THE CECIL WHIG.

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The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

SUBSCRIPTION.

$2.00 a Year, in advance. If not paid within the year, $2.50. Six Months, $1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISING.

TRANSIENT RATES.—8 cents a line for one insertion, and 4 cents a line for every additional insertion. One inch of space counted as twelve lines.

STANDARD RATES.—

	2 Months.	3 Months.	6 Months.	1 Year.
1 inch	$3.25	$3.50	$5.00	$8.00
2 inches	4.50	5.00	8.00	14.00
3 inches	6.25	7.00	12.00	18.00
4 inches	7.00	8.00	14.00	21.00

One Column, $5.00 per inch for 1 year; for 6 and 3 Months, 20 and 25 per cent. additional. Four changes allowed to yearly advertisers without additional charge.

PHILADELPHIA.

HATS! HATS!

CAPS! CHEAP! CAPS!

Large and elegant assortment of all the

FALL AND WINTER STYLES,

At the Lowest Cash PRICES.

All goods warranted to give satisfaction or the money refunded.

PORTER & PENISTON,

No. 9 NORTH SECOND STREET,

First Hat Store above Market, East Side, *PHILADELPHIA.*

oct 1, 1870—1y

WILTBERGER'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS

Are warranted equal to any made. They are prepared from the *fruits*, and will be found *much better* than many of the Extracts that are sold. Ask your Grocer or Druggist for Wiltberger's Extracts. BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE is, without doubt, the *best article* in the market for *blueing clothes*. It will color more water than *four times* the same weight of indigo, and much more than any other *wash blue* in the market. The *only genuine* is that put up at ALFRED WILTBERGER'S DRUG STORE, No. 233 North Second Street, Philadelphia. The labels have both Wiltberger's and Barlow's name on them, *all others are counterfeit*. For sale by most Grocers and Druggists. Wiltberger's INDELIBLE INK will be found on trial to be a *superior article*. Always on hand and for sale at reasonable prices. Pure Ground SPICES, Genuine MEDICINES, Chamois Skins, Sponges, Tapioca, Pearl Sago, and all articles in the drug line, at

ALFRED WILTBERGER'S DRUG STORE,

No. 233 *North Second Street, Philadelphia.*

May 28, 1870—1y.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FAREIRA,

718 ARCH STREET,

Middle of the Block, between 7th and 8th streets, South side,

PHILADELPHIA,

Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and quality of

FANCY FURS

FOR LADIES' and CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Having enlarged, remodeled and improved my old and favorably known FUR EMPORIUM, and having imported a large and splendid assortment of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and have had them made up by the most skillful workmen, I would respectfully invite my friends of Cecil and adjacent counties to call and examine my very large and beautiful assortment of Fancy Furs, for Ladies and Children. I am determined to sell at as low prices as any other respectable house in this city. All Furs warranted. No misrepresentations to effect sales.

JOHN FAREIRA, 718 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Oct 22, 1870—3m

1870. FALL. 1870.

GEORGE D. WISHAM,

No. 7 NORTH EIGHTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

HAS OPENED

The Cheapest Irish Poplins.
The Cheapest Silk Poplins.
The Cheapest Corded Poplins.
The Cheapest Plaid Poplins.
The Cheapest Silk Valour Poplins.
The Cheapest Wool Valour Poplins.
The New Cloth Shades.
The Cheapest Satin De Chine Poplins.

CLOTH SHADES.

The Cheapest 6-4 Gala Cloth Plaids.
The Cheapest and Best Velveteens.
The Cheapest Black Mohairs and Alpacas.
The Cheapest Green, Gold & Black Water-Proof.
The Cheapest Muslins and Table Linens.
The Cheapest Canton and Wool Flannels.

Eighth St. Emporium for Black Silks.

Being determined to maintain our reputation of the last five years, for selling the best and cheapest Black Silks in this or any other market, I have now opened a full line of them much under price.

GEO. D. WISHAM.

Politeness and attention to our customers, and One Price is our motto. Oct 22, 1870—3m

LADIES' SUITS!

Latest Styles for Fall, 1870,

in greater variety than can be found elsewhere, as we make it a specialty.

LADIES' CLOAKS

in every variety of Cloths. Also, Astrachan Fur and Seal Skin Fur Cloaks, with Muffs, &c., to match. Also,

BLACK SILKS FOR DRESSES.

The very best goods at the very lowest prices.

LADIES' FURS.

A choice assortment at moderate prices.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR,

At Remarkably Low Prices.

AGNEW & ENGLISH,

No. 839 CHESTNUT ST.,

Opposite Continental Hotel,

And 29 SOUTH NINTH STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Oct 15, 1870—3m

HOLIDAY GOODS.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO

NO. 902 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA,

NOW OFFER THEIR ENTIRE IMPORTATION OF

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES

For the Holidays.

These Goods, freshly arrived from LONDON, PARIS, VIENNA AND ROME, many of them entirely new to this city, have been expressly made for their retail sales, in every form of Ornament and Use that Art and Taste can devise, in

Bronze, Marble, Crystal, Porcelain, Gold, Silver, Leather, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, &c.

and are now ready for the inspection of all who will favor with a visit their MARBLE STORE,

902 CHESTNUT STREET PHIL.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

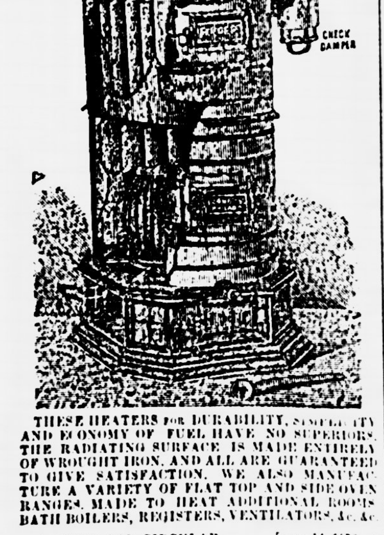
Dec 10, 1870—1m

RAND, PERKINS & CO.,

124 North Sixth Street,

PHILADELPHIA,

Manufacturers and Dealers in the most approved Brick Set, and Portable Heaters.



THESE HEATERS FOR DURABILITY, SIMPLICITY AND ECONOMY OF FUEL HAVE NO SUPERIORS. THE RADIATING SURFACE IS MADE ENTIRELY OF WROUGHT IRON, AND ALL ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. WE ALSO MANUFACTURE A VARIETY OF FLAT TOP AND SIDE OVEN RANGES, MADE TO HEAT ADDITIONAL ROOMS, BATH BOILERS, REGISTERS, VENTILATORS, &c. &c.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. [may 14, 1870—y

PHILADELPHIA.

THOMAS W. DAILY,

Importer of Watches,

No. 622 Market St., Philadelphia,

Would respectfully call attention to his new and carefully selected stock of

WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS,

Silver and Plated Ware, &c.

Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done.

Kimberly's Bryant and Stratton

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Assembly Buildings,

S. W. COR. TENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

Scholarships good in 46 Colleges in the United States and Canadas. For particulars call or send for Catalogue. Aug. 20, 1870—tm

SILVER and PLATED WARES, DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS,

Bronzes, Fancy Goods, &c.

BIRTHDAY, BRIDAL,

AND

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

We would call the attention of our patrons and friends to our

LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF

New and Desirable Goods.

Our importations of this season are just opened, and present many NOVELTIES, which we feel certain will please.

Orders by mail carefully and promptly attended to.

ROBBINS, CLARK & BIDDLE,

Jewelers and Silversmiths,

No. 1124 CHESTNUT Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

JEREMIAH ROBBINS. J. P. CLARK. SAM'L BIDDLE.

Nov 12, 1870—2m

BLANKETS, QUILTS, LINENS, &C.

513 pairs Blankets, $4.00 to $18.00.
211 Wool Coverlets and Comfortables.
Jacquard Quilts, $1.90 to $5.00.
Marseilles Quilts, $4.00 to $15.00.
Lap Blankets, Carriage Rugs.
Traveling Blankets and Mauds.

LINENS.

215 doz. Fine Towels, $2.50 to $6.00.
276 doz. Napkins, $1.00 to $8.00.
Huck Towelings, 15c. to finest.
Russian and American Crashes.
Loom Table Linens, 37c. to $1.00.
One Bale Superior Loom Dice, 50c.
50 pieces Irish Damasks, 65c. up.
Barnsley Table Linens, $1.25 up.
Richardson's Linens, every number.
Shirt Bosoms, full lines, all styles.

LADIES' CLOAKS.
LADIES' SHAWLS.
LADIES' SUITS.
FINE CLOAKINGS.
SILK VELVETS.
PIANO COVERS.
$1.00 SILK POPLINS.
$1.00 MERINOS.
$1.00 SERGES.
$1.00 SATIN CLOTHS.

COOPER & CONARD,

S. E. cor. Ninth and Market Streets,

Nov 5, 1870—11m PHILADELPHIA

HOLIDAY GOODS, &c.

Before purchasing HOLIDAY GOODS for Christmas and New Year, go to MRS. M. A. BINDER, 1101 N. W. Corner Eleventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

TOYS! NEW GOODS

English, French, German, and American.

TOYS, DOLLS, FANCY GOODS.

I still continue to sell my entire stock of Feathers, Velveteens, Flowers, &c., at greatly reduced prices, to make room for our Toys and Holiday Goods.
Hat and Towel Racks, Brackets, Writing Desks, Ink Stands, Pocket Books—great bargains ever offered.
Super selection of Jet, Gilt, Pearl and Coral Jewelry.
Elegant Fans, Pearl, Ivory and Gilt Stick.
Kid Gloves, two buttons, all the new shades.
Also, the Joseph Kid, the best $1 Glove sold.
Cloaks, Dresses and Suits made in the most fashionable style.
Trimmed Paper Patterns.
Perfect System of Dress Cutting taught.
Real Valenciennes, Guipure and Thread Laces.
All the latest styles Ladies' Collars, Cuffs and Sleeves.
Point d'Applique and Duchesse.
Thread Veils.
French Embroidered Cashmere Sacks, Ostrich Plumes, Tips and Fancy Feathers and Flowers.
Novelties in Neck Ties and Bows.
Ribbons, Roman Scarfs and Sashes; Dress Trimmings, Ornamental Fringes, Gimps.
Sofa Pillows, Pin Cushions.
A large lot of Worked Slippers at very low prices.

MRS. M. BINDER,

No. 1101 N. W. Cor. 11th & Chestnut Sts.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Dec 17, 1870—1m

18 Fall Opening 70

MRS. ROSA GANSS

HAS RECEIVED ALL THE NEWEST STYLES OF

MILLINERY GOODS.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!!

She is also prepared to execute all orders for

DRESS MAKING,

And keeps constantly on hand a select assortment of

DRESS PATTERNS, TRIMMINGS AND NOTIONS.

Liberal reductions to Milliners.

MRS. ROSA GANSS,

Sept 24, 1870—tf. ELKTON, MD.

WINTER GOODS

ARE BEING SOLD AT REDUCED PRICES BY

SCOTT & LITZENBERG.

Their terms being CASH they can afford it.

Cloth and Ready-Made Cloaks

a specialty.

All the Novelties in Millinery Goods.

Every variety of DRESS and CLOAK TRIMMINGS, such as Velvets, Gimp Laces, Llama Fringe, &c.

Dress and Cloak Making

Pinking and Stamping done with neatness and despatch. Nov 12, 1870

MRS. M. A. NELSON

Again offers to the public a fine assortment of Fall and

Winter Millinery

GOODS:

BONNETS,
HATS,
FEATHERS,
FLOWERS and
FRAMES.

Dress Trimmings of various kinds.

Also, Infants' Knit Shirts, Socks, Sacks, Cloaks, Bonnets and Hats, Gutta Percha and Pins.

ALL WHICH SHE OFFERS QUITE LOW.

All orders promptly filled.

Elkton, Nov 5, 1870

LIME! LIME! LIME!

BEST QUALITY WOOD BURNT

Whitewashing and Plastering LIME

FOR SALE BY

Joseph Wells & Son,

april 2, 1870—tf ELKTON, MD.

MINCE MEAT.

The best MINCE MEAT in the market for sale at 18 cents per lb. by JOHN M. TERRELL, Dec 10, 1870—1m Elkton.

NOTICES, &C.

NOTICE.

Persons indebted to WM. FRIST & BRO., and to me, as Trustee, must make payment by Jan. 1st, 1871, or I shall collect according to law. T. J. VANNEMAN.

Dec 17, 1870—3w

ORPHANS' COURT.

THE STATED MEETINGS of the Orphans' Court of Cecil county will be held on the second TUESDAY in every month. Executors, Administrators and Guardians, wanting their accounts stated, will please bring in the vouchers a few days before Court.

REUBEN D. JAMAR, Register.

Nov 30, 1867—y

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Cecil county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of RICHARD GRAY, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof duly authenticated, on or before the 17th day of December, 1871; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber. Given under my hand, this 17th day of December, 1870. THEODORE J. VANNEMAN,

Executor of Richard Gray, dec'd.

Test—REUBEN D. JAMAR, Register.

dec 17, 1870—6w

Meetings of County Commissioners.

THE regular meetings of the County Commissioners will be held on the second TUESDAY of every month.

Persons having claims against the County, will please file the same in the Commissioners' Office, with a legal voucher; as no account will be allowed not properly chargeable to the same.

Collectors and others having accounts to be stated or settled will apply to the Clerk during the recess of the Board. By Order:

WM. T. MILLER, Clerk

Commissioners of Cecil County.

De 14, 1867—y

PROPOSALS

For Wrapping Paper & Twine.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., December 2, 1870.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this Department until the 20th day of January, 1871, at 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing WRAPPING PAPER AND TWINE for the use of the Post Offices in the United States for one year from the 1st day of February, 1871, the said articles to be delivered, free of expense, to the Department, at the Blank Agency of the Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.

The quality and the estimated quantity of each article required are specified below:

18,000 reams of Wrapping Paper, 20x25 inches in size, and to weigh 22 pounds to the ream, each ream to contain 20 perfect quires.

150 reams of Wrapping Paper, 26x40 inches in size, and to weigh 55 pounds to the ream, each ream to contain 20 perfect quires.

80,000 pounds of Cotton Twine, in balls, to weigh about one-half pound each, and so bound as to prevent their becoming loose and tangled by transportation.

30,000 pounds of Coarse Hemp Twine, in balls, to weigh from one to two pounds each, and so bound as to prevent their becoming loose and tangled by transportation.

Samples of the articles required will be furnished to persons who desire to bid on application to the First Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

More or less than the estimated quantities may be ordered as the necessities of the Department may require, at the discretion of the Postmaster General.

Each bidder must furnish with his proposal guarantees of his ability to comply with his bid, and a certificate from a postmaster that such guarantors are reliable persons.

Awards will be made for each article separately if deemed most advantageous to the Department.

Two sufficient sureties will be required to each contract.

A failure to furnish promptly any article contracted for, or an attempt to impose upon the Department articles inferior, in the opinion of the Postmaster General, to those contracted for, will be considered sufficient cause for the forfeiture of the contract.

Bids not made in conformity with this advertisement will not be considered.

The Postmaster General reserves the right to reject any or all bids, if in his opinion it is required by the interests of the Department.

Proposals must be indorsed on the envelope, "Proposals for Wrapping Paper," or "Proposals for Twine," and addressed to the First Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. JNO. A. J. CRESWELL, Postmaster General.

Dec 10, 1870—6w

PROPOSALS

For Letter Balances.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 2, 1870.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at this Department until the 20th day of January, 1871, at 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing Letter Balances for the use of the post offices in the United States for one year from and after the 1st day of February, 1871, of the following description, namely:

First. Balances capable of weighing eight ounces, avoirdupois weight, to be graduated down to quarter ounces. Of these it is supposed that 1,000 will be wanted.

Second. Balances of the same capacity, graduated by the metric or gramme system. Of this class 100 may be required.

Third. Balances capable of weighing four pounds, avoirdupois weight, to be graduated to half ounces. Of this class it is supposed 200 will be wanted.

Perfect accuracy, strength and durability will be required in the Balances to be furnished.

Samples of each description of Balances must accompany each bid, and the bidder who may obtain the contract will be required to furnish Balances of a quality in all respects equal to the sample.

Each balance must be well and securely packed in a box for transportation, and delivered free of all expense to the Blank Agency, Washington, D. C.

Each bidder must furnish with his proposal guarantees of his ability to comply with his bid, and a certificate from a postmaster that such guarantors are reliable persons.

Two sufficient sureties will be required to a contract.

Awards will be made for each article separately if deemed most advantageous to the Department.

A failure to furnish promptly any article contracted for, or an attempt to impose upon the Department articles inferior, in the opinion of the Postmaster General, to those contracted for, will be considered sufficient cause for the forfeiture of the contract.

The Postmaster General reserves the right to reject any or all bids if, in his opinion, it is required by the interests of the Department.

Proposals must be enclosed on the envelope, "Proposals for Letter Balances," and directed to the First Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

JNO. A. J. CRESWELL, Postmaster General.

Dec 10, 1870—6w

UNITED STATES MAILS.

MARYLAND.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, September 30, 1870.

Proposals for conveying the Mails of the United States from July 1, 1870, to June 30, 1872, on the following routes in the State of Maryland, will be received at the Contract Office of this Department until 3 p. m. of March 1, 1871, to be decided by March 30, following:

3072 From Offutt's Cross Roads to Rockville, 6 miles and back, once a week.
Leave Offutt's Cross Roads Saturday at 9.30 a. m.;
Arrive at Rockville by 11 a. m.;
Leave Rockville Saturday at 1 p. m.;
Arrive at Offutt's Cross Roads by 2.30 p. m.
Proposals for more frequent service invited.

3073 From Westminster, by Bird Hill and Louisville, to Freedom, 13 miles and back, twice a week.
Leave Westminster Tuesday and Saturday at 12.30 p. m.;
Arrive at Freedom by 3.30 p. m.;
Leave Freedom Tuesday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.;
Arrive at Westminster by 10.30 a. m.

3074 From Greenwood to Long Green.
Bidders will state distance and propose schedule of arrivals and departures.

3075 From Chestertown to Trappe, (local,) 6 miles and back, once a week.
Leave Chestertown Saturday at 4 p. m.;
Arrive at Trappe by 5.30 p. m.;
Leave Trappe Saturday at 2 p. m.;
Arrive at Chestertown by 3.30 p. m.

3076 From St. Leonards, by Cove Point, to Solomon's Island, 12 miles and back, six times a week from June 1 to September 30, and twice a week the balance of the year.

Schedule June to September.

Leave St. Leonards daily, except Sunday, at 4 p. m.;
Arrive at Solomon's Island by 7 p. m.;
Leave Solomon's Island daily, except Sunday, at 12 m.;
Arrive at St. Leonards by 3 p. m.

Schedule October to May.

Leave St. Leonards Tuesday and Saturday at 4 p. m.;
Arrive at Solomon's Island by 7 p. m.;
Leave Solomon's Island Tuesday and Saturday at 12 m.;
Arrive at St. Leonards by 3 p. m.

3077 From Linwood, by Uniontown, to Frizzelburg, 7 miles and back six times a week.
Leave Linwood daily, except Sunday, at 12 m.;
Arrive at Frizzelburg by 2 p. m.;
Leave Frizzelburg daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.;
Arrive at Linwood at 10 a. m.
It is understood that this service is to be performed in close connection with mail trains on railroad.

3078 From York Road Station, (no office,) by Bruceville, Taneytown, and Piney Creek, to Littlestown, (Pa.,) 15 miles and back, six times a week.
Leave York Road Station daily, except Sunday, at 1.30 p. m.;
Arrive at Littlestown by 5.30 p. m.;
Leave Littlestown daily, except Sunday, at 7.30 a. m.;
Arrive at York Road Station by 11.30 a. m.;

3079 From York Road Station (no office) by Ladiesburgh, Woodsboro', and Walkersville, to Mount Pleasant, 14 miles and back three times a week.
Leave York Road Station Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 5 a. m.;
Arrive at Mount Pleasant by 12 m.;
Leave Mount Pleasant Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2 p. m.;
Arrive at York Road Station by 6 p. m.

NOTES.—Proposals must be to carry the Mail with "celerity, certainty, and security," using the terms of the law, and they must be guaranteed by two responsible persons, certified to as such by a postmaster or judge of a court of record.

No pay will be made for trips not performed, and for each of such omissions not satisfactorily explained, three times the pay of the trip may be deducted. For arrivals so far behind time as to break connection with depending mails, and not sufficiently excused, one-fourth of the compensation for the trip is subject to forfeiture. Fines will be imposed, unless the delinquency be satisfactorily explained, for neglecting to take the mail from or into a post office; for suffering it to be injured, destroyed, robbed, or lost; and for refusing, after demand, to convey the mail as frequently as the contractor runs, or is concerned in running, vehicles on the route. The Postmaster General may annul the contract for disobeying the post office laws, or the instructions of the Department. He may alter the schedule of departures and arrivals, and order an increase of service by allowing therefor a *pro rata* increase on the contract pay. He may also curtail or discontinue the service in whole or in part, at a proportionate decrease of pay, allowing as full indemnity to the contractor one month's extra compensation on the amount of service dispensed with, and a *pro rata* compensation for the service retained and continued. Bids should be addressed to the "Second Assistant Postmaster General," superscribed "Proposals, State of Maryland," and sent by *mail*.

For forms of proposal, &c., and other information see advertisement of October 31, 1867, and of this date, in pamphlet form, at the principal post offices.

JNO. A. J. CRESWELL, Postmaster General.

Dec 17, 1870—1w

LUMBER AND FERTILIZERS.

NEW LUMBER YARD.

McCRACKEN & BRO.

Take pleasure in announcing to their friends in NORTH EAST and of the county, that they are prepared to furnish BUILDERS and the public generally with

LUMBER of ALL DESCRIPTION,

AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

and will have constantly on hand

W. P. LUMBER, 12, 14 and 16 feet,
FENCING BOARDS,
PAILINGS,
LATH,
FLOORING,
SIDING,
SHINGLES.

ALSO, PREPARED TO FURNISH

FERTILIZERS of all Kinds.

Land Plaster by the bushel or barrel,
Shell Lime for Land, Building Lime,
Ground Alum Salt, Turk's Island Salt,
Nails, &c.,

And all articles wanted by Farmers or the public will be furnished at the lowest CASH PRICES.

Agents for Bower's and Mercer's Super Phosphate of Lime.

GRAIN TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, for which the Highest Price will be given.

Office and Lumber Yard—NEXT TO FORD'S STORE

McCRACKEN & BRO., NORTH EAST.

may 7, 1870—tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLORAL GUIDE

FOR 1871.

OUR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED "FLORAL GUIDE AND GARDENER'S MANUAL" for 1871 .... 05c
20 Varieties Palox Drummondii, packet 10c
Double Portulaca, like miniature roses 20c
Double Petunia 20c
Double Sweet William 10c
25 Choice Annuals $1.00

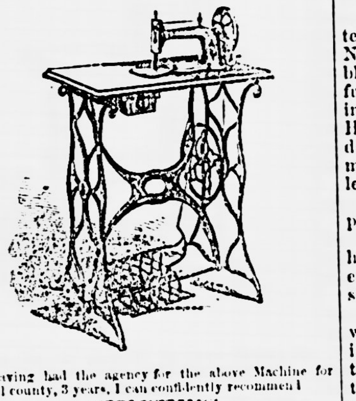
Sent post paid. Address,

PHELPS & REYNOLDS,

O. D. PHELPS, M. G. REYNOLDS. } Rochester, N. Y.

Dec 3, 1870—3m

SINGER'S IMPROVED



Having had the agency for the above Machine for Cecil county, 3 years, I can confidently recommend

SINGER'S

Improved Family Sewing Machine

as one of the best and most durable Machines in the world.

Entire satisfaction warranted, and all necessary instruction given in operating the machines.

MACHINES REPAIRED.

Address

James E. Haines,

Alias "BUD" HAINES.

Sole Agent for Cecil county,

Nov 19, 1870—3m* RISING SUN, MD.

THE

Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

144 and 146 Broadway. F. S. WINSTON, President.

Assets, July, 1870, $41,000,000 Cash.

The Largest Company in the World.

THIS COMPANY

Issued 937 more Policies in 1869 than any other Co.
It has 11,070 more Policies in force than any other Co.
Premium Income is $5,775,720 Larger than any other Co.
Interest Income is $739,670 Larger than any other Co.
Total Income is $6,515,390 Larger than any other Co.
Cash Dividends $2,088,171 Larger than any other Co.
Gross Assets are $10,012,690 Larger than any other Co.
Amount Insured is $59,587,398 Larger than any other Co.
Total Out-go for Expenses and Death Losses is SMALLER;
The Cost of Insurance is LESS than in any other Co.

O. F. BRESEE, General Agent,

No. 15 SOUTH ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

T. Ascherfeld, Agent,

ELKTON, MD.

Nov 26, 1870—2m

CONTINENTAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OF NEW YORK.

PURELY MUTUAL.

Policies issued, - - 30,000.
Assets, - - - $5,500,000.

Profits of the Company Annually Divided.

One-Third of the Premium may remain unpaid as a LOAN.

NO NOTES REQUIRED.

Policies Non-Forfeitable.

Thirty Days' Grace allowed in Payment of Premiums.

POLICY HOLDERS MAY TRAVEL IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

OFFICES, CONTINENTAL BUILDING,

Nassau Street, corner of Cedar.

BALTIMORE BRANCH.

LANGLEY & FORBES, Managers,

42 POST OFFICE AVE.,

BALTIMORE.

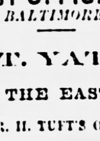
J. T. YATES,

AGENT FOR THE EASTERN SHORE,

DR. R. H. TUFT'S OFFICE,

Nov 26, 1870—6m **Elkton, Md.**

WANTED FOR THE CASH.



Dressed Poultry, Furs, Eggs, &c.,

for which the Highest Cash Prices will be paid by

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Dec 3, 1870—tf

For The Cecil Whig.

That Precious Old Story.

BY REV. THOMAS L. POULSON.

This is the precious story,
Of Jesus and his love,
That, in the years of childhood,
First drew our thoughts to God.
This is the same old story,
That, in the days of yore,
Our mothers sang so sweetly,
With all its priceless store.
Our fathers told the story,
And we will sound its glory,
From ages old and hoary,
Till we shall meet above.

This is the old, old story,
So wonderful and true,
That satisfi'd our longings,
With love, both old and new;
And now we sing its praises,
In scenes of worldly mirth,
That all may know the story,
Amid the homes of earth. *Cho.*

And when, in realms of glory,
Our voices we shall raise,
To sing the wondrous story
Of Christ's eternal praise,
E'en then shall we remember,
How, in the paths of sin,
It cheered our weary spirits
By melody within. *Cho.*

Then, in the blissful mansions,
With voice and harp made knew,
We all shall join in singing
The song that each shall know,
Of Jesus Christ's redemption,
Through faith in His blest name—
The theme of earthly story,
Up there shall be the same. *Cho.*

TRESSILIAN COURT;

OR,

The Baronet's Son.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE SUNDERED HEARTS," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was sailing under bare poles.—Her build and rigging proclaimed her Sardinian. She was *The Gull*, Captain Varino master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage on *The Gull* to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles, the following day.

While the Captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead, and tawny hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and fair, with tawny hair and mustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian. Young as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences had been such as to develope in him some of the worst qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired traveling companion and bosom friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries inclosing the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressilian at Badan, leaving him to find another traveling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him.—Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the conflict, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder.—His resemblance to young Tressilian awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder as his traveling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular Levanter," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks. "Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressilian?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The Captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Messrs. Ragusa can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles *you* will proceed to England and to Tressilian Court," said Lowder with some bitterness. "And *I*—what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life. You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "you talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will charge myself with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say to my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think your generosity Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to resemble his son—"

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the sentence.

"You wrong my father," said Tressilian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do, when you know him."

"He doesn't seem very affectionate," remarked Lowder. "You have been away from your home for five years, and he has but just recalled you!"

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed, as Lowder saw in the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You can guess the reason, Jasper," he said, with something of an effort. "My father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend. Ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing!"

"Yes," assented Lowder. "And the ward is Miss Irby—the golden haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters?"

"Yes. My father formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the Court my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home, he called me into his library and told me all his hopes and plans for my future, and entreated me to continue worthy of his innocent ward, and to keep my heart pure for her. I have done so Jasper. I have never yet loved any woman. And yesterday I received my father's summons to come home. He has recalled me after five years of absence. I know the wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread going home. And I dread offending my dear father, whom I love better than any woman. It is hard, Jasper, to revolt against the hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me causes him to urge on this marriage!"

"Is it?" said Lowder, dryly, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness.—"My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of *my* father?"

"No. I took it for granted that he is dead." "Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder, with a reckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my unfilial speech.—Wait till you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood to-night. This storm stirs up all the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then?" asked Tressilian, pressing his companion's hand.

"I have no proofs of it. All I possitively know is this. My mother was of humble station, pretty, with blue eyes and an apple blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a lodging-house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her. As might have been expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept secret until his affairs brightened and he chose to divulge it. The young girl loved him. Her mother was ambitious and penurious. The lover had his way, and married the daughter of his landlady quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where, a year later, I was born."

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed recklessly, and with passionate bitterness:

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings until her bloom had faded, and she had grown thin and wan and nervous. My father visited us at stated seasons, once or twice a week, but he never brought any of his family to call upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic relatives even suspected the existence of his faded wife and son of whom he was secretly ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgings at the West End, where he was supposed to be a bachelor, and that he went into fashionable society, while my poor mother and I lived obscurely. He was a profligate and a roue, but he had an air of fashion that awakened my boyish admiration, and aroused my mother's affectionate pride in him. She was always pleading to be introduced to his relatives, and to have her son publicly acknowledged. But my father always put her off, saying that he was not yet ready. Worn out and despairing, my mother died when I was ten years old."

Again the wind shrieked past, again the little vessel lurched, the sea sweeping her deck.

The captain screamed his orders to his men, and for a few minutes disorder reigned.

"A nasty bit of weather!" said Lowder. "And a bad sky!"

"Yes, but I've seen as bad," returned Tressilian. "We shall make port all right, never fear. We must be well on toward the Cape di Gallo. And it's only seven miles from the cape to Palermo."

"But the seven miles in this storm are worse than seventy in good weather.—These coasts are dangerous, Tressilian."

Lowder shuddered as he surveyed sea and sky.

"But about your father, Jasper?" said Tressilian, who had become deeply interested in his companion's story. "What did he do after your mother's death?"

"I remained at the old lodgings with our single old servant a month or more, my father visited me several times, and expressing anxiety as to what he should do with me. A week after my mother's death, he told me that his brother was dead. A month later, his father was killed by being thrown from a horse. My father came into riches and honors by these deaths. At last, deciding to rid himself of me, he took me down to Brighton, to my old grandmother. Her sons were dead; she had given up keeping lodgers, and was grown miserly. He promised her five hundred pound a year to keep me, and to keep also the secret of my paternity, solemnly promising to acknowledge me some day as his son and heir. The old woman agreed to carry out his wishes. She would have done anything for money. I never saw my father again. I went to school, grew up, and at the age of twenty-one came into my grandmonther's money, the fruits of years of saving, she dying at that time. My father had deliberately abandoned me. I did not know where to seek him, if I had wished to. I took my money and came abroad. I had been on the Continent, and had spent my little fortune when I met you. The rest you know."

"An odd, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?"

"That he might be freed of encumbrance to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, I conclude that my father was in love with a titled lady before my mother's death. No doubt he married this lady. If he lives, this lady's son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has utterly disowned the son of his first hasty, ill-starred marriage. I have a fancy that I shall meet him some day," and Jasper's brow darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of ever receiving justice at his hands."

"What is your father's name Jasper?" asked Tressilian."

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lips savagely.

"What I have told you about myself I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings, my father bore the name of Lowder. I don't know his real name, but I should know his face anywhere, although I have not seen him in thirteen years. My mother was actually married, Tressilian, but I never heard my father's name. The clergyman who married my mother was dead; the witnesses also. When my grandmother was dying she tried to tell me the story. She had put it off too long. All that I could understand of her mumblings was the name of Devereux. I shall never forget that name—'DEVEREUX!' Probably that was my father's name—my own rightful name. But as I should never find him if I sought him, I stand no chance of inheriting his property. He may be dead. He may have other sons who have succeeded him. It is all a mystery, but the prominent truth is that I am an outcast, poor, disowned and friendless."

He leaned over the bulwark, the spray dashing over his face violently.

Tressilian's heart warmed to him.

"My poor friend!" he said. "Must I say again you are not friendless while I live. My father has influence enough to obtain for you a government appointment. This tangle may straighten itself out some day. But if it don't, you are resolute enough to make your own happiness."

He grasped Lowder's hand, and looked with warm bright eyes, full of sympathy, into Lowder's lowering face.

There had been a temporary lull in the storm. But as the two stood there, the tempest revived and swept over the wild sea in maddened rage.

There is no time for talking now. The wind rose so high that words would scarcely have been distinguished. The storm that had gone before had been but play to this awful outburst. The vessel drove on, creaking and groaning, a mere cockle shell on the billows.

"Mother of Mercies!" wailed the captain. "It's all up with us, signores. I can't make out the Cape in this darkness. We shall go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!"

The seaman echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprehending their peril, clasped their hands in silence.

For the next few minutes it seemed that a Pandemonium reigned.

Then a noise like the report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, staggered, and careened upon her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

A moment later crew and passengers were struggling in the waters.

A few moments of buffetings and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, involuntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him, and became unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a desolate, despairing wail. The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder struggled to his elbow.

"Wrecked!" he muttered. "I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend to-night!"

He moaned and wrung his hands.

"He is dead, who would have done so much for me, and I so worthless am saved! All my hopes of an easy and luxurious life must be resigned now!"

All that moment he beheld a dark object at a little distance in the water. The waves hurled this object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instance Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept towards it, and the waters dashed the body on the shore at his feet. He put his hands on its face. How cold and wet it was! It felt like the face of a dead man! Lowder's fingers came in contact with the soft, silken moustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressilian!

Of the five that stood on the sloop's deck a half-hour earlier, these two alone were left. The captain and his crew had found their deaths among the cruel, yawning waters.

Lowder thrust his hand under the waistcoat of his friend, but he could not perceive the beating of his heart. Despair took possession of him.

"Dead!" he said shrilly. "Dead! and he would have done so much for me if he had lived! And his father and the young girl he was to have married will wait in vain for his coming! His place at Tressilian court is empty. Who can fill it?"

It seems to him that some demon at his side echoed the question: *Who could fill the place left vacant by noble Guy Tressilian?*

A thought came to him—a thought so strange and sinister that he shivered involuntarily. Again he felt of Tressilian's heart. He gave no throb against his hand. He passed his hand over Tressilian's head and discovered a gaping wound in the skull. The hair was clotted with blood.

Putting his hand in his breast pocket, Lowder drew out his little water-proof match-safe. He opened it and with trembling fingers and struck a light. The red flicker danced on young Tressilian's face.

How ghastly and terrible it looked! The eyes were closed, the smile was gone. The seal of death seemed set on the noble features.

Lowder examined the wound. It had been made by contact with the sharp rock, and even Lowder perceived its terrible character.

"If he is not dead, he soon will be," he muttered. "His brain has received an awful injury. He will never know who he is again. He won't live till morning, and he is perhaps dead already. He must be dead!"

Again it seemed to him as though some demon echoed his words.

The match dropped from his fingers into the water. For a little while he crouched on the wet stones in silence, battling it may be with the better and nobler instincts of his nature.

At last, with sudden and abrupt stealthiness, his hands stole into the breast pocket of Tressilian and drew out his private note-book, a packet of letters, a few trinkets. He secured these among his own wet garments. Their possession seemed to give him courage, and his face hardened, and he knelt beside the body of his friend and rifled his garments of all that they contained, bestowing his plunder on his own person.

Then he took his own purse, his note-book, a few receipts and trifles from his own pockets, and put them in the pockets of Tressilian.

"It is done!" he whispered to himself, looking with wild defiant eyes through the darkness. "No one is harmed. He is dead. If he had lived, he would have provided for me. As he is dying or dead, I must provide for myself. *This likeness between us will make my fortune.* His friends will be spared a terrible grief, and I—I shall live as last! Fortune gives me a chance to gain name and wealth at one lucky stroke!"

As if to give himself no chance for repentance, he arose to his feet and turned his searching glances in an inland direction. A light, as from a cottage window, glimmering faintly through the thick haze, caught his gaze.

Raising his voice, he called loudly:

"Help! Ho, there! help!"

The wind had abated, and his cries rang out through the night with startling distinctness. The light he had seen moved and disappeared. A minute later, answering cries reached Lowder's ears, and he heard hasty steps, and saw the approaching light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's upraised arm.

"This way!" shouted Lowder. "We are wrecked on the rocks! For the love of Heaven, hasten!"

The bearer of the lantern attended by a male companion, came running to him, and was soon at his side. The lantern bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his class. His companion was also Sicilian, but evidently of somewhat higher degree. Both were all excitement, astonishment and sympathy.

In as few words as possible Lowder told the story of the shipwreck, and called attention to the condition of his noble young employer.

"I think he is dead!" he said, in a choking voice. "Carry him up to your cabin. Let everything be done that can be done to save him. I will pay you well for any kindness to him. Poor fellow! He was my traveling companion. I loved him as if he had been my brother instead of only my hired attendant! Poor Jasper!"

The two sicilians lifted the helpless form of poor young Tressilian, and carried it between them toward their cottage. Jasper Lowder followed them, bewailing his loss. The above we publish as a specimen chapter, but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger.—Ask for the number dated January 7th, which can be had at any news office or book store. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.

—An Arkansas man, sentenced to be hanged, is in a bad way. The neighboring carpenters refuse to build the gallows, and the sheriff don't know how. The prisoner is a carpenter himself, and the sheriff had tried several times to have him built it, but he says "he'll be hanged if he will."

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New Year's Day in China.

A Hong Kong correspondent of *The Graffic* gives the following description of a popular Chinese holiday, and partly explains why the manufacture of fire-crackers is so largely carried on by the Celestials. "The Chinaman's wants are few," says the writer, "but one is imperative. He will work from the beginning of the year to the end, or very nearly, without intermission; he will live on the most ridiculously inexpensive diet, dress in a yard of calico in summer and a superincumbent covering of rags in winter, but he must have one holiday, and on that day he must satisfy one inextinguishable longing of his nature. His holiday is New Year'sDay: the craving of his passionate soul on that solemn occasion is crackers. The British Government has made a great compromise with its Chinese subjects in Hong Kong. The Chinaman abstains from the use of crackers as a rule, and in return is allowed to indulge himself to his heart's content in that delirious luxury on the great festival of the China New Year. Not only in the China town, but all over the colony crackers are sanctioned by the law during this fearful period. The streets become red with the exploded paper-cases, which cover the ground like leaves in autumn; the air is filled with sulphureous fumes, the European heads in the colony ache as if they would split; but uninterruptedly, for two days and nights, the detonations continue. Crackers on New Year's Day constitute an old, or, in Pidgin English, an 'olo custum.' If the governor of Hong Kong were to require the native population to adore his sedan chair on their knees when he passed, or where to execute a few of them every Sunday morning, *pour passer le temps*, that might be borne, but to forbid the use of crackers on New Year's Day would create a revolution in this Island.

"To call them crackers, though they cannot be called anything else, is to convey a feeble idea of their nature to European readers. A Chinese cracker is a slab of explosive fireworks about an inch thick, four inches wide, and of any length you please. It goes off in a succession of explosions, each of which is quite as loud as the report of a musket, and hops about from one side of the street to the other during the brief climax of its existence, flying ten or twelve yards in unforseen directions at every bang, in a manner which thrills a Chinese breast with a joy beyond expression. At every other doorway, while the New Year festival lasts, there stands a group of Chinamen wholly devoted to the task of letting off these diabolical preparations. They have risen, most of them, at about four in the morning, to begin the delightful day on which crackers may lawfully be used. How they can reconcile their economical and saving consciences to the idea of spending so much of their substance on a fleeting pleasure is a problem impossible to solve; but in the matter of crackers a miser in China would be extravagant. What is the end of wealth if it cannot in some way or other be made to subserve enjoyment? Doubtless the sages have left moral maxims in abundance for the purpose of justifying so national a taste. There it is the custom of the country to write up—up and down, we might say, considering the perpendicular character of Chinese caligraphy—on strips of paper, which are suspended for the edification of beholders about the shops and rooms. The preparation of these by accomplished 'scholars,' who have imbibed the wisdom of the great classic writers, is quite a business by itself."

"The weariness of soul which comes over the European mind in Gough Street, after twenty-four hours of the New Year pandemonium, can hardly be conceived to ears familiar with no worse noises than the gentle buzz of life in Cheapside, or the cheerful activity of a boiler manufactory. Every Chinaman who is not engaged in letting off crackers employs his time in beating a gong; and when myriads of these are giving tongue all over a town at once, nothing but crackers could be heard above the din. It all seems to be an undiluted gratification to Chinese ears, 'beautiful as songs of the immortals,' 'celestial melodies of love,' like those of which Longfellow dreams. The tympana of the Chinese must be made of different stuff from ours; their whole nervous system indeed must be unlike that of Europeans, and their peculiarities in this respect might form an interesting study on the border-land between physiology and psychology. Their wonderful callousness to death, and the stoicism they often exhibit under torture, would perhaps be found to spring from causes not entirely dissimilar to those which prompt their annual debauch on crackers.

"Illuminations at night, and special performances at the native theatres, feasts among the wealthy, and 'sing-songs' for all ranks and ages, help to celebrate the New Year; but the minor details of the festival may readily be forgotten by a foreigner. There is only one thing about it he can never forget,—the unintermittent volley of explosions which lasts for eight-and-forty hours. In the pure Chinese cities like Canton, the New Year celebration lasts much longer; but except to gratify a curiosity which is soon appeased, Europeans seldom penetrate their tangled streets at such a time. In Hong Kong, however, you cannot escape from the riot, and can only bear it with any fortitude you have at your disposal. Business is entirely suspended, sleep is out of the question, reading is impossible, conversation is about as easy an a London cab. You can't go off into the country, for your chair coolies, however docile they may be at other times, would leave you if you wanted them to work on that day. You can't row away across the harbor, for your boatmen are helping the other servants to let off crackers. There is nothing for it but to wait till the *charivari* is over envying Alexander Selkirk, and joining in all Hotspurs denunciations of villainous saltpetre."

Life Thoughts.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive.

Pride hides a man's faults from himself and magnifies them to others.

Every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor, to all their rules of trade.

Life is a book of which we can have but one edition. Let each day's actions, as they add their pages to the indestructible volume, be such as we shall be willing to have an assembled world read.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life, they lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long and deepening before us.

A person never appears so ridiculous by the qualities he has, as by those he affects to have. He gains more by being contented to be seen as he is, than by attempting to appear what he is not.

To eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn our thought into an implement of trade,—this is not life.

Many lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long. Our best impulses are too delicate to endure much handling. If you fail to give them expression the moment they rise, they effervese, evaporate, and are gone. If they do not turn sour, they become flat, losing all life and sparkle by keeping. Speak promptly when you feel kindly.

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