JOB PRINTING!

Every Description of Job Printing executed at THE WHIG OFFICE:—

Pamphlets, Checks, Receipt and Bill-books, printed and Bound in any style ordered.

POSTERS,

LETTER HEADING, Envelope Printing

CARDS OF ALL KINDS.

Colored and Bronze Printing,

EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE.

☞ Anything in the Printing or Lithographing line can be ordered at *The Whig* Office. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no charge made.

Terms Cash on delivery of all work.

THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXII---NO. 18. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1,637.

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.

LOCAL MATTER, 10 cents a line; or 80 cents an inch for ever insertion.

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. Three changes allowed to yearly advertisers without additional charge

GREAT REDUCTION!

W. M. KENNARD & CO.,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,

WILL COMMENCE THEIR

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARING OUT SALE

OF

DRY GOODS,

ON

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1872,

AND CONTINUE UNTIL

EVERYTHING OF A FALL AND WINTER NATURE IS SOLD.

AS THE STOCK IS STILL LARGE

THE

THE REDUCTION IN PRICE WILL BE GREAT

SO AS TO

Insure their Early Sale.

306 MARKET STREET.

YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN PAINTING

BY USING

Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint,

Made from Pure White Lead, Linseed Oil and Zinc.

We especially call attention to the following testimonials of the Paint. The Baltimore Catholic *Mirror* says:

A REVOLUTION IN HOUSE PAINTING.—The advertisement of the New Jersey Enamel Paint Company has been some time in our columns, and it may seem strange that it is only to-day we call special attention to it. Our reason for this is that we do not like to recommend a new thing unless we know it is good. We were pleased to find that the Agent, Mr. C. P. Knight, was of our way of thinking, and wished above all, that the paint should be tested, so that the editor could give his conscientious opinion of its merits. Having had this test made in our household, we have no hesitancy in saying that the Enamel Paint comes up fully to all that is claimed for it. In the country, especially, where it is difficult to procure the necessary ingredients for mixing paint, and skillful workmen to apply it, the Enamel Paint will prove invaluable, as it is already prepared, and can be applied by any one possessing ordinary judgment. For plain work in private dwellings, churches and school-houses it will prove very economical as well as beautiful. One gallon of this paint will cover twenty square yards, giving two coats. Our friends may safely give it a trial without fear of disappointment.

TO THE PUBLIC.—It affords me much pleasure to state that in July, 1871, Front Street Theatre was painted inside and out with "Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint," for which C. P. Knight, No. 94 West Lombard street, is agent, and to testify to its superiority over any and all other paints for similar use. In no private dwelling can paint possibly be subjected to the very severe test it undergoes at this establishment, where, during our daily cleaning, soap and soda are constantly applied to it, and yet it appears as sound and as fresh as when first put on. Of the numerous advantages it possesses over other paints I will only mention its being mixed and ready for use, in quantities to suit purchasers; its quickly drying properties, which saves much time in the execution of work where paint is needed, and its very perceptible tenacity, which imparts beauty and durability to the objects on which it is used. As such I most earnestly recommend it to the merchants and tradesmen in our city, believing it will give them greater satisfaction than they can possibly anticipate.

BALTIMORE, April 25, 1872. WM. E. SINN, Front Street Theatre.

FROM HON. JOHN WETHERED.

MR. C. P. KNIGHT: At the recommendation of a friend I was induced to apply your patent "Bradley's" paint to my house. I have pleasure in stating that it has proved highly satisfactory, covering more surface than you promised, is more economical, carries better gloss than ordinary paint, and is freer from disagreeable odor.

Yours respectfully, JOHN WETHERED.

The following letter is equally strong and valuable:

BALTIMORE, Dec 27, 1871.

C. P. KNIGHT, Esq., Agent for Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint—Dear Sir: The paint we purchased from you we will cheerfully endorse as the best of any kind we have ever used, its covering qualities is everything desired, drying promptly and with a hard gloss, which must, we think, resist the action of all kinds of weather. This is our experience and we can recommend it with certainty, and intend to use it on all occasions where we desire a good job of work. Very respectfully, EMMART & QUARTLEY, 272 W. Baltimore St., House, Sign and Fresco Painters.

Sold by the Gallon, Keg and Barrel. Specimens and Price List furnished gratis.

C. P. KNIGHT, Sole Agent,

No. 93 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore.

☞ SPECIMENS OF THE DIFFERENT COLORS MAY BE SEEN AT THE OFFICE OF THE CECIL WHIG, ELKTON. [Nov 16, 1872—Jan 1

HORNER'S

MARYLAND

SUPER-PHOSPHATE.

[WE COURT THE CHEMIST'S INQUIRY.]

After 23 years' experience in the Fertilizing business, and after establishing a wide reputation for the purity and excellence of his Bone Dust, the subscriber has been induced to prepare a Phosphate suitable to the requirements and every way worthy the attention of the Maryland Farmer.

The "Maryland" is a rejuvenator and permanent improver of the soil. It stimulates equal to Peruvian Guano, and sustains equal to Bone, being composed almost entirely of those ingredients, with a very liberal percentage of Potash in the residum. There is no adulterator nor inferior article used—every particle of the Phosphate being of essential benefit to the land. Neither pains nor expense have been spared in its preparation, and we claim for it the greatest benefit to the farmer from the smallest outlay.

For Cotton, WHEAT and CORN, and as a general stimulant and ailment for worn and impoverished land there can be nothing superior. It is warranted to run as high in Ammonia and higher in Bone Phosphate than any other fertilizer in the market.

PRICE, $50 PER TON, IN NEW BACS. No charge for delivery.

BONE DUST, $45. BONE MEAL, $50. DISSOLVED BONE, $42, our own manufacture, in new bags: Eastern and Western BONE DUST, $35. PERUVIAN GUANO delivered from Peruvian Government Warehouse, at lowest rates. No charge for delivery.

JOSHUA HORNER, Jr.,

MANUFACTURER AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Office and Warehouse, 54 S. Gay St. General Warehouse, corner *Chew and Sterling Streets.* BALTIMORE, MD.

april 6, 1872—tf

LIGHT! AIRY! COMMODIOUS!

Light enough to make Goods visible!

Airy enough to keep them pure!

Comomdious enough to give room for all who come to examine them!

THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE

NEW GLASS-FRONT STORE,

INTO WHICH

LEVIS

HAS REMOVED. Within it are kept and displayed to rare advantage and sold at Prices that will please all, the most complete stock of

DRY GOODS,
WHITE GOODS,
NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS,
QUEENSWARE,
STATIONERY, &C.

TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

☞ Don't fail to examine for yourselves.

Jan 27, 1872

GEORGE H. ASH.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 211 Market Street, (2d story, Morrow's Bull ling.) WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

A Full Line of Fall and Winter

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

A neat Fit guaranteed. ☞ Patronage solicited. Sept 21, 1872—1y

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, 1872—y

Blatchley's Improved Cucumber Wood PUMP.

Tasteless, Durable, Efficient and Cheap. The best Pump for the least money. Attention is especially invited to Blatchley's Patent Improved Bracket and New Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without removing the Pump or disturbing the joints. Also, the Copper Chamber, which never cracks or scales, and will outlast any other. For sale by Dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, M'f'r, 506 Commerce St., Philada., Pa.

JOHN E. ALEXANDER & BRO., Agents, Elkton, Md. Sept 14, 1872—1y

COAL.—The Celebrated Baltimore Company Coal for Family Use, on hand and for sale. D. SCOTT & BRO

THE TRIFLES.

The griefs that fall to every share,
The heavier sorrows that life brings,
The heart can nerve itself to bear—
Great sorrows are half holy things.

But for the ills each hour must make,
The cares with every day renewed,
It seems scarce worth the while to take
Such little things with fortitude.

And he before whose wakened might
The strongest enemies must fall,
Is overcome by foes so slight,
He scorns to hold them foes at all.

OVER THE OCEAN.

BREST, France, Sept. 30, 1872.

Gravesend contains some 60,000; this number includes Milton, a few years ago a distant village; but now part of the town. The river front is about two miles in length, has three iron piers for the accommodation of passengers, namely: The Terrace, Town, and Rocherville Gardens, a famous Holiday resort for Londoners, who crowd here in large numbers every day during the summer season. The gardens are very pretty and wholly artificial, the place where they now occupy was originally a chalk quarry, belonging to a Mr. Roster; a joint stock company took the affair in hand, and by immense out-lay and labor, succeeded in creating one of the prettiest and most agreeable places of resort in the neighborhood of London. The streets of the town in most cases are of considerable length, and contain fine shops and private dwellings. There are several very ancient churches considerably modernized; but the few public buildings have little striking or remarkable about them. The business of the town outside the local requirements is exclusively confined to the river trade, pilotage, &c.; in general, vessels going up and down take their river pilot here. The near vicinity of several military stations gives it now the appearance of a military garrison, (Tilbury Fort) garrisoned by artillery; on the opposite bank of the Thames, Milton barracks two miles, and Chatham, Rochester and Stroud, the furthest ten miles distant, have always a large quote of their men on liberty, or otherwise parading the streets, or filling the rum shops. During our stay we had lively times of it, most of the men had liberty for 24 hours, and some for longer terms. London being only twenty-seven miles distant, was largely patronized, this with the exception of Southampton, being the only place where the language has been understood. As a general rule, absence without leave has been the order of the day, 27 of them forgetting to come back altogether. The total desertions from the fleet since its arrival in English waters, is 185; mostly composed of men belonging to the British Isles and unaccustomed to sea life. Their loss, however, was easily supplied, as their places were filled up by men of a similar stamp who will, no doubt, remain until they get tired, and when opportunity occurs they will follow suite. Several jumped overboard from the *Brooklyn*, (2 of them prisoners) and either swam ashore or were picked up by shore boats. One adventurous individual, a Dutchman, wishing to be as economical as possible, and be provided against a rainy day in a foreign country, rigging himself out in a suit of clothes, heavy sea boots and a bag of hard tack, committed himself to the arms of old father Thames. It appears he and his old friend did not agree long, for shortly after getting over the ship's side, he commenced to call out for a boat or somebody to come to his assistance. Somebody took him in charge. On getting on board again he was rewarded by ten days bread and water. Two points of prime importance to me is, what to see and how to see it.—Many a fine object of interest is lost for want of fine treatment of it by the observer. The guides abroad understand this, when they lead a person, blind ways and some times blind the eye, until they deboucl. you on the right spot; then look and wonder. I have seen Vesuvius' crest and crater, St. Peter's pillars and dome; but none of them can vie with London. Above all, our own America, none can beat her; the home of the free and oppressed, of all nations. I have not seen in all my travels, a place like home. This is force, and force to-day rules the world of science, and has always ruled the world of imagination.—London with its one hundred and twenty nights of gala season; you will conceive the possible picture of its wonderous festivities. I wish you could walk into Hyde Park on a fair August afternoon to make this imagined world real before you. Here are all its members and element: Dukes, Lords and Courtiers, and renowned Colonels of the guards; Priests and Ministers of the National church; and Prime Minister of State with their daughters (and their daughter's lap dogs). The handsome houses of the nobility that hem this London pleasure field in on all side; I have seen the Vienna Praeter and the Parisian Bois d' Boulogne; but neither present a scene for fashionable promenade so attractive as the Hyde Park pathway. I took my stand at Apsley House, which commands the length of the riding track, and within an hour the track turned black with gallant riders. They brake in from every side and from every entrance way of the park, singly, in pairs, in hundreds, and come galloping more than 30 abreast. The English young lady is trained or coached to the saddle, where she seems hardly less at home, than our bright-eyed American girls in the national rocking chair. I have seen English women mount the wildest Arab horses with a fearlessness that would do credit to the Arabs themselves (speaking independently). Our American girls would say that the English young lady lacked social tact and vivacity, (and I fully agree with them). There is any number of Jews in London, and would seem as if they had abandoned all ideas of returning to Palestine, and were content to substitute London for Jerusalem. I visited the tower of London and St. Paul's Cathedral, and I shall never forget my visit. Wherever I went I was treated with civility.—The majority of the people took me for a Frenchman; some looked at me suspiciously, probably thinking I was after Napoleon, to talk Republic to him.

—Red table napkins are coming much into use in restaurants, and it is suggested as a reason that it is because people used to mistake the white ones for pocket handkerchiefs and carry them away.

—An exchange says at a concert recently at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a farmer arose and exclaimed: Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

—The lady who did not think it respectable to bring up her children to work, has recently heard from her two sons—one is bar-keeper on a flat boat, and the other is second clerk to a lime-kiln.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

MONTGOMERY, Ala. Nov. 18th, 1872.

DEAR WHIG:—This place, the Capital of the State of Alabama, containing about 8,000 inhabitants, is situated on a bluff on the left bank of the Alabama river, and figured conspicuously during the late war as the first seat of the Confederate Congress, which was subsequently removed to Richmond upon the invitation of the authorities of the State of Virginia.

The Capitol situated at the end of the principal street on a small hill is a very pretty building, surrounded, as is usual with all public buildings, by grounds which are artistically laid out, and kept in very good condition. Walking up to the dome of the Capitol a very pretty view of the city and surrounding country can be had. The country being undulating, is covered with corn stalks and cotton plants, and with the Alabama river winding its crooked length as far as the eye can see, with steamboats traveling up and down, puffing out clouds of thick black smoke, contribute to make a picture not easily forgotten. This city is supplied with water by two artesian wells, which are bored to to the depth of 600 feet, 720 feet respectively. The water flows from these wells continually through a 3½ inch pipe, into a stone basin about 25 feet in diameter, this water is clear and cold, being slightly impregnated with lime. From these basins can be seen the negroes "toting" water, generally balancing their load on their heads. One of these "water toters" a stalwart negress, excites the envy of her fellow "toters," by carrying three pails of water at the same time, one on her head and one in each hand. Some of the dwellings have cisterns for rain water but the supply is principally depended upon from these wells.

A large number of the handsome residences belong to the old aristocratic families of Alabama, and they display considerable taste and refinement in making the yards surrounding their dwellings very attractive. A few of these yards are encompassed by a high wall with broken glass securely fastened on the top, by being partially embeded in cement, making it a dangerous undertaking for any one to attempt to climb over, but the majority have a neat iron railing that will permit strangers to view the floral display contained in these yards. The grounds generally are about half an acre, with broad gravel walks with a border of fantastically trimmed box and evergreens, whilst the Crape Myrtle and Oleander tastefully arranged through the yards, and with the Jassamine, and Magnolia, fill the air with their fragrant breath. I consider it would be exceedingly doubtful, if the best botanical writer could convey an idea of the beauties of some of the numerous tropical plants, which are in such profusion here, they must be seen to be appreciated, as no adequate description could paint their grotesque shapes, and variegated foliage to the mind's eye.

Walking to the cemetery we find it in a dilapidated condition, containing but few "whitened sepulchres," a number of the graves being overgrown with weeds, and the tablets requiring renovating. Old Mortality if he was living could find sufficient employment here to keep him busy for a long time, and his donkey could get enough thistle to satisfy his hunger without straying very far from his owner.

At the hotel are a number of commercial travelers, perhaps better known by the name of drummers, from the North, endeavoring to sell merchandise by samples, but they are very much discouraged, for business is dull and the merchants have a complete stock, or as they express it are "full up." It is a vexed, and unsettled question with a number of wholesale merchants whether drumming pays in the South, and if it were not for the heavy profits charged, it would be decided in the negative. The expenses of a commercial traveler are heavy, and if he does not affect sales sufficiently large to insure those expenses, it necessairly follows that his employer loses money by the operation.—A large number of the hotels south would be compelled to close, if it was not for these commercial travelers, and "mine host" is well aware of this fact, consequently he pays every attention to the drummer, giving him the best room, and having the servants pay particular attention to his bell, and particular attention to him at his meals. Hotel proprietors know full well that this class of men travel everywhere and a word will go a long way towards influencing custom either for, or against his hotel, and as the drummer is generally a "hale fellow well met" he is frequently recklessly extravagant, these facts have been recognized by some northern energetic hotel proprietors, who make a deduction on the bills for drummers.

Last evening I had the curiosity to hear an eccentric colored preacher by the name of Messinger. His sermon was delivered in the usual dialect of the Southern negro, and he proved by very forcible logic, to the satisfaction of his "bruddern" and "sistern" their right to a place in Heaven by saying, "When you go to de butches to buy mutton you don't ask if dis sheep had *black wool* or if his wool was white, but if it is good mutton you take it, and so tiz wid us. De Lord don't inquire if our *wool was black* but if we is good, dats all."

GRAY BEARD.

For The Cecil Whig.

Although I cannot endorse all that has been ascribed to the influence of temperature and climate upon the human race, yet I am enough of a materialist to believe, that a warm sunny day does produce a wonderful effect on most persons.

Last Sunday was a beautiful day. The morning gave promise of a day of unusual brightness and serenity; nor was the promise unfulfilled. It was a fair sample of Indian Summer. The air had that hazy appearance, which constitutes one of the rare attractions of such a season. Everything seemed lulled into repose; the sun was unusually benign; the stillness of a "Blue Law," New England Sabbath reigned everywhere. Nature, loth to inflict upon us the severities of winter, waited, and cast one last lingering look behind, and revealed instead of frowns, a face radiant with smiles. Such a day passes but too quickly; its dawn is hailed with delight, its evening with regret. We Americans, in our thoughtless anxiety to test the beauties of European scenery and climate, forget that we have at home a variety of climate, temperature, and landscape, such as nothing continental can surpass. Because it is fashionable "to do" Europe, and "the thing" to go into raptures over what Nature has done for it, we lose sight of the fact Nature has been equally lavish of her gifts right here in America. One half of the vast throng of American tourists that flock to Europe annually, and fill up yawning Parisian purses, show by their utter indifference to and ignorance of our American climate and scenery, that it is not a longing desire to cultivate a taste for the beautiful, which carries them over, but a foolish desire to "make a spread" and be talked about.—A lady possessing more money than knowledge and taste for the beautiful, recently wrote home from Italy where she was "touring" that, "it filled her soul with rapture to mingle amid the scenes where Shakespeare wandered when writing the Pilgrim's Progress and Homers Iliad," and that "she had seen the wonderful Coliseum where Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded."

Scientific men have shown that a variety of climate, such as our own embraces, is calculated to bring about the best development of all man's powers. For this variety, we may select the healthful and breezy North West; rugged New England, the general warmth and blood quickening cold of the Middle and Border States; the balmy breezes of Florida or the rolling prairies of Texas. The burning skies of our June compare well with the Italy's hazy atmosphere, which enervates and softens, while it pleases and delights. Our mountains, hills, rivers and brooks afford to a truly cultivated æsthetic taste, views in which beauty, magnificence and sublimity are harmoniously blended with simplicity, order and immensity. John B. Gough says that the Yosemite Valley offers attractions far superior to those of Switzerland, and will repay a visit to it in the best of coin viz: sights that fill one with rapture and instill into the soul a feeling of awe, when the great power of the Creator is thus spread forth in all its terrible grandeur. Americans never speak disparagingly of your climate or scenery, but learn to appreciate them more and love America with a more fervent love.

For The Cecil Whig

DIOGENESE XIX.

At the beginning, I suppose I ought to tell you how I came into the possession of this title. Perhaps you have not heard that since Diogenese the II died, the man who next entered the cynic's tub with the intention of making his life like that of Diogenese received the name (?) about sixty years ago, while I was in Athens, Diogenese the XVIII died and by this circumstance the renowned tub was left vacant. For a long time I had admired the idea of separating one's self from the world, and looking down upon its actions with the unlimited right to criticise everything. So I started to take possession of this strange home, which I was henceforth to carry about with me as the snail carries its shell. As I approached the tub, I noticed another man walking towards it; I quickened my pace, he quickened his; I commenced to run, he ran also. At a glance I saw that he had the advantage of me, for the tub was standing on one of its sides, with the open part towards him. I was within about two steps of it when he jumped in; but he went against it with such force that it turned over, rolling him out on the ground. Before he knew he was out of it, I was in the much coveted house.

For the past two years I have been sojourning in the United States, moving around from place to place after sundown, which accounts for my seldom being in the busy haunts of men. I devote most of my time to reflection and care not to have the tenor of my thoughts disturbed; but the many foolish customs of this country often interrupt my meditations. I intend to criticise some of the things I see going wrong; but alas! they are so many I know not where to begin. The evils of this age, are like a circle, without beginning or end. Everything is wrong—nothing is as it used to be (except my old hat and that is a little the worse for wear). When I was young, boys were kept at work in the fields in summer and in the school-room in winter. Now I cannot walk a square without seeing half a dozen or more boys rolling around little pieces of mud about the color of their hands, which they call "*marbles.*" Pretty looking marble! In olden times *that* was generally white.

And almost every house is built right out on the pavement. Some porches are so near the road that the people can almost step from their door to their carriages.—And even if they have a little grass around their doors though it be only a few yards square, you are sure to see a party of young ladies and gentlemen busily engaged in knocking balls around each other's feet in a very idiotic manner. "Croquet," I believe they call it; but I didn't understand what that meant until I happened to hear a young man with his face covered with hair like a baboon, call out to a young Miss with a distressing hump on her back, "Blue it is your turn now." Then the thought struck me that the long sticks might be needles and the balls wool, and this a new style of knitting. I have since learned that the balls and sticks are both made of wood and that the people who use them, do it for amusement; but where the pleasure comes in I have yet to learn.

The young ladies when they do remain at home, instead of knitting substantial yarn stockings and making shirts, manufacture little white cloths with deer and dogs worked on them, to pin on arm-chairs for lazy people to loll in. Then sometimes for a change they pound on a four-legged instrument called the "pianner;" but instead of singing the sweet old hymns that once filled pleasant homes with melody, they now screech out all the notes of the scale with the most astonishing rapidity. Their faces usually become very red from the exertion and their chignons almost bob off when lower C. is reached. Then instead of studying the cook-book, they read novels—a wretched kind of literature that teaches them how to get husbands. It is my opinion (private of course) that they had better study how to do without them. Then all that their little sisters think about, instead of playing with their dolls and studying their Sunday-school lessons, is of the time when they too can trail their dresses in the mud and have beaux. To give an example of the vanity of these Misses, I will here record what a little girl said to me a few days since when I found her crying, because her big sister could go to a concert in *the Town Hall* and she had to stay at home, and study her geography for the next day's recitations.

"I think it must be the nicest thing in the world to be a young lady. For when a person is grown up, they don't have to go to bed at nine o'clock and study old Peter Parley after supper until that time. My sister Minnie considers herself a young lady. She is real pretty and people say that I am just like her. I am *so* glad.—Mamma gets her all the nice things. She has lots of hats and buttoned shoes and all colors of kid gloves and ribbons. Then she goes to parties and concerts, when I have to stay at home. I don't have but one pair of kid gloves and one pair of buttoned shoes, for no one has time to sew the buttons on when they come off, which they are forever doing. Then Minnie calls me *her little* sister before her gentlemen friends. I am sure I can't help it, if I am little. I know it well enough without her telling me all the time. Then I have to do just as she says, and mind her just as I do my mother and wait on her as if she was a Queen. Oh, dear! won't I be glad when she is married and *I the young lady of the house.*"

But the men are just as bad and full of faults, if not worse than the weaker sex. At twenty they are impudent puppies, always petting and twirling the downy mustache that usually adorns their upper lip. It would be a good investment to buy them for what they are worth and then sell them for the price at which they value themselves. Then some of the older ones have a little piece of board about two feet square, and they will sit over this for hours at a time, moving little pieces of ivory, cut in the shape of heathen idols; not saying a word, except occasionally something that sounds like "chich"—but what chickens have to do with this play is beyond my comprehension. The truth of it, all is, that as a general thing the ladies are *vain* and *useless* and the gentlemen *conceited* and *dogmatical.* But the sun is shining now, right in my face, so I must stop and turn my tub around. CECILIA.

THE FASHIONS.

WHAT COLD WEATHER BRINGS US.

NEW STYLES IN FURS—GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS IN COSTUMES, LINGERIE, AND JEWELRY.

Furs have grades as strongly marked as society has, though the law does not define them here as it did in days lang syne in the Old World. Here in pocket takes the place of legislation, and its pronunciamento is far more potent than any decree by Kings or Parliament. To prove this magnificent disregard of money, in no other city of the world are such costly furs sold as in New York, and in so great profusion. The last few years find many changes in styles and kinds. Wherever there is glitter, warmth, perfumes from "Araby the blest," and music, you find ermine.—Growing a few years ago to be the *par excellence*, a univeral rivalry thereupon grew up in cat, rabbit, and the English cony skin, daubed in streaks with yellow ochre, fantastically adorned with small ends of grimalkins' tails, and sold for real royal ermine, at such absurdly low prices that the too snowy sets were seen in amicable companionship with pilot cloth, beaver, and sometimes woolen shawls, at which a genuine ermine, reposing only upon the richest silk, the heaviest velvet, would shrink with horror. Therefore the real ermine has disappeared from every place not roofed in, according to the decrees of fashion.

Only a connoissuer in furs can judge between the Russian and Hudson's Bay Sable, so nearly are they alike, yet the latter has, from a caprice, lost caste in the fashionable world. It is not less beautiful than the Russian, yet the cost of the Russian makes it very desirable. Very fine sets can be purchased now for $1,000, or $1,500, the rage for fancy furs deteriorating slightly from its popularity. Seal skin sacques are excessively popular, and naturally that has raised the price. A plain untrimmed seal sacque with muff costs, if of fine quality, from $130 to $200. Trimmed (according to the style of trimming) from $150 to $250. Boas of course are cheaper, ranging from $9 to $20 according to length.—Boas, flat-shaped and elegantly lined and quilted in satin, accompanied by beautiful little muffs and turbans are in themselves, apart from the sacque, most *distingue* additions to the Winter wardrobe. Boas, sacques, and muffs of the finest seal skin are trimmed with tails and fur of the beautiful sea otter, an exquisitely fine fur soft as velvet, and each hair seems finished off with a silvery point as of airy thistle-down irradiating the dark beauty of its depths. The sea otter is also made up into sets, even a muff and boa commanding so high a price as from $300 to $450. Seal sacques are also trimmed with Blue Fox, a fur oftener found upon the Boulevards than Broadway, yet fashionable everywhere, and so expensive withal that the trimming sells for $8 $12 a yard. Sets of this fur cost from $75 to $100; it is an exceedingly fluffy elegant fur of a brown, which might, to gratify a dealer, be called bluish, and one might finally be persuaded into saying it really was slate-color.

Other fashionable trimmings are the Isabella Bear, a light, thick, soft brown; the Silver Fox, at 75 cents a yard, fine and soft likewise; the Black Martin, at $2 a yard, sometimes called Alaska Sable.—Every article of apparel has been called after the little "diva," so we have a "Lucca Sacque," of seal skin, lined with amber satin, exquisitely quilted and provided with the indispensable inside pockets.—The Silver Fox, from extreme ice-bound regions, possessing the rare, silvery, thistle-down fluffiness, with lovely, velvet depths, also bluish. This is only used for trimmings, at from $5 to $12 a yard, and in muffs and boas, as high as $250. The Black Fox is yet another high-priced and elegant fur, and from its rarity is considered perfect enough for the trimming of velvet, as well as seal. The rates range quite high in value, the best for $600. The color is very dark, and the fur soft as plush. Astrakan has lost caste in the fashionable world governed by the pocket and caprice, yet is popular where warmth and comfort are desired, and especially by those in mourning. There are several grades of Astrakan, the very finest, made of the Persian lamb, bearing that closely-curled, watered look; and the longer haired, of the sheep. They range in price, according to quality, from $35 to $100. Mink, like a deposed queen, is always affectionately regarded by her erring and capricious subjects, therefore mink is yet fashionable, in rich, dark colors, coming mostly in muffs and boas. The large cape and cloak are utterly obsolete, and only seen upon lovers of antiquities.

Muffs are yet small and trimmed with ribbons; the tails of the animals form a more appropriate garniture. Collars are left for elderly ladies, (rather, to adopt a more pleasing expression), for those who admit themselves slightly *passe*; young ladies, particularly those who pride themselves upon what Mrs. Mantillini would call their "outline," affect boas either flat or round. Lynx is also rescued from long oblivion, and, being new to the present generation, is rather low-priced at present, but from its rich, velvety black, glossiness, with glimpses beneath on the pelt of a superb red brown, it is destined to great popularity. Gray squirrel is extensively used for lining silk, velvet, and even fur garments; for that purpose the fur of the gray cony is also used. Children's furs come to us in great abundance; white cony sets of a pretty dainty cap and some bright feather, sacque and muff, sell from $10 to $25. Chinchilla, becoming to all fresh baby faces, is higher, costing from $15 to $25, and there are lovely little sets, fancifully lined with silks of blue and pink and crimsons of Siberian gray squirrel, Rock River squirrel, gray Krimmer lamb, Persian white lamb, and other comfortable and really inexpensive furs, yielded by the cat, the monkey, the weasel, stone-marten, and others already mentioned.

Place aux dames! to which none will object, and then a word upon gentlemen's fashion's. Seal skin coats, and double-breasted jackets are *en regle* and very costly. Caps of otter and seal-skin are extremely fashionable and becoming. A charming cap is called the Canadian seal-skin. The crown of this is high and soft, with an upturned brim, something like a Rabagas bonnet. Seal trimmings and otter only are sanctioned by fashion in cuffs, collars, gloves, and borderings for coats for gentlemen. There are scarfs, and scarfs for the several ages. *Passe* gentlemen have a new scarf made with a sort of square knot or fold, from which depend two broad ends. To be in good taste, the Windsor ties of twilled silk are recommended. Fine and very elegant muffles of cashmere, and silk and wool and all raw silk, with silken borders, are quite cheap—only $2; but the silky fabrics are rather dearer.

"Pea-jackets," are the newest fashion for business garments, of dark, mixed cloth, and double-breasted. Hats are quite tall, which is a very necessary innovation, considering the hight of ladies' bonnets; the crowns are six inches high, with two full inches of brim, curved, at $9. Then there are various styles of business hats in felt; the crowns are four or five inches high; the soft hats take the shape, in a lessened degree, of the Alpine. Black is the fashionable color. Fronts of shirts are yet plain, without plaits; high, standing English collars, and very deep cuffs, with the corners turned. The single initial embroidered in the corner of the hankerchief is considered more elegent than the monogram, yet it must be large, and intertwined with a graceful little vine. Costumes for semi-dress are either black or very dark blue, what is technically called the "basket-woven" fabric—tiny checks indented in the warp. A single breasted vest, buttoning quite to reach the scarf, the coat double-breasted and rather longer. There are also stylish cut-away coats, single-breasted, and pantaloons to be worn indiscriminately of Scotch goods and gray mixtures, and gray and black blended into a lovely, quiet tint; but in accord with the suit above described. A very comfortable article for traveling is the gentleman's shawl, which can be converted into a lap-robe, of soft wool, in gray and black.—Sleeve-studs are superb in their marvelous cuttings of antique stones, where, upon foundations of burned ceramic, are carvings of onyx, in jasper, and chrysoprase of mythological designs in intaglio; also, in cameo, of sardonyx, topaz, and emerald. Upon a base of vivid green is an exquisite Hebe in white, for a scarf-pin of chrysoprase. Sleeve-studs are still square. When the delicate neck-tie is of other color than black, gloves must invariably correspond, in pearl, lavender, or the faintest tint of ashes of roses. "Clothes," says a learned Professor, "give individuality, distinction and social policy. Clothes make men of us," and so argues *Monsieur La Mode.*

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY.

AN ESSAY BY THE REV. DR. BELLOWS.

At the recent Unitarian National Conference, in Boston, the Rev. Dr. Bellows read an essay on "The American Sunday," reflecting views more liberal than those usually held by Protestants. Independent of its religious uses, and considered only as a break in our hurrying current of affairs, a day of periodical rest, an alterative, our Sunday, said Dr. Bellows, is of priceless value. Nor is it chiefly the strained muscles of toil that it supples with a stated relaxation. It is even more valuable as an interruption of business ambitions, a retardation of the torrent of our emulous competitions in trade, and a cooling of the heated brain of professional rivalries. The popular rejection of the ascetic view of the uses of the day does not imply a wish for its complete secularization. At no era has there been any general acquiescence in the Jewish or Puritan idea of the Sunday. The vast majority of the Christian world, both in Roman Catholic and in Protestant countries, have valued Sunday as a sacred holiday, in which labor and worship paused, that public worship on the one hand and the relaxation through domestic and social intercourse and open air pleasures on the other might divide the day between them. Sundny is a day not less marked in Catholic than in Protestant countries. It is only differently marked. It is a day perhaps even more welcomed and prized in Catholic Europe than in Protestant America, because freer from gloom and conventional restraints. Nor is it necessarily less religious for being more connected with public recreation; for its innocent pleasures are sometimes brought under the protection of its piety, and its priests share them. Before we hastily and with spiritual self-complacency condemn the European and Catholic uses of Sunday we must recall the religious uses the Roman Church makes of the other days of the week. When Protestent churches are kept open all other days as well as on Sundays, and public prayers are daily celebrated in them morning and evening, and Protestent Christians are found going by early dawn to divine service all the days in the year, as Catholic peasants do, it will be time enough for them self-righteously to condemn the foreign and Roman freer uses of Sunday.

In our own country the old New-England Sabbath has already lost much of its sour and ascetic character, because the theological views that justified it have weakened or relaxed their hold upon the mind and conscience of the people. Although its old Puritan name, the Sabbath is still maintained—often with politic aim, but usually only from custom—among the custodians of the faded remains of the old New-England theology, its honest historical name, Sunday, is fast creeping into general use, and must soon supplant the old and misleading Jewish title, "the Sabbath." Clearly our Sunday is not what it was in my own youth or a half century ago. But if it has lost in severity, formal respect, or ascetic usage, is it a day less prized or put to less valuable sacred uses? On the contrary, it is a day which, under the breath of a new freedom, is getting a fresh hold upon the people by accommodating itself more plastically to their real wants, and by affording them the rest they need, not always in the form of physical passivity, nor in any one form, but of total change of moral diet and rest in many weary faculties. People do not need to rest on Sunday from bodily labors or business occupations only. They need rest also from the monotony of lives of care, of thrift, of ambition and cupidity.

The moral and mental alterative provided by Sunday is immense and general. To millions it is the only truly domestic day in the week. It is, too, the laborers', the clerks', the officials' sole day of escape from a sense of slavery. The Sunday breaks more chains every week than Mr. Lincoln or the Emperor of Russia did in their great act of emancipation. I will not conceal my own belief that the unsystematic uses of Sunday, its uses independent of ecclesiastical institutions, or public worship, as a day of rest from toil, rest from the control of masters of all sorts, a day of leisure, of free breathing, a day which every man may put to his own use, under certain general and necessary restraints; a day of domestic intercourse, of opportunity to visit the country, to walk in parks and gardens, to call on old companions and keep up valued but endangered friendships; to make love; to write letters home; to read and think for continuous hours—is one of the greatest uses to which it could be put, and one which no systematic use of it should be allowed to make impossible.

In regard to attendance on public worship, morning and afternoon or evening, although complaints are made of a falling off, I cannot think that we have any grounds of serious complaint. Doubtless there is less superstition in regard to the virtue of attending public worship than once prevailed, and corresponding lessening of compulsory comers, but more freedom of personal choice and more voluntary attendance. Church-going alone does not establish a man's moral reputation or pious character, or neglect of it, alone, mark him as a dangerous citizen and an ungodly person. The Church is beginning to suspect itself of faultiness when it fails to command the interest of those within the sound of its bells, and not to lay all the blame on the absentees. It perceives, too, that great rival attractions have arisen under the new conditions of modern life; that everybody reads; that books and magazines and newspapers are cheap; that moral and religious instruction is no longer in the exclusive hands of the clergy; that many or most of the freest, most genuine and attractive preachers neither stand in modern pulpits nor write sermons with texts and conventional divisions; but, in essays reviews, secular, and religious newspapers, in novels and dramas and poems, address indirectly the conscience, heart and will, and feed, inflame, and guide the moral and religious feelings of mankind. Thousands of intelligent, worthy Christian people, in places where only formal, dry or uninspired public