appointment, or are late for any thing as if this precious punctuality of theirs were acquired by severe self-denial, and practised solely from a stern sense of duty.

Punctuality is by no means the only minor virtue which can be irritating in this way. That particular variety of the virtue of orderliness which woman glorify under the name of "tidiness," is a most excellent thing in its way, "A sweet virtue look you!" as Launce says when cultivated in moderation; but who has not groaned under its oppressiveness in the house of the uncomfortably tidy? Who does not know the house where the maxim, "A place for every thing and every thing in its place!" is so rigidly construed, that it seems contrary to the *religio loci* to make use of any thing; where books are not meant to be read, but to radiate symmetrically from the centre of the drawing-room table; where when you take a chair you cannot help feeling that in some degree you take liberty also; where the end and purpose of every article is apparent to wear a cover of some sort, and the making of covers for things is the main occupation of the females of the family? In their full perfection perhaps such houses are only to be found among the curiosities of provincial middle class life. The great worshipers of tidiness, as an end in itself, are people like George Elliot's Dodsons and Tullivers—people with whom it is an article of religion to have "best things" reserved for some dimly-contemplated occasion in the remote future. But the Dodson and Tulliver calibre of mind is not confined to any one stratum or formation in the social system. It is simply a variety of the one-idead mind, an order of mind by no means sparsely distributed, and apt to be irritating if you are brought into too close contact with it. The unicorn is very well in heraldry, where he has one side of a shield all to himself, but he must have been an abominable nuisance in the Ark with that obtrusive horn of his. In much the same way one-idead people are nuisances in society. They cannot keep their one idea out of their neighbors' eyes and ribs, and they are by no means least exasperating when they and their idea are of a dull, commonplace nature, as is the case with those who make a minor virtue of tidiness. With the same sort of people cleanliness, also is apt to degenerate into a minor virtue, and as a minor virtue it is all the more aggravating, because there is no saying any thing against it. Except in the case of old armor and beggars, and one or two other objects of purely æsthetic interest, it is impossible to have too much cleanliness, and, any assuming and parading it as a virtue, holds a perfectly unassailable position. This is what makes it such a favorite with woman, more especially with those who pride themselves on keeping the opposite sex in subjection. For making man thoroughly uncomfortable, and reducing him to a wholesome sense of his feebleness and inferiority, there is nothing femanine ingenuity has discovered more effective than that institution which takes the form of a general cleaning, scrubbing, and putting off things to rights.—*Saturday Review.*

—Mr. Burke, in one of his great speeches, said "it is never given to governments to tax and please." Equally impossible is it to please and criticise. The fault-finder is odious, and the chronic grumbler a nuisance.

—A North Carolina editor declares that "the man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it, will pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather." That editor knows whereof he speaks.

—A young mother must have some rest. But how is this to be accomplished, when the baby is restless and cries constantly? Simply by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

Married Politeness.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice; and the husband answered:

"Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. "I beg your pardon," comes as readily to his lips, when by any little awkwardness he has disconcerted her, as it would in the presence of the most fashionable stickler for etiquette. This is because he is a most thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best—why should he hesitate to show it? not in sickly, maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure and honoring her in public as well as private. He knows her worth, why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he praised her," saith Holy Writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as opportunity occurs in a manly way of her virtues. Though words seem little things, and slight attentions almost valueless, yet depend upon it they keep the flame bright especially as they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere, and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of a mother he loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the thoughts and feelings they engender, and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother—why should he thank her? father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are kind words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearth-stone fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness, to any one and every one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead—the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly, "Yes my dear, with pleasure."

—A stranger sat in the corner of the car hence to New York, in easy attitude, his feet upon a large black trunk. The gentlemanly conductor going his rounds, at the first station politely informed the stranger that the trunk must be put in the baggage car.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the second station the displeased conductor, more decidedly, told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the third station the vexed conductor more imperatively told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car or it would be put off the train.

To which the stranger nothing replied.

At the fourth station the irate conductor had the trunk put off and left.

To which the stranger said nothing.

At the fifth station the mollified conductor addressing the stranger, begged him to remember that he but done what his duty required, and that he had done it only after repeated warnings, and that it was solely the stranger's fault.

To which the stranger laconically replied: "Don't care, 'taint my trunk!"

—Marie Rose has formed quite a number of attachments among the lady guests of the States. Conspicuous among the attachments is one for a beautiful young married lady, the wife of a well-known author.

Yesterday the beautiful and impulsive prima donna met the young married lady in the parlor, and putting her arms around her, exclamed: "O, this is my *fete* day—the 15th day of August—Marie's day! To-day I love every body, and you so much! You must let me give you something."

Then she took the beautiful rose with diamond leaves and a ruby bud from her bosom and pinned it on the breast of her friend, saying: "See, a rose from a Rose to a rose!"

The beautiful golden rose which the prima donna gave away on her birthday or name's day, was beautifully wrought and contained forty-eight diamonds. It seems that in France all the Maries celebrate the 15th of August as a birthday.

—The reputation a man gets from his ancestors wants about as much altering to fit as their clothes would.

—Love is like the measles—you can't have it but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

—The Burlington *Hawkeye* feels certain that Eve never went to sleep without looking under the couch of moss and leaves for a man.

—If you are stung by a bee, use hartshorn; if bitten by a snake, get drunk. So physicians say. O, hang a bee sting! give us a snake bite.

—A New York woman says there would be thousands more tramps than now if it were not for the noble self-sacrifice of the fair sex in marrying and supporting them.

—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as a reason that, when there are many daughters, they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments and know more and do more than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.