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Poetry.

GOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all devolving flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all beings, mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all, supporting, ruling or!
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure. None can
mount.

Up to Thy mysteries, Reason's bright spark,
Though kindled by the light, in vain would
try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so
high.
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primal nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence—Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Spring forth from Thee—of light, joy harmony,
Sole origin of all beauty there.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with divine;
Thou art, and wast, and shall be glorious,
—great!
Life living, life sustaining potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee—by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So sons are born, so worlds spring forth from
Thee.

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine around the silver sun, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright array glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unweary, through the blue abyss;
Thy own Thy power, accomplish Thy command.
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss,
Whither shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Sunlighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou in them art as the moon to-night.

Yes, as the drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificent is Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared with
Thee?
And what art I, then? Heaven's unnumbered
host,
Though undisturbed by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed.

Against Thy greatness, my wondering heart brought
Against infinity, what am I, then? Naught.

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom,
—
Yes; in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of Thee;
Naught! But I, and Thy, and Thy, and Thy,
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high;
I am to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank, 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their
birth,
Just off the boundaries of the spirit land.
—*Weekly Press.*

Selected Miscellany.

MARSHAL NEY.

After the return of Napoleon from Elba in 1815, Marshal Ney who commanded an army in the South of France, rejoined his old General. In doing this he was more the follower than the leader; for his army had no sooner heard of the approach of Napoleon than they clamored to join the host gathering around him. Ney, nothing loth, obeyed the impulse, and served Napoleon, during the hundred days with all his former zeal and lion-like courage—the bravest of the brave. At Waterloo, seven times dismounted, black with bruises and covered with mud, he still fought at the head of the Imperial Guard, when every other corps in the vicinity was inactive from the failure of ammunition.

After Waterloo, believing that the cause of the Emperor was lost, he returned to Paris, and going to the House of Peers, he said, in his frank, soldier-like way:

"Nothing remains for us, gentlemen, but to negotiate for peace. The Bourbons must be restored; and, as for myself, I am bound for the United States."

This frank avowal gave great offense to the ministers, who at the end of the session, reproached him warmly for his indiscretion.

"Ah, gentlemen," he replied, "I am not one of those who think of their interest at all times and above all things. What shall I gain by it? If Louis the Eighteenth returns he will have me shot; but my duty is to think of my country's welfare."

In a few weeks, as every one knows, Napoleon surrendered, and the Bourbon king reigned in his stead. Ney fled from Paris, intending to seek a momentary refuge in Switzerland; but on the way he received a letter from his wife, informing him that he was one of the nineteen generals exempted by name from the amnesty proclaimed by the King, and strongly urging him not to attempt to get out of the country at present, but to direct his course

toward a chateau in the south of France, near the Pyrenees, belonging to one of her relations. The roads to Switzerland, she said, were so closely watched that he would be likely to be taken if he attempted to cross the frontier.

The advice, which he adopted, proved fatal to him. Arriving safely at the chateau, he remained concealed for several days. Almost the only article of value which he had brought with him in his flight was a curious and splendid sabre, which General Bonaparte had given him, many years before, in Egypt, requesting him to wear it whenever he went into action. One day he carelessly left this showy weapon lying upon a sofa in the great drawing room of the chateau. While it lay there a lady of the neighborhood called at the chateau, and her attention, on entering the drawing room was attracted to this sword, which she examined. The next day, while visiting another lady, she spoke of it and described it. It was well known in France that during his Egyptian campaigns, Napoleon presented to each of his favorite officers, such as Dessaix, Kleber, Murat, Ney and others, one of the sabres captured from the Mamelukes, accompanying the gift with the request to wear it on days of battle. Hence, it was known that a few of the oldest generals of the Emperor possessed such sabres.

Suspicion was aroused. The tidings brought by the lady from the chateau found their way to the ears of the Prefect, who dispatched fourteen soldiers to arrest the owner of the Egyptian sabre, whoever he might be. At the moment of their arrival in the courtyard, Ney happened to be walking about in it, and it was to him that the officer in command first spoke. Fourteen days after he was in prison at Paris awaiting his trial for treason. His wife hastened to meet him, and when they met, the warrior, to the astonishment of the guards, bursted into tears.

"Do not be surprised," said he, "I have no courage when my wife and children are concerned."

Three months after he was summoned for trial before a military commission, composed of distinguished marshals and generals, many of whom had served under Napoleon. Unfortunately, Marshal Ney declined to be tried by this tribunal and asserted his right, as a peer of France, to be tried by the House of Peers. There is no question that the military court would have dealt with him most leniently; probably would have deprived him of his commission, and sentenced him to some trifling, formal punishment. The peers were of a different temper, and he had already given them offense by his demeanor after Waterloo. The trial lasted fifteen days; at the end of which, in the absence of the accused, one hundred and twenty-eight members voted for the penalty of death, seventeen for banishment, and five refused to vote at all. The prisoner was brought in and the President of the House pronounced the sentence, which condemned him to die on the morrow and to pay the costs of the trial. Upon his return to prison that night he slept soundly until five o'clock in the morning, when his wife entered, and they had an interview of the most touching character. Soon after nine o'clock he rode with two officers and a priest to the place of execution. He was executed in the usual military manner. To the last moment the wife of the unfortunate soldier continued her efforts to save his life. The officers of the court put her off under various pretexts until they knew that the execution had taken place. Then one of them approached her and said:

"Madame, the audience which you ask of the King would now be without object."

The Penalties of Fashion.

Women will look in vain for health, while they dress as they do. Every garment they wear, from head to foot, disturbs the balance of circulation; the head gear over-heat the back of the brain, causing congestion of that organ, and weakness of the spine; the corset both overheats and compresses the chest, besides throwing its muscles out of use, and therefore weakening them; the under-skirts, outer-skirts, and over-shirts, with all their heavy trimmings and other paraphernalia, not only impede locomotion, but they press upon the bowels, thus forcing them upon the pelvic organs, and causing displacements. They also over-heat, and thereby weaken and inflame the surrounding parts, and lay the foundation for morbid discharges and morbid growths. Add to this the fact that the extremities are never covered half so warmly as the hips, but that they are habitually chilled, from insufficient covering, and that these parts are compressed and ligatured, with garters, snugly-fitting, tightly-laced high-heeled gaiters, and what have we? Every possible facility for sending the blood to the pelvic cavity, and every possible impediment in the way of calling it towards the extrem-

ities. The blood is forced out of the capillaries situated in the periphery of the body, and turned in upon the pelvic and other internal organs, distending their blood-vessels and rupturing them. What is more, the muscles in the region of the pelvis, weakened by habitual overheating, lose their contractile power, and suffer the organs which they ought to hold in place to fall out of their natural position, to press upon each other, and upon the nerves, and thereby cause the most distressing neuralgia in these parts.—Hence the pain experienced on the least over-exertion or exhaustion.

Did man dress as unphysiologically as woman; in other words, did he wear such loads of clothing on the hips and all his limbs were at his heels. As I passed out at the street door, like a young hurricane, I noticed that an elegant carriage had stopped in front of the hotel, and a lady was getting out of it, but I was in too great a hurry to pay much attention to her.

I was so much annoyed with the unaccountable conduct of the people at the hotel that I did not return until late in the evening, preferring to purchase my supper at a restaurant.—When I did return, the landlord again welcomed me, and assured me that my bed was all ready, and everything was "all right." He said "all right" with such an insinuating, deferential smile, that I could not comprehend what the fellow meant. When I reached my bedroom, in pushing the door to, I accidentally blew out the light and found myself in the dark—so intensely dark that I could not see a step before me. However, I concluded to undress in the dark, so I sat down upon the bed, and began to divest myself of my clothing.

In moving my hand carelessly over the bed it suddenly came in contact with a solid body, which felt most singularly like a human being. In the next moment my hand was grasped by two smooth, soft hands, and then I felt the tips of my fingers pressed to delicate rapturous lips.

"What did it all mean? Could it be a ghost in my bed or a burglar? Or was it a young lady? When I thought of the latter possibility my limbs trembled in terror, and I was about to light the lamp again. Before I could do so a sweet voice spoke to me.

"Brown," said the voice, "why don't you come to bed? Here I have been waiting for you for the last half hour."

I understood what was the matter now, and I determined to have some fun.

"Go to sleep, my dear, and don't bother me," said I; "I will come to bed when I am ready."

In a moment there came a piercing scream from the bed, loud enough to have raised the shingles from the roof. It had the effect of bringing the landlord, into my room, with all his boarders trooping at his heels.

What was my dismay, when a light was brought, to discover a beautiful lady sitting bolt upright in bed, and attired in a snowy white garment.

"What do you mean, sir, by entering my bedchamber?" asked the lady, in a severe tone of voice.

"Yes, and I would like to know what you mean sir?" said a stout gentleman of my own age, who came tearing into the room at that moment, like a wild hyena, flourishing a thick cane in one hand, while in the other he carried a carpet-bag. "Who in the devil are you, sir?" asked this gentleman, stalking up to me and staring me in the face.

"I am Mr. Brown, sir," said I, assuming a most dignified expression of countenance.

"And I am Mr. Brown," said the other, scowling at me fearfully.

"That's a coincidence," said I.

"What were you doing in my wife's room?" asked the man. "That's another coincidence, hey?"

"You are mistaken, sir," said I.—"Your wife got into my room. I engaged this room early in the afternoon, as I can prove by the landlord."

At this moment the young lady who had claimed me as her father in the afternoon, approached the lady in the bed, and inquired:

"Tell me, mamma, which of these gentlemen is my papa?"

"Why, the good-looking one, of course," said the lady, "the gentleman with the side whiskers."

She meant the other fellow.

"Oh, how I have been deceived!" cried the young lady, her face suffused with blushes.

"Yes, and I have been deceived," said the landlord, "for I took this Mr. Brown to be the other Mr. Brown, and I let him have the best room, which I intended for the wealthy Mr. Brown, and his wife."

The horizon began to clear a little, and I saw the light. But I determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, so I button-holed the landlord, and drew him into a corner, where I put "a few leading questions," as the lawyer says. I learned that the other Mr. Brown was a wealthy individual, who had

been traveling in Europe for several years, and had not seen his family for a long time. During his absence his wife died, and he took another partner to his bosom, and wrote home to his family that he would return immediately and bring his bride with him.

His arrival was anxiously looked for, and his children residing at the hotel where I was putting up, that establishment was in arms for the event.

Brown had left his children when they were so small that they could not remember him, and what was more strange, he never sent them a picture of himself—so the only way they could identify him was by his name. What more natural than for them to suppose their father on his registering my name? When I looked into the matter I could even forgive the landlord for his blunder.

On the mistake being explained to the other Mr. Brown, he acknowledged I was not to blame, and volunteered to stand treat to champagne and oysters. I respectfully declined, and departed for another hotel, where I was the only Mr. Brown.

Shoeing a Mule.

A Winchester, Tenn., correspondent of the New York Herald, describes a recent attempt to shoe a mule in that village:

"Six negroes on the common road, opposite a blacksmith's shop, for over an hour were trying to persuade a young, tall, robust country mule to allow himself to be shod. They put a rope collar round his neck, and to that attached a line which, thrown out between his hind legs, was intended to trip up each in turn and hold it in position while the blacksmith—Sam by name—operated on the hoof. For over an hour this extraordinary mule fought the six men, kicking away the trap laid for his enslavement as easily as he might a cobweb, and describing high up in the air forked lightning diagrams with his heels—a sight fearful to behold. Panting, yet patient, his brats kicked off their heads, their shirts burst and their pants torn, the six gallant darkeys strove to that supernatural mule until finally they secured his right hind leg and had his hoof laid on Sam the blacksmith's lap ready for the sacrifice. By this time all the surrounding points of vantage were occupied by spectators wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement—Johnson men cheering on the mule, Maynard men cheering on the darkeys. Sam the Blacksmith was a tall, well-built fellow. He had his back to the mule's head and was in a stooping position over the hoof. In front of him, about six feet from the mule's tail (a perilous distance), was a circle of about twenty darkeys awaiting the operation of putting the shoe on with the most solemn interest.—Never did mule draw such pious reverence from a likelihood.

"I'll let him be," said one; "dar's no use fussin' with such a good for nuffin mule as dat."

"Fo' God," exclaimed another, in a low and cautious tone, "I do b'lieve in my so' de ole debbel hisself is in dat dar meule."

"Wot you speak alike dat fo'?" said a third turning on the previous speaker. "Dat meule hears everytin you say and tink it insiltn'. Don't know wedder the debbel is in him; but I do consequentially believe dar's a heap of kick in his hind legs still.—Guess whoever gets him will tink so, too. I wants my head insured when Ise axed to nurse him."

In the meantime Sam had his implements ready, and an assistant farrier approached and laid the shoe tenderly upon the virgin hoof. A nail was inserted, while Sam elevated his hammer to deliver the pregnant blow that was to drive it safely home. It was a moment of breathless and agonizing suspense with whites and blacks alike. The latter anticipated a triumph for their race; the former prepared to keep their sides from splitting asunder.—Sam's legs shook, but he brought down the hammer with all his might, and at the same moment an explosion occurred that fairly baffled description. A trip hammer falling on a ton weight of nitro-glycerine immersed in a tin box could hardly have produced any more sudden and bewildering results. Quicker than thought the mule drew his hind leg forward, and springing it back with incredible force, struck the still stooping Sam square in the bulbous center of his hind section, projecting him forward in the air like a cannon ball from a catapult. As Sam disappeared in space he knocked all the darkeys in front of him down like nincomps, scattering them over the road in all directions and landing himself on top of a snake fence twenty feet away.

A tender-hearted widow fainted at the funeral of his third-beloved.

"What shall we do with him?" asked a friend of his.

"Let him alone," said a wagging by-stander, "he'll soon re-wive."

Four Funny Fables.

Translated from the Persian Zambri, the Parsee.

I.

A cat, waking out of a sound sleep, saw a mouse sitting just out of reach, observing her. Perceiving that at the slightest movement of hers the mouse would recollect an engagement, she put on a look of extreme amiability, and said:

"Oh, it's you, is it? Do you know, thought, at first, you were a friendly great rat; and I am so afraid of rats! I feel so much relieved—you don't know. Of course you have heard that I am a great friend to the dear little mice."

"Yes," was the answer, "I have heard that you love us indifferently well, and my mission here was to bless you while you slept. But as you will want to go and get your breakfast, I won't bore you. Fine morning—jan'it? Au revoir."

This fable teaches that it is usually safe to avoid one who pretends to be a friend without having any reason to be. It wasn't safe in this instance, however, for the cat went after that rodent and got away with him.

II.

A hippopotamus, meeting an open alligator, said to him:

"My forked friend, you may as well collapse. You are not sufficiently comprehensive to embrace me. I am myself no tyro at smiling, when in the humor."

"I really had no expectation of taking you in," replied the other. "I have a habit of extending my hospitality impartially to all, and about seven feet wide."

"You remind me," said the hippopotamus, "of a certain zebra, who was not vicious at all; he merely kicked the breath out of everything that passed behind him, but did not induce things to pass behind him."

"It is quite immaterial what I remind you of," was the reply.

The lesson imparted by this fable is a very beautiful one.

III.

A sheep making a long journey found the heat of his fleece very uncomfortable, and seeing a flock of other sheep in a fold, evidently waiting for some one, leaped over and joined them, in the hope of being shorn. Perceiving the shepherd approaching, and the other sheep huddling into a remote corner of the fold, he shouldered his way forward, and going up to the shepherd, said:

"Did you ever see such a lot of fools? It's lucky I came along to set them an example of docility. Seeing me operated upon, they'll be glad to offer themselves."

"Perhaps so," replied the shepherd, laying hold of the animal's horns, "but I never kill more than one sheep at a time. Mutton won't keep in hot weather."

The chops tasted excellently well with tomato sauce.

The moral of this fable isn't what you think it is. It is this: The chops of another man's mutton are always nice eating.

IV.

Two travellers between Teheran and Bagdad met half way up the vertical face of a rock, on a path only a cubit in width. As both were in a hurry and etiquette would allow neither to set his foot upon the other even if dignity had permitted prostration, they maintained for some time a stationary condition. After some reflection they both decided to jump around the other; but, as etiquette did not warrant conversation with a stranger, neither made known his intention. The consequence was they both met, with considerable emphasis, about four feet from the edge of the path, and went through a flight of soaring eagles, a mile out of their way.

*This is infamous! The learned Parsee appears to wholly ignore the distinction between a fable and a simple lie.—Translator.

U. S. M.

Postal Regulations—A Few Suggestions.

If there is anything more absurd than some of the rulings and instructions of the Post Office Department we should like to see it. For instance, the following:

"Mail matter deposited in a post-office for mailing, on which at least one full rate of postage has been paid, should be forwarded to its destination charged with the unpaid rate to be collected on delivery. The unpaid rate is double the prepaid rate which should have been paid at the mailing office."

That is to say, if A writes B a letter so bulky that the postage is six cents, and only affixes one three-cent stamp, B has to pay six cents on the delivery of the letter. In this way B is punished for the ignorance or neglect of his correspondent.

We have a few improved rulings to submit to the Department:

Monthly magazines, published weekly, must be charged letter postage when delivered daily. Powder magazines, except to regular subscribers, are not permitted to frank their reports. If no stamp is affixed to a letter, retain it. If, however, the postage is overpaid, letter post, have two sent.

If you feel any doubt about a paper going with a one-cent stamp, have two sent.

Seeds can go through the mail as merchandise. The postmasters are cautioned against allowing any old seeds to go through their mails, however.

Signs cannot be sent without paying letter postage, three cents on every letter.

Calico prints, any foreign prints, reprints and footprints, all go as printed matter, and pay taxes accordingly. Vaccine matter must be properly (boxed) marked.

Poetry in its various stages, including the Edgar A. Poe stage, must be sent postage paid, whether it ever paid to read it or not.

A postmaster is not permitted to make any material change in the life of his postoffice without affixing a two-cent stamp for every two ounces. He can charge double postage for a sight of the postmaster.

Shirts may be mailed at the rate of two cents for every two ounces of shirt. If the owner's name is on the shirt, letter postage must be charged. This rule is indelible.

A subscriber residing in the county in which a paper is printed can take the paper, provided he pays in advance and urges his neighbors to subscribe. If he does not live in the county in which he resides, and the paper is not printed in the same county where it has its press work done, then the county must pay double postage on the paper—we mean two cent postage on the paper, not two cents for a man—we mean the paper county—the man, well, we must leave this ruling to the discretion of the postmaster.—Capital.

"Peculiar People" estimable.

People who like the bag-pipes.

People who dislike oysters.

People who at this period of commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.

People who have no poor relations.

People who have more money than they know what to do with.

People who always know where the wind is.

People who like getting up early in the morning.

People who give donations to street beggars and organ grinders.

People who send conscience-money to the Secretary of the Treasury.

People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.

People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.

People who like paying income tax.

People who go to hot, uncomfortable theatres.

People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green.

People who have no sense of humor.

People who give large parties in small rooms.

People who lavish money on the heathens abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.

People who have the ice broken to enable them to take a cold bath in winter.

People who keep all their old letters.

People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crochets, or favorite theories.

People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat anything.

People who take snuff.

People who hold their tongues.

A New York paper publishes this as a true account of the domestic economy of an intelligent family in that city:

For several years we have been much annoyed by the recklessness of our servants. Last January, in desperation, we dismissed the young lady who kindly assisted us with the work, and herself to our ribbons and laces. Since that time, my two sisters and I (with the occasional help of a chadwoman) have done the housework, and we are so comfortable that our present arrangement will not be altered for some time. What we have saved in coal, candles, butchers' bills, &c., no one would believe that those who have tried the same thing. There is another advantage, too; we have not followers dangling incessantly at the kitchen doors. Nor are we attired in gingham and large aprons all day. By dividing the work, and doing it "with a will," we have generally the afternoon for sewing, the evening for music, singing, drawing, &c.

Small speaking bottles ought to make good housewives; because they put up with little or no waist.

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