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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

[From the Little Pilgrim.]

BABY LILLY.

BY C. C. C.

Did'st ever meet upon our street
A happy little girl,
Her cheek and forehead clustered o'er
With many a nut-brown curl?
A mouth around whose dimpled marge
The fays of humor lie,
Playing bo-peep with merrier sprites
That sparkle in her eye?

That eye, if even now, my friend,
It steal your heart away,
Reflect what damage it will do
Upon some future day;
When woman's nameless graces glow,
Where now the child's are seen,
And two years old, and two feet five,
Are merged in sweet sixteen.

Now take her up into your arms,
And feel her little form,
(Those tiny arms around you clasp'd)
There nestling snug and warm;
And say, if aught the world contains,
More precious and more blest,
Than the fair and loving child that lies
So closely to your breast.

And when you think her beauties scann'd
Still hold her in your arms,
For while the cherry lips are seal'd
You know not half her charms;
Just ask the little maiden then,
Before you put her down,
By what sweet syllables her name
Is echoed through the town?

And she will look into your face,
Her large eyes beaming bright,
And with a laugh that shakes the curl
Upon her brow of light,
Inform you, in the sweetest tones
Your ears have ever heard,
That "LITTLE BABY LILLY" is
The oft-repeated word.

Oh, pray when this sweet babe shall stray
Beyond these guileless years,
That God may bless her chequered life
With more of joy than tears;
And at its close such peace disclose
As ne'er to earth is given,
A life more glad than childhood's day.
Amid the blooms of Heaven!

Easton Md.

REPORT

OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE Y. M. C. & L. ASSOCIATION,

For the year ending 14th January, 1859.

GENTLEMEN:—It becomes my duty, in compliance with a provision of the constition, to address to you, at this meeting, a report of the transactions of the Society during the past year, its present condition and future prospects.

After various and fruitless attempts to organize a Library and Reading Room in Easton, a few, in the face of the discouragements of the past, resolved to institute an Association, which, while giving due prominence to general Literature, would not be unmindful of that religious feature which has given so much efficiency to similar bodies in the cities. Hence the origin of the "YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN AND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION," of Easton.

Some time anterior to this period a limited number of youths, chiefly connected with the schools of learning in the town, had banded together for mutual improvement, and by great industry and commendable perseverance accumulated the nucleus of a Library amounting in all to nearly 500 miscellaneous volumes. This collection was the result of gradual accretions, the Association being dependent upon its own efforts and the occasional encouragement of one or more public-spirited individuals. Of these almoners of the young Society no man will be more gratefully remembered than W. H. Tilghman, Esq., a gentleman, who, in his retirement, regards with interest every good cause, especially sympathizing in the laudable exertions of the young.

Upon the organization of the present Society it was agreed that the two Associations should be blended, and the union was accordingly effected upon a basis honorable to both parties—and thus efforts, before divided, became combined for one common purpose and aim. The result proved eminently beneficial in all respects. The Library has been doubled in the number of its volumes, and a fine hall, in the centre of the town, furnished with a body of current periodical literature, which, for variety and selectness has rarely been seen in a country village. To many of these periodicals the Society has itself subscribed, while a few have been furnished by the kindness of the members, and in some instances by publishers themselves, free of charge. This has been especially so of our peninsular papers. The following list comprises the magazines, periodicals and newspapers at present on the shelves of the Reading Room:

Harper's Magazine,	Methodist Protestant,
The Living Age.	Chris. Adv. and Journal,
Knickerbocker,	Saturday Evening Post,
Southern Lit'ry Messenger	Denton Journal.
Graham's Magazine,	Worcester Shield,
Godey's Lady's Book,	American Patriot,
American Farmer,	Baltimore American,
Spirit of Missions,	Baltimore Sun,
Harper's Weekly,	Baltimore Exchange,
New York Ledger,	Sunday Mercury,
Leslie's Illus'ted Newspaper	Louisville Journal,
Scientific American,	Leavenworth Daily Times
Country Gentleman.	The Press,
The Southern Monitor,	Smyrna Times,
Life Illustrated,	States' Rights Advocate,
Washington Globe;	Kent News,
National Intelligencer,	Cambridge Democrat,
Home Journal,	American Eagle,
New York Herald,	Cambridge Herald,
Episcopal Recorder,	Cecil Democrat,
Banner of the Cross,	Cecil Whig.

To this Library and Reading Room we may well point, with pride, as the result of a single year's efforts attended by all the usual discouragements and difficulties of a novel enterprise. Was every other feature blotted out of existence, our Association would, in this connection alone, claim, with confidence, the countenance and support of our citizens. Night after night are these rooms thronged by attentive readers, the larger part of whom are the youth of the place. How many hours which might have been less innocently passed have here gone by in storing the mind with useful knowledge and educating the taste for higher and nobler pursuits! The Library and Reading room have become to our young population an absolute necessity, and should they be suffered to go down, for want of sustaining public patronage, the loss to the mind and morals, as well as the healthy, social enjoyments of that class, could scarcely be estimated.

The Literary exercises held in the hall, weekly, have been for the most part, respectably sustained; and in the conflicts of the intellectual arena more than one young man has discovered, for the first time, his true powers, and proved himself a formidable polemic. In addition to the usual Disputation, Declamations and Essays have formed a part of each evening's duties, and in these exercises no ordinary genius and ability have been displayed.

The Lectures, by which we have endeavored to contribute to the entertainment and instruction of our citizens have consisted of two courses of TWELVE lectures each, one series of which has been already disposed of, while the second is now in successful progress and more than half completed. It is not too much to say that these lectures, in eloquent exposition of interesting and important truths of Literature and Science, have been rarely excelled, even in the larger cities of the Union. Up to the present time EIGHTEEN public discourses have been delivered, as follows:

1. By C. C. Cox, A. M. M. D., "*On the Stone, the Plant, and the Animal.*"
2. By Rev. John McKron, D. D., of Baltimore, "*On Eloquence essential to Republican Institutions.*"
3. By Rev. W. H. Brisbane; of Smyrna, "*On the Characteristics of the Age.*"
4. By M. Spencer, A. M., "*On Female Education.*"
5. By Rev. C S. Spencer, "*On the times of the Reformation.*"
6. By Rev. E. Reed, of the Trappe, "*On the mind and its nutriment.*"
7. By C. C. Cox, A. M. M. D., "*On national decay and its true remedy.*"
8. By Prof. L. H. Steiner, A. M. M. D., of Baltimore, "*On the Real and the True.*"
9. By I. C W. Powell, Esq., "*On the Finite and the Infinite.*"
10. By Rev. E. Y. Reese, D. D., of Baltimore, "*On the Home Affections.*"
11. By F. W. Thomas, Esq., of Cambridge, "*On Eloquence.*"
13. By Prof. L. H. Steiner, A. M. M. D., of Baltimore, "*On the beginnings of History and Science.*"
14. By Ninian Pinkney, M. D. U. S. N. "*Admiral Collingwood.*"
15. By Rev. Dr. J. C: McCabe, of Baltimore, "*On the Misfortunes and Infirmities of Genius.*"
16. By R. Stockett Matthews, Esq., of Baltimore, "*On Henry Clay.*"
17. By. F. W. Thomas, Esq., of Cambridge, "*On English Literature.*"
18. By Rev. Mr. Brauns, of Baltimore, "*On the Rhine.*"

Of those gentlemen yet to appear in the progress of the present course may be mentioned: Rev. Mr. Hurn of Elkton, Rev. O. H. Tiffany, E. Y. Reese and J. N. McJilton, of Baltimore, David Paul Brown, Esq., of Philadelphia and Rev. J. McKim Duncan, of Elkton.

The attendance upon these lectures, at all times respectable, has never been very large when their importance is properly considered. Indeed so moderate has been the revenue, from this source, that but for the liberal conduct of the "Eastern Shore Steamboat Company" (which has always conveyed our Lecturers, free of charge, to and from Easton) and the generosity of the speakers, themselves, in giving their time and services, without fee or reward, the expenses incurred would hardly have been met by the combined sale of tickets and the cash receipts taken at the door. There is, I regret to say, a considerable part of our population who still withhold their support from this enterprise, and allow distinguished strangers to come and pass away from us without treating them to the common courtesy of their presence, or adding anything to the slender treasury by which these schemes for the public advantage are alone to be sustained. We utter this language in no spirit of censure or fault finding, but with sincere regret, and from a desire to awaken a more general interest in a young and laudable enterprise. On our part will the honest endeavor be continued to render the lectures acceptable and instructive to the people. If instead of a mere transient impulse of curiosity or novelty, a disposition be awakened in your breasts to foster the Institution, for the sake of its objects, then will we expect to see the Lecture Hall thronged each week with an intelligent and attentive auditory.

It is not my place to vindicate the cultivation of a literary taste among the people. In this enlightened age it should never be deemed necessary. And yet there is in every community a prejudice that literary tastes and the habits of active usefulness are necessarily in conflict. The "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*" doctrine, that Peter Stuyvesant dealt out to the cobbler of Amsterdam, however well it may apply to singleness of pursuit in the business transactions of life, is a fatal heresy when intended to restrain the mental recreation or improvement of the mechanic, tradesman or professional man. The aspiring ambition of man is not to be confined to the groveling atmosphere of his craft. A mechanic is not simple a mechanic, a merchant a merchant, or a professional man a lawyer or doctor. These callings are but the means of accomplishing great ends, with which the cultivation of letters is not incompatible. The great men of letters have been the every day workers of their times.—Shakspeare was a manager of a theatre, the author of Elia an every day clerk, Burns a farmer and tax collector, and Roscoe, the great patron of learning, an extensive merchant immersed in its most complicated functions. So in our country the most brilliant linguist of the age, Elisha Burritt, was a blacksmith, and Charles Sprague, one of the sweetest poets of the times, toils as a clerk behind the counter of a Boston bank It is too much the habit to consider literature as the peculiar province of what are termed "literary men." and these as an isolated and privileged class to which no man is entitled to attach himself who is not exclusively devoted to books. Literature belongs to no sect It owns no professional or technical distinctions. It is eminently social and comes to every fireside, high and low, rich and poor, in the pure familiar accents of our good, old, common Saxon tongue. Let it then be generally cultivated, and its institutions encouraged, that its benefits may be extended, without stint, to every class in community.

The religious feature of our organization, I regret to say, has not enjoyed the prominence it deserves in the transactions of the past year. Indeed, with the exception of occasional prayers and two or three discourses in the Reading Room, by the chaplains, early in the season, this element has almost failed of recognition. I desire earnestly to recommend that the coming year be marked by greater regard to this most important subject, and to that end that arrangements be at once instituted for a series of Biblical lectures; periodical discourses, from the various pulpits of the town, designed expressly for young men, at which the Association shall attend in a body; and also for the more constant attendance of the chaplains and the performance of their prescribed functions at our regular weekly meetings. Let it not be said that we bear the name of a Christian Association, and are wholly destitute of its character and spirit.

The report of the Treasurer will show the whole amount received during the year terminating 13th January, 1859, to be $262.00, of which the sum of $253,69 has been disbursed, leaving the small balance in the Treasury of eight dollars and thirty two cents.

This brings me to a brief consideration of the precarious and uncertain support afforded by the present system of voluntary subscription. The experience of a single year demonstrates that we cannot depend upon this means for any considerable increase of our annual resources. Indeed it is to be feared the existing revenue will scarcely be realized in this way again. With such a possibility threatening our existence I would recommend the consideration of some scheme of permanent endowment, by which the Society may be placed above the embarrassing contingency alluded to, and rendered an Institution not only for this but succeeding time. Various modes have been suggested, which it is not my province to discuss, among others a literary and religious Family Journal, which, it has been supposed, might be started at small risk, and made to realize, almost at once, a handsome annual revenue. Donations in money, from private sources I need not say, would greatly conduce to this desirable object. Surely those who have the means can find no more fit object upon which to bestow their liberality. One or two thousand dollars thus donated to be appropriated to the furtherance of our objects, would be an investment the good results of which would be felt in years to come. The paper opened sometime ago, and dependpendant for its success upon a subscription of $1000 (without which no demands were to be made upon the subscribers) has already exceeded more than half the prescribed amount, and it is our purpose to employ every means towards its final accomplishment. The objects of immediate importance, for which a fund is desirable, is the building of a suitable Hall for literary and lecture purposes, and adjoining apartments for a Library and Reading room.—By the proposed plan of a new Market House, to be built in the spring, we might secure, for these purposes, the second floor, with an extent of 50 feet in length and 22 in width, thus affording ample space for all the objects contemplated. It is evident that to construct these rooms and furnish them, in such style as will conduce to the comfort of the members and the importance of the object, a considerable sum would be required, to which our present resources are wholly inadequate. We are willing to give our time and best energies to the task. Will not those having the means aid us by liberal donations to an enterprise which cannot fail, if properly conducted, to result in untold aduantages to all classes of community?

And now, gentleman, in concluding this report allow me to say that our capacity for usefulness has not yet been realized. We are competent for greater achievments than have yet crowned our efforts. The future is before us. Let us employ its hours in the noble aim of doing good to our fellow man. Let no contracted philanthropy be ours, that, when our part in the drama of of existence shall have been acted out, we may leave that which will survive a vehicle of increasing usefulness to the community in which we live.

CHRIS: C. COX, Pres't
Y. M. C. & L. A.. of Easton.
Easton, Md., 14th Jan. 1859.

THE MURDERER JACOBI WRITES A LOVE LETTER.—One would naturally suppose that when a man had murdered his wife for the sake of a paramour, and when the halter had been as it were adjusted about his neck, he would have very little inclination to indite love-letters. But it seems that Christian Jacobi, condemned at Pittsburg, notwithstanding his awful situation, libels human nature by coolly writing an epistle to Miss Sattler, which for ardor and pathos, would do credit to a young lord, with forty years of life before him. Here is a specimen of it: Thy coal eyes please me so well that my heart loves thee intensely.—Oh, how sweetly have the hours past as I spent them with thee in harmony and love? You were then innocent, and before I took thee, pure and lovely. Roses, tulips, daisies, and hyacinths may fade; steel and iron may break, but my love for you will neither fade nor break. * * * If this letter brings joy to your bosom, then I have passed my time to good purpose in writing it.—We love each other: our love is an honorable one, and no one who knows what love is can gainsay it. * * *

Yours, &c., C. JACOBI.

[Reported for the Easton Gazette.]

REPORT OF LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF EASTON—AT ITS SECOND COURSE.

The Rev. J. N. McJILTON, of Baltimore, on the evening of the 18th instant, on the "Elements of True Greatnes" He said, the men whose achievements have won for them in the world's estimation, the title of great have rarely added to it the higher if less lustrous one of good. The jeweled diadem of power has pressed many a regal brow, but oh, how few have cared to win the fadeless crown of eternal glory. Dazzled by the radiance of earthly fame they despised the mild light which beams upon the path of simple duty. Earthly fame is like the sun, its brightness dazzles us and hides from our view the little star that glimmers afar in the depths of empyrean; but that little star, could we travel towards it through the realms of space, would grow brighter and brighter as the sun receded and at last burst upon our astonished gaze the glowing centre of another universe. But how few can realize this. Alexander the most famous hero of the ancient world could not Bonaparte, the great conqueror of modern times could not. The glory belongs to America of having produced the man who combined in the most eminent degree the qualities which entitle men to the appellation of great and good. Washington was the most perfect model of a great and good man that the page of history has ever delineated. His character will best illustrate the propositions unfolded in this lecture—his character first as a patriot, and secondly, as a christian. Who must not blush for his race that amongst the countless millions who have filled the world scarcely another can be named who justly deserves to be called great & good! Why is it? Is it not because the objects of the ambition of the great are as different from those of the good as the path by which they are reached are diverse. The one climbs to the mountains' top in quest of wealth, power and fame—the other walks in the valleys, yea, in the valley of the shadow of death, content if he may relieve the distresses of the wretched and heal the wounds of stricken hearts. He seeks neither wealth nor power.

"Far other aims his heart has learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

The one drinks in with greedy ear the honied words of praise and loves to see his achievements blazoned abroad for men's admiration, the other does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame. The one desires dominion over his fellow men as eagerly as the other does the power to do them good, forgetful that it is a less noble deed to seize the sceptre of an empire than it is to grasp the hand of a struggling brother and lift him above the misfortunes that threaten to engulph him. The voice of fame is sweet to the one, the other enjoys only the luxury of doing good. The one revels amid the pleasures of a palace or leads armies to victory—waving banners, glittering breastplates and the martial array of serried ranks attest his power and swell his pride—kingdom after kingdom yields to his arms and feeds his lust for dominion. Kings at his commammand resign their thrones, and the puppets of his will ascend the seat of power. Princes are his obsequious servants and task their minds to minister to his pleasures, till at length, intoxicated with flattery and power, he thinks himself a god, and is only reminded of his mortality when, the round of pleasures exhausted, he is obliged to offer a reward for the invention of a new pleasure, and the satiated monarch is more wretched than his poorest subject.

"With pleasure drugged he almost longs for woe."

Contrast with the picture the life of the good man and we may cease to wonder that the two are seldom united. That selfishness which marked the pursuits of the one is replaced in the other by earnest efforts for the happiness of his fellows. The one deifies himself, the other is less anxious for personal gain than for the elevation of his race. He is oftener found in the hovels where poverty makes its hard bed than in the palace where luxury spreads her downy carpet. Oftener where Lazarus mumbles his crust than faring sumptuously with Dives. The sighs and groans he hears are not those of slaughtered foes and sacked cities. His care is to soothe the afflicted and subdue their pain. He does not display his valour in brilliant feats and daring exploits amid the excitement of battle and the heat of conflict, but he exhibits a sublime intrepidity in the silence and gloom which mark the presence of the dread destroyer

When the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke,

What hero of battle ever exhibited a loftier or truer courage than did John the noblest of all the Howards amid the contagions of prisons, or the heroes and heroines of our own country amid the ravages of epidemics. Acts like these are not greeted with the loud plaudit and the cheering hurrah The forum is not often the scene of his triumphs. The warriors' laurel or the poets' lay seldom rewards his unostentatious labors. Greatness and goodness are like the fabled twins of Leda, though springing from the same ovum they are as dissimilar as if they were distinct species. How wide a chasm separates a hero-like Washington from an Alexander or a Bonaparte. Alexander receeived a kingdom for his inheritance. The plant of knowledge in his mind was watered by streams from the purest fountains of his age. An Aristotle instructed him in the love of the sages and was rewarded with the gift of a city. His genius was aspiring, his thirst of renown quenchless. The clarion trump of war was his sweetest music. He turned away from waving fields and arbors of enchanting beauty to review the evolutions of a Macedonian phalanx. Nature arrayed in her richest robes of green and gold possessed no charms like the spectacle of a martial host. When the victories of Philip were announced to him he evinced none of the joy of triumph, and when a friend inquired the reason he replied, "my father will go on conquering towns till there be nothing left extraordinary for me to do." He signified his accession to power by rasing Thebes to the ground, and sending its inhabitants into slavery, and though he early cultivated the virtues of temperance and continence, and his character was not without redeeming traits of kingly generosity, his glory was tarnished by many acts of cruelty. His vanity was excessive and he would brook no impeachment of his merit. His descent from Hercules was the frequent theme of self glorification. The philosopher Callisthenes alone refused to join in his deification and incurred in consequence his enmity. You know how he died! Who would exchange the hopeful serenity which lightened the last moments of Washington for the impotent passion and unconscious ravings, in which the latest breath of Alexander was spent. If we turn to the foremost hero of the modern world we shall find as much to regret and to censure Bonaparte was as far from the model of a great and good man as was his prototype. A little Island in the Mediterranean gave birth to this extraordinary being. The blood of royalty mantled not his check, but the signet of greatness was impressed upon his brow. With his own sword he carved the way to empire, and with his own hand he placed upon the head the crown of Charlemagne. He was indebted to nature for herculean powers of physical endurance, and an almost universal genius. He was inferior to Washington only in moral force and in dignity of character. Like Alexander his ambition was towering, His ambition too found an empire smothered the pleadings of affection and instigated the commission of a deed as atrocious as it was unnatural and fateful, the divorce of Josephine without a charge of offence.

The son of a Corsican advocate, educated by the charity of an uncle at the military school of Brienne, the French revolution found him, upon the verge of manhood, a simple lieutenant of artillery, but strong in the confidence of his own powers and ready to seize the "occasion sudden" wherever or however it might arise. That occasion came in his 26th year; it was the 13th Vendemiare in the Place de Carousal, a square in front of the Tueleries.—With 6000 troops he defended the Convention against the sections of Paris, who to the number of 30,000 sought to coerce it by an armed insurrection. As soon as the sections appeared in the Place, Napoleon opened upon them a terrific discharge of grapeshot which staggered, overthrew and routed them. From this time Napoleon's star was in the ascendent. The acts which have excited the reputation of the world are many. But his putting away of the wife of his heart to marry the Austrian and the daughter of his foe, is the one which exhibits the worldliness and selfishness of his nature in their most repulsive colors.—If the last scene in the drama of the life of Alexander was sad, how much more desolate and pitiable was that of the Corsican. To turn from the view of such characters to contemplate that of Washington is like emerging from the dark and noisome atmosphere of a cavern into the cheering light and sweet odors of smiling fields. Patriotism, or love of country and piety or love of God and man were the distinguishing traits of Washington's character and they went hand in hand with him through life. When the revolution called our patriotic sires to the field, Washington, though but a Colonel, was as by the inspiration of Providence felt to be the man for the place of their leader. And through the dark scenes of that contest he never faltered When success crowned his efforts he surrendered the power he had wielded, refused all pay and retired to private life. When a conspiracy to make him a king was planned he was the first to rebuke its leaders and the severest in his denunciations. So sublime a spectacle of self control was seldom before witnessed. The poor soldiers who clamored for their pay were by his influence pacified and encouraged to wait. His religion was shown in his daily life and in the strict observance of the ordinances of his church. In war he supplicated the divine aid daily, and, as president, his first message breathes the sentiments of the christian ruler. In retirement at Mt. Vernon, his grandaughter says, he was most regular in his devotions, when taking the sacrament he fasted all day. He died in the midst of his family surrounded by devoted friends and attached servants, acknowledged by all the world the purest, best and greatest of mortals. The lines of Goldsmith well describe the last days of the good man:

"Thus on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtues friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay
While resignation gently slopes the way,
And every prospect brightening to the last
His Heaven commences ere the world be past.

CAN WE BORROW BLOOD?

In contemplating the loss of blood from wounds or hemorrhage, and noting how the vital powers ebb as the blood flows out, we are naturally led to ask whether the peril may not be avoided by pouring in fresh blood? The idea of transfusion is, indeed, very ancient. But the ancients, in spite of their credulity as to the effect of any physiological experiments, were in no condition to make the experiment. They were too unacquainted with physiology and with the art of experiment to know how to set about transfusion. Not until the middle of the seventeenth century had a preparation been made for such a trial.—The experiments of Boyle, Graaf and Fracassati, on the injection of various substances into the veins of animals, were crowned by those of Lower, who, in 1665, injected blood into the veins of a dog. Two years later, a bolder attempt was made on man. A French mathematician, named Dennis, assisted by a surgeon, having repeated with success the experiments of Lower, resolved to extend the new idea. It was difficult to get a human patient on whom the plan could be tried; but one evening a madman arrived in Paris quite naked, and he was daringly seized by Dennis as the fitting subject for the new experiment.—Eight ounces of calf's blood were transfused into his veins. That night he slept well. The experiment was repeated on the succeeding day; he slept quietly, and awoke sane!

"Great was the sensation produced by this success. Lower and King were emboldened to repeat it in London. They found a healthy man willing to have some blood drawn from him, and replaced by that of a sheep. He felt the warm stream pouring in, and declared that it was so pleasant that they might repeat the experiment. The tidings flew over Europe. In Italy and Germany the plan was repeated and it now seemed as if transfusion would become one more of the 'heroic arms' of medicine.—These hopes were soon dashed. The patient on whom Denis had operated again went mad, was again treated with transfusion and died during the operation. The son of the Sweedish minister, who had been benefitted by one transfusion, perished after a second. A third death was assigned to a similar cause; and in April, 1668, the Parliament of Paris made it criminal to attempt transfusion, except with the consent of the faculty of Paris. Thus the whole thing fell into discredit, to be revived again in our day and to be placed, at last, on a scientific basis.

"It will immediately occur to the physiologist who reads the accounts of these experiments, that transfusion was effected on the supposition that the blood of all quadrupeds was the same, and that it was indifferent whether a man received the blood of another man or of a sheep or calf. This supposition was altogether erroneous. The more rigorous investigations of the moderns have established that only the blood of animals of the same species can be transfused in large quantities without fatal results.—The blood of a horse is poison in the veins of a dog: the blood of a sheep in the veins of a cat; but the blood of a horse will revive the fainting ass. From this it follows that when transfusion is practiced on human beings, human blood must be employed; and, so employed, the practice is in some urgent cases not only safe, but forms the sole remedy."

NAME OF DAYS—THEIR ORIGIN.

The idols which our Saxon ancestors worshipped, and from which the days of the week derived their names, were various; and were the principal object of their adoration.

IDOL OF THE SUN.—This idol which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man, set upon a pillar, holding with outstretched arms, a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration which they termed the *Sun's Daeg*; hence is derived the word Sunday.

THE MOON.—The next was the Idol of the Moon, which they worshipped on the second day of the week called by them *Moon's Daeg*, and since by us Monday.—The form of the idol is intended to represent a woman, habited in a short coat, and a hood, and two long ears. The moon which she holds in her hand designates the quality

THE IDOL TUISCO.—Tuisco was at first deified as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshipped as the son of earth. From this came the Saxon word *Tuisco Daeg*, which we call Tuesday. He is represented standing on a pedestal, an old, venerable sage, clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a sceptre in his right hand.

WODEN OR ODIN.—Woden or Odin was the supreme divinity of the Northern nations. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East, but from what country, or what time is not known. His exploits form the greatest part of the mythological creed of the Northern nations, and his achievments are magnificent beyond all credibility. The name of the fourth day of the week, called by the Saxons *Woden's Daeg*, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a bold and martial attitude; with a broad sword, uplifted in his right hand.

THE IDOL THOR.—Thor, the eldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, was, after his parents, considered as the greatest among the Saxons and Danes.—To him the fifth day of the week called by them *Thor's Daeg*, and by us Thursday, was consecrated. Thor is represented as sitting on a throne, with a crown of gold upon his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve bright, burnished gold stars, and with a regal sceptre in his right hand.

THE IDOL FRIGA, OR FREA.—Friga, or Frea was the wife of Woden or Odin and next to him the most revered divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes and other Northern nations. In the most ancient times Friga or Frea was the same with the goddess Hertha, Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consecrated, which by the Saxons was written *Friga's Daeg*, corresponding with our Friday. Friga is represented with a drawn sword in her right hand, and a bow in the left.

SEATER.—The Idol Seater is represented on a pedestal, whereon is placed a perch, on the sharp prickled back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage lean. In his left hand he held up a wheel, and in his right hand was a pail of water wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat, girded with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it *Seater's Daeg*, which we call Saturday.

'If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?' said a skeptic to a clergyman. 'Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?' was the caustic reply.

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