

THE AEGIS & INTELLIGENCER.

"LET US CLING TO THE CONSTITUTION AS THE MARINER CLINGS TO THE LAST PLANK WHEN THE NIGHT AND TEMPEST CLOSE AROUND HIM."

PROPERTY OF

HARFORD COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

\$1 PER ANNUM.

BEL AIR, MD. FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1864.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 12.

A. H. GREENFIELD,
Corner of Main street and Port Deposit
avenue, Bel Air,
Is constantly aiming to meet the wants
of the community in FRESH
FAMILY GROCERIES!
Teas, Spices, Coffees, Fish, Lard, Butter,
Bacon, Cheese, &c., &c. Also,
SEASONABLE DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, &c.
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., Queens-
ware, Stone and Earthenware, Tin Ware,
Wooden Ware, Hardware, &c.
BEST COAL OILS.
COAL OIL LAMPS, in great variety.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY
NEW BONNETS, in every variety of
style and material, for Ladies and Chil-
dren.

REPAIRING done at reasonable notice—all at
Baltimore prices.
TERMS CASH. jan1

Franklinville Store
Baltimore County.

KEEP constantly on hand a large and
well assorted stock of all kinds of
Goods adapted to the wants of the public,
such as

**Dry Goods, Groceries,
HARDWARE,
SALT, SEEDS,
NOTIONS,
CHINA AND GLASS WARE,**

In fact any and every variety of articles
necessary to a well assorted stock, all of
which will be sold at very lowest Cash
prices. The Factory being in operation,
it affords a fine market for

COUNTRY PRODUCE,
for which the highest prices will be paid.
The public are invited to call. fe26

NEW GOODS.

THE undersigned have just received a
large and well selected stock of Goods
suitable for the season. They are con-
stantly making up the neatest work, and
the newest and most fashionable style of
BONNETS for the Fall and Win-
ter, to which they invite the atten-
tion of the citizens of the town and
the surrounding country. They also de-
sire an occasional call from their Baltimore
friends, when they want something of ex-
tra style and finish, as they are aware that
the undersigned can and will take pleasure
in putting up work of that description.

In addition to all styles of Bonnets,
they keep constantly on hand a variety of
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

SMALL WARE,
Such as Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, Hosiery,
Suspenders, and many other articles in
the Notion line.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore
given the firm, they expect by strict
attention to business to merit its continu-
ance.

M. J. WRIGHT & MITCHELL,
Washington street, two doors north of
the Railroad, and next door to Nixon's
Hotel, HAVRE-DE-GRACE. sep25

**BAUCH'S
RAW-BONE PHOSPHATE**

Unsurpassed for producing a
**Heavy Growth of Corn, Oats, Potatoes,
AND ALL SPRING CROPS.**

And permanently enriching the Soil!

It contains the Fertilizing Properties of
Guanos, Bone, Stable Manure and Lime!

PRODUCING in many cases larger
crops by fifty per cent. than either of
the above articles, when used separately.

It is a highly concentrated manure, be-
ing made from Bones containing all their
original animal matter. No Burnt Bones
are used.

It has been used by thousands of farm-
ers in this State, with the highest satis-
faction. It has proved a perfectly reliable
substitute for "Peruvian Guano," being
sufficiently quick in its action on the
crops, and in all cases enriching the soil,
and it is permanent in its effects.

The demand last Fall was greater than
the supply. It would be well, therefore,
for farmers to send in their orders early,
either to the subscriber or to any of his
agents, from whom circulars can be ob-
tained, giving a list of many persons who
have used it, and certificates.

Price in Baltimore, \$55 per 2000 lbs.
Cash.

GEORGE DUGDALE,
Sole Agent, No. 105 Smith's Wharf,
feb4-3m Baltimore.

COAL! COAL!

THE undersigned keeps constantly on
hand all kinds of WHITE and RED
ASH COAL, which he will sell by the
cargo or single ton.

JOSEPH M. SIMMONS,
Havre-de-Grace, Md.

**WANTED.—One or two JOURNEY-
MEN BLACKSMITHS.**

Enquire of **MARTIN CALDER,**
o16 Federal Hill, Harford Co., Md.

THE AEGIS AND INTELLIGENCER

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BATEMAN & BAKER,

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,

IN ADVANCE, OTHERWISE

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS

Will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (eight lines or less) three inser-
tions, \$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cts.

One square three months, \$3.00; Six months,
\$5.00; Twelve months, \$8.00.

Business cards of six lines or less, \$5 a year.

No subscription taken for less than a year.

Poetical.

"MY LOVE AND I"

The bleak weather of Johnson's Island has not
quite chilled the "poetic inspiration" of a "way-
ward" wint'ring on that "Island of the sea,"
and he contrasts, in verse, the condition of his
love and himself, and sends the effusion to *Le-
tie's Illustrated*, under the above title:

My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
A "bunk" have I;
A couch of fathery down fills up the same—
Mine's straw, but dry;
She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
And so do I!
The richest viands flank her silver plate—
Coarse grub have I;
Pure wine she sips at ease, her thirst to slake—
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake!

My love has all the world at will to roam—
Three acres I;
She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
So cannot I;
Bright angels watch around her couch at
night.

A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.
A thousand weary miles now stretch between
My love and I;
To her, this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
I wait a sigh.

And hope, with all my earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole!
There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again,
My love and I;
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then!
Her loveliest eye

Will all my many troubles then beguile,
And keep this wayward rob from Johnson's
Isle!

Miscellaneous.

For the Aegis and Intelligencer.

MONEY.

It is not a poetical subject we propose
now to discourse upon, but it is a practical
one; and disguise it as we may, to
ourselves and to the world money is the
subject, at times, of every reasoning being's
meditations and aspirations. We
know Milton describes "Mammon" as

"the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific."

Yet Milton exemplified in his life how
much he prized those luxuries which only
money can furnish to the man of taste
and refinement. The picture Hume paints
of the theft Milton committed, in appropri-
ating to himself the works of art found
in the palace of that martyred King,
Charles I., sufficiently refutes any suppo-
sition that the great poet did not value
"filthy lucre."

This dollar note represents—so far as
the depreciation in the currency permits—
a friend who shall minister to our desires.
With it we can purchase a copy of "Para-
dise Lost" with this dollar we can re-
lieve the gnawing hunger of you beggar;
with it we can travel to the city, when
weary of our rural life. Therefore this
dollar is not to be despised; for, so far as
it goes, it is a talisman, resembling "Al-
addin's Lamp." Now, if one dollar can
do so much for us, reflect what an accu-
mulation of "greenbacks" can do! Be-
hold a vast multitude, which no man can
number, of contractors and sub-contractors,
of officials and their retainers, verify-
ing that proverb of the wise man—"I
have seen beggars on horseback, and
princes walking as beggars upon the
earth!" See hundreds of thousands of
men in battle array, and calculate them, if
you can, the power of money. Well does
the poet say,

"For 'Greenbacks' provoke the world to arms."

And again,

"Money and men a mutual falsehood show;
Men make false money—money makes men so."

It is well, also, for us to reflect, when
our covetous fit is on, what money cannot
do. It cannot change our natures, and
make the vile man honorable, or the mean
man generous. Money cannot obtain for
us true and disinterested friendship. Sol-
omon says, "If a man should give all the
substance of his house for love, it would
utterly be contemned." Money cannot
purchase for us content and happiness.—
We have read the history of a wise, great
king, who was "the richest man that ever
lived." He "made great works; builded
houses; planted vineyards, and orchards,
and gardens; got servants, and had great
possessions of cattle." He had "men-
singers and women-singers," and "what-
ever his eyes desired he kept not from
them." Yet Solomon declared it was
but "vanity and vexation of spirit."—
Money cannot ward off the "King of Ter-
rors;" it is worthless when Death pur-

forward his claim. It cannot buy one
hour more for the miser who has so board-
ed and adored it. It lengthened not the
life of the heir of "Dombey & Son," though
it might have made the life of the little
"chimney sweep of Tom All-alone's"
brighter and more Christianized.

"Thus did a choking waddler in the desert cry:
O, that Allah one prayer would grant before I
die,
That I might stand up to my knees in a cool
lake,
My burning tongue and parching throat in it to
slake!"

No lake he saw; and when they found him in
the waste,
A bag of gems and gold lay just before his face,
And his dead hand a paper with this writing
grasped:
"Worthless was wealth, when dying for water I
gasped!"

How appropriate are those words read
by the priests of the "Catholic Church,"
as the collection is taken up, "Lay up for
yourselves treasures, where neither moth
nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break
through and steal; for where your trea-
sure is, there will your heart be also."

M.

Extraordinary Presence of Mind.

In a small village near Debrecze, Hun-
gary, there lived a Jew, who kept a shop.
On the eve of the Day of Atonement, be-
fore joining his co-religionists in their cus-
tomary devotional exercises, he strictly en-
joined on his daughter, seventeen years
old, and his servant, in whose charge he
left the house, not to admit any one into
the house at night, under any pretence
whatever. In the night there was a knock
at the window of the girl's room; a peasant
demanded admission in order to make some
purchases for the funeral of his wife on
the morrow, as he urged, but the girl
would not admit him. He then knock-
ed, with the same story, at the door,
which the servant opened. Instantly he
was struck down by the peasant with a
hatchet. He then forced open the bed-
room door of the girl, and bade her deliv-
er up to him the property of her father,
and prepare for death, as he could not al-
low her to live lest she should divulge
his name to the authorities. In vain were
her entreaties to spare her life. "Then,
if I must die," she said, "let me rather
meet a speedy death at my own hands than
a slow, lingering, painful one at yours."

To this the villain consented, and close-
ly followed by him, she went to the shop,
took down from the shelf a bottle, opened
it, and carried it to her lips. In a trice
the contents of the bottle were in the eyes
and face of the robber; with a shriek of
agony he fell to the ground. The girl
was saved. The police who had entered the
house on the cry raised by her, found the
servant weltering in his blood, and the
murderer writhing in agony on the ground.
The next day he died.

A Word to Mothers.

Each mother is a historian. She writes
not the history of empires or of nations on
paper, but she writes her own history on
the imperishable mind of her child.—
That tablet and that history will remain
indelible when time shall be no more.
That history each mother will meet again,
and read with eternal joy or unutterable
grief in the far-coming ages of eternity.
This thought should weigh on the mind
of every mother, and render her deeply
circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful
in her solemn work of training up her
children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very suscepti-
ble and easily impressed. A word, a
look, a frown, may engrave an impression
on the mind of a child which no lapse of
time can efface or wash out. You walk
along the sea-shore when the tide is out,
and you form characters, or write words
or names in the smooth, white sand, which
has spread out so clear and beautiful at
your feet, according as your fancy may
dictate; but the returning tide shall in a
few hours wash out and efface forever all
that you have written. Not so the lines
and characters of truth, or error, which
your conduct imprints on the mind of your
child. There you write impressions for
the everlasting good or ill of your child,
which neither the floods nor the storms of
earth can wash out, nor Death's cold fin-
gers erase, nor the slow-moving ages of
eternity obliterate. How careful, then,
should each mother be of her treatment of
her child. How prayerful, and how seri-
ous, and how earnest to write the eternal
truths of God on his mind—those truths
which shall be his guide and teachers when
his voice shall be silent in death, and her
lips no longer move in prayer in his be-
half, in commending her dear child to her
covenant God.

WHO ARE THE HAPPY.—Lord Byron
said: "The mechanics and workmen
who can maintain their families, are, in
my opinion, the happiest body of men.—
Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty
is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heart-
less unmeaning dissipation of the higher
orders." Another author says: "I have
no propensity to envy any one, least of
all, the rich and the great; but if I were
disposed to this weakness, the subject of
my envy would be a healthy young man,
in full possession of his strength and facul-
ties, going forth in the morning to work
for his wife and children, or bringing them
home his wages at night."

A bog of marsh in England becom-
ing dry, the people were surprised at
the sight of a square mile of frogs, mov-
ing across the country, the old frogs with
little frogs upon their backs, and all led
by huge old patriarchs, migrating to the
nearest water.

Wealth of the Duke of Brunswick.

No more striking example of the ne-
cessity man lies under, to pursue some
avocation is to be found than the Duke
of Brunswick offers in his person. He is
more than wealthy. His revenues are
those of a State rather than those of a
man. You know he was for some years
the sovereign of the Duchy of Brunswick.
He was forced to abdicate after the French
Revolution of 1830, whose waves extend-
ed even across the Rhine. He did not
leave without taking great treasures away
with him; the people gave their consent,
for they thought that to be rid of him at
any price was to be rid of him cheap.—
His whole life there was scandalous. He
was greedy of gold. He was notoriously
a deceiver of women. He spent the first
years of his exile's life in gipsying over
Europe, pitching of preference his tent
there where cellar and larder and kitchen
ware best, and feminine morals laxest.—
He soon grew tired of this life, feeling
the fullness of satiety. His hours seemed
weighed down with lead. Each day was
a century. His tastes were altogether
urban, therefore he could not amuse him-
self with agriculture, or with horses or
with hounds. Continental people have no
taste of country life. Rural sights are
tame, rural sounds monotonous to them,
except at opera comique, where, amid
painted canvass trees, Nemour and Es-
telle sing the amorous ditties of Mons.
Florian. But do something he must, or
die of sheer fatigue of doing nothing.—
So this duke of royal and imperial blood,
whose family genealogy goes beyond the
Crusades, whose ancestors stand as giant
figures in the earliest dawn of modern Eu-
rope, this lord of millions of dollars turned
—diamond merchant! He visited the
great diamond marts of Europe, he scruti-
nized all their shops, he studied the history
of the diamond, and the history of every
diamond of reputation; he for a long time
contemplated making a voyage to Brazil
to visit the diamond mines; in fine, he
labored as assiduously as if he had been
born of Israel. He came to be the great
authority in diamonds, whose decision all
Jewry bowed to.

He then began to collect diamonds, not
for sale—though he is not averse from
traffic in them—but for amusement. The
diamond merchant became a pluralist, by
superadding to his office the calling of a
watchman. Half his life was spent in
collecting diamonds, the other half in pro-
tecting them from thieves. He exerted
ingenuity in building his house sufficient
to have solved the most arduous problem
of mathematics applied to mechanics.—
He endured stone and mortar and iron
with something like sensibility and intel-
ligence, so sensitive did he make them to
any the least violent approach.

His house was as full of mysteries as
the famed palace of the Sicilian tyrant,
Dionysius. An hundred eyes, which nei-
ther gold could corrupt nor lead intimi-
date, kept watch over his treasures. An
hundred tell-tale bells were by day and
night ready to inform on any menial who
might so much as look at the dragons. Let
all school-boys marvel at the dragons which
guarded Hesperides—Bunson's elements
are much more efficient watchmen! His
bed-chamber was not only burglar, it was
bomb-proof. The windows were of iron.
The shutters were thick as the sides of
the armor-plated Warrior. The beams
and rafters were of iron. The floor itself
was but a thin wooden "skin" to solid
plates of iron. The walls were of iron,
and in one of them an immense iron chest
was placed, where the diamonds were kept.
There were arch secrets about every lock;
mysterious passwords which must be
known, and known exactly, neither a let-
ter more nor a letter less, before the key
could gain admittance or the bolt be taught
obedience. The room had as many nerves
as a lady subject to the vapors—imper-
ceptible iron wires hidden under the car-
pet, or in the bell-ropes or behind the cur-
tains, which upon the entrance of uninv-
ited feet, would thrill with the electric
fluid, until the whole house was aroused
and the impudent fellow was extruded.

The master himself wore an iron collar
around his neck, to which was riveted and
double-riveted an iron chain stoutly bolted
to a thick bar of the iron chest—which
collar and chain he wore everywhere he
went; to the Tuilleries and to the Grand
Opera, to the bower of beauty and to the
balls of fashionable society; and which
chain possessed the power of contracting
with every hour after dark he passed from
home, until during the hours after mid-
night it would be so short he could not
but return home—for were the master ab-
sent what security was there that the ser-
vants would heed the w-rarnings of bells
and battery?

One night he did not heed the contrac-
tion of the chain; he was in beauty's
boudoir; one—two—three—o'clock were
struck by the clock. He seized his hat
hastily; he leaped into his brougham—go
fast, driver! Too late, my Lord Duke!
The diamonds are scattered over the floor.
The safe yawns wide with astonishment.
But the newspapers have told you the
story of the robbery; and how Shaw was
arrested at Boulogne with all the dia-
monds in his pocket, and how some women
had in the few hours which elapsed be-
tween the robbery and the robber's flight,
swindled the rogue out of \$2,000. You
know as much as I do; if any additional
particulars are made known on the fel-
low's trial, which is to take place in Feb-
ruary, I shall lay them before you.

Slanders issuing from beautiful
lips, are like spiders crawling from the
blushing heart of a rose.

Flowers and Children.

Flowers and children are of a near kin,
and too much of forcing, or too much of
display, ruins their chiefest charms. I
love to associate them together, and win
them to the love of flowers. Some day
they tell me that a violet or a tuft of lilies
is dead, but on a Spring morning they
come radiant with the story that the very
same violet is blooming sweeter than ever
in some far-away nook upon the hill-side.
So you, child, if the Great Master lifts
you from us, shall bloom—as God is good
—on some richer, sunnier ground.

Westalk thus; but if the change really
comes, it is more grievous than the blight
of a thousand flowers. She, who loved
their search among the thickets, will never
search them more. She, whose glad eyes
would have opened in pleasant bewilder-
ment upon some bold change of shrubbery
or of paths, will never open them again.
She, whose feet would have danced along
the new wood-path, carrying joy and
merriment into its shadowy depth, will
never set foot upon these walks again.

What matters how the brambles grow?
—her dress will not be torn; what mat-
ter the broken paling by the water?—she
will never topple from the bank. The
hatchet may be hung from a lower nail
now—the little hand that might have sto-
len possession of it, is stiff and fast! God
has it.

And when spring awakens all its echoes;
of the wren's song, of the blue-bird's war-
ble, of the plaintive cry of "mistress
cuckoo" (she daintily called her "mis-
tress cuckoo") from the edge of the wood
—what eager, delighted, earnest listeners
have we, lifting the blue eyes, shaking
back the curls, dancing to the melody!
And when the violets repeat the sweet
lesson they learned last year of the sun
and of the warmth, and bring their fra-
grance on the air again, the blithe little
spirits that welcomed them is stilled for-
ever in the silence of the grave.

Death Preferred to Dishonor.

During the Irish reign of terror in 1797,
a circumstance occurred which, in the
days of Sparta, would have immortalized
the heroine; it is almost unknown; no
pen has ever traced the story. We pause
not to inquire into the principles that in-
fluenced her; suffice it that in common
with most of her stamp, she beheld the
struggle as one in which liberty warred with
tyranny. Her only son had been taken
in the act of rebellion, and was condemned
by martial-law to death; she followed the
officer on whose word his life depended,
to the place of execution, and besought
him to spare the widow's stay; she knelt
in the agony of her soul, clasped his knees,
while her eyes with the glare of a maniac,
fell on the child beside him. The judge
was inexorable, the transgressor must die.
But taking advantage of the occasion, he
offered life to the culprit on condition
of his discovering the members of the as-
sociation with which he was connected.—
The son wavered; the mother rose from
her position of humiliation and exclaimed:
"My child, if you do, the heaviest
curse of your mother shall be poisoned in
your veins."

He was executed; the pride of her soul
enabled her to behold his death without
a tear; she returned to her home—the
support of her declining years had fallen;
the tie that bound her to life had given
way, and the opening of the day that
saw her lonely and childless, left her at
rest forever. Her heart had been broken
in the struggle.—*MacKenzie's Gazette.*

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE.—
"Come and sit near me, and let me lean
on you," said Wilberforce to a friend a
few minutes before his death. Afterward,
putting his arm around that friend, he
said: "Let us talk of Heaven. Do not
weep for me; I am happy. Think of me,
and let the thought press you forward.—
I never knew happiness till I found Christ
my Saviour. READ THE BIBLE—READ
THE BIBLE! Let no religious book take
its place. Through all my perplexities
and distresses I never read any other
book, and I never felt the want of any
other. It has been my hourly study;
and all my acquaintance with the experi-
ences and realities of religion, have been
drawn from the Bible only. I think reli-
gious people do not read the Bible enough.
Books about religion may be useful
enough, but they will not do in the place
of the simple truth of the Bible.

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more
charming and touching than that of a
young bride in her robes of virgin white,
led up trembling to the altar. When I
thus behold a lovely girl, in the tenderness
of her years forsake the house of her
old father and her mother, and the home
of her childhood, and with the implicit
confidence and self-abandonment which
belong to women, giving up all the world
for the man of her choice—when I hear
her in the old language of the ritual, yield-
ing herself to him "for better or for worse,
for richer or poorer, in sickness or in
health, to love, honor and obey, until death
us do part," it brings to mind the beau-
tiful and affecting devotion of Ruth.—
"Whither thou goest I will go, and where
thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people will
be my people, and thy God my God."

The most fascinating women are
those that can most enrich the every-day
moments of existence. In a particular
and attaching sense, they are all those
that can partake our pleasures and our
pains in the liveliest and most devoted
manner. Beauty is little without this.—
With it she is indeed triumphant.

A Tough Story.

Stephenson, a country shopkeeper, was
one day trying to sell Joe a pair of pigged
boots. The old man gave the article of-
fered a fair examination, and decided not
to purchase.

"Nice boots," said Stephenson.
"Yes," very nice boots," said old Joe,
"but I can't afford 'em."
"Why, they are as cheap as any they
make," said Stephenson, "only two dol-
lars."

"Yes, only I don't keep any hired
man," returned Joe.
"Hired man!" what do you want of a
hired man?" asked Stephenson.

"Well, I should want a hired man if I
bought them boots," said Joe, his eye
twisting up with even a more comical leer
than usual; "the last pair of boots I had
pretty near ruined me."
"How was that?" asked Stephenson.

"Why," said Joe, "all the time I wore
them boots, I had to take two men along
with me with hammers, one on each side,
to nail on the soles every time I lifted my
feet."
The storekeeper made no more efforts
to sell boots to Joe.

PETRIFIED BODIES.—An Australian
correspondent of an English paper writes:
In a stony creek, fifteen miles from
Castlemaine, were found the bodies of
three aboriginals, quite whole, and not
wanting in the smallest details, but which
were petrified into solid marble. When I
last saw them, I thought they were actu-
ally alive, until, on going closer, I noticed
the eyes. They are in a sitting posture,
and the veins, muscles, etc., may be dis-
tinctly traced through what is now a group
of stone blocks; they are in a splendid
state of preservation—even the finger
nails, teeth, etc., are as perfect as they
were five hundred years ago. One of them
has a stone axe by his side without any
haft.

A Chicago girl, tired of waiting for
the young man who don't "propose"—prob-
ably on account of the expense, or the
preponderance of the girls since the war
broke out—takes advantage of the sea-
son, and speaks out boldly in her own
name in the "Wants" column of the *Chi-
cago Tribune*, as follows: "This is leap
year. I'll wait no longer. So here I am,
twenty-one years of age, prepossessing,
medium size, healthy, educated, prudent,
large sparkling eyes, long black flowing
hair, and as full of fun as a chestnut is
full of meat, born to make some man hap-
py, and want a home. Does anybody
want me?"

A Texan and Illinois farmer were
speaking of raising corn, &c., and the
Illinois man was boasting of the superior
yield of prairie land, and telling large sto-
ries, as all western men can do; to which
the Texan replied: "I'll tell you what,
stranger; they make large corn in your
clearing, but nothing like what we raise
on the Colorado bottoms. Why, the corn
there averages thirty feet in height, with
twelve ears to a stalk, and a gourd full of
shelled grain at the top!"

**A young lady of eighteen was en-
gaged to be married to a gentleman of
thirty-six. Her mother having noticed
her low spirits for some time, inquired the
reason. "Oh, dear mamma," replied the
young lady, "I was thinking about my
husband being twice my age." "That's
very true; but he's only thirty-six."—
"He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma;
but when I'm sixty!" "Well!" "Oh,
dear! why then he'll be a hundred and
twenty."**

In Icestown, opposite St. Louis,
which was built on the frozen river during
the "cold spell," a barber kept a fire in
his tent and sat before it on a three-
legged stool, warming his shins, when the
fire thawed a hole in the ice and the man
fell in, and has not yet reappeared. His
assistant, a verdant Irish boy, was asked
where the proprietor was, and replied,
"Faith, he's gone into the cellar."

When you doubt between two
words, choose the plainest, the common-
est, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine
words as you would rouge; love simple
ones as you would native roses on your
cheek. Let us use the plainest and short-
est words that will grammatically and
gracefully express our meaning.

"God has written 'honest man' in
his face," said a friend to Douglas Jerrold,
speaking of a person in whom Jerrold's
faith was not altogether blind. "Humph!"
Jerrold replied, "then the pen must have
been a very bad one."

"There has been a slight mistake
made here," said the house-surgeon, "of
no great moment, though—it was the
sound leg of Mr. Higgins that was cut
off. We can easily cure the other—comes
to about the same thing."

A tender hearted widower fainted
at the funeral of his third beloved.—
"What shall we do with him?" asked a
friend of his. "Let him alone," said a
wagish bystander, "he'll soon re-wive."