

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES,
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
J. THOMAS CLARK,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS—\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

NO. 43.

JOB PRINTING,
Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal
Forms, Cards, Tickets,
AND ALL KINDS OF
Plain & Fancy Job Work
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and
at the Lowest Rates.

Professional.

J. HARWOOD WATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY.

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

CHARLES W. REUBEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
13 LAW BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE, MD.
March 9, '78-1f.

J. D. McGUIRE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

OFFICE—Two Doors West of Leishan's Store.
Will prosecute claims for Pensions, Bounty,
&c., and practice generally before the Depart-
ments in Washington.
Oct. 7, '76-1f.

JOHN WARFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
32 ST. PAUL STREET, BALTIMORE.

Will be at Elicott City on Orphans' Court
days, the first and third Tuesdays of every
month.
March '79, '78-1f.

I. THOMAS JONES,
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 Elicott
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of every
month.
Dec. 12, '74-1f.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

EDWIN LINTHOM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.
Nov. 27, '69-1y.

WM. A. HAMMOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Can be found at the Court House, Elicott
City, on the First and Third Tuesday of each
month.
OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington,
Baltimore.
July 27-73-1f.

JOHN G. ROGERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLIC-
ITOR 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, Elicott City.
Jan. 6, '72-1y.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,
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 Elicott City on
the First and Third Tuesday of every month—
(Orphans' Court days).
Mar. 6-75-1y.

C. IRVING DITTY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
No. 81 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE.

Practices in all the Courts of the State; in
the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bank-
ruptcy.
Particular attention given to collection of
Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of
Maryland.
Jan. 29, '70-1y.

T. R. CLENDINEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 82 W. FAYETTE STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
March 2, '78-1y.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,
ELLCOTT CITY, MD.

Having permanently located himself at El-
cott City is prepared to practice his profes-
sion 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, '69-1f.

DR. JOHN M. B. ROGERS,
(LATE OF BALTIMORE).

Having located at Clarksville for the prac-
tice of medicine, respectfully offers his pro-
fessional services to the community.
May 18, '78-1f.

DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND
Offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-
pike, Howard County.
March 10, '78-1f.

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 patients and the public generally at the
office formerly occupied by him.
MAIN STREET,
THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHAN'S STORE.
April 21, '77-1y.

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON,
LAND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE—At the Court House, Elicott 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, Elicott City.
Feb. 16, '78-1f.

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
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
class Securities, in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,
June 24, '74-1f.

AT THE GATE.

You kissed me at the gate last night,
And mother heard the "smack."
She says it's naughty to do so,
So please to take it back.

I cannot see the harm there is
In such a thing, do you?
But mother seems so very wroth
Please take it back, now do!

It seems to me quite natural
For lips to meet that way,
But mother says it's very wrong,
So take it back I pray.

And come to think of it, I'm sure
That several times 'twas done,
So now to make it right, be sure
To take back every one.

I would not have you think it's me,
I do not care a mite,
But mother's so particular,
Please take them back to-night.

The Prince of Wales.

A Sketch of His Character and Tastes.

The members of the Marlborough House
coterie, says the *Whitchell Review*, are
nearly all clever and amusing, and the re-
maining minority, if not composed of those
gifted with brilliant intellectual
power, is certainly made up of people
celebrated and remarkable for something.
One may be quite certain when one sees
H. R. H. on terms of intimacy with any
one, should that some one not be epi-
grammatic, brilliant and original in
conversation, that he or she is in some way
extraordinary, remarkable, and out of the
way.

If it be a woman, it is probable she
will be the most beautiful woman in Lon-
don, or, quite as likely, the most ugly; at
all events she will excel. If it be a man,
he will either be the greatest fool, the
greatest wit, the poorest, the richest, the
thinnest or the fattest man to be found in
our island society. He will either be
celebrated for his adventures among the
savages, or even—we know a case in
point—for his religious ecstasy. One
horrible woman in London (would
that we could mention her name, but we
will have more pity for her than she for
others, and call her Lady Blank, of Blank
—can't you guess who it is?) was taken
up by the Prince very long back,
rather to her surprise, and greatly to her
gratification and delight.

Perhaps, however, she would not have
been quite so pleased had she been aware
that H. R. H. tolerated her for a brief
space within his inner circle, simply be-
cause she is *par excellence*, the most mal-
icious woman in London! To sum up,
apart from those intimates chosen be-
cause of their brilliant conversational
powers, pungent wit, or eminence in some
high walk of art, the remaining minority
of those who enjoy an official and fam-
iliar intercourse with our future sovereign
resemble a museum of curiosities more
than anything else—it would be hard and
unjust, perhaps, to say a menagerie.

GENEROSITY TO HIS FRIENDS.

H. R. H. knows everybody (we are not
speaking of him now, of course, as Prince
of Wales, but as a private individual),
men of every nationality, of every age,
and almost of every rank of life. Odd
looking men from Paris; still odder look-
ing men from New York; journalists,
doctors, bankers, solicitors, actors, even
tradesmen. They, one and all, however,
have indelibly marked upon them the
caquet de l'aristocrate, and not a few of
them live upon the bounty of their royal
patron.

We have already alluded to the gener-
osity of his Royal Highness to his friends
and have said that for those whose desire
it is to label every virtue as a vice, it
might be termed Quixotic and even pro-
digal; it is in truth excessive, and but too
rarely extended to the grateful. The fol-
lowing incident among many others, il-
lustrating the truth of what has been said
above, comes to our mind as we write:

Not very long ago a certain man, well
known to us, and one enjoying compar-
ative intimacy with the Prince of Wales,
having lost a large sum of money to his
illustrious friend, wrote to him an im-
portuning letter, begging him to give him
time to settle the debt—three months be-
ing, if we remember rightly, the period
named. The prayer was most kindly
and cordially granted. It so happened,
however, that fickle fortune turned her
wheels before the three months had ex-
pired, and turned it in so diametrically
opposite a direction that H. R. H. found
himself owing a considerable sum to the
very man who, when he had been in the
Prince's debt, had begged for and ob-
tained a delay for payment.

Now, at this particular moment it was
a secret to one in that section of society
near the Prince of Wales that his Royal
Highness was what we may venture to
call "hard up," owing to the terrible calls
upon his purse on the occasion of an
auspicious public event which had lately
taken place. He naturally, therefore,
without of course condescending to ex-
press his wishes in that particular, ex-
pected his friend to do as he had been
done by, and grant in his turn the delay
which on a former occasion he had prayed

man to had but a few weeks before in-
dulged with a delay. Unnecessary to
say, the money was sent forth, but
without a line, and the following day
H. R. H. expressed his opinion of the
matter very freely in the bowling alley.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

Much has been said of the horseplay
indulged in by certain members of the
Marlborough House coterie, and there
can be, we are sorry to have to confess,
no doubt but that much of what has been
related is true, though perhaps exagger-
ated. The Prince himself is not averse to
practical jokes, as the following anecdote
will prove:

A few years back it so happened that
H. R. H. happened to be staying in a cer-
tain house in the country, where a well-
known M. P. (easily recognizable by his
white hat on the back of his head and his
monstrous pin-medallion of the Prince
of Wales) chanced also to be on a vis-
it. The slavish reverence for the Prince
which at that time inspired our most es-
timable friend was a secret to no one,
and the subject of much sarcasm and
laughter among younger men who lived
too near royalty to believe in the divinity
thereof.

One morning, very early, just as night
was struggling into dawn, a valet, sud-
denly and in great haste, entered the
room of the sleeping Senator and ex-
claimed, excitedly, "I beg your pardon,
sir, but his Royal Highness would be
pleased to see you without delay." Half
believing that the crown was in danger,
and as pleased as Punch by the thought
that he should have been called upon in
such a moment of peril, our poor friend
sprang from the bed, hastily robed him-
self in his dressing-gown, and fled to the
door, there, alas! to fall across a string
placed there on purpose, headlong into
an immense tub of cold water!

Very sensibly hiding his discomfiture,
he sent for his servant, and left the house
without delay. A few days afterward
the following paragraph appeared in the
agony column of the *Times*: "If C. S.
will return to his loving friends at Scar-
borough, all past offenses will be forgiven
and forgotten.—A. E."

Handwriting.

Many people laugh at what is called
"graphtography," or the art of judging
characters by handwriting; and yet all
acknowledge that handwriting *does* indi-
cate something. Every one allows a
difference between a man's and a woman's
hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar
hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerical
hand, &c. "I had once," said Archbishop
Whately, "a remarkable proof that hand-
writing is sometimes, at least, an index
to character. I had a pupil at Oxford
whom I liked in most respects greatly;
there was but one thing about him which
seriously disatisfied me, and that, as I
often told him, was his handwriting; it
was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean,
stumbling character in it, which always
inspired me with a feeling of suspicion.
While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing
to justify this suspicion; but a transac-
tion in which he was afterward engaged,
and in which I saw more of his character
than I had done before, convinced me that
the writing had spoken truly." But I
knew of a much more curious case, in
which a celebrated "graphtomancer" was
able to judge of character more correctly
by handwriting than he had been able
to do by personal observation. He was
on a visit at a friend's house, where,
among other guests, he met a lady whose
conversation and manners greatly struck
him, and for whom he conceived a strong
friendship, based on the esteem he felt for
her as a singularly truthful, pure-minded,
and single-hearted woman. The lady
of the house, who knew her real charac-
ter to be the very reverse of what she
seemed, was curious to know whether
Mr.—would be able to discover this
by her handwriting. Accordingly, she
procured a slip of this lady's writing
(having ascertained he had never seen it)
and gave it him one evening as the hand-
writing of a friend of hers whose charac-
ter she wished him to decipher. His
usual habit, when he undertook to exer-
cise this power, was to take a sip of a
letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to
show any sentences, to his room at night,
and to bring it down with his judgment
in writing the next morning. On this
occasion, when the party were seated
at the breakfast-table, the lady whose
writing he had unconsciously been exam-
ining, made some observation which par-
ticularly struck Mr.—as seeming to be
taken by a very noble and truthful charac-
ter. He expressed his admiration of her
sentiments very warmly, adding at the
same time to the lady of the house, "Not
so by-the-way, your friend," and he put
in her hand the slip of writing of her
guest which he had given him the evening
before, over which he had written the
words "Fascinating, false, and hollow-
hearted." The lady of the house kept
the secret, and Mr.—never knew that
the writing on which he pronounced so
severe a judgment was that of the friend
he so greatly admired.

How a Woman Tries on New Shoes.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes
sent home she performs altogether differ-
ent from a man. She never shoves her
toes into them and pulls and hauls until
she is red in the face and all out of
breath and then goes stamping and kick-
ing around, but pulls them on part way
carefully, twitches them again to take a
last look and see if she has got the right
one, pulls them on again, looks, at them
dreamily, says they are just right, then
takes another look, stops suddenly to
smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and
surveying them sideways, exclaims, "Mer-
cy! how loose they are!" looks at them
again square in front, works her feet
around so they won't hurt her quite so
much, takes them off, looks at the heel,
the toe, the bottom and the inside, puts
them on again, walks up and down the
room once or twice, remarks to her better
half than she won't have them at any
price, tilts down the mirror so she can
see how they look, turns in every possi-
ble direction and nearly dislocates her
neck trying to see how they look from
that way, backs off, steps up again, takes
thirty or forty farewell looks, says they
make her feet look awful big and never
will do in the world, puts them off and
on three or four times more, asks her hus-
band what he thinks about it and then
pays no attention to what he says, goes
through it all again and finally says she
will take them. It's a very simple mat-
ter indeed.

—There is sometimes wit in an un-
witting answer, as in the reply of the lady
who, when asked "What's the difference
between the North and South Pole?"
unconsciously replied, "Why, all the dif-
ference in the world."

A Terrible Disaster.

Wednesday morning the passenger train
south on the Keokuk division was lifting
itself right off the rails. She was running
so fast the noise of the wheels was rattling
along about two hundred yards behind
the train, doing its level best to keep in
sight but losing ground every jump. Sud-
denly the train stopped. Away out be-
tween stations, no cattle on the track, no
water tank in sight, nothing apparently to
stop for. She pulled up so close to an
orchard that the farmer came out and sat
on the fence with a gun in his hand and
a couple of bold, bad dogs, looking de-
ceitfully pleasant, tagging along at his
heels. He evidently didn't care about
setting up the apples. The passengers
were alarmed, not at the determined neu-
trality of the farmer, but at the sudden
stoppage of the train. They knew some-
thing serious had happened. Presently
the freeman came walking down along the
side of the track, looking carefully, as
though he had dropped his diamond out
of the cab window.

"What is it?" asked the first passenger.
"What is the matter?" asked the second
passenger.

"What has happened?" asked the third
passenger.

"What's broke?" asked the fourth pas-
senger.

"Why did we stop?" asked the fifth
passenger.

"What's up?" asked the sixth pas-
senger.

"What's broke loose?" asked the sev-
enth passenger.

"What done it?" asked the eighth pas-
senger.

"Broke a spring hanger," gravely re-
plied the freeman, and passed on, and all
the questioning passengers drew their
heads back and closed their windows, and
with great gravity was repeated the freeman's
statement to the other passengers
who had not been able to get to a window
in time to ask the freeman anything:

"Broke a spring hammer."

"Broke a sling hanger."

"Broke a screen hanger."

"Broke a string hammer."

"Broke a string anker."

"Broke a scene banner."

"Broke a steam hammer."

"Broke a swing hanger."

And if Benjamin F. Franklin and
George W. Washington, and Christopher
C. Columbus had been in that coach, they
couldn't have looked wiser nor been more
thoroughly ignorant of the nature of the
accident, than the awe-struck passengers
who imparted and received this informa-
tion and tried to look as though they
weren't wondering what it was. There
should be a law compelling railroad peo-
ple to speak United States when impart-
ing information relative to the nature of
accidents, to the inquiring passengers.
There wasn't a passenger in that coach
that ever expected to see good Dave
Blackburn or the engineer alive again.
We all supposed that when a spring han-
ger broke, it just tore the engine all to
pieces, stood it on end and rammed it
into the ground, and then ran on ahead,
tore up the track, set fire to a bridge and
blew up a culvert. The average passen-
ger has an idea that a spring hanger
owns about the whole engine, that it is
one of these things that can even swar
at a brakeman and walk up to a baggage-
man and call him a "wooden-headed, flat-
backed, trunk liftin' hurricane of wrath,"
and consequently when a passenger is told
that the spring hanger is broke, he has an
impression that it will take every last dol-
lar there is on the train to set the old
thing up again.—*Nuckeye.*

The Largest Workshop in the World.

In the establishment of Krupp of Essen,
Germany, the manufacture of cast-steel
and refined steel alone employs two hun-
dred and ninety-eight steam engines,
seventy-seven large steam hammers, and
eight thousand five hundred men. This
famous workshop turns out daily ten miles
of rails, with a corresponding amount of
wheels, springs, axles, and all the com-
plete steel work for railroad carriages.
This is Krupp's main contribution to the
art of peace. What he does for the art
of war is shown by the fact that he com-
pletes three hundred large cannon every
month; and since 1847 he has turned out
over fifteen thousand cannon. The estab-
lishment is lighted up every night with
twenty-one thousand gas burners. Its
seventeen parts are connected by thirty-
seven miles of railway, employing twenty-
four locomotives and seven hundred cars;
while the various offices are connected by
forty-four telegraph stations. In the min-
eral works and coal mines outside, belong-
ing to the firm, they employ five thousand
three hundred workmen; for the forges,
seven hundred workmen. They have built
three thousand two hundred and seventy-
seven dwelling houses, which are occu-
pied by the workmen, and their families,
who number sixteen thousand two hun-
dred persons and form a small town, with
twenty-two stores for groceries, meats,
clothes, shoes, furniture, and similar daily
needs. Messrs. Krupp have provided for
the education of the children of their
workmen four primary schools divided
into twenty-one classes, an industrial
school for girls, and a school for adult
women—all attended by thousands of
learners, and provided with the best kind
of teachers, who, according to the Ger-
man system, teach the things to be known
and understood, and not merely lessons
from books.

—A little Cincinnati girl when asked
what God made her for, replied: "To
wear a red feller in my hat."

Longfellow's Home.

Mr. Longfellow's house at Cambridge is
one of the few American houses to which
pilgrimages will be made in the future.
It was surrounded with historic associa-
tions before he entered it, and it is now
surrounded with poetic ones,—a double
halo encircling its time-honored walls. It
is supposed to have been built in the first
half of the last century by Colonel John
Vassal, who died in 1747, and whose
ashes repose in the church-yard at Cam-
bridge under a freestone tablet, on which
are sculptured the words *Vas sol*, and the
emblems a goblet and sun. He left a son,
John, who lived into Revolutionary times,
and was a royalist, as many of the rich
colonists were. The house passed from
his hands (for a suitable consideration, let
us hope) and came into the hands of the
provincial government, who allotted it to
General Washington as his head quarters
after the battle of Bunker Hill. Its next
occupant was a certain Mr. Thomas Tracy
of whom tradition says that he was very
rich, and that his servants drank his costly
wines from carved pitchers. He appears
to have sent out privateers to scour the
sea in the East and West Indies, and to
worry the commerce of England and
Spain; though why he should include the
galleons of Spain in his free-booting voy-
ages is not clear. He failed one day and
the hundred guests who had been accus-
tomed to sit down at the banquets of Vas-
sal house, were compelled to find other
hosts. Bankrupt Tracy was succeeded by
Andrew Craigie, apothecary-general of
the northern provincial army, who ac-
quired a fortune in that office, which
fortune took to itself wings, though not
before it had enlarged Vassal house, and
built a bridge over the Charles River con-
necting Cambridge with Boston and still
bearing his name.

In the summer of 1837, a studious young
gentleman of thirty might have been seen
wending his way down the elm-shaded
path which led to the Craigie house. He
lifted the huge knocker, which fell with
a brazen clang, and inquired for Mrs.
Craigie. The parlor door was thrown
open, and a tall, erect figure, crowned
with a turban, stood before him. It was
the relict of Andrew Craigie, whom the
apothecary-general of the dead and gone
northern provincial army. The young
gentleman inquired if there was a room
vacant in her house.

"I lodge students no longer," she an-
swered gravely.

"But I am not a student," he remarked.

"I am a professor in the University."

"A professor?" she inquired, as if she
associated learning with age.

"Professor Longfellow," said the would-
be lodger.

"Ah! that is different. I will show
you what there is."

She then proceeded to show him several
rooms, saying as she closed the door of
each, "You cannot have that." At last
she opened the door of the south-east
corner room of the second story, and said
that he could have it. "This was Gen-
eral Washington's chamber." So Profes-
sor Longfellow became a resident of this
old historic house, which had been oc-
cupied before him by Edward Everett
and Jared Sparks, and which was occu-
pied with him by Joseph E. Worcester,
the lexicographer. Truly, his lines had
fallen in pleasant places.—*Scribner for
November.*

The Best Time to Plant Trees.

It has been said that there is hardly
a farmer in the country that cannot dou-
ble the value of his property by judicious
tree and vine planting, and this cannot be
said to have been an overestimate of the
additional value of farms when well tim-
bered. Every year furnishes fresh proof
that our farms require shade. The clear-
ing has been in most instances too thor-
ough, and even when a portion of the old
forest has been left standing, it is often
not so disposed as to afford the greatest
protection from frost and storms.

And not only should we spare the old
forest trees; we need to plant young
trees, and also to plant fruit trees.
There has been an increase of late years
in the planting of forest trees and or-
chards, but very much more is needed.
And more attention is required to every-
thing connected with this more important
matter.

For those who would enhance the val-
ue of their grounds by planting, a ques-
tion of much moment is—what is the
best season for planting; is it the fall
or spring? And is it well beforehand
to decide on the time, as well as the lo-
cality for planting, and to be prepared in
time. For planting, both forest and
fruit trees, fall and spring have each
their advocates, as each time has its ad-
vantages and disadvantages.

The great objection to fall planting is
the liability of the newly-planted trees
to be disturbed in the ground by being
swayed backward and forward by the
winds of the winter and early spring.
Such disturbances of trees that are new-
ly planted is frequently the cause of great
injury; it prevents the rootlets from tak-
ing or keeping the required hold of the
soil, and in the cavities formed round
the trees by their swaying, water often
lies. The natural consequence is that the
trees perish.

If this disturbance of the roots be pre-
vented by due care in planting, and by
securing the young trees by staking this
objection to fall planting will be remov-
ed, says the *Farmers' Advocate*, and then
there is much in favor of this season.
The ground is generally drier in the
fall than we can expect it to be in the
spring, and it can be better prepared, so
as to be in a more suitable condition
when planting, and no little depends on
these state of the ground, as well as the
careful planting. It should never be
done while the ground is wet. The earth
round the roots is sure to become cloggy,
hard-bound and impervious to air and
heat, if tilled when wet, and the trees are
liable to perish.

The ground intended for planting—
fruit trees especially—should be plowed in
the autumn and re-plowed, and if neces-
sary, subsoiled. A deep soil is necessary
for an orchard—say eighteen inches, in
any instance not less than twelve. It
should be in good till and rich, and no
raw rank manure should be applied
when planting; such manure in contact
with the trees is sure to kill them. It
is well to manure the ground well with
the previous crop—a root crop is best—
and let the preparation for it be such as
we have said, deep and thorough. This
cultivation will bring the ground into
the best possible till for the young or-
chard. It will insure an early catching
of the roots, and a healthy, vigorous
growth, without which we cannot expect
good fruit-bearing trees.

Spring planting is preferred by many.
If it can be done at the proper time, and
the ground be dry and in good till, the
trees may start growing at once. There
is no dead season from the time they are
planted till they take root, and send out
buds and leaves. If we could not con-
veniently plant in the fall in well pre-
pared ground, we would plant in spring
in preference to another year's delay; but
in no case would we plant fruit trees in
ground not sufficiently prepared.

Horace Walpole.

Horace Walpole has been condemned
by Lord Macaulay, as "the most eccen-
tric, the most artificial, the most fastid-
ious, the most suspicious of men. His mind
was a bundle of inconsistent whims and
affectations. In every thing in which he
busied himself, in the fine arts, in litera-
ture, in public affairs, he was drawn by
some strange attraction from the great to
the little, and from the useful to the odd.
There is scarcely a writer in whose works
it would be possible to find so many con-
tradictory judgments, so many sentences
of extravagant nonsense." What, then,
is the secret of Walpole's success? Let
Macaulay answer: "No man who has
written so much, is so seldom tiresome.
In his books there are scarcely any of
those passages which, in our school-days,
we used to call *skip*. Walpole's superi-
ority lay not in industry, not in learning,
not in accuracy, not in logical power,
but in the art of writing what people
will like to read. He rejects all but the
attractive parts of his subject. He keeps
only what is in itself amusing, or what
can be made so by the artifice of his dic-
tion."

"The Castle of Otranto" was first pub-
lished in 1761, by Horace Walpole, anony-
mously, as a work found in the library of
an ancient Roman-Catholic family in the
north of England, and pointed at Naples,
in black-letter, in 1529; when almost every-
body was imposed upon. The ancient
romances have nothing more incredible
than a sword which required a hundred
men to lift it; or a helmet by its own
weight forcing a passage through a court-
yard into an arched vault, but the locality
is real, and is a massive fortress at Otranto,
at the southern extremity of the kingdom