THE DALLY EVENING BULLETIN.-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.-TRIPLE SHEET.

12 and orthogona the New York

THE MIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS,

Twas the night after Christmas, when all inrough the touse Every soul was abed, and still as a mouse, Those stockings so late St. Nicholas's caro, Were emplied of all that was eatable there. The Barlings had duly been tucked in their body

With very full stomachs, and pains in their heads

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap, And Nancy was rather fat gone in a nap, by A When out in the nursery arose such a clatter, I sprang from my sleep—crying—"What is the

matter? I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze, Tore open the curtains, and threw off the clothes, While the light of the taper served clearly to

The pitcous plight of those objects below,

The plicous plight of those objects below, For what to the fond father's eyes should appear, But the little pale face of each sick little dear, no For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick. I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathings the anne. What they, stomachs rejected T'll mention by

name Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding of

course, And Costards and Crullers, and Cranberry sauce, Before oursed and the sality of the wall, Yes Lollypope, Flapdoodle, Dinner and all. Like pellets, which urchine from pop-guns let

fy, Went the nuts and raising, jamil jells and ple, Till cach arror of diet was prought, to my plewa To the shame of Mamma and Santa Claus too.

I turned from the sight, to my bed-room

stepped back, And brought out a phial marked "Palv. Ipicac." When the Nancy dittlaimed for their sufferings, skicked her, Don't you think you had better, love, run for

the Doctora I ranianti was scarcely back under my roof, diff When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's

I might say that I hardly had turned myself

When the Doctor came into the room with

bound, He was covered with mud from his head, to his

foot, And the suit he had on was his very worst suit; He had hardly had time to put that on his back, And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with

sack. His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the Doctor got merry? His checks looked like Port and his breath smelt

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

snow

But inspecting their tongues in despite of their And drawing his watch from his waistcoat be-

neath-

neath-He folt of each pulse, --saying-"each little belly Must get rid"--here he langhed-"of the rest of that jelly:" I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick liftle elf, And groaned when he said so, --in spite of my-

self. But a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred, Bred, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He didn't prescribe—but went straightway to work.

work, And dosed all the rest—gave his trowsers a lerk, And adding directions while blowing his hose. He buttoned his coat.—from his 'Dhair he arose, Then jumped in his gig—gave old. Jalap : a whis-

And Jalan dashed off as if pricked by a thiatle, But the Doctor exclaimed are he drove out of

sight: They'll be well by to-morrow good night! Jones-good night!

"LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH."

BY E. J. AYLMER.

February; and during the year, although I heard constantly offer from Ina, I did not meet her. So that when Christmas came again, and I saw her at the hall, I was struck with an alteration; what I could struck with an alteration; what I could hardly tell. She had grown handsomer. Every one saw and said that, and yet no one hinted at other changes. Yet from the moment, she came up to me, and looked at me with her great grey wistful eyes, my heart chilled, and a fear I could not define came over me. Nor was my anxiety lessened when, as we were talking of Mark, Ina began to cry passionately, and rushed out of the room. There

join other parties. Mark went to India in

anarkalan har halanar

was something wrong, and missing her that evening from the drawing-room, 1 went to look for her. Opening the morning-room door, I saw Ina. She was sitting at the window, but not slone; a man was beside her. There was no light save that of the moon, so I did not recognize him hor did I tarry to make the attempt; to tell the truth; I was indignant with her, and closing the door with a hang, I marched off to the drawing room. Peo-ple were seated here, there, and everywhere, so I could not make out who it was that was with Ins, though I tried hard that hight and the next day to discover who had made my pet so miserable. We were all busy that day, ins as hard at work as any off us; but when midnight came, with its bell-ringing and carol singing, I missed her, and with a feel-ing I could neither withistand nor explain, I Ing I could neither withstand nor explain, I went to the little room. There she was. This time the window was open, and the man, for he was there too, was standing by her, his arm around her. I heard her mur-

mir something in a sobbling voice, mir something in a sobbling voice, and saw her lift her hands above her head and wring them. Then traitor as the was, I could play the eavesdropper no longer; but hurried away; and when I got to my bedroom a little later I sat down and cried: of course it was fooliat; what had I; an old maiden aunt; to do with the perjured faith of a heartless with. or the broken heart an old maiden aunt; to do with the perjured faith of a heartless girl, or the broken heart of a too-easily duped lover? As T sat there before the dying fire, with the tears still wet upon my face, I became conscious of a sound resembling waves breaking; I listened; the waves beat grew louder. I could hear them distinctly, and so too could I hear the wind and storm howling louder and louder; it, broke against the windows of my room, nay, in the very room itself. I shuddered as the blast passed over me; I felt the cold spray dashing in my face, and grasped the chair as I dashing in my face, and grasped the chair as l tried to shriek, to cover my ears, and hide my eyes in the pillow, but in vain. I had no eyes in the pinow, but in vain. I had no choice but to look upon the stormy sea where a ship lay tossing helplessly. I saw the spars washed overboard. I saw menistruggling in the pitiless waves: the faces and streaming hair of women, and once the white face of a little child. Then the derivers became

hair of women, and once the white labour a little child. Then the darkness became so intense that only when the lightning flashed could I distinguish the wreck; although the thunder of the tempest was cuidling my blobd. Suddenly the winds and waters ceased their war, and there came a calm so deep . that I heard every throb of my heart; and as I sat wondering what was: coming, a gentle wind rustled past me, a hand touched my face and Mark Amberly's voice cried,

"Comfort Ina." After that I seemed to faint, for when I After that I seemed to faint, for when I recovered consciousness the fire and candles were out, and the dull grey morning was shining into the room. Gradually I be-gan to collect my thoughts, and as I un-dressed myself and crept, into bed, a feeling-of horror settled down upon me. I had never been a believer in the supernatural, and new tried bird to convince myself that and now tried hard to convince myself that and now tried initial to convince in your taken the I had been dreaming: "I was determined to treat it as a dream, and, laughing at my folly, persistently kept down iny fears, leaving next day, without saying a word to ina. Our

almost instinctive in human nature; and we almost insunctive in human nature; and we accordingly find scarcely any nation, civilized or savage, with which it has not become more or less familiar. The Jews employed it in their Feast of Tabernacles, in the month of September; the ancient Druids and other Celtic nations hung up, the inistletoe and green branches of different kinds over their doors to resultion the modeled spectra and doors, to propitiate the woodland sprites, and a similar usage prevaled, as we have seen, in Rome. In short, the feeling, thus so univer-sally exhibited, is one of natural religion, and therefore, not to be traced exclusively to any

therefore not to be traced exclusively to any particular creed or form of worship. The favorite plants for church, decoration at Christmas' are holly, bay, rossmary and läurel. Ivy is rather objectionable, from its associations, having anciently been sacred to Batchus, and employed largely in the orgies celebrated in honor of the good wine. Cy-press, we are informed, has been sometimes used, but its funereal relations render, it rather out of place at a festive season like Christmas. One plant, in special, is excluded—the mys-tic mistletce, which, from its antecedents, would be regarded as about as mappropriate to the interior of a church, as the celebration of the old Druidical rites within the sacred building. A solitary exception to this uniof the old Druidical rites within the sacred building. A solitary exception to this uni-versal exclusion, is mentioned, by Dr. Stuke-ley, who says that it was one time customary to carry a branch of mistletoe, in procession to the high-altar of York Cathedral, and thereafter proclaim a general indulgence and pardon of sins at the gates of the city. We cannot help suspecting that this instance re-corded by Stukeley, is to be referred, to one of the burlesques on the services of the church, which, under the leadership, of the Boy-bishop, or the Lord of Misrule, formed so favorite a Christmas pastime of the popuso favorite a Christmas pastime of the popu-

A quaint old writer thus spiritualises the practice of Christmas decorations, 1480 our churches and houses decked with bayes and rosemary, holly and ivy, and other plants which are always green, winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His Dety, that signify and put us in mind of ris Denty, that the child that now was born was God and man, who should spring, up, like a tender plant, should always be green and flourish-ing and live for evermore.". Festive carols, we are informed, used to be initiated at the best of the area in the area in the area in the tender. Christmas in praise of the evergreens, so ex-tensively used at that season. The following is a specimen:

HOLLY.

Here comes holly that is so gent, To please all men is his intent. Allelujahi

Whosoever against holly do cry. In a rope shall be hung full high. Allelujahi

Ivy beareth berries.black, God grant us all his bliss, For there shall be nothing lack.

The decorations remain in the churches from Christmas till the end of January, but in accordance with the ecclesiastical canons, they nust all be cleared away before the 2d of February or Candlemas day. The same of rebruary or Candienas day. The same holds good as a custom with regard to pri-vate dwellings, superstition in both cases ren-dering it a fatal presage, if any of these sylvan ornaments are retained beyond the period just indicated. Herrick thus alludes to the popular prejudice:

plum-pudding failure may have been to the diplomatist, he might have consoled himself by remembering that plum-porridge was the progenitor of the pride and glory of an English Ohristmas. In old times, plum-pottage was always served with the first course of a Christmas dinner. It was made; by boiling beef or mutton with broth, thick-ened with brown bread; when half-boiled, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger were added, and when the mess had been thoroughly boiled, it was sent to table with the best meats. Sir Roger de Coverley thought there was some hope of a dissenter, when he saw him enjoy his porridge at the hall on Christmas day. Plum-broth figures in *Poor Robin's Almanac* for 1750, among the items of Christmas fare, and Mrs. Frazer, sole teacher of the art of cookery in Edinburgh, and several years' colleague, and afterwards successor to Mrs. M'Iver," who published a cookery-book in 1791, thought it necessary to include plum-pottage among her soups. Brand partook of a tureenful of "luscious plum-porridge" at the table of the royal chaplain in 1801, but that is the

the royal chaplain in 1891, but that is the latest appearance of this once indispensable dish of which we have any record. As to plum-pudding, we are thoroughly at fault. Rabisha gives a recipe in his Whole Body of Cookery Dissected (1675), for a pudding to be bolled in a basin, which bears a great resemblance to our modern Christmas favorite but does not include it in, his bills favorite, but does not include it in his bills of fare for winter, although "a dish of stewed broth, if at Christmas," figures therein. It shared honors with the porridge in Addison's time, however, for the *Tatler* tells us: "No man of the most rigid virtue gives offence by an excess in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, because they are the first parts of the dinner;" but the Mrs. Frazer above-mentioned is the

but the Mrs. Frazer above-mentioned is the earliest culinary authority we find describing its concoction, at least under the name of "plumb-pudding." While Christmas, as far as eating was con-cerned, always had its specialties, its liquor carte was unlimited. A carolist of the thir-teenth century sings (we follow Douce's lite-ral translation): ral translation):

al translation): "Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking, Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou, English ale that drives out thinking, Prince of llquors, old or new. Every neighbor shares the bowl, Drinks of the spicy llquor deep; Till he drowns his care in sleep." And to attain that end every exhilarating liquor was pressed into service by our ancestors.

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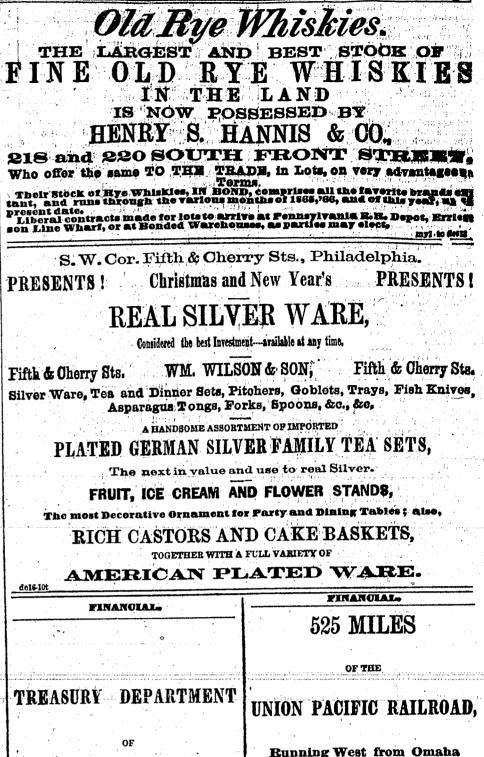
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HARRISBURG, Dec. 18, 1867.

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ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

ARE NOW COMPLETED.

This brings the line to the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, and it is expected that the track will be laid thirty miles further, to Evans Pass the highest point on the road, by January. The maximum grade from the foot of the mountains to the summit is but eighty feet to the mile, while that of many eastern roads is over one hundred. Work in the rock-cuttings on the wastern also will continue through the winter, and there is now no reason to doubt that the entire grand line to the Pa-

cife will be open for business in 1570. The means provided for the construction of this Great National Work are ample. The United States grants its Six Per Cent. Bonds at the rate of from \$16,000 to \$80,000 per mile, for which it takes a socond lien as security, and per joint, for which it is a large if not the an security are receiver payment to a large if not the full extent of its claim in services. These Bon⁴s e issued as each twenty-mile section is finished, and after it has been ex-amined by United States Commissioners and pronounced to be in all respects a first-class road, thoroughly supplied with dispots, repair-shops, stations, and all the necessary rolling stock and other equipments. The United States commission of 12,000 acres of land to the mile, which will be a source of large re-venne to the Company. Much of this land in the Platte Valley is among the most fertile in the world, and other large portions are covared with heavy pine forests and abound in coal of the best quality. The Company is also atthorized to insue its own. First Mortgage Bonds to an amount equal to the issue of the Government and no more. Hon, E.D. Morgan and Hon. Oakes Ames are Trustees for the Bondholders, and delver the Bonds to the Company only as the work pro-**3 OF THE** the Bonds to the Company only as the work pro-gresses, so that they always represent an actual and pro-

Whosoever against holly do sing, He may weep and his hands wring, Allelujah! lvy is soft and meek of speech, Against all bale she is bliss, Well is he that may her reach. Ivy is green, with colors bright, Of all trees best she is, And that I prove will now be right.

"Christmas comes but once a year." And once a year the old hall is filled from baseonce a year the old hall is filled from base-ment to garret. Once a year old scores are wiped out, old wounds healed, brothers become boys isgain, and the battle of life, with all its inevitable shortcomings, is forgotten. The kearth round which we obviewed a mother's trace is an alter we clustered at a mother's knee, is an altar upon which every worldly mistake is sacri-ficed; and if we miss some dear face from the gathering, we feel that, even on earth, we have had a foretaste of the etarnal home to, which we are hastening. So it is that, year by year, the old house stretches its sides; and the church round which our forefather's sleep finds us kneeling even to the third and fourth generation. But, though, we miss a face sometimes, we also often welface sometimes, we also often wel-come a new one. And at the Christmas-time of which I am going to write, a brother, after twenty years of exile, had come back to us, bringing with him his only child. Ina was fair Spaniard, and the prettiest girl I ever saw, her uncommon beauty, for she was utterly unlike any of our girls, and her quaint ways, took our hearts by storm at once, and completely subdued that of Mark Amberly. Now, though Mark, was not, strictly speak-ing, a relation, he was a sister's step-son, and admitted, first for her sakey was speedily loved für his own. A soldler, and the sen of a soldler, Mark had won honors which, in our out of the world county, established him a hero stores, and I verily believe the dear lad was half ashamed of his V. C. so deep and earnest was the worship with which we favored it.

Mark was always at Ina's side; so we all saw how, it would be, and the love making gave a new tharm to the gathering: Christmas eve came; the church had been decorated, the "guisers" feasted, the Christmas tree dis manuled, and tired of dancing. "Sir Roger," we were all grouped about in the dining-room, waiting for midnight, when, accord-ing to an old custom, the "devil's knell" was tolled at the church, and the Squire dispensed tolled at the church, and the Squire dispensed cakes and mulled ale to all those, when came to wish him and his a merry Christmas. My heather stood upon the hearth, watch in-hand, preschilty the time-keeper was thriat into his pocket, and he crossed the room. There was a general hush. Laughing! faces grew grave/ Lips quivered and eyes filled, for in the silence memory woke up, and the ghosts of the past oams. trooping by, space, laughing, some weeping, until it was hard to know whether old Christmas was is time for mith or sadness.

for mith or sadness. "Clangi clangi clang !" came the bells, and a hundred voices smote the frosty air, sing

ing the old carol: "God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing

you diamay; emember, Christ our Savlour was born on Christmas day." The children crowded to the bay window, I found it already and turning to, another I found, it already, occupied; Mark and Ina stood there; he was whispering in her ear, and half, hid by a shawl. I saw his arm around her.

As I sat by my bed-room fire and hour after, a light tap at the door woke me from my dreaming. Ina came in, her long hair floating in golden ripples over a blue; dres-

floating in golden ripples over a blue; dres-sing gown. "May I come and warm myself, Aunty?" she said; "the fire has gone out: in myroom;" and I am'so cold." She gave a pretty little-shiver, as if to verify the assertion, though the warm face the pressed to mine rather con-tradicted her words. Then, nestling down-upon, the hearth rug, she clasped her hands round her knees. Presently she said, but without turning round." You like Mark Am-berly, a unity." I acquiesced, and she went on—"Bo do I, and isn't it funny? he says he likes me, and -""

on-"Bo do I, and isn't it unany? he says he likes me, and ..."" Then auddenly she was kneeling by me, and under a cloud of hair, and amidst a shower, of kisses, I was listening to her secret how Mark had asked her to be his wife, but how he had first settled it all with his father and hers; that he was to go to India until he got his promotion, when he might leave the army and marry her. Nort day the party broke up. Some to

next day, without saying a word to ina. 'Our-parting was a cold, one, for. my heart, was full, and 'I' knew that the slightest demon-stration on my part would overturn my self-control, and give my sensible resolutions to the winds, &c. With a cold, kiss and mut-tered "you'll write, of course" we parted. A fortnight after, I saw, Mark's promotion in the *Gazette*, and the following post brought me a letter from Ina. "Mark," she said. "had left India. coming home round

said, "had left India, coming home round the Cape to shake off the effects of a slight

attack of feyer." The letter fell from my hand. I saw it The letter fell from my hand. I saw it all now—and the cold drops stood upon my forehead as I seemed again to hear the sad voice crying, "Comfort Ini." Mark was drowned. By some mysterious power I had seen the wreck, and love, stronger than death, had brought the dying, man with his message of love. His last thought had been of Ina; and Ina, what of her?, What would she feel when she knew that at the very time she was false te him, Mark was in the jaws of death—and such a death! of death—and such a death! I was wretched. I could not write. I

are not see her. I went away by myself where none of my people could get at me, and compet me to tell (as I felt I must) my terrible secret. Weeks passed. I grew ill with anxiety, and at last went to London secret. Weeks passel, if grown in which while the shipping agents, hoping against hope. They told me the ship was due at the end of the month, but that there having been rough weather she might be delayed. So, leaving orders to telegraph the 'first intelligence, I went, back to the village where I had pitched my tent. "'A month overdue now, and people at the office getting anxious;" so wrote my sister, and I put her letter away and still waited. "Two months overdue, and hope dying; Ina is in a strange way, and keeps talking of you. May she come. ?" So wrote my brother, Ina's father, and before I could asswer yes dr no, Ina' came. She rushed into my room one afternoon just at sunset, and stood before me, crying.

and stood before me, crying, "What has happened, Aunty? Why will, you not tell me; he has come twice and bid

"me go to you for comfort. What is it?" "Poor child," I said, "how can I know?" "Then why did he tell me to come? Why look at me as you did at the Hall, nearly drive

ing me mad?" told her, and was frightened for she sprang up from her knees with a cry like a mad wo-man, and then fell sighing and shivering upon the ground. me

"It was Mark, Aunty. I felt him near me, "It was Mark, Aunty. I felt him near me, and you only saw him. I was sure something had happened, though I never dare say so; and "he always told me to come to you for com-

Lying in my arms, Ins listened to my ver-sion of the story of the wreck, which time, alas proved only too true, for when a year had passed a sailor came to the agents and reported himself as the sole survivor of the Habard a pray. Halberd's crew. The gaid that wrecked her had come on upon the morning of the twenty-second of December, and she foundered at-midnight upon Christmas was foundered.

Christmas, Deservations. The decking of churches, houses and shops with evergreens at Ohristmas, springs from a period far anterior to the revelation of Chrisitanity, and seems proximately to be derived from the custom prevalent during the Satur-palls of the inhabitants of Rome ornamentpairs of the ministrants of Kome ornalient-ing their temples and dwellings with green bughs. From this datist circumstance we ind several early ecclesiastical councils pro-hibiting the members of the church to imitate hibiting the memoers of the church to imitate the pagane in thus ornamenting their house. We But in process of time, the pagan custom was, like others of a similar origin, introduced into and incorporated with the caremonies of the church itself. The sanction of our Saviour likewise curre to be pleaded for the practice. he having started Jerusatem in triumph amid the shouts of the people; who strewed palm branches in his way.

Next day the party broke up. Some to It is evident that the use of flowers and their own homes to receive guests, some to green boughs as a means of decoration, is

"Down with the rosemary, and so Down with the bayes and mistletoe; Down with the holly, ivy, all Wherewith ye drest the Christmas hall;

"That so the superstitious find No one least branch there left behind; For look, how many leaves there be Neglected there, maids trust to me, So many goblins you shall see," Aubrey informs us that in several parts of Oxfordshife, it was the custom for the maid servant to ask the man for ivy to decorate the servant to ask the man for ivy to decorate th house; and if he refused or neglected to fetcl in a supply; the malds stole a pair of hi breeches, and nalled them up to the gate in the yard or highway. A similar usage pre vailed in other places, when the refusal t comply with such a request incurred the penalty of being debarred from the well known privileges of the mistletoe.

Christmas Fare-Mince Pies.

Mince-pies were popular under the name "mutton-pies," so early as 1596, later auth rities all agreeing in substituting nears-tong in the place of mutton, the remaining ingr dients being much the same as those recor mended in modern recipes. They were al known as shred and Christmas-pies:

"Without the door let sorrow lie, And if for cold it hap to die, We'll bury it in a Christmas-pie,

And evermore be merry! In Herrick's time it was customary to se watch upon the, pies, on the night before Christmas, lest sweet-toothed thieves show lay felonious fingers on them; the jovial vie

sings: "Come guard the Christmas-ple, That the thief, though ne'er so sly, With his fiesh-hooks don't come nigh, To catch it,

From him, who all alone sits there, Having his eyes still in his ear, And a deal of nightly fear, To watch it." Selden tells us munce-pies were baked in coffin-shaped crust, intended to represent if cratch or manger in which the Holy Chi was laid, but we are inclined to doubh statement, as we find, our old English cool ery-books always style the crust of a pie "th coffin."

When a lady asked Dr. Parr on what c When a lady asked Dr. Farr On what di it was proper to commence eating minc pies he answered, "Begin on O. Sapient (December 16th), but please to say Chri maspie, not mince-pie: mince-pie is pu tanical," The doctor was wrong, at leas on the last of these points, if not on bot The Christmas festival, it is maintained is The Christmas festival, it is maintained i many, does not commence before. Christm Eye, and the mince pie was known before it days of Praise God Bareboace and his stra-laced brethen, for Ben Jonson personities under that name in his Masque of Chris-mas. Likely enough, the name of "Chris-mas pie" was obnoxious to puritancal can as the enjoying of the dainty itself at the particular season was offensive to purit-tante.

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

And death within the pot. Or, as another raymeter has it: "The high-shee lords of Cromwell's making Were not for deinties - reacting, baking: The chiefest flood they found most good in, Was misty becon and bag pudding: Plant from was popialit, and mince-ple-O that was fast floolatry!" In after times, "the "Quakers' took up" to prejudice, and some church-going folks evi thought it was not? meet for clergyment enjoy the delicatry a motion which "call forth the following remonstrance from Bio y erstaffe: "The Chilstmas pie is, in its ov nature, a kind of consecuted cake, and badgeof distinction; and yet it is often for nature, a kind of consecutated cake, and badge of distinction, and yet if is often f bidden, the Druid of the family. Stran that a sirioin of beet, whether bolled roasted, when entre is exposed to the utm depredations and invasions, but if mind depredations and invasions, but if mind into small pleces, and lossed up with plu and sugar, if changes its property, and f each is meat for his meater." sooth is meat for his master.

Mortifying as Lord Macartacy's grea

n- an od	At this feative season of the year, At PRICES REDUCED to such a point That all competitors are out of joint.	NOTICE.
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