THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1871. NO. 32.

TIME TABLE



ENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave Worton	6:45		
" Lynch's,	6:55		
" Still Pond,	7:05		
" Kennedyville,	7:20		Q.A.R.R.train
" Black's,	7:35		
" Lambson's,	7:50		
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25	
" Morris',	8:15	1.40	
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55	
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10	
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00	
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15	
" Morris',	12:05	P.M. 8:25	
" Massey's,	12;20	8:35	
" Lambson's,	12:30		
" Black's,	12:40		
" Kennedyville,	1:00		
" Still Pond,	1:10		
" Lynch's,	1:15		
Arrive Worton,	1:25		

☞ Passengers from Worton and al Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

Attention

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

Excelsior Hot Blast Cook, Superb Cook, Ironside, Columbia Cook, Niagara, Continental, All Right Cook, Farmer, Champion Complete Improved, Victor Range, Reliance Range, Novelty parlor Cook.

THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY, Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland, Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS

put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

Call and examine our large stock of Stoves, and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.

Store opposite the Court House.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

NOTICE.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC is respectfully called to my stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Hardware, Queensware, &c. &c.

Give me a call and you will find that I sell as cheap as any one.

JOS. E. WEER,
Nov. 18, 1871. *Kennedyville, Md.*

PERSONAL.

LADIES, I can send you anything by mail. Just send us a *lock* of your *hair*, if you want one of those superb HAIR NETS to match, or a sample of goods the color. Only 25 cents and stamp, by mail.

W. H. RINGGOLD,
95 N. CHARLES STREET,
Sept. 16. 3 *doors South of Mulberry.*

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Fresh, Live Stock and Produce Generally,

South St. Wharf, Balto.

FOR GROCERIES

MYERS BROTHERS,

DEALERS IN

WALL PAPERS, WINDOW SHADES, VENITIAN BLINDS, &c.,

No. 39

NORTH GAY STREET,

Opp. Odd Fellows' Hall,

BALTIMORE.

☞ All orders left with E. C. RECHE, opposite the Voshell House, will be promptly attended to.

Sept. 9, 1871—y

H.A. Gable, N. Ruikle, G.Housel, H. Beard.

H. A. GABLE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS,

STAIRS, STAIR RAILING, BALUSTERS AND POSTS,

Mouldings,

Rope Mouldings, Mantels, etc.

MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEALERS IN

LUMBER, LATHS, SHINGLES,

AND

MARBLEIZED SLATE MANTELS.

CORNER OF

Howard and Fayette Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Sept. 9, 1871—6m.

WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

FRANCIS & WRIGHT,

GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

92 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

Part'cular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.

Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

July 22, 1871—tf.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.

Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1871—y

WILLIAM HARRIS, Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,

No. 116 West Pratt street,

(One Door East of South,)

BALTIMORE,

KEEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,

REPEATING PISTOLS,

SMITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISTOLS, COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS, and every description of Pistol now in use.

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,

Such as Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Water Proof Caps, Wads, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

GUNS neatly Stocked and repeaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

Groceries.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Flour, Bacon, Salt and Fish.

Nov. 18, '71. J. E. WEER.

Money Saved! Money Saved!!

BY ENCLOSING **ONE DOLLAR** (1.00) a three cent stamp and sample of goods, and getting in return ONE PAIR of *OUR OWN KID GLOVES*, in all the Fall shades and colors.

The only place to get them is at

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,

Charles Street

Selected Poetry.

A Song for the New Year's Eve.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store;
And we shall turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

Tell the Truth.

Boy, at all times tell the truth,
Let no lie defile thy youth.
If thou'rt wrong, be thine the shame;
Speak the truth, and bear the blame.

Truth is honest, truth is sure;
Truth is strong and must endure
Falsehood lasts a single day,
Then it vanishes away.

Boy, at all times tell the truth;
Let no lie defile thy youth.
Truth is steadfast, sure and fast,
Certain to prevail at last.

Christmas History.

The festival of Christmas was observed by some communities of Christians in the earliest periods at which we have any record of its observance, on the 1st or 6th of January; by others on the 29th of March, the time of the Jewish Passover; while others, it is said, observed it on the 29th of September, or Feast of Tabernacles. Long before the reign of Constantine, in the fourth century, the Eastern Church observed the 6th of January, but the custom of the Western Church was the 25th of December, the fixing of which date appears to have been the act of Julius I., Bishop of Rome from 337 to 352 A. D., though there are some who represent the fixing of the day to have been accomplished by St. Telesphorus, who was Bishop of Rome 128-139, A. D. Both the eastern and western churches finally agreed to hold their anniversaries on the 25th of December, and that day since the end of the fourth century at least, has been uniformly observed by all the nations of Christendom.

Nothing was more natural than that Christians should commemorate that most momentous of events, the Nativity of the Saviour, although from the earliest ages of Christianity there has been a difficulty in inducing the people to refrain from indulging in such popular amusements as were considered by the clergy inconsistent with the character of the festival. The riotous demonstrations of joy which were made at the pagan festivals, the feasting and merry-making, running almost into universal license, called for special animadversion when the newly converted heathen thought to transfer them to the solemnities of the Christian festival. It was not deemed wise, however, to proscribe all ceremonies which had been used in the previous celebrations of the people, such as innocent games and amusements, presents by parents and friends, and the decking of houses with laurels and evergreens. This latter custom, as applied also to churches, is supposed to have been proximately derived from the custom prevalent during the saturnalia, of the inhabitants of Rome ornamenting their temples and dwellings with green boughs. The sanction of our Saviour was, however, pleaded for the practice when He permitted the people to strew palm branches in His way when He entered Jerusalem in triumph. The Jews also employed green boughs in their Feast of Tabernacles. It seems, besides, to have been predicted by the prophet Isaiah, in the 60th chapter, foretelling the triumph of the Christian Church: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious." In fact, the use of flowers and green boughs as a means of decoration seems to be almost instinctive in human nature, and is universally exhibited as not to characterize exclusively any particular form of worship. A beautiful and touching use of them, which has been lately introduced in our own country, is the decoration, by green wreaths or flowers, of the graves of the dead on the anniversary of the birth of Him who brought life and immortality to light in the Gospel.

In Great Britain the Christian festivities, like those on the continent, exhibit an amalgamation, in some respects, of ancient and Christian customs. The mistletoe, regarded with such veneration in the religion of the Druids, still plays its part in England on Christmas Eve. That ancient ceremony, the burning of the yule log on Christmas Eve, was transmitted from their Scandinavian ancestors, who, at their feast of *Juul*, at the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of the[illegible]r. The English Christm[illegible] for[illegible]een famous. In [illegible]was at the feast, [illegible]the dining-room [illegible]mpets. Next in [illegible]a peacock, which [illegible]with leaf gold, and [illegible]nto the dining hall [illegible]e rest of the ladies following in due order. On some occasions the peacock was served up in pie, and hence Justice Shallow derived his oath of "By cock and pie." Geese, capons, pheasants, &c., also helped to furnish the Christmas table, and frumenty—wheat boiled with milk and sweetened with sugar—was indispensible. Mince pies were popular as early as 1596. They were also known as Christmas pies. This last name was offensive to puritanical ears, as the enjoying of the dainty itself at that particular season was to Puritan taste:

"All plums the prophet's sons deny,
And spice-broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot."

Or, as another rhymster has it—

"The high-shoelords of Cromwell's making
Were not for dainties—roasting, baking;
The chiefest food they found most good in
Was rusty bacon and bag-pudding;
Plum broth was Popish, and mince pie—
O that was flat idolatry."

In regard to plum porridge, Sir Roger de Coverley thought there was some hope of a Dissenter when he saw him enjoying that dish at the hall on Christmas Day. Plum pudding, still so famous at English Christmas dinners, is substantially described in a cookery book of 1675.

The Christmas tree, an ancient custom in Germany, has been introduced in England since the marriage of the Queen with Prince Albert. With the descendants of Germans in this country Christmas eve, as in Germany, is the most joyous night in the year, and the Christmas tree, bearing gifts and ornaments, the glory of the occasion. Among these the personage who fills the stockings of the children has the name of *Krish-kinkle* (a corruption of *Christ-kindlein*, or the infant Christ) who is supposed to bring gifts for good children, or if they are naughty, they find a birch rod in the stocking, supposed to be placed there by *Pelsnickol*, or Nicholas with the furs, in allusion to the dress of skins which he is supposed to wear, though *Krish-kinkle* and *Pelsnickol* are occasionally reported as the same individual under different characters, both having the well-known legendary attributes of the charitable St Nicholas.

In our own country the celibration of Christmas is every year becoming more universal. It has always been in Maryland and throughout the South the greatest festival of the ecclesiasticalyear. In addition to the religious services which are celebrated on this occasion by all nations which observe the festival, it is a day of social enjoyment, in which all classes participate, and of delightful reunions of families and the joyous Christmas board. It is a day for the renewal of friendships and the reconciliation of enemies; of kindness and generosity, of affection and good will. It is especially a day for the dispensation of relief to the poor and needy. It has been customary of late in English workhouses, as it is in some benevolent institutions in this country, to give the inmates a good Christmas dinner. The out door poor, especially at this inclement season, are more than usually in need of assistance. In olden times it was customary to extend the charities of Christmas and the New Year even to the lower animals.—Burns in "The Auld Farmer's Address to his Mare," refers to this practice when presenting her on New Year's morning with an extra feed of corn:

"A guid New Year I wish thee, Maggie,
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie."

Surely in an era characterized by progress in humanity, the poor will not be denied a remembrance on this occasion which was once given to the animals. No Christmas festival is complete which does not make the poor happy by sympathy and beneficence.

Anecdotes of Judges.

A writer in *London Society* tells some good stories of English Judges—among them the following:

Baron Alderson, learned, gentle, and good, could make puns, and had much drollery. A juryman once said that he was deaf in one ear. "Well, then," said Alderson, "you may leave the box, for it is necessary that a juryman should hear both sides."

After Lord Mansfield had retired he delighted to talk over every important case of the day with a certain barrister, and that barrister became a great Judge. Lord Mansfield was very kind to the bar.—When his Court sat very late on one occasion, he addressed the counsel, "Gentlemen, as you have lost your dinners, you had better come and dine with me." Judges are very good in asking young barristers of their acquaintance to dinner, but such *bonhommie* as Lord Mansfield's it would be hard to find now.

There was a little stir one day in Lincoln's Inn, when a Vice-Chancellor requested a gentleman who had strolled into the Court to come up and take a seat on the bench. At least he told the registrar to bear the message, who was disgusted at what he considered an unofficial proceeding. The stranger so deservedly honored was Macauley.

The Judges can tell odd stories of going circuits. The functionaries, and sometimes even the prisoners, are much disgusted, if, instead of a Westminister Judge, they have to deal with some counsel, whose name has been included in the Commission. A prisoner for murder was greatly annoyed because he had to be tried by a "journeyman Judge." A Sheriff once told a Judge that they had "often jobbed off sergeants, instead of judges, in those parts and he was really a *bona fide* Judge?" Having had his mind satisfied on this point, the Sheriff gracefully took his place by the side of the Judge on the back seat, but was politely informed by the Judge that etiquette required that he should sit opposite. Once a Judge told a Mayor that he presided over an ancient city. "Yes, my lord," was the answer, "it always was an ancient city." We expect that it was the same gentleman who expressed a hope that Mrs. Judge and all the little Judges are well.

A Sheriff asked a Judge at a circuit dinner whether he had gone to see the elephant in the last place. "Why, no Mr. High Sheriff," he replied, "I cannot say that I did. We both came into the town in form, with the trumpet sounding before us, and there was a point of ceremony to be settled which should visit first."

Some very absurd stories have been told of Judges thinking aloud. The following story is told by one of the Registrars of the Court of Chancery of a great Chancellor: "A barrister, whom he had not previously heard, was retained to argue before him. The counsel was a man of ability, but began in a very confused, floundering manner. Lord Chancellor: "Ah! not such a fool as I thought."—Finally he quite recovered himself, and proceeded admirably. Lord Chancellor: "Egad! it is I that was the fool."

There was one Judge who had a trick of checking witnesses when they got on too fast for his notes, by saying "Stay, "stay!" He was called the bid staymaker. Ofttimes they show admirable temper and discretion. A Judge, who was summoning up a case, was greatly disturbed by a young lawyer who was talking aloud. With great benignity he said: "Mr. Gray, if you ever arrive here, which some of these days I hope you will do, you will know the inconvenience of counsel talking while you are summing up."

A curious story is told, illustrating the legal precision of a great Judge. He asked the magistrate at a circuit dinner whether he would take some venison.—The gentleman answered, "Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken." Lord Tenterden retorted, "That, sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will thank you to answer yes or no, without further prevarication." The story was originally told in the Quarterly Review, but it is challenged by Lord Campbell.

With some Judges the habit of advocacy has grown so inveterate that they have been quite unable to lay aside. If ever they have seriously tried they have not succeeded in the attempt. The case has even known of a Judge on the bench thundering like an advocate at Nisi Prius. A Judge once said that he had only lost two verdicts since he had been raised to the bench.

The most conspicuous example of an intellectual failure in fairness was Sir John Leach. He delighted to gallop through his cases. He was so fast that a stage-coach was named after him, "The Vice-Chancellor." Almost as soon as a case was opened he decided against a plaintiff or defendant, and never thoroughly heard it through. It was wondered what he would find to do after he had cleared his list off. "Do! why he will hear the other side," was the acute answer. This was indeed an egregious example, if the facts stated of him as true, and they are stated by Lord Kingsdown; and such a Judge himself deserved the penalty of a criminal.

My First Experience.

The following is the experience of a mechanic, concerning the benefits of a newspaper: Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door with a smile, which is encouraging to a man after a hard day's labor. I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. R. had sent her little girl after newspaper, which she had borrowed. We sat down to tea. My wife said to me, by my given name: "I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper, it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home." My answer was: "I would like to do so, but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all that I can do to meet it." She said: "If you will take this paper, I will sew for the tailor to pay for it." I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon, and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared three hundred dollars, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I would not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met the payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

Dinner Time.

Louis XII. dined at half-past nine in the morning; but at the same period in England the Court hour was seven; and when that king married the daughter of Henry VII. he gave up his regular habits and took to English customs, in gallantry to his young bride. In consequence, historians tell us that he fell a victim to late hours, and died soon after his marriage. Louis XIV., dined at twelve M.; while his cotemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., were dining at one, P. M. From the Northumberland Household Book, (1512) we learn that the family rose at six, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, supped at four P. M., and shut their gates at nine. Eleven and twelve o'clock are very usually the hours for dinner in all parts of that empire. In England the Court dinner hour remained at eleven from the reign of Edward IV. to that of Henry VII., but the middle and lower classes dined at nine or ten A. M. The fashionable hour in Henry VIII.'s reign came to be twelve, when Sir Thomas More dined, and it remained fixed there for many years. It is still the working man's time, and is likely so to remain, as it appears to be nature's own time. When the dinner was eaten early in the morning, it was not always the practice to take a previous meal, so that, in point of [illegible], the old dinner was a knife-and-fork breakfast, such as is common now on the continent. In [illegible]ton's "Angler," [illegible] author [illegible] diet is a glass of [illegible]

no more till dinner." Viator answers: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast too." In 1700 the dinner hour had shifted to two o'clock P. M.; at that time Addison dined during the last thirty years of his life, and Pope through the whole of his. 1780 the poet Cowper speaks of four as the then fashionable time; and about 1804-5, an alteration took place at Oxford, by which those colleges that dine at three began to dine at four, and those which dined at four postponed their time to five. After the battle of Waterloo, six o'clock was promoted to the honor of being the dinner hour. Now we have got on to eight and nine; the epigram tells us—

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is in our streets esteemed the greatest;
But surely greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

We have seen, that within four hundred years, the dinner-hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from nine A. M., to nine P. M. Nature, however, will revenge herself on fashion, and have her own way in the long run: for as the dinner hour becomes gradually later, it must inevitably return to the early hours of past centuries, and the Irishman's description of his friend's habits will be literally true of us, for we shall not dine till—to-morrow.—*Chambers's Journal.*

New Method of Vaccination.

In view of the great spread of the small-pox at the present day in America and Europe, and the importance of successful vaccination, and the suggestion of an English physician, Mr. Ellis, may be of some importance. This gentleman remarks that ordinary vaccination is performed by scraping off the epidermis, and thrusting the vaccine virus into a puncture made by the lancet. A greatly improved method, however, consists in first raising a small blister by a drop of cantharides applied to the skin. This is to be pricked, and the drop of fluid let out, and then a fine point put into this place, and withdrawn after a moment of delay; the epidermis falls back and quite excludes the air, shutting out any germs that may be floating in the atmosphere. This method has been practiced by Mr. Ellis for twenty years; and out of hundreds of cases of vaccination which he has performed, he has never had an instance of blood poisoning or abscess, while by the ordinary method the occurrence of secondary abscess is by no means uncommon, and that of pyæmia is often observed.—The comparative safety of this method is believed to be due, first, to the exclusion of the air, and second, to the lesser size of the aperture for the introduction of mischief than when the punctures are made by the lancet.

How he was Hit.

There was a mixed company, on a certain occasion, on board of a steamer which was passing the port of Monterey in California. One of the passengers exhibited his geography and history—or rather the place where they ought to have been—by observing:

"Thar's whar General Taylor gin the Mexicans fits."

Monterey suggested Buena Vista, on which another person incautiously said:

"Thar's whar the Indianians run away."

This was of course at once contradicted by an Indianian, who averred, "They only fell back to get better fighting ground." That in return was controverted. A hot discussion sprang up, which was growing personal, and likely to be a rehearsal of the great fight, when a friend interfered as pacificator, by saying he did not want to be held responsible for what he was about to say, and he thought it would settle the whole difficulty.

That looked encouraging; but when he commenced by saying that "he heard they were liars as well as cowards," it did not look that way; it looked very much like a Free State free fight.

"Now just hold on till I tell you what I heard," expostulated the rash friend.—"When the Indianians were running away, or falling back, as may be, a fellow was making back track as fast as his horse would carry him. Another fellow lying on the ground, and making as much noise as his lungs would allow, called to the horseman, 'For God's sake take me and save me from the massacre.'

"Where are you hit?"

"Only in the leg."

"He was benevolently taken up behind the horseman, and on they went, until they reached the surgeon's quarters. Pulling up, the rider told that functionary:

"Here doctor, here's a case for yon."

"Scalpel looked up from his bloody work, but inquired with evident indignation:

"What did you bring him here for?"

For you to attend to him of course!"

"Go and get his head, then!"

"The rider turned, and saw a bleeding headless trunk. His astonishment was only equaled by his indignation.

"The lying son of a gun!" he bawled out; he told me he was only hit in the leg"

The friend's explanation proved satisfactory, as all hands laughed.

Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What, do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment

"Certainly [illegible] man,

That was the last time the young man visited that young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for a wife.

The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grog-shops—and the soft, verdant, silly, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing, in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well-dressed loafers. We pity any girl who is so verdant, so soft, as to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noblemen—the most dignified and honorable personage of heaven's creatures.

Beware, young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one day be a menial to one of them yourself.

Far better to discharge the well-fed pauper, with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous-handed, industrious mechanic.

Thousands have bitterly repented their folly who have turned their backs on honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.

Salutations.

In the east the people are pastoral, unwarlike, fond of quiet, and are also encircled by religion. We see this in the simple meeting of persons in the street—an earnest wish that the other may enjoy peace. Throughout the Bible this blessing forms the staple of salutation. Salem or Shalum means peace; and is doubtless the meaning of the word Jerusalem. The Bedouins of our time have the same idea embodied in their salutation. The Arab meets his friend with this: "May God grant you a happy morning;" "May God grant you His favors;" "If God will it, you are well." The difference here is very considerable, according to the rank of the person saluted. The most common mode is merely laying the right hand on the bosom, and a little declining of their bodies; but when to a person of great rank, they bow almost to the ground and kiss the hem of his garment. Inferiors, out of deference and respect, kiss the feet, the knees, or garments of their superiors. The dominant trait in the character of the Ottoman is known to be great pride, much gravity, and apparently considerable distaste to the use of his tongue in speech. It will be noticed in many of his sayings that those three often unfolded.—"May your shadow never be less," shows how they value flesh. In Egypt the climate is so very warm and feverish, and perspiration is so very necessary to health, that an Egyptian greeting is, "How do you perspire? According to Herodotus, the Egyptian saluted by letting the hand fall to the knee, unlike any other nation. The Spaniard wishes you "Good morning," "God be with you, Senor." The Neapolitan devoutly says, "Grow in sanctity." The Piedmontese, "I am your servant." The Genoese of modern times says, "Health and wealth."—The Romans who were robust had energetic salutations, expressing force: "Slave;"—"Be strong;" "Be healthy;" "What do you do?" or, "What make you?"

Sam's Legacy.

Sam was a darkey and hired out to a farmer in Connecticut. One day the farmer, who was one of the most generous of men, was taken sick, and supposing that his end was approaching, sent for Sam to come to his bedside. The negro made his appearance, and with a joyful face, drew near, expecting something vastly to his benefit would occur. What it would be he had not the remotest idea, but judging from his own feelings, he thought that nothing less than a pretty good fiddle would be at all appropriate for a deathbed present.

"You know," said his employer, "you have been a faithful servant to me Sam?"

"Yes, massa." (Sam's ebony features developed into a broad grin. He now hoped for a pair of cowhide boots in addition to the fiddle.)

"You know, Sam, I always treated you kindly?"

"Yes, massa." (By this time, Sam's imagination had expanded into something like activity, and his desires now embraced the fiddle, boots, a handful of plug tobacco, and a bandanna handkerchief, and he anxiously waited to hear the next word.)

His master then said, in a solemn voice, "Sam in consideration of your faithful services, I have directed in my will, that when you die, if you, in the meantime, live in this neighborhood, you shall be buried by my side."

After waiting a few moments, as if expecting something else to be said, Sam asked: "Is that all, massa?"

"Yes, Sam, all."

"Then," said the disgusted African, "dis nigger don't like it! for maybe some dark night de debbel come look fur massa, an' make a 'stake an' take poor Sam. No, massa, if all de same to you, dis chile 'fers to be buried by hisself."

THE editor of the Seymour (N Y.) *Times* is the "cheekiest" man in the State.—Hear him: "The editor of this paper is now in possession of the prettiest and smartest daughter in the State; the handsomest and most intelligent wife in the State; the fastest and best horse in the State; the best cow in the State; the best pig in the State; he prints as good a paper as anybody else does in the State; and in this state of affairs he is happy."

☞ "Pa," said a little friend of ours, "what's the use of giving our little pigs so much milk? They make hogs of themselves." Pa walked away.

THERE can be no Christianity where there is no charity, but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives—that of calumniating [illegible]ling add

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