CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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Miss Twitter's Conspiracy.

Years ago I had a young person in my service called Annabel Brown. The Brown was not, of course, surprising in a parlor-maid, but the Annabel was; and the more so when the cook made Hannibal of it, who I need not remark was a gentleman and a general. For my part, I would not encourage such a name at all in one in her position, but called her plain "Annie," with which she was quite content. She was an orphan; but I had known both her parents, and very honest, good folks they were, with plenty of common sense, too, so that it could not have been they, but her "godfather and godmother in her baptism," as the service says, who gave her such an outlandish name—for Christian I can't call it. She was a modest girl, who, if she had a fault in dress, was given to extreme simplicity; indeed, some of my visitors used to say: "So you have got a Quakeress, I see;" which was, of course, ridiculous; for though one does not want one's servants to be chatterboxes, one wants one's questions to be answered by something more than "Yes" or "No," to which, I believe, the vocabulary of the Friends is limited. Moreover, though I am not a great lady, nor anything like it, it was not likely I should permit my parlor-maid to "thou" and "thee" me, and far less my guests. However, what with the meekness of her manners and the simplicity of her attire, Annabel Brown might have sat for Mrs. Fry, supposing that good lady to have ever been eighteen and a beauty. Annie had brown hair, very silken and plentiful; large brown eyes like those of a gazelle; and a soft, rather alarmed expression of face, which, if it did not sug- [redacted] was the most hypocritical [redacted] rspective.

But I did not fear for anything, except on Annie's account, and resolved at nce to give her a good "talking to."

"Now, my good girl," said I, having mmoned her into the drawing-room, this matter must be put a stop to at once. will not have that man come to this use again. Don't say 'What man?' cause you know who I mean perfectly ell. I mean the umbrella man."

"Please, ma'am, he had no umbrella -day."

She was so simple that I felt quite shamed of being angry with her.

"Umbrella or not," said I, "he shall ot come here. A man without a name nd with much too good an address—is erfectly scandalous."

"Please, ma'am, his name is Trevelyan."

"Then that is much too good for *you*," answered I. "You have a nice manner and appearance of your own, and they evidently deceived him; and no good can come from such a misunderstanding to either one of you. Do you understand me?"

"Mr. Trevelyan knows, ma'am, that I am but a servant," observed Annabel, gently, and with a little blush.

"Then the more shame for him," said I, sharply. "Mind, from this moment, you never walk with him, or you leave my service."

Annabel Brown lowered her head in respectful assent; she would have said, "Yes, ma'am," if she could, but the tears were falling fast down her pretty cheeks. I was verry sorry for her, but I felt sure that I was doing my duty by her, and did not relent.

The next Sunday she came home alone. She had been very depressed throughout the week, but going to church seemed to have done her good, for she looked much more cheerful. My impression was that she had seen him, and got rid of him; and in doing so had discovered the wisdom of such a proceeding. He had shown his hand, with the false cards in it, and she knew him for a cheat and a deceiver, and was glad to have escaped tolerably heart-whole.

She was not so much to be pitied, however, after all, my gentle reader, as you will hear; so please reserve your compassion for the person who really suffered. Mr. Trevelyan at once proceeded to transfer his attentions to *me*.

The very next morning, Annie, looking rather white, but quiet as usual, brought up a card into the drawing-room. "This gentleman wishes to see you for a few minutes, if you are disengaged, ma'am."

"Mr. Arthur Trevelyan!" exclaimed I, reading the printed name; "why, that's never *your* Mr. Trevelyan?"

She was about to say "Yes, ma'am," but putting on what was for her a bold face, answered, "Well, I hope he will be mine, ma'am."

The next moment he was in the room, and Annie had shut the door, leaving me alone with this Don Giovanni. I am bound to say he was a very good-looking, gentlemanly person, and with anything but an impudent air.

"I have ventured to call upon you, madam, in relation to Annabel Brown, who is, I believe, at present, your parlor-maid."

"Well, sir," said I, very stiff and formal.

"I thought it would be only courteous to let you know that she would be leaving the front door, and he may have been mistaken as to your condition in life. Did you inform him of it?"

"No, ma'am."

Annabel Brown was certainly too Quakerish; any other girl would have seen with half an eye that I was really solicitous (for her own sake) to know what the man *had* said to her; yet all that I could get out of Annie was "No, ma'am." It was not treating me, I thought, with the confidence that my conduct towards her had merited. She might have been more open—like that silk umbrella.

Next Sunday was a fine one, and yet if you will believe me, Annie came home again escorted by that very man! I had gone to church myself, and returned, as usual, some minutes after her; but cook informed me—with rather a malicious grin, I thought—that such had really been the case. I had not put the question; I had merely asked whether Annie had come in, feeling pretty sure, however, that she had, and was gone up stairs to take off her things, which was the case.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, she 'ave come in. I only wonder that her friend didn't come in with her, he seemed so very much attached."

"What friend?" asked I, with assumed indifference.

"Oh! pray, ma'am, don't ask me; Hannibal, I know, is such a pattern! Otherwise I *should* have said as 'ow he was a follower."

"And what sort of a man was he, cook?"

"Oh! quite the gentleman to *look at;* fine feathers make fine birds to them as can see no further." And cook looked as if she could see a great deal further, and, amongst other things, the house robbed, and her mistress' throat cut, in no distant

(was by no means a canter,) twice a day, whether it was wet or fine. In the evenings she never went out, not even on week-days, which itself spoke volumes in her praise. She had no friends in town, she said, in explanation of this phenomenon. She was the only maid I ever had who never asked leave to pass an evening with her "friends" or "cousins." Well, being such a pattern of propriety, you may imagine my astonishment on seeing her come from church one day accompanied by a young man, who left her at the front door (my area gate is always locked on Sunday) with a bow that would not have disgraced Lord Chesterfield.

Though a fine morning, it had turned out wet, and I noticed, with a little distress of mind, that the umbrella which he was holding over her with much apparent solicitude was a handsome silk one; the man himself, too, had an alarmingly genteel appearance. I made sure that Annie would explain this unprecedented circumstance without any inquiry on my part; and when some hours passed by without her doing so, the matter appeared to me all the graver.

According, at night, when she was assisting me in my room, I broached the subject myself.

"Annie," said I, "I was very much surprised to see you come home from church this morning accompanied by a stranger. How did that happen?"

"Well, ma'am, it was very wet," returned she (with a simplicity that would have quite disarmed me, even if I had entertained any indignation against her, which I did not; I only felt angry with *the man,*) "and as I had no umbrella the gentleman, who was at church himself, kindly offered to see me home."

"Annie," said I solemnly, "do not imagine that men—and especially *gentlemen*—only go to church as you do, to say their prayers. I once heard a great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, divide 'church-goers' into a number of classes, some of which were of a very unsatisfactory sort. Among others there was the 'umbrella Christian,' as he termed it—the man who goes into a church merely to save his hat or get out of the rain."

"But please, ma'am, this gentleman *had an* umbrella," observed Annabel Brown.

I thought it rather pert, and very unlike herself, that she should argue with me on this matter, but still I was determined not to lose my temper.

"In this particular case that may have been so," said I; "but he might have gone to church with a wrong motive, for all. To my eyes he did not look a suitable person for a young woman in your position to be walking with. He left you at you, probably before the month is up, in order to become my wife. If, as she says, you forbid us to meet, I shall take her even earlier, as I find it impossible to exist without her society, at all events on Sundays."

"Take her earlier—make her your wife!" reiterated I; "this is quite incomprehensible to me, sir; why you have not seen her more than half a dozen times!"

"Nevertheless, madam, it is my intention to marry her, and that at once. She is of age, she tells me, and there is nothing to prevent it."

"But there is surely a great difference of social position, Mr. Trevelyan. You have the air and manners of a gentleman, while she——"

"Forgive me madam, for interrupting you, but I am sure you are yourself too much of a gentle*woman* to say anything derogatory of the person I have selected for my wife."

He quite took my breath away, he was at once so proud and so polite.

"I am twenty-six years old, madam," he went on, "and I know my own mind, and have an independent fortune. There is no sort of use in opposing our engagement, even if your kind heart would permit you to do so. The chief object of my calling upon you was, indeed, to request a personal favor of you in connection with our approaching nuptials. Annabel tells me that she has neither father or mother, nor, indeed, any friend in London except yourself."

"That certainly was my belief," said I, "until lately."

Mr. Trevelyan only smiled at this significant reply.

"Well, madam, this being so, and you having reason, I believe, to be satisfied with Annabel as to her moral qualities, I come to ask of you the great favor of your giving her away at the altar."

"I give Annie away! and to *you*, a perfect stranger! Never!"

"My dear madam, I honor your scruples," returned the young man with a low bow (and I must say, for grace of manner I have seldom seen his equal;) "but this is the address of my lawyers, and this of a parish clergyman in your vicinity, who will both vouch for my respectability and good family. Beyond these facts, and that I have sufficient means, independent of a profession, to support a wife, I don't feel called upon to speak."

Mr. Trevelyan seemed such a very nice young man, and I had such a true regard for Annabel, that, absurd as the proposition of my giving her away to him at first seemed, I finally came into it, and three weeks afterwards, they were married by special license. She was not at all puffed up by her good fortune, and though he gave her a great sum for her trousseau, she expended it with her usual quiet taste. Annabel Brown was adapted for any position in life into which she happened to be thrown that did not require energy or powers of conversation, in which she was certainly deficient; and out of the fifty maid-servants that I have had in my service from first to last, she was the only one of whom I could say as much.

"But how," my readers may ask, "did Annabel get on after she became Mrs. Trevelyan?"

That I can't tell you, but I can tell you what happened to me in consequence, which is the terrible part of the whole story.

A stately carriage drove one day up to my door, and my new maid (a very different one from dear Annie) came running up the stairs in a state of great excitement. "Oh! mum, please mum, there's a lord's coach at the door, and her ladyship wishes to see you."

"What's her name?" demanded I, quietly; for I did not wish this grinning idiot to suppose that I was never called upon by members of the aristocracy.

"Here's her card, mum; the Lady Hallis Something or other."

"It is not your business to read visitors' cards," said I, stiffly. "Show Lady Alice Trevelyan up."

The similarity of name with that of Annabel's husband of course struck me at once; yet I was totally unable to conjecture her business with poor insignificant me. I was not long, however, left in doubt. A tall, bony, stiff-backed woman of about sixty years of age presently sailed into the room.

"Miss Twitter, I believe?" said she.

"The same," replied I politely. "Will not your ladyship take a seat?"

"Certainly not," answered she, snappishly. "I merely came to see that sort of person by whose nefarious assistance my unfortunate nephew has been entrapped into matrimony. This is the house is it," said she, looking around my little drawing-room in a very depreciatory way "where this conspiracy was hatched?—In this hole you baited your trap, did you for that innocent boy?"

"I am quite at a loss, madam, to know what you mean," (though I began to guess,) "except that you intend to be offensive."

"You are right there, woman," she rejoined acidly, "if you should never again be right in your life. It is the only consolation left to me, after the ruin of our house, to tell you to your face what I think of you. You are a treacherous, dessgning creature; you entered into a fraudulent conspiracy. Yes, I know it's actionable, if there's a witness; but if you dare to come near the bell, *I'll knock you down!* I say you conspired to seduce the affections of my nephew, the Honorable Arthur Trevelyn, heir-presumptive to the Earl of Manilands. I don't say you did it yourself; I wish you had, because then the probability is that the disgrace would only have lasted your lifetime; you employed a youthful accomplice, who passed as your maid-servant, it seems, and whose fatal charms overcame poor Arthur's scruples. It is my belief that you both ought to be hanged. Don't answer me; don't venture to speak to me, lest the sound of your hated voice should provoke me beyond all bounds! You were a witness to this atrocious marriage. I have read your foolish name in the register, you false, perjured, crafty, abominable woman! If I was not a lady born and bred, I don't know what I shouldn't call you!"

What she would have called me had she not been a lady of hereditary title, it is impossible to conjecture; she had an immense vocabulary of abuse even as it was, and she exhausted it.

"I shall come again and let you know what my opinion of you really is!" were her last words, which were perhaps the most terrible of all. She had nearly frightened me out of my wits as it was; and the threat of that being repeated lay heavy on my soul for many a day, until my lease was out and I took another house. Thank Heaven, I never saw her ladyship again.

Once, however, I saw Lady Manilands herself (for her husband's uncle died after a few years) going to court in the very quietest dress in which any lady ever did go there; she gave me a bow and a smile out of the carriage window, and that was all. She never called on her old mistress. It is my impression that in her heart she was not worthy of her husband. How they got on together I never heard, but what I have narrated is, I think a lesson to mistresses against encouraging servant maids to wed above their position. I have heard it said by prudent persons, "Never give anything away;" but above all I would impress upon all spinister ladies, "Never give a parlor-maid away in marriage to the heir-presumptive of an earldom, especially if he has an aunt who is touchy about the honor of the family."—*Chambers' Journal.*

POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

We had supposed that the fame of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat was tolerably secure, but a year or two since Mr. John H. B. Latrobe read a paper before the Maryland Historical Society in which he showed pretty clearly that a near relative of his own Mr. Roosevelt, had described the machinery of a steamboat, substantially as now used, seven years before Fulton began his experiments.

This inventor met Fulton in France, and is supposed to have communicated to him the plans which made steam navigation a commercial success. And now comes a writer in the West Virginia Educational Journal, and submits what appears to be conclusive proof that a Maryland mechanic named James Rumsey preceeded both Fulton and Roosevelt in the invention of the steamboat. Perhaps this is an old story, but it will be new to most of our readers.

James Ramsey, or Rumsey, as he was then known, was born in Cecil county, Maryland, but emigrated to Virginia when quite a youth, and engaged in the mercantile business with Nicholas Orrick at Bath, now Berkeley Springs, in Morgan county. While thus employed he constructed a model for a steamboat, which he exhibited to Gen. Washington, then visiting the Springs. In 1783 young Rumsey removed to Sheperdstown, and was for some time Superintendent of the Potomac Company for clearing rivers, etc., but soon turned his attention to the construction of a steamboat after the model shown to Gen. Washington.—His work was all done in secret, and only a few intimate friends were let into his confidence and admitted into his shop.—In the fall of 1784 the boat was launched and the machinery constructed by home mechanics put on board. The inventor and two of his friends made a trial trip at night, which was not entirely satisfactory, owing to the imperfection of the machinery.

On the 22nd of January, 1783, the General Assembly of Maryland passed a law, granting to James Rumsey the exclusive right to navigate the rivers of this State in steamboats for the period of ten years and in 1784 the Legislature of Virginia granted him the same privilege. In his petition asking for this franchise he sets forth that in experiments already made he had propelled a boat of six tons burthen against the current. While he was secretly engaged in constructing a boat at Sheperdstown he was greatly annoyed by the prying visits of John Fitch hailing from Winchester, Virginia, who he imagined, was trying to get possession of his secret, and in a long letter to Gen. Washington in 1784, "he complains that Fitch took his idea from him." It is recorded of this Fitch that he succeeded in propelling a vessel on the Delaware in 1789, and came to a sad end, by suicide, near Bardstown, Kentucky, in 1796, leaving this melancholy history of himself: "I know nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man's feeling as a turbulent wife and steamboat building; I experienced the former and quit in season, and if I had have been in my right senses I should have treated the other in the same way."

Rumsey, like many other men whom his generation did not appreciate, was called "crazy" by his neighbors. While wrestling with the mighty problem which he finally solved, he would walk up and down the high bluff that overlooks the Potomac in front of Sheperdstown. To this day the shore line of this bluff is called "Rumsey's Walk." In the autumn of 1787 Rumsey made another experimental trip on the Potomac. He had enlarged the boiler used in the first experiment and improved the machinery. The boat was a "scow" that was estimated to have a carrying capacity of one hundred barrels of flour. Nine tons of stone were put on board as a cargo for a trial trip. Thousands of persons had gathered to witness the novel experiment, but none were allowed on board save six ladies who took their seats as passengers. Captain Charles Morrow was placed at the helm and James Rumsey attended to the boiler and machinery, and while all eyes were fixed on the boat, she started off and proceeded up the river at about three miles an hour, as far as the mouth of Swearingen's Spring Run, and then making a circuit, returned to the ferry landing amid the loud cheers of the astonished crowd.

The boiler of this boat was composed of two large iron pots turned mouth to mouth and banded together with heavy iron straps. Until recently this interesting relic was carefully preserved, with portions of the machinery and boat, by the old citizens of Sheperadstown, and the story is still handed down from sire to son, how "crazy Rumsey made his boat to go up stream by steam." A description of the boiler and machinery may be found in "Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia." In 1785 Gen. Washington wrote from Mount Vernon to a member of Congress from Pennsylvania as follows: "If a model of a thing, in miniature, is a just representation of a greater object in practice, there is no doubt of Rumsey's invention. A view of this model has removed all doubt of the practicability of propelling against the current by mechanical power." This he wrote concerning the model shown him at Bath, but his certificate of the practical working of the boat, together with those of others who witnessed the experiments, is extant.

Shortly after his successful experiment upon the Potomac at Sheperdstown, Rumsey, satisfied that skillful workmen and better machinery were all that was necessary to give complete success and efficiency to his invention, went with his family to England, where he suffered the usual trials of a poor and unaided genius and with difficulty kept his family from starvation and himself from a London prison. Elias Howe, of sewing machine fame, went through precisely the same experience, but, happily, he lived to see the success of his invention, which Ramsey did not. He had a vessel of one hundred tons burthen built and launched on the Thames in 1792. The machinery was all in, and the engine had been put in motion (with the boat moored fast to the pier), and was found to work satisfactorily. The inventor seemed to be just about to reap the reward of his life of patient labor and sacrifice. Unhappily a party of his friends persuaded him to meet them in public assemblage and give a description of his vessel and an exposition of his invention, the evening before his trial trip. The hall was crowned with the nobility, men of science, and beauty of the city, but the occasion was too much for the overtaxed brain of the inventor: he arose uttered a few incoherent words and sunk down with apoplexy, and two days afterwards died, never to realize the earnest desire of his heart, or derive any honor or profit of his life-long labors. His family lived and died in poverty and wretchedness, and his name is never mentioned, save by a few who have heard, from their fathers, the story of his experiment.

In 1801 Fulton made his celebrated voyage, in the "Clermont," on the Hudson river, and though the machinery was made at the celebrated works of Watt and Boulton, at Soho, it did not reach a greater speed than Rumsey's imperfectly constructed boat on the Potomac twenty-one years before.

In 1837, the heirs of James Rumsey petitioned Congress "praying for some consideration and recognition of their ancestor's claim to this invention," which was referred to a commitsee, whose report was submitted March 2, 1837, and concludes as follows:

"Your Committee will not affirm from anything exhibited to them, that James Rumsey's steamboat or his machinery for propelling boats by steam, was as perfect or as capable of producing beneficial results as are the engines now used for propelling boats against wind and current. No doubt many and important improvements have since been made. But your committee believe that the facts prove that James Rumsey was among the first to move a boat by the application of steam power; that his genius and exertions to accomplish this great object, which since his death has been done by others (no matter whether by adopting his ideas or improving upon them, or whether their plans were altogether original) should be rescued from oblivion; and that the country of which he was a native, should testify its gratitude by some act, commemorative of his worth and services."

Upon the reception of this report, on motion of Mr. Rumsey, of Kentucky, it was

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled*, That the President be and is hereby authorized and requested to present to James Rumsey, Jr., the only surviving heir of James Rumsey, deceased, a suitable gold medal commemorative of his father's services and his agency in giving to the world the benefit of the steamboat."

This is all the honor and all the remuneration James Rumsey or his heirs ever received from *his country* "for his agency in giving to the world the steamboat."—*Baltimore American.*

GOOD MANNERS A DUTY.

[*By Henry Ward Beecher.*]

Men often speak of good manners as *an accomplishment*. I speak of them as a *duty*. What, then, are good manners? Such manners as the usages of society have recognized as being agreeable to men. Such manners as take away rudeness, and remit to the brute creation all coarseness. There are a great many who feel that good manners are effeminate. They have a feeling that rude bluntness is a great deal more manly than good manners. It is a great deal more beastly. But when men are crowded in communities, the art of living together is no small art. How to diminish friction; how to promote ease of intercourse; how to make every part of a man's life contribute to the welfare and satisfaction of those around him; how to keep down offensive pride; how to banish the raspings of selfishness from the intercourse of men; how to move among men inspired by various and conflictive motives, and yet not have collisions—this is the function of good manners.

It is not effeminate to be refined. And in this land no man should plead inability. There may be a peasantry in other countries, there may be a class in foreign lands who have no opportunities; there may be those whose toil is so continuous, whose opportunities for knowing what constitutes good manners are so few, and whose ignorance is so gross that they are excusable; but this is not the case with any within the sound of my voice.

That a man is a mechanic is no reason why he should not be a perfect gentleman. I affirm for every American citizen the right to be not simply a man, but a *good mannered* man. I have seen men at the anvil who were as perfect gentleman as men of books or men of society. *I know no reason why a man who tans hides should not be a gentleman.* I know no reason why a man who digs in the soil, a man who works in metals and woods, a man who builds, should not be a perfect gentleman. There is nothing in mechanical occupation which is incompatible with the highest courtesy.

Not only is the violation of good manners inexcusable on ordinary grounds, but it is sinful. When, therefore, parents and guardians and teachers would inspire the young with a desire for the manners of good society, it is not to be thought that they are accomplishments which may be accepted or rejected.—Every man is bound to observe the laws of politeness. It is the expression of good-will and kindness. It promotes both beauty in the man who possesses it, and happiness in those who are about him. It is a religious duty, and should be part of religious training.

There is a great deal of contempt expressed for what is called *etiquette* in society. Now and then there are elements of etiquette which perhaps might well be ridiculed; but in the main there is a just reason for all those customs which come under the head of *etiquette*. There is a reason which has regard to the facility of intercourse. There is a reason in the avoidance of offence. There is a reason in comfort and happiness. And no man can afford to violate these unwritten customs of etiquette who wishes to act as a Christian gentleman.

I may speak, also, of a tendency which is bred by our institutions—the want of veneration. There are various ways in which this want of veneration shows itself. We often hear that there is not the same respect shown for the aged that there used to be. We know that there is very little respect shown for magistrates and men in authority. This is partly due, I think, to the institutions under which we live. One of the unfortunate effects derived from the early stages of democratic training is the sense of personal sovereignty; the feeling that we stand on as high ground as anybody else. Under monarchical institutions men are taught to revere the great and glorious in government. The feeling of reverence does not prevail to any great extent among us. I discern a great lack in this respect. Children, nowadays, are brought up to be pert, to be saucy, to be almost without restraint. They are brought up to have very little regard either for their parents or for their superiors. And, although there are a great many Christian households where children are rightly bred in this regard, it seems to me there has been a decay of that instruction which used to prevail, the tendency of which was to make children modest and respectful. We bring up our children to be old and smart and impertiment.

This courtesy, which carries with it respect; this testimony of veneration to the aged; this yielding oneself in a thousand little society rites for the sake of making others happy—oh, what brightness it gives to life! What beauty, what adornment it gives to Christian character!

There are many other points that I might speak of. The effect of punctuality and order; the relations which men sustain to each other's convenience and necessities—these and a hundred other branches of this subject I might discourse upon, but it is not necessary that I should go into them. I have given such examples as I have merely as specimens, for the purpose of calling your attention to the minuteness and carefulness with which the Scriptures inculcate these things. It injoins not merely the right spirit, but the right spirit manifested in the most beautiful way.

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.

The following is the experience of a mechanic concerning the benefit of a newspaper:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said, Mrs. Harris had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me, by name:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied: "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 for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared $300, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

REMARKABLE CASE OF TATTOOING.

The following is an account in the possession of the War Department of a remarkable case of tattooing on a recruit examined by Assistant Surgeon H. E. Brown, at Fort Ontario, N. Y., in 1864. The man was a sailor, and the work took four years to complete it. Shortly after his examination he deserted, was captured, and last year was serving out a term of imprisonment on Governor's Island.—The printing was in five or six colors, and is described as follows:

1. Right arm—Epaulette on shoulder, and just underneath a coat of arms of the United States. On the arm was a full length figure of Brittannia; a cocoanut tree. On fore arm a dancing girl; a mermaid; a ship under full sail. On the wrist, a bracelet; and on the back of the hand, a flower; a five-rayed star, and a devil with tail and horns complete.

2. Left arm—Epaulette on shoulder, a wreath of flowers extending around the arm just beneath; a sailor; Goddess of Liberty; a butterfly; a Maltese cross; a naked woman; a ship at anchor, and another sailor holding the british flag. Near the elbow, a basket of flowers; a thistle and a shield. On the fore arm, a crucifix; a woman holding a flag; an Indian temple. On the wrist a bracelet, and on the back of the hand a bundle of flags on staffs.

3. Breast—Eight stars, three ships, a dancing girl, a sailor astride a rum cask.

4. Abdomen—A girl holding a basket of flowers on her head; a negro playing the banjo; a British flag; a sailor on horseback; two crossed flags; two American flags; St. George on horseback, killing the dragon; and the sea-serpent.

5. Thighs and Legs—A sailor on topmast of a vessel; a Goddess of Liberty astride an eagle; a tree of life: a dancing girl *in puris naturalibus*. Legs—Amphitrite riding in a shell; a whale; another dancing girl; a flower pot; a Highlander; a crucifix; and five dancing girls about the feet.

6. Back—Two women; two ships; a sailor holding a flag; and a large picture of Mazeppa riding the wild horse.

☞ Speaking of greatness, Lavator says: "He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson and to neither father nor mother about it.

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