Dec 21, 1867

The Chestertown Tra

Dec 21, 1867

VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2

THE
stertown Transcript
ublished every Saturday, at
ertown, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

WO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three ths from the time of subscribing, TWO LLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will charged.

Advertisements

f TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent space) or less, will be inserted three imes for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for ach subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars: Six months, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisments must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

—x—

g supplied our office with a large, and beautiful assortment of TYPE OBS, we are prepared to print

BILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

A FIRST CLASS BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CHESTERTOWN.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED!

Where the People can get Blacksmithing done by Experienced Workmen.

Chapman & Lambert

Take this method of informing their friends and patrons and the public generally, that they have completed their large and commodious Shop on Cross street on the site of the former Shop. Expressing thanks to the public for their patronage in the past and hoping for a continuance of the same, we think our past work a sufficient reference for our ability in doing business.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Chestertown, August 24, 1867.

BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county,

SUCH AS

Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact

CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of

Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts,	Kisses,	Raisins,
Currants,	Dates,	Figs,
Prunes,	Citron,	Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES, FRESH EVERY DAY.

☞ Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.

N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

SODA! SODA!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Of the Town and County,

You are respectfully invited to call at LEVI FIDDIS', Jr., and try his Soda Water. It is superior to any thing ever offered in this Town, and you will find it delightfully refreshing this warm weather. He has a very superior Fountain, and every facility for furnishing the best article. June 1.

ACHINE OIL of superior quality, st opened by
3, 1867. THOMAS S. WICKES.

GE lot of Country Hams in store or sale by
1867. W. A. VICKERS.

Brass-bound Piggons, Corn Bas- Baskets, Demijons and other erous to mention. Call and New Goods. J. K. A.

CAL CARD.

ERKINS, having re- ertown for the active re- ession, offers his profes- ublic.
residence in Princess Caroline Thompson's, engaged.
867.

Whips, Basting re Ladles, Skims Dust Pans, Cof- s, Lamps an d Stove Store RIDGE.

For sale DGE.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMOR .

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

☞ The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*
January 19, 1867—Y

OWNERS
OF
WATER POWER
SHOULD USE
THE CELEBRATED
LEFFEL TURBINE WATER WHEEL,
Manufactured by
POOLE & HUNT,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Send for a circular.
September 28, 1867—6m.

NEW STOVE
AND
TIN SHOP.

THE undersigneds would inform the citizens of Kent county, that they have opened a NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP in the store room recently occupied by Mr. Washington Hudgins next door to the corner where the Post Office was kept. They are prepared to furnish

New Stoves of Various Patterns,

and will exchange and repair Stoves. They are also prepared to put on tin and sheet iron Roofing and tin Spouting and all kinds of tin and sheet iron work with promptness and at a fair price. Latrobe and other stoves put up to please.

A. A. BISCOE, Proprietor.
BENJ. ELLIOTT, Foreman.
Oct. 12-3m

GREAT BARGAINS
IN
BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN W. COLLINS

HAS just returned from the City with a *Large and very Superior Assortment* of

GAITERS, BOOTS AND SHOES,

MADE TO HIS ORDER, OF THE BEST MATERIALS, BY FIRST-CLASS WORK N,

And for sale very low! His Stock embraces Gentlemen's Fine Calf Sewed Gaiters; Ladies Side-Lace, Front-Lace, Button, and Congress Gaiters, of different sizes, quality and prices; Children's Shoes and Gaiters, of various sizes, and prices. A nice Lot of Fine Calf Long Boots, together with Shoes, Slippers, &c., selected with great care and bought on the best terms. Call and examine.

Chestertown, May 18, 1867.

S. V. L.

IN offering to the public a new remedy, which has cost time and various experiments, I deem it but justice to state, my Liniment contains more curative powers, and yet is more simple and harmless than any such medicine known which is used for similar purposes.

The price is placed within the reach of all, convinced as I am the present diseased condition of mankind makes its extensive circulation a paramount necessity. It is indeed a remedy every one should possess and which no family can do without. Besides being invaluable for Bruises, Cuts, Strains, Galls, Stiffness of the Joints, Swellings, &c., in horses, it is a household medicine, as will be seen by reference to my Show Cards, for Sore Throat, Toothache, Bee Stings, Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatic Pains, Pains in the Face, Back, Joints, Limbs, Bowels, &c. Try a bottle and be convinced. Ask for Sylvan's Veterinary Liniment. It is for sale at WM. J. VANNORT'S Store, Chestertown, A. L. VANNORT'S, Hanesville, and nearly all the Stores in the country. Also, at the

SYLVAN MEDICAL DEPOT,
Yardville, Mercer County, New Jersey.
July 27, 1867—6m,

VERY INTERESTING, INDEED, TO THE POOR IN POCKET.

IF they will not forget the fact herein stated. You can go to the "*Popular People's Store*" and Purchase Dry Goods of every description, pretty much at your own price. You will find shoddy and our best makes to make your selections. We have just opened a fine stock, purchased after the last decline which gives us and the purchaser a decided advantage. Remember the People's Popular Store.

W. A. VICKERS.

P. S. We will not publish prices, as we don't care to post the trade, only those in want. Go to the People's Popular Store to get Bargains. W. A. VICKERS.

Oct. 19, 1867.

SUPERIOR OLD RYE WHISKEY, at the Trappe Corner.
STEVENSON CONSTABLE,

The Poet.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The following beautiful poem was published originally as the Carrier's Address to the patrons of the Louisville *Journal*, on the commencement of the year 1832. On the 20th of January 1836, it was reprinted on satin by subscription. It deserves to be printed in letters of gold; for it is, in our opinion, the *chef d'œuvre* of one whose poetry has thrilled, electrified, and enchanted the nation.

Gone! for ever!—Like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.
The gay Spring
With its young charms is gone—gone with its leaves—
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Slumbering like seraph in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves.
And Summer, with its dews and showers, has gone—
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes—
Smiling in their sweet, sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists,
Resting upon the mountain-tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone with all its deeper glories—gone
With its rich green hills, like altars of the world,
Lifting their rich fruit-offerings to their God—
Its cool winds straying 'mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind-harps—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West
Like banners from the battlements of heaven—
And its still-evenings, when the moonlight sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great Universe. Ay—these are now
But signs and visions of the past—their deep,
Wild beauty has departed from the Earth,
And they are gathered to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to Eternity.
For have they gone alone, High human hearts
Of passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast that burned erewhile
With fires that seem immortal. Joys, that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free
In life's young morning to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of Nature, and to list
The woven sound of breeze and bird and stream
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope,
That moved on the forever bouyant winds
Like the bright, starry bird of Paradise,
And chaunted to the ever-listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky, until
Night's burning gems seemed jewelled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wing, and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulchre. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine, and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star,
And dreamed of ecstacies until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that awakened in the glance
Of the beloved one—he who madly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom—he who sought
His frame upon the battle-field, and longed
To make his throne a pyramid of bones
Amid a sea of blood! He, too, is gone!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod—his very name
Is but the meteor of a night of years
Whose gleams flashed out a moment o'er the Earth
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion—beauty's bright array—
And life's deep idol-memories—all have pass'd
Like the cloud-shadows on a starlight stream,
Or a soft strain of music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.
Yet why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and, borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty—yet why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past—in their bright round
The seasons come and go—the same blue arch
That has hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet—
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of Day—and still
Man will remain to dream, as he hath dream'd
And mark the Earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old Affections—Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen—and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of Heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.
Weep not, that Time
Is passing on—it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the Earth
There is a deep, portentious murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds
Against she eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant FREEDOM—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones
From every hill-top of western home—
And lo! It breaks across old Ocean's flood—
And "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The day-spring!—See! 'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That herald's the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of Hope
And life are on the wing!—Yon glorious bow
Of freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy, on the cloud
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heavens.

[Written for the Transcipt.

The Dying Year.

"Old Year! Old Year! with your locks of white;
The gathering shadows betoken the night;
Thy faltering step and wrinkled brow,
Speak plainer than words your destiny now."

Years are born and die as do things of earth. Behold! the beautiful infant lying upon its mother's lap, soon the Death Angel appears and it is torn from its mother's arms like a blossom from the supporting stem; so passes the year before we are hardly aware of its presence. First came smiling Spring. The buds bursted forth and bloomed; the air was fragrant with the perfume of flowers; gentle showers refreshed the earth; the air was filled with the melody of the long hidden birds, and even the tiny floweret raised its head in silent praise to God; but in a few short months Spring, with a tear and a smile resigned her sceptre to summer.

She came with her garland of flowers. Bright mists rested on the mountain brow, soft delicious murmurs floated through the air. Every one seemed to be enjoying the beautiful scenery around them. There was joy for all of God's creatures. The reign of this beautiful Queen was of short duration, and languid and fading she lay upon her couch to die.

Queenly Autumn succeeded her, dressed in her gorgeous, yet mournful robes; the golden harvest waved and bent beneath their load. The sun sunk low in the West and their parting rays shed their light, and gave a glow to all Nature.—What could be more beautiful?

Time passes on, and chill Winter with his breath of frost approaches, and with his snowy shroud quietly buries the year.

So year succeeds year, 'tis Nature's fate; the seasons come and pass away, they fly. Oh how swiftly! They bear on their wings high human hopes, joys which we have realized only in part. Love, ambition and glory alike pass never to return. Yet why mourn the pass? New-years will come, there will be another resurrection of Nature, another and still brighter morning will dawn and with it will come new hopes, joys ambitions and glories. This flight of years will end when they are lost in the great Ocean of Eternity. The year came and faded like a wreath of mist at eve; yet, ere it melted in the viewless air, it heralded its millions to their homes in the dim land of dreams.

"Old Year! Old Year! in your casket to-day,
Our richest jewels are hidden away;
But our eyes are turned to the distant shore.
Where the polished gems shall be ours once more.
And oh! as the record is made up on high,
Of the wasted hours in the year gone by,
May the angel blot it out with a tear,
While we seek new strength for the coming year.
Farewell, Old Year! for we meet nevermore,
Your sunlight is dim, your tempests are o'er;
Reviewing your path, smiles mingle with tear;
Pass on to the shrine of vanished years!"

Denied Admittance.

Hon. John Hickman, of West Chester, Radical member of Assembly elect, is about on a par with Thad. Stevens in his admiration for the negro. On that subject he is a little insane. A few weeks ago, Fred. Douglass, the negro orator, was invited to West Chester to make a speech to his sable brethern. To show that he practiced what he preached, Mr. Hickman extended an invitation to Douglass to be his guest during his stay in the town, which invitation was accepted.—The best chamber in Hickman's elegant mansion was put in trim, and the large parlors thrown open for the accomodation of the Boston negro. Mrs. Hickman, however had no stomach for all this, and when Douglass arrived and was about to set foot in the elegant parlors, she confronted him and gave a peremptory order that he should leave, pointing him at the same time to the front door. And leave he did, to find quarters with some one of his own color. This is another evidence that however much some men may prate about "equality of the races" white women cannot and will not become the advocates of the detestible doctrine. Mrs. Hickman is a Carlisle lady, and deserves credit for her determination to resist the attempt of her husband to make her home a negro rendezvous.—*Carlisle Volunteer.*

A THANKSGIVING INCIDENT.

The day before thanksgiving had been a busy one at good Deacon Wood's for there was to be a "family gathering" there the next day,—the day so dear to the hearts of all New Englanders, the day which is the magnet that draws to the dear home circle all wanderers, and which quickens into life all latent sympathies.

The deacon's only son had just returned from a sea voyage upon which he stealthily started three years before, in a fit of anger occasioned by the opposition to this his ruling passion. Great sorrow, and suffering, and anxiety had there been in the family during three years, which his unexpected appearance at this time had changed to overflowing joyousness and gratitude. The somewhat austere, but devoted mother moved with more cheerful alacrity about her duties, than for long years they had witnessed; the three sisters were full of life and exuberant with happiness, flitting about the house arranging everything for the great "to-morrow;" which was to bring dear and distant relatives, calling upon "Fred"—their dear prodigal, to share their delightful burdens with them, for they could not, they declared, spare him from their sight a moment.

He must "help pick over the rasins" for the "plum pudding" and the mince pies; then there were the cranberries to prepare, which were half the turkey, they said, the squash to be stirred every few minutes, (for Fred said he must have some squash pies to make it seem like old Thanksgiving,) and a thousand and one things to do, which marks this day of days.

The deacon's heart was overflowing with gratitude at receiving his long lost one again, and his large heart had all day been giving thanks, and his hands busied in making glad the homes of many a poor, hopeless, cheerless family, who had for many years depended upon his annual bounty to bring joy and comfort to their Thanksgiving table.

When he came in to tea that evening, and his notable wife showed him with pride and pleasure the pantry shelves all loaded with long rows of pies and cakes, the turkeys and chickens all ready for the oven, he smiled with satisfaction, and said "Would to God everybody had as much cause for thanksgiving as we have this year. 'I have just seen a poor woman whom I judge will have little, in external comforts, unless somebody sees to it; I am going in after supper. As I was passing a market on my way home, she came out, with such a look of pain on her face, and with the corner of her thin, faded shawl wiped the tears away. I was deeply moved, and following on she turned into the next street to this, and went into the basement of that "tenement house" opposite the old joiner-shop. Do you know anything about her?

"Why, I guess," replied his wife, "it must be Mrs. Johns, a widow. Her case was brought up at the 'Charitable Society' the other night by one of the members, but they said she didn't belong to our church, but to the P—— street church, and that she had better make her case known to them. And I didn't know how they did decide it. We all thought it was too bad to have a church member neglected by her own church."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the deacon. "Church or no church, what do I care *where* or to *what*, or if to *any* church she belongs, if she is suffering, isn't that enough to stir the heart of humanity?—Would they let her and her children go hungry till they find out to what church she belongs? I've heard of poor sick people who have been run from one town to another in the night to shirk the expense of their maintenance. And all this in a land professing the greatest christianity in the world; sending donations to heathens (all enough if they don't neglect their next-door neighbor) and all abroad through the land at every cry of distress. The command of the Saviour to the disciples was to begin *first* at *Jerusalem*; and that is at my next door just now," he added emphatically. "I'm thankful I saw her in time to relieve her anxiety for to-morrow."

"O, well now, father," said his wife, "she may not be in actual distress: I didn't hear that she was; she gets shop-work from some shop."

"O yes! yes! that's a fine prospect for a woman, especially with three children. I stopped on the walk to look in at the window as I came along, and all the children ran to her, exclaiming 'O mother, did you get the turkey? is it coming?'—She burst in tears and dropped on a chair. She did not close the outside door when she went in, which opens into the room from the street, and I heard her say, 'they are thirty cents a pound, and I hadn't money enough, and then there is not coal enough to bake one with.'"

"I could scarcely restrain myself from going in to comfort her with the assurance of her to-morrow's face. But the oldest girl, perhaps ten, said 'well mother, we'll wait and pray, and perhaps the angels will touch somebody's hearts and we may have one sent to us yet.' 'According to thy faith be it done unto thee,' I said in my heart, and came away."

The fervent blessing that the good deacon craved that night was indeed granted to his own noble soul. It seemed as though his wife felt the silent rebuke of his generous spirit, for no sooner than supper was ended than she took a market basket and filled it with the comforts and luxuries from her cellar and pantry, then calling to her husband said, "Shall we take it round, father?"

"Yes," he said, "but first where's Pat. Halloa, Pat."

"Yis sir," said Pat, ducking his head in at the door.

"You just take a wheelbarrow load of coal round to Mrs. Johns, opposite the old Jones' shop."

"Yo'll see now," said Pat, "it's no mistake, for here's the deacon himself."

After introducing and making some kind inquiries concerning the situation of the poor woman and her family, they opened their baskets to the joy of all; but particularly of the children, who were so eagerly watching and wondering what they could contain.

"I see the turkey's feet," whispered little Fan to her older sister, slyly pulling her sleeve. "Yes," says the other, "and there's coal to bake it now."

How the heart of the poor woman swelled with gratitude as she received the packages of tea, sugar, butter, bread and pies from the basket, which were to make the day, which she had years before passed in plenty, seem something like the olden time, and make glad her children's hearts; while the deacon and his wife felt it was more blessed to give than to receive, and tears were in all eyes as they took the poor woman's hand at parting, and in a voice broken with emotion she said "God bless you. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

"Ah, mother dear," said Susie, the oldest girl, as the door closed after the kind benefactos, "surely some good angel did touch the hearts of those good people to remember us so kindly;" and a sight to make angels rejoice was that of the poor woman with her children gathered about her lifting thankful hands in blessing to Him who has promised to be God of the widow and the fatherless.—*Hartford Times.*

All About Printing.

Movable types for printing were not used until the 15th century.

Books were printed by the Chinese and other Eastern nations from engraved blocks long before the invention of type.

The first types were of wood. The same material is still much used for the larger varieties of letters.

Johannes Guttenburg is generally believed to have been the first to manufacture movable types

An edition of Donatus was the first book printed from movable types.

The first letters were characters imitating handwriting. Printing was introduced into Paris in 1470; into London four years later.

Roman type first made in 1465. Italic about the year 1500.

Type founding was formerly a part of the business of a printer, and was declared a distinct art by a decree of the Star Chamber in 1637.

The largest size of type used for books is Great Primer; the smaller sizes are English, Pica, Small Pica, Long Primer, Bourgeoise, Minion, Nonpariel, Agate, Pearl, Diamond and Brilliant.

Pearl is the smallest type found in ordinary printing offices.

Agate is the smallest type used for setting advertisements in any American newspaper. It is in favor with those papers, which from their large editions and the great demand for their columns, are necessitated to economise space.

In America printers are paid by the 1000 ems, (M) an em being equivalent to about two letters. In England the matter is measured by ens (n) 2000 of which equal 1000 ems.

A good compositor will set, correct and distribute about 6,000 ems in a day of ten hours. Several of the N. Y. newspapers are printed from stereotype plates which are prepared with great rapidity and melted over for use again in printing the next edition. So rapidly is this work performed that in some instances forms have been got ready for the press in twenty minutes after the last page had been given to the stereotyper.

The hand press was invented in 1450 and is still used without any important improvement in the majority of country newspaper offices.

Ink rollers are made of a mixture of molasses and glue, and were first invented by Gannal, a glue manufacturer of Paris.

The first newspaper ever printed by steam was the London *Times* of Nov. 28, 1814.

Hand presses are still used in large offices where very fine and perfect work is required.

☞ An exchange says: "The omission of the ages in the notices of the deaths of women is pushing a reticence always of doubtful honesty altogether too far."—Yes, indeed. Running the thing into the ground, as it were.

I thought of the fur cap Santa Claus wore:
I thought of the huge brimming pack that he bore;
I thought how swift down the chimney he'd creep,
Like a lightning-steark, faster than any sweep.

Papa told me all about him the day before,
And I wanted to see him more and more
As I pondered. Then a thought came wild and new,
And I laughed as I said, "I know what I'll do."

So I kept very still and the clock struck seven,
And I watched for each hour, till I heard it chime eleven;
Then softly I crept from my little bed,
But paused as a curl shook on Sophie's head;

Then started, lightly tiptoeing over the floor,
Till I found the knob of the chamber-door,
Through the hall, to the stairs, then I pattered down
In my little bare feet, my night-cap and gown.

Till I reached the dusky sitting-room,
Where a few glowing embers just lit up the gloom;
Then close by the fire-place, behind the door,
I kept so still as I ne'er kept before.

I drew my breath lightly—I heard a slight noise;
He's coming! 'Tis surely Santa Claus!
But not down the chimney. Across the floor
A tall form glided—huge bundles he bore,

I could see the gay toys all peeping out,
But he wore not the garb I had heard about.
He opened the parcels—such treasures rare!
And he took them out with such quiet care.

And laid in each stocking; for Willie a drum;
For Charlie, a top that looked ready to hum.
'Twas then he paused, and I saw a tear—
A little stocking hung there last year

That now was not there! He wiped his eye,
And came to the stocking of pet Sophie.
The darling! was ever a stocking so long?
She had begged mamma for one, "big and strong."

He filled it with bon-bons, and over the whole
I could see the half shut eyes of a doll.
But the Santa Claus! Who was he?
By the glimmering light I scarcely could see.

A dressing-gown robed him—I had seen it before—
My cheek in its folds nestled times o'er and o'er.
Scarce could I keep from bounding away
To clasp his neck; but I made myself stay.
Those slippers—the same pattern traced by mamma;
And the whiskers—it was, 'twas my own papa!

RATHER HEAVY.—A few nights since, a party of young gentlemen in St. Joseph, serenaded a young lady. At the close of their musical performance a card was dropped from a window by the young lady, upon which was written the following:—"Compliments to Yankee Robin's menagerie. The monkeys perform admirably."

☞ Isn't it very affecting to behold at a wedding the sorrow-stricken air of a parent as he "gives the bride away," when you know that for the last ten years he has been trying to get her off his hands.

In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years.

☞ A boy who was lately locked up in a dark closet by his teacher, became insane from fright, continued to scream at intervals for two or three years, and finally died.

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0440