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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TYPES.

Click—click,
Go the types in the "stick,"
Gliding together with ominous sound.
As swiftly the hand that collects them goes round
And arranges them firm in the "stick."
Click—click.

Click—click,
See them now in the "stick," [sit;
What wonderful things they are now, as they
One moment 't is satire, and then it is wit—
Unmeaning when single—combined, they then hit
A terrible blow with their click—click—
In putting them up in the 'stick,"
Click—click.

Click—click,
See them now in the "stick,"
To the thief or assassin they sorrow betide,
And the wealthy oppressor in vain tries to glide [hide
Away from the clicking—the world cannot
Him away from the sound of that click—click—
In putting up types in the "stick."
Click—click.

Click—click,
As they go in the "stick,"
See guilt, at the sound, with a visage of fright,
Recoiling from self by day and by night,
As it views with suspicion, each method of flight.
But it never can flee from the click—click
Of putting types in the "stick,"
Click—click.

Click—click,
As they go in the "stick,"
Monarchs and Kings their approaches dread;
They know that with Liberty types have been wed,
And visions they see of their thrones blood-red
As they trembling bow at the click—click
Of putting up types in the "stick,"
Click—click.

Click—click,
Go the types in the "stick;" [Kings,
States, Rulers and Monarchies, Pachas and
The Poet, the Painter, the Minstrel that sings,
Have a most "holy horror" of these little things—
Of the noise that they make with their click—click,
When setting them into the "stick,"
Click—click.

The Workingman.

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king or warrior's name.

The workingmen, whate'er their task,
To carve the stone or bear the hod—
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble workingmen,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships
And drive the commerce of the plain;
God bless them, for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

How English Dutchesses and Countesses Employ Their Time.

The following extract from a recent letter of an English traveler, who has had the best opportunities of observation in the first circles of the United States, may surprise some of our idle *fine ladies*, if any such there be among our readers.

It were well if a noble emulation could be excited among our women to imitate what is worthy of imitation in the privileged classes abroad. They would then flood their country with light and happiness, instead of degrading it with poor copies from English and French novels, and reproducing from *parvenus* Paris society foreign *idlesse* and its concomitants—gossip, flirtation and extravagance:

I can assure you that having lived all my life about in the different castles and manor houses of Great Britain, and having been accustomed to the industrious habits of Duchesses and Countesses, I was entirely astonished at the idleness of American fine ladies! No English woman of rank (with the exception of a few parvenues) from the Queen downwards, would remain for one half hour unemployed, or sit in a rocking-chair, unless seriously ill. They almost all (with hardly an exception), copy the letters of business of their husbands, fathers, or brothers; attend minutely to the wants of the poor around them, and even take part in their amusements, and sympathize with their sorrows; visit and superintend the schools; work in their own gardens; see to their household concerns; think about their visitors; look over the weekly accounts, not only of domestic expenses, but often those of the farm and the estate; manage penny clubs in conjunction with the working classes to help them keep themselves; and with all these occupations by early hours, they keep up their acquaintance with the literature and politics of the day and cultivate the accomplishments of music and drawing, and often acquire besides, some knowledge of literary pursuits. The late Marchioness of Landsdowne was so well acquainted with the cottagers in her neighborhood, that she used to visit and look at the corpses of the dead, because she found that her doing so, soothed and comforted the bereaved. I have known her shut herself up with a mad woman in her poor dwelling, who used to lock the door, and could not be induced to admit any one else. Landsdowne's only daughter used one hundred guineas (given her by her father-in-law, Lord Suffolk, to buy a bracelet) to build pigsties with his permission, at her husband's little country residence. She educates her own children without assistance, teaching the boys Latin and the girls all the usual branches of education.

The late Duchess of Bedford, I accidentally discovered when on a visit to Woburn, had for thirty years of her married life, risen at 6 o'clock summer and winter, lit her own fire, made some tea for the Duke and herself, and then, as he wrote his own letters of business, she copied them and then came down to a large party of guests at 10 o'clock, to dispense breakfast, without saying one word of their matutinary avocations; so that you might have been a visitor in the house without finding out that the Duke and Duchess had transacted the necessary business of the day—before you perhaps had risen.

I rather mention those that are gone to their reward, than write of women still amongst us; but you may believe me, when I say that I am constantly among those who live such lives of energy and usefulness—but they so apply themselves without ostentation, or an idea that they are doing more than their simple duty.

A Touching Anecdote.

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the orphan asylum and free schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no parental or maternal guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life.—Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of a man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and, Mr. Stephens added with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, "that orphan boy stands before you!"

A little ragged urchin, begging in the city the other day, was asked by a lady who had filled his basket if his parents were living? "Only dad, marm," said the boy. "Then you've enough in your basket now to feed the family for some time," said the lady. "Oh, no I have'nt neither," said the lad, "for dad and me keeps five boarders; he does the housework, and I does the marketin!"

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and asked if he understood such kind of work. "Why, yes, sir; I guess I've had a hand in 'em afore."

About Matrimony.

He that takes a wife, take care.—*B Franklin.*

Never marry for love; but see thou lovest what is lovely.—*Wm. Penn.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.—*Shakspeare.*

No man can live piously, or die righteously without a wife.—*Richter.*

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Colton.*

There are good marriages, but there are no delightful ones.—*Rouchefoucauld.*

To be a man in a true sense, is in the first place and above all things, to have a wife.—*Michelet.*

The bloom or blight of all men's happiness.—*Byron.*

Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend.—*Hebrew Proverb.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—*Swift.*

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does not least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life this is most meddled with by other people.—*Seldon.*

Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Johnson.*

It is to be feared that those who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.—*Fuller.*

In the career of a female fame, there are a few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of a beloved wife or happy mother.—*Jane Porter.*

Marriage is a desperate thing; the frogs in Ascop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but would not leap into the well because they could not get out again.—*Seldon.*

All the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.—*Fuller.*

Marriage is a matter of more worth than to be dealt in by attorneyship. For what is wedlock forced, but a hell, an age of discord and continued strife? whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss and is a pattern of celestial peace.—*Shakspeare.*

The Widow and the Parson.

In a Latin sermon on widowhood, by Jean Raulin, a monk of Cluny, of the 15th century, there is a story which Rabelais has told again in his own way. Raulin's version is thus:

A widow consulted her parish priest about her entering into a second marriage. She told him she stood in need of a helpmate and protector, and that her journeyman, for whom she had taken a fancy, was industrious, and well acquainted with her late husband's trade.

"Very well," said the priest, "you had better marry him."

"And yet," rejoined the widow, "I am afraid to do it, for who knows but I may find my servant become my master."

"Well then," said the priest, "don't marry him."

"But what shall I do?" said the widow. "The business left me by my poor dear departed husband is more than I can manage by myself."

"Marry him, then," said the priest.

"Ay, but suppose he turns out a scamp," said the widow, "he may get hold of my property and run through it all."

"Don't have him," said the priest.

Thus the dialogue went on, the priest always agreeing in the last opinion expressed by the widow, until at length, seeing that her mind was actually made up to marry the journeyman, he told her to consult the church bells, and they would advise her best what to do. The bells were rung, and the widow heard them distinctly say:

"Do take your man, do take your man."

Accordingly she went home and married him forthwith, but it was not long before he thrashed her soundly and made her feel that instead of his mistress she had become his servant. Back she went to the priest, cursing the hour when she had been credulous enough to act upon his advice.

"Good woman," said he, "I am afraid you did not rightly understand what the bells said to you."

He rang them again, and then the poor woman heard clearly, but too late, these warning words:

"Do not take him, do not take him."—*From Proverbs of All Nations.*

"Caught in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

How to Fatten Chickens.

It is hopeless to attempt to fatten chickens while they are at liberty.—They must be put in a proper coop; and this, like most other poultry appurtenances, need not be expensive. To fatten twelve fowls, a coop must be three feet long, eighteen inches high, and eighteen inches deep, made entirely of bars. No part of it solid—neither top, side nor bottom.—Discretion must be used according to the sizes of the chickens put up. They do not want room; indeed, the closer they are the better, provided they can all stand up at the same time. Care must be taken to put up such as have been accustomed to be together, or they will fight. If one is quarrelsome, it is better to remove it at once; as, like other bad examples, it soon finds imitators. A diseased chicken should not be put up.

The food should be ground oats, and may either be put on a trough or on a flat board running along the front of the coop. It may be mixed with water or milk; the latter is better. It should be well slaked, forming a pulp as loose as can be, provided it does not run off the board.—They must be well fed three or four times a day—the first time as soon after daybreak as possible or convenient, and then at intervals of four hours. Each meal should be as much and no more than they can eat up clean. When they have done feeding, the board should be wiped, and some gravel may be spread. It causes them to feed and thrive.

After a fortnight of this treatment, you will have good fat fowls. If, however, there are four to six to be fattened, they must not have so much room as though there were twelve. Nothing is easier than to allot them the proper space; it is only necessary to have two or three pieces of wood to pass between the bars, and form a partition. This may also serve when fowls are put up at different degrees of fatness. This requires attention, or fowls will not keep fat and healthy. As soon as the fowl is sufficiently fattened it must be killed, otherwise it will still get fat, but it will lose flesh. If fowls are intended for the market, of course they are or may be all fattened at once; but if for home consumption, it is better to put them up at such intervals as will suit the time when they are required for the table. When the time arrives for killing, whether they are meant for market or otherwise, they should be fasted, without food or water, for twelve or fifteen hours. This enables them to be kept some time after being killed, even in hot weather.—*London Cottage Gardener.*

The First Duty of the Legislature.

The preparation and enactment of laws looking to the rescue of Baltimore city from the thraldom under which she groans, is the first and paramount duty of the approaching Legislature. Let nothing stand in the way of this vital question, and let no divided counsels imperil the great cause of *truth, justice* and *humanity*. Enemies of good government will *scheme* to embarrass legislation and blight all our hopes by sowing the seeds of discord in our midst, and all our friends should unite for the *one great object*, and bury all minor contentions in the memory of our wrongs and oppressions. Let us all approach the altar of our country's good with *holy* hearts, single in the one purpose, to provide "security in the future" for *life, liberty* and *property*. Let all agree to have no clashing or secondary objects until the great work of salvation and regeneration is accomplished. Let us ignore the distracting issues involved in the election of an United States Senator, the incorporation of a city railway, or the prohibition of lotteries, until the good old State is emancipated and *protected* from all *intestine* and *foreign dangers*. First, provide a *good police and efficient election laws* for Baltimore city. Secondly, arm and *defend* this border State against all the impending dangers of Abolition fanaticism by establishing an adequate State arsenal, and by organizing and equipping and disciplining a State guard of at least 2000 men, to be distributed at proper points to suppress *insurrection and repel invasion*. Fortunately, the State is out of debt and would scarcely feel an expense of $100,000 for military defence. When these *dangers* are guarded against, *we may, but not till then, consider secondary matters.*—*Baltimore Dispatch.*

"What's o'clock, Pat?" inquired a traveler. "Next to nothing," answered the Milesian with great confidence. "What do you mean?" asked the traveler. "Not quite one!" replied Pat; "and it follows in course that what isn't one is next to nothing."

"It is Better to Save than to Destroy."

History tells us of a conqueror who died from a pestilence caused by the dead bodies of the vanquished. As a set-off against such a libel on humanity, we will point to a philanthropist whose soul aim it is to overcome disease, and rob the grave of victims. The man to whom we refer is a foreigner, an Englishman, but can nowhere be looked upon as an alien, for he knows no distinction of race or creed in his efforts to rescue his fellow-creatures from the grasp of death. Our readers will readily surmise that we refer to Thomas Holloway, a name well known in this country and wherever the English language is spoken. The popularity which his marvelous remedies have attained in all parts of Europe and America, is without a parallel in the annals of medicine. Here, in the United States, they are recognized as indispensable household curatives. All classes resort to Holloway's Pills in those diseases of the stomach, liver, and excretive organs, so prevalent in this climate, and no preparation is so extensively used as a dressing for wounds, bruises, ulcers, leprosy, cancers, tumors, and other external injuries and diseases, as Holloway's Ointment.

If a world-wide reputation, founded on the successful issues of twenty years' warfare with disease, is any compensation for the labors of the physician, Holloway has unquestionably achieved it. The patronage of monarchs, the gratitude of the million, the honors of science, the eulogies of the press—all are his. If he possessed the power of the prince in the fairy tale, of traversing the earth invisible, there are few portions of it where he would find himself a stranger. He would meet with his remedies among the aborigines of America, the luxurious races of Asia, the blacks of Africa. Not only are they standard medicaments of civilization in its old domains, but they seem to be the companions of its march toward every point of the compass.—It is no easy matter for any product of Europe to penetrate into the interior of China; yet, Holloway's Pills and Ointment are there. Nay, more, they are actually advertised in the heart of that exclusive empire. To deny the intrinsic value of articles that have been recognized as specifics for innumerable disorders in all parts of the globe, would be ridiculous. A community may be deluded, but the whole world cannot be deceived for twenty years in a matter of such vast moment to every human being, as the preservation of health and life.—*Chicago Journal.*

Listen, Maidens!

It is very common at the present day, for young ladies to accept presents from gentlemen not related to them, or likely to become so—in fact, mere acquaintances. It was not so in *our* day, and with no partiality for old customs, merely because they *are* old customs, we confess our admiration for that feminine delicacy which shrinks from accepting favors from chance acquaintances of the day or hour. That all young men have not the true feelings of gentlemen, our young ladies need not be told; nor that those most lavish with their presents are often as little able to refrain from boasting that these presents have been accepted when among their young male companions. The cheek of many an innocent, but unguarded young girl would crimson with mortification could she hear the remark often made on this subject among young men. *Don't do it, girls!* don't accept any presents from a gentleman unless he is an accepted suitor, a relative, or some old, well-known friend of the family, who has proved his claim to be good for such a proof of your faith in him. This may be "old-fashioned" advice, and yet, you may live to thank us for it.

AN EDITOR IN TROUBLE.—An American gentleman relates, after leaving a paper of which he was the editor, and returning on a visit, he wrote a leader for the new editor, and he really thought it good, better than he had written for months.—Next day he met an old acquaintance with a paper in his hand; "ah!" said he, "this paper is but a miserable thing now—nothing like what it was when you had it"—and pointing to the article he had written, he continued: "Look, for instance, at this thing! who would read such trashy stuff as that? Why didn't the fool let you write the article?"

THE PRESENT.—Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.—Hogarth was once applied to by a miserly old nobleman to paint on his staircase a representation of Pharoah's host in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix on the price, Hogarth became quite dissatisfied. The miser was unwilling to give more than half the real value of the picture. At last, Hogath, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms.

Within a day or two the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and immediately called to examine it. The canvass was painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said Hogarth, still smarting to have his talents undervalued.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equaled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The biter was bit.

OMITTING TOO MUCH.—A green, good-natured, money-making up-country fellow, who said everything drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony. Having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a not over-wise country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking "that it was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that." After tying the knot, he said, "it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that. It was customary, too, to kiss the bride, but, he believed he would omit that also." The ceremony being ended, the bridegroom took the justice by the button-hole, and clapping his finger on his nose, said: "Squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars—*but I b'lieve I'll omit that.*"

A connoisseur happening to be in a celebrated artist's studio, an animated discussion arose as to the color of immaterial objects. "Thus," said the one, "how would you color a tempest, supposing there was no clouds?" "Why," replied the artist, promptly, "I should say—the storm *rose* and the wind *blue*."

It is said that the French fashions corrupt Republican pens, and that after a short sojourn in the "gay capital of civilized France," American writers become Paris-ites. True—and some of them go to Rouen.

X. being asked what line in Shakspeare was most applicable to a certain young lady of much beauty but little conversational power, aptly quoted in reply, "She speaks, yet she says nothing."

Strict Business Man.—"Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at five o'clock and quit at seven." *Patrick.*—"Sure and wouldn't it be just as well if I'd commence in the morning at siven and lave off at five in the evening?"

Moliere was asked the reason why, in certain countries, a king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen. "It is," said Moliere, "because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom."

Practice does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied: "That is odd enough, for I have been practising all night."

When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, "Well, that's a very pretty sum of money to begin the next world with."

Bulwer says that "death often changes aversion into love." Certainly it does; we may have an antipathy to sheep and swine, and yet love mutton and pork.

An exchange says it is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.

A New York milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

The vain man idolises his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right.

"That's what I call *capital* punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

What is a bachelor? A target for fair hands to shoot at.

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