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The Night after Christmas.

FROM PUNCH.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house
Every soul was abed, and still as a mouse:

Those stockings so late in St. Nicholas' care
Were empty of all that was eatable there.

The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds
With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads;

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap;

When out in the nursery rose such a clat[illegible]
I sprang from my sleep, crying, "Wha[illegible] matter?"

I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—
Tore open the curtains, and threw off the clothes;

While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below:

For what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear!

For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick
I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the same;
What their stomachs ejected I'll mention by name;

Now turkey, now stuffing, plum-pudding, of course,
And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce:

Before outraged nature all went to the wall,
Yes, lollypops, rapdoodle, dinner and all.

Like pellets which urchins from popguns let fly
Went figs, nuts, and raisins, jam, jelly, and pie;

Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and of Santa Claus, too.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back,
And brought out a vial marked "Pulv. Ipecac.;"

When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings shocked her,
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for a doctor?"

I ran; and was scarcely back under my roof
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof,

might say that I scarcely had turned myself round
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.

He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit;

He hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack;

His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His lips looked like port, and his breath smelt like sherry.

He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.

But, inspecting their tongues, in spite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,

He felt of each pulse, saying, "Each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."

I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so, in spite of myself;

But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He didn't prescribe; but went straightway to work,
And dosed all the rest—gave his trowsers a jerk—

And, adding directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose,

Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle:

But the doctor exclaimed ere he drove out of sight,
"They'll be well by to-morrow: good-night, Jones, good-night."

THE GHOST OF MARLEY.

If we may believe our author—and who would disbelieve Charles Dickens when Christmas is the topic?—Scrooge was one of those very heartless men whom St. Nicholas, the Christmas God, loves so very much to reconstruct. "Marley was dead," and Scrooge, the surviving partner of the house of Scrooge and Marley, was determined that its notoriety—its reputation should not suffer. Scrooge had not mistaken himself, and when Christmas Eve came, and all the world was full of joy, he retired within himself, closed his shell to the world and was the same crusty old fellow, as of yore. A jovial nephew's cheerful salutations, the earnest appeal of a brother merchant, who was at work for charity, the almost touching devotion of a faithful old servant, Bob Cratchit, failed to reach the old man's heart.

"Merry Christmas," he said. "Out upon merry Christmas!" What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas,' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly run through his heart. He should!"

That night, as Scrooge sat in his dismal rooms, the ghost of old Marley, his late partner came to him, and that their interview was no pleasant one for Scrooge may well be imagined. So strongly did Marley hold up his sins of omission to him that Scrooge there and then promised faithfully that he would change his ways.

"Gone spirit," he said. "I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach, Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writings on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectre's hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Let us read on and see how finally Scrooge kept his promise.

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoon of himself [illegible] as a fo[illegible] am as [illegible] giddy a[illegible] mas to [illegible] all the [illegible]

He i[illegible] and w[illegible] winded [illegible]

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fire-place. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat. There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, It's all true! it all happened.

He opened the door and put out his head, No fog, No mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sunlight; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh glorious. Glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day?" replied the boy. Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "Its a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge' I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one: but write it he did, somehow, and went down-stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker! Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the Turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Chirstmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, you are serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munifi—"

"Don t say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me, Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In [illegible]ernoon, he turned his steps towards [illegible]hew's house.

[illegible]assed the door a dozen times, before [illegible] the courage to go up and knock. [illegible] made a dash, and did it.

"[illegible] your master at home, my dear?" [illegible]rooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very. [illegible] sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up stairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee! He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started. Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why bless my soul" cried Fred. "Who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It's a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did everybody when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness.

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late. That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he was trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are!" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry, yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again; "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than [illegible] I'll [illegible] assist [illegible] discu[illegible] over [illegible] Bob [illegible] coal-[illegible] Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them, for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on the globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

New Year's Eve in Ireland.—Carlton, one who knew the Irish peasants better than almost any one, describes the manner in which New Year's Eve is celebrated in the "Ould Country." "Here, in a snug barn, some old Milesians are dancing in the New Year in their own light-hearted way. Phelim, the merriest boy of them all, is trying to dance down Norah. Ould Barney, who has been a 'dark' these ten years, is scratching away his liveliest jigs for the glory and honor of the occasion; being cheered up at intervals with eggshells full of the finest 'potheen' to be found south of Innishowen. While dancing goes on in one part of the barn, in another, the older parties are seated, who are enjoying themselves with a pleasant game of cards, a glass or two of the right stuff, and their pipes." Oft during the evening, midst the fun and pleasantry prevailing, can be heard a merry voice exclaiming these cheerful words, "Erin go Bragh."

About War.—Could we cope with Spain at sea? asks a New York paper. This is a fair question, and one which implies no disrespect on our naval administration. It is, however, well to consider such a question. The Spanish Navy, ready for action, consists of seventy-three screw steamers, carrying 734 guns; twenty-four paddle steamers, carrying 127 guns, and thirteen sailing vessels, carrying 202; while our navy consists of 46 iron clads, 97 steamers, and 32 sailing vessels, in all mounting 1,366 guns. But actually ready, only 356 guns. It will thus be seen that the forces of the Spaniards are quite as formidable as ours.

The Gulf Stream.

The Gulf Stream issues, as we know, from the Gulf of Mexico, but it is possible to follow its course across the Carribean Sea, where, passing between the Antilles, it arrives from the Atlantic, and afterward flows to the northwest at the rate of a quarter of a mile an hour until it enters the Gulf of Mexico From this gulf the Gulf Stream takes an easterly course toward the Bahamas, along the north coast of Cuba; but, after rounding Florida, it bends northward, and passes between the latter and the Bahamas, in the channel which separates Florida Cape from the Islets of Bemini. Here the current has a speed of 1 mile per hour, a breadth of 8 miles, and a depth of 250 fathoms. From the channel of Bemini the Gulf Stream proceeds directly northward, at a rate which decreases gradually from 6¼ feet per second at Bemini, to 4 feet at St. Augustine, the distance between these two points being about 70 miles, during which the breadth of the current increases from 8 miles to 11¾. From St. Augustine to the Bay of New York the Gulf Stream takes a northeasterly course, parallel with the land, and conterminous with a cold current which flows from the north to the south between the stream and the American coast. In this part of its course it continues to increase in breadth from 11¾ miles at St. Augustine to 31¾ at New York; meanwhile its speed decreases from 4 feet to 2½ per second. The depth of the sea along the course of the current is many hundred fathoms, and the distance between St. Augustine and New York is 180 miles. On quitting the Bay of New York, the Gulf Stream takes an E. N. E. direction to the South of Newfoundland, skirting the cold current which goes down to southwest as far as New York, following the east coast of Newfoundland. By the time the Gulf Stream, after a course of 200 miles, reaches the south of Newfoundland, it has attained a breadth of about 80 miles, while its speed is only 2 feet per second; but the current continues to run in the same direction toward Europe for over 300 miles, with a speed which is from 2 feet to 0.6 feet, and a breadth increasing from 80 up to 200 miles. The Gulf Stream, when it has attained a distance of 750 miles from Bemini, separates into two branches, the one proceeding southwards toward the coast of Africa, at a speed of 0.6 feet per second, the other taking a northerly course toward Iceland, along the shores of the British Islands, and running about 200 miles, at a rate which decreases from 0.6 to 0.3 feet per second, the breadth of the current meanwhile increasing from 100 to 105 miles. When the stream reaches the neighborhood of Iceland it sends off a branch which skirts the south coast of that island.

Something About Russia.

It is curious to observe—and yet it is altogether a natural sequence—how some special event arouses, with sudden impetuosity, all our slumbering interest in a country or people that had previously been to us only like other countries and people. The advent of Prince Alexis has invested Russian history with a charm hitherto unknown, especially among those to whom *facts* always seem *dry*. There will never be a more favorable time than now to remind such that the Russian empire includes an area of [illegible],568 square miles. European [illegible]ia has a population of 61,325,923; [illegible]rnment of Caucausus, 4,157,917; [illegible]ia, 4,635,699; Kingdom of Poland, [illegible],000; Grand Duchy of Finland, [illegible],909—making a total of 77,008,448 [illegible]bitants. Within the circuit of the [illegible]an empire are more than a hundred tribes, speaking as many different languages; but most of these live on the frontiers of the country, the Russians proper inhabiting the interior. In Russia the emperor's will is law, but the administration of the empire is intrusted to four great councils. The commercial intercourse of Russia is chiefly with Prussia, Great Britain, and France; though Asia and China come in for a share. The chief trading ports are St. Petersburg and Riga, on the Baltic, Archangle, on the White Sea; Odessa, on the Black Sea; Taganrog, on the Sea of Azof; and Astrakhan and Baku, on the Caspian Sea. Moscow is the principal *entrepot* of the interior commerce of the empire. The czar is now making earnest efforts to promote the cause of education among his people. Much progress has been made within the last quarter of a century; still, among the common people, education is very deficient. The number of school-attending children is stated to be as one to 140. In 1865 there were in Russia 328 periodical papers, of which 143 were published in St. Petersburg.

Round Dances.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in his advice to "Our Girls," in his book of that name, says a timely word against the immodest and impure "German," waltz, &c., for two reasons, the first being a sanitary one, and the second a moral one. For the first, he says that the rotary motion is injurious to the brain and spinal marrow, and that the peculiar contact between man and woman is very apt to suggest impure thoughts. We can forgive Byron for many things he wrote when we remember what a manly and indignant protest he wrote against the waltz,

"Not Cleopatra, on her galley's deck,
Displayed so much of leg, or more of neck,
Than thou, ambrosial waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee whirling to a Saxon tune,"

he wrote in his finest strain of sarcasm. The doctor says, "Let a couple stand in the presence of a company, with their arms about each other, and their persons in contact as for the 'German,' let them *stand* thus interwined, what should we think? The dance is made the excuse for what, without it, would be a gross indelicacy." He says that he has many times asked young men what they thought of it, and after saying it was jolly, that they liked it first-rate, they have generally, when urged to tell him seriously their conviction, confessed, that, knowing how men feel and sometimes talk about it, if they were women, they would not indulge.

A rural editor has lost all faith in the luck of horse-shoes. He nailed one over his door recently and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven "stops," and a man called with a revolver to ask "who wrote that article."

Curious Instinct of the Bee.

Honey-bees are governed by instinct and not by art. They never deviate from the course they were created in. The first comb they ever built was as perfect as at the present day; no art has improved the shape or size. One bee lays all the eggs, while the others raise and protect them; each bee does its part of the labor in gathering in the stores and nursing the young; and I have noticed, for some years, their mode of gathering pollen or bee-bread. It is this:

When a bee goes out after food, it alights on some kind of flower, and gathers a part of its load; then goes to another flower of the same kind, and perhaps a third, to obtain a load. Another bee goes out, and if it alights on another kind of flower, it keeps to that kind till it gets a load. But how is this known? You go to the hive and watch them as they come in; some have yellow pollen on their legs; others have light colors; others have dark; but no bee has two colors on his legs. If you see any, you will see more than I have, for I never did; and I have supposed that they stored it in different cells for a change of food. The other day, in overhauling a hive, I broke out a new piece of comb, and found the different colors in different cells, which confirmed my belief; for I suppose they like a change of food as well as humans.

Another curiosity is their coming out and alighting before going off; from among the hundreds I have hived, I never had one swarm leave direct from the hive.

Another curious thing is their rearing the males and nursing them so tenderly, and after they become useless they destroy them. But instinct has directed them to do it. Another curious thing is that, when they get to be too numerous, the mother bee should call out a part of her brood to go with her, and leave the others to take care of the young. Why not call them all out to go with her? Because instinct has ordered it otherwise. Certain ones go out with her, while others are coming in with stores for future use. A certain part of them don't seem to have any inclination to follow the mother bee, nor do they mourn the loss, for another is provided.

How wisely the Creator has arranged every part and movement! It is curious, too, how the eggs of the drone cells are all drones, and those in the worker cells are all workers. We would suppose they would get mixed up like hens' eggs. Again, when they want a queen, why not make a mistake sometimes, and take a drone egg? And also, by feeding a certain kind of food, make a queen instead of a worker? Again, the queen before she is hatched is head downward, which would seem to be unnatural; but the All-wise has made every part perfect.

Twenty Miles Within the Hour.

Mattie Howard, who recently trotted twenty miles within the hour over the Agricultural Park course near San Francisco, Cal., is described as a chestnut sorrel mare, by Owen Dale, out of a Spanish mare. She is fourteen hands high and weighs about 700 pounds; her age is a matter of some dispute, Colonel G. W. Dickey, her owner, claiming that she is only eight years old. Her previous performances were two races, each of five-mile heats, one of which she won, while her time record for a mile is 2.36. The race in question was for $5,000 to $1,000 that she could not trot twenty miles within an hour in harness, the driver to weigh 150 pounds. During the race she went exceedingly steady, making only one break, and that in the first quarter of the twentieth mile. After the race she showed but few signs of exhaustion, many present declaring their belief that she could have done the distance much faster. The following is a table of the time each mile was done in:

First mile	2.59	Eleventh mile	2.56
Second mile	3.00	Twelfth mile	3.05
Third mile	3.02 1-2	Thirteenth mile	2.55
Fourth mile	3.01	Fourteenth mile	2.59
Fifth mile	2.55 4-5	Fifteenth mile	3.01
Sixth mile	2.47	Sixteenth mile	3.01
Seventh mile	3.02	Seventeenth mile	3.04
Eighth mile	2.56	Eighteenth mile	2.55
Ninth mile	2.58	Nineteenth mile	3.00
Tenth mile	2.51	Twentieth mile	3.00 1-2

Aggregate time, 59.30 1-4, leaving the mare 29 3-4 seconds to spare.

A Cup of Cold Water.—A young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in a part of the town where there were sentinels placed—perhaps on the walls—and you know that when a soldier is on guard, he must not leave his post until he is relieved—that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them—all but the young English woman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, which she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived on the night of the massacre to save this young English woman, while all the other inhabitants of the house in which she dwelt were killed.

So it Goes.—A cynical individual on reading a pathetic story in one of the papers lately, noted in his memorandum book as follows: "Somebody whistled. Teacher calls up big boy on suspicion. Big boy comes up and holds out his hand, sullen and savage. Noble little boy comes manfully forward and says: 'I'm the boy that whistled, sir,' at the same time extending his hand. Teacher simmers down and lets them both off. (Mem.—Noble little boy thought teacher wouldn't lick him if he told the truth, and knew the big boy would if he didn't."

The Probate Court of Cincinnati has just decided that an attorney cannot receive compensation for partial or unfinished services; that he must go through with a case once undertaken, or surrender all pecuniary claims against his client. Also, that he cannot, without the consent of the client, transfer to another attorney a case intrusted to him.

A Story of an Actor.

Mackay, the actor, was once a gunmaker in Hartford. One day, while working at the bench vigorously shoving a twelve-inch bastard file, with no one present but a single fellow-workman, he suddenly dropped his file, sprang back a few feet, struck the attitude, that Macbeth is supposed to have assumed in the dagger scene, and repeated the blood-curdling words in the text, in a voice hollow, solemn and impressive, with features whereon was painted all the agony of a tortured mind, and accompanied with gestures so strikingly true to nature that his fellow workman was astonished.

He was more than that. He was thoroughly frightened. He had never been to a theater in his life, and consequently was but little prepared for this sudden clap of theatrical thunder. He supposed that his companion had been stricken with insanity, and to his mind it was not a pleasant thought to be cooped up in a room with a crazy man. But how should he escape? That was the question. The object of his dread was between him and the door, and he dare not pass him.

They were on the second floor, and escape by the way of a window was too dangerous to attempt. All this passed through his mind so quickly that the young tragedian had only got to the words, "Come, let me clutch thee," when the frightened mechanic hastily retreated to a far corner of the room, where there was a stack of gun-barrels, and, clutching one placed himself in a defensive posture, with a look so determined and yet so horror-stricken, it seemed to say, "If you do 'clutch' me, or attempt to do so, I will knock your brains out with this gun-barrel."

He kept his eyes fastened on the speaker and breathlessly watched every motion, and maintained the same striking attitude until the close. Mackay had been so wrapped up in the recitation that he had not taken in the scene here described, but as he concluded he embraced the situation of affairs at a glance, and said, "Why, Jack, what's the matter with you?"

"The matter with me; nothing!" exclaimed Jack, indignantly; but I'd like to know what in thunder is the matter with you."

A mutual explanation took place and a hearty laugh followed.

A World's Fair.

Americans should remember that Vienna is to have a world's fair in 1873. At the Paris exhibition of 1867 nearly everything sent from this country took a prize, and there is no reason why the same thing should not be repeated at Vienna in 1873. The exhibition will undoubtedly be the largest that has ever yet been seen. The park set apart for the exhibition contains four times as many square yards as have ever been similarly occupied, and the principal building alone will have a length of four thousand six hundred and fifty feet. The committee having the matter in charge wish to have a full display of the raw materials and manufactured articles of each nation, with statistical information in reference to the amount produced and the trade therein. Special efforts will be made to have the art collections as complete as possible, and it is proposed to have a loan collection from all the German museums, similar to the celebrated one at Kensington. Another specialty will be a collection of articles used by different nations in their domestic affairs, kitchen utensils, furniture, dress, ornamental objects, in fact everything used about a house. As the Austrian nation has never had an exhibition of this character they will, undoubtedly, work hard to make it a success. The opportunity ought not to be neglected by the manufacturers of this country.

The Division of Time.

In dividing time into convenient quantities, the sun plays an important part. One revolution of the earth round the sun constitutes a year, the grand basis of our calendar, and modern science has attained to such accuracy that it gives, as the exact length of a year, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49 seconds and seven tenths of a second; which is pretty close calculation for the movements of such a large body as our mother earth. The odds and ends of time over the 365 days are carefully gathered up for future use, so that when enough has accumulated to make twenty-four hours—once in four years—we get another day to the year. And still this is not exact, for a day every fourth year is too much by 11 minutes, 10 seconds, and three tenths of a second. In 1582 these surplus seconds had well proved that "many a little makes a good deal," for Pope Gregory found that they had amounted to ten days, and ascertaining what would be the correct thing for the future, decreed that the extra day hitherto reckoned in leap year should be dropped three times every four hundred years. All this is rather curious, but it makes no practical difference with our own lives or deeds, only in the lesson taught that, small and seemingly trifling as are the seconds of time, they, by their steady, never-ceasing progress, slowly but surely count out the lives and the actions of all created things, and no mortal power can stay the hours as they pass.

A Shooting Match.—There is really no accounting for tastes. But as a general thing few persons would care to deliberately set themselves up as targets. But two young men of Maryland, being possessed of about as much wisdom as the traditional "two wise men of Gotham," seem to have been possessed with this singular taste. These would-be Nimrods went out hunting on Thanksgiving Day, and having failed to induce any of the feathered tribe to submit to the process of being made game of, they agreed to make game of each other. The agreement was that they should shoot at one another across a ravine. They were to hide in the brush, and at a certain time halloo. At the appointed time they hallooed, and then began "peeping" for each other. They both saw each other at the same instant and blazed away, each receiving a dose of small shot in their bodies. One dose was enough to gratify their eccentric tastes, and they are likely to try hereafter some other mode of drawing their charges.

The romance of trade—Buying on credit, selling for cash, failing and paying twenty-five cents on the dollar.

Facts and Fancies.

Sashes on street dresses are once more becoming fashionable.

Young ladies wear the likeness of their best friends and admirers in the inside of their watch. where they must assuredly look at it at least once a day.

At a wedding which took place in New York recently, the bride was followed to the altar by twelve little girls, members of her class in Sabbath-school.

A little girl in Ithaca, just before she died, exclaimed: "Papa, take hold of my hand and help me across." Her father had died two months before.

A heathen Chinee asked a California lady at Sunday school: "Why do-ee Christian only talk-ee about Jesus on Sundays and not-ee one time-ee on other days?"

The City Council of Little Rock, which is composed of eight members, recently ballotted three hundred times before they elected their chairman. It took them all one day and evening.

James Russell Lowell referring to our purchase of Alaska, said that our relations with Russia are now of the most cordial and intimate kind, for the Emperor has made us the keeper of his seals.

It is a curious fact about a certain class of beggars that they generally pull the door-bell hard enough to break it, and yet when you go to the door they barely have strength enough to speak in a whisper.

A discriminating philanthropist has donated $45 to the Boston Fair for Dumb Animals, which she wishes to have disbursed as follows: $20 for kindness to horses, $15 for kindness to oxen and cows, and $10 for less cats to destroy birds.

A gentleman was seen a few days after Thanksgiving walking quietly down Main st., Buffalo, with a small placard on his back inscribed, "Choice Poultry Inside." He says he will be very careful how he leans against anything near a provision store after this.

The Postal Cards.

The use of postal cards as convenient vehicles for libel appears to be growing popular in London. At a late session of the Grand Jury, no less than three indictments were found for this offense. One of them arose from the comical wager of one Mr. John Hampden, a gentleman with more money than brains, who bet £500 with Mr. Wallace that the earth was flat. Of course, the latter gentlemen won and received the money from the stakeholder, Mr. Walsh, of the *Field* newspaper. The latter has once been libelled in the way referred to, by whom does not appear. Probably it was by the bold but injudicious Hampden, who has already been before the courts for assaulting the winner of his money. Another case was that of a clerk who, having been dismissed for embezzlement, evinced his resentment by scattering broadcast in postal cards and placards, the most unflattering opinions of his late employer. They had received "thousand of these cards," they said, stating generally that they were "the greatest liars, rogues and villains in the universe," and the prisoner had besides taken the precaution to cover his house with posters, asserting that the plaintiff had starved his wife and family. For this indulgence he goes to prison for two years at hard labor, a punishment severe enough, it is to be hoped, to check this disgraceful practice.

Queen Caroline's Body at Harwich.

The scene was such as I never can forget or reflect upon without emotion. The multitudes assembled from all parts of the country were immense, and the pier crowded with them, as the sea was covered with boats of every size and kind, and the colors of the vessels were half-mast high, as on days of mourning. The contrasts of a bright sun with the gloom on every face was striking, and the guns firing at intervals made a solemn impression. One of the sights, however, which struck me, was a Captain in the Royal Navy, who sat on the pier, and could not be persuaded to leave it; he was deeply affected, and wept exceedingly. Having been in her service, and employed then and ever since in dispensing her charities, he could not tear himself away; but being refused his earnest request of accompanying her remains to Brunswick, he was resolved to witness the embarkation. The crimson coffin slowly desended from the pier, and the barge that conveyed it bore the flag of England, floating over "Caroline of Brunswick, the murdered Queen of England," the inscription directed by herself, and the justice of which was felt by thousands who had indignantly seen the indecent haste of the funeral procession from London, and who felt their share in a kind of national remorse, as well as commiseration, for all that had passed.—*Memories of the Life and Times of Lord Brougham.*

A New Territory.—The bill introduced into Congress, by Mr. Ramsey, for the erction of the Territory of Ojibway, subtracts for that purpose so much of Dakota as lies north of 46 degrees north. The Missouri flows through the proposed territory, and the North Pacific Railroad will cross it. Before forming a territorial government, however, there ought to be somebody to be governed. With the exception of soldiers, Indian traders, and a few settlers in Chippewa, Stevens, and Shyenne counties, there are no inhabitants but Indians, in the northern half of Dekota. On account of the hostility of the Indians, the comparative poverty of the soil, and the detestable water, years will probably elapse before any important settlement is formed. The erection of a territorial government, is, under the circumstances, quite unnecessary.

Tit for Tat.—Medford and New Bedford, although their names rhyme, occasionally don't quite harmonize, as witness the following. The Medford editor perpetrates this:

There was a fairy maiden of Medford,
Who was "smashed on" a youth in New Bedford
But he smelt so of oil,
That his suit it did spoil,
Oleaginous chap of New Bedford.

To which a New Bedford editor responds:

There was a fine lad in New Bedford,
Fell in love with a lady in Medford;
But she smelt so of rum,
He was quite overcome,
This prohibitory youth of New Bedford.

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