GIBSON PEACOCK. Editor.	en alderatzikus (teerte seereik 609)	an management of the second of the second of the second second second second second second second second second A second secon I second secon			F. L. EETHERSTON. Publisher.	
VOLUME XXIII,—NO. 218.	า 2019 (ระเทศสาชส์ 1999 การสาช 1999) 19 - 2019 (ระเทศสาชส์ 1997) 19 - 2019 (การสาชสาชส์ 1997)	PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY	na in Branna - Independent (1999), kan beren diken in Akademi in Akademi in Akademi in Akademi in Akademi in A Analah diken diken ang kanang kan beren diken	en e	PRICE THREE CENTS.	
MERRY CHRISTMAS.	all the low cards. No fairy godmother with	ANE TRASSE BALLADE.	Obristianity, and have partly survive	I - MINTER - MARINE ANALYSIN AND ANALYSIN TANTA	The young contlement expressed thomselves	
# 3 Contractor Strategies in the second s	form no longer than a parlor match, ever came browsing around Archimedes Fisher's cradle, waving a wand with a star, on the end	BY ANE OLD BOYE, AND AND	a large extent successful-the deep-rooted	Chistmas is now announced in England are	with equal strongth, because each man had a private opinion that such conduct as that or	
	follt. to drive sway the oril animite multiple	I telle ane wondronuse tonlo	Leathen feeling, by adding, for the purification of the heathen customs and feasta which	In France the carols at this season used to be	Miss Harkins was wholly unjustifiable, unless he was the individual for, whom Bob had	
he Christmas Evening Bulletin	would be likely to annoy young Mr. Fisher, So far from this being the case, it was ascer- tained, by careful observers, that the only	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	1 it retained, its liturgy, besides dramatic repre-	they were grossly bacchanalian.	been forsaken.	
a titat saatilij op titat af	were swarms of vivacious flies which sever	Yo nyghte vs colde wythoutte-	'events of his life. Hence sprang the so-called "Manger-songs," and a multitude of Christmas		One cold night in December, the Euterpean Association met to practice some music for	
	ally and collectively punctured the bald place on the head of Archimedes Fisher and did	Butte fyrste my lyppe wolde sothely syppe Ye Browne, hys follye staute	carols, as well as Christmas dramas, which, at certain times and places, degenerated into farces or fools' festivals. Hence, also origi-	Drifting o'er the moor the snows:	concert, which was to be given in the hall on Christmas Eve. After the rehearsal, Dukitt	
RIGINAL CHRISTMAS STORIES	ample justice to the collation with which they supplied themselves in this inhuman manner. Nor was it observable when Archimedes	Thys tayle I telle, ys parlouse strange	nated, at a later period, the Christmas-trees, or Christmas-trees, adorned with lights and gifts,	그는 그는 것 이 가장 같은 것 같은	and Sally went away arm-in-arm as usual. Bob decided to follow them, and in his desperation	
	Fisher grew larger that any benevolent sprite, with a glittering tiara upon her real alabaster	DIELO IVISCIVILO HODO INV DOWLOFTO CUDDO	the custom of reciprocal presents, and of special Christmas meats and dishes, such as	By the Vule-log's Hickering light	toplunge into old Dobbins's house after Dulcitt	
HRISTMAS POEMS	brow, came around, and took him out and showed him a huge minnkin bing on the	Drye worke ytte vs toe telle ano tayle	Christmas rolls, cakes, currant-loaves, dump- lings &c. Thus Christmas became a uni-	Tis a night of solemn thought	had taken leave of Sally on the steps, and te propose to his fair deluder that very night, no	
and the second	that it was immediately transformed into a	But ivist I was 'twerre notte ane-mysse	versal social festival for young and old, high and low, as no other Christian festival could	Of that wondrous love that brought Christ into the manger-cot.	matter how black the prospect seemed. He lived next door to Dobbins, and so, putting	
	an obese driver, with four footmen behind	To trye ye egge, hys flyppe.	have become. In the Roman Catholic Church, three	Of the sin-stained world that lay	his hat firmly on his head, he left the hall and darted around through a back street, so that	
storical Account of Christmas	and fined all through with crimson velvet, so that he could just get into it and drive up to the	Ye Smytthe hys beere they broughten hym, Ye Browne hys jollye stoute.	masses are performed at Christmas one at midnight, one at daybreak, and one in the	In death's shadow till the ray, God-born, chased the shades away;	he might reach home before Dulcitt and Sally	
الم	and admiration of the poblemen and other	Ye more he slued ye lesse he knewed Of whatte he wasse aboute.	morning. The day is also celebrated by the Episcopal Church ; special psalms are sung ; a	Of that Light whose beams divine	rrived. As he entered the gate of his front yard	
UN FOR CHRISTMAS	Disted aristocrats. On the contrary, this disgraceful shild when	Ye egge hys flyppe they broughte alsoe	special preface is made in the Communion service, and in England the Athanasian Creed	On that darkness then did shine, Which comprehended not the sign.	and sat down in the darkness of the porch, he saw them coming slowly down the street.	
	and sculptured a nose and a mouth and track	Ande eke ye gynne hys slyngge, But ere 'twasse coole thys selye fool	is said and sung. The Lutheran Church like- wise observes Christmas; but most other de- nominations reject it, in its religious aspect, as	A long, deep night from Adam's fall, Through Noah's flood and Abraham's call,	His dog ran up to him and began to caper	
en an an an Arran Array and an	eyes in it, and illuminated it with a candle, and sprung it at his little sister Matilda, one dark nicht		a "human invention," and as "savoring of na-	Draping the world as with a pall;	about and bark; but Bob forced him to lie down beside him and keep quiet, while his	
HOICE CHRISTMAS SKETCHES	dark night, so that she was scared into fits, and Archimedes' father locked him up in the smoke-house for a week, alone, with his own	[Written for the Ohristmas Number of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.]	pistical will-worship," although everybody keeps it as a social holiday, on which there is a complete cessation from all business. But	A long, deep night, with scarce a gleam, Of light from prophet's tongue, or dream,	rival approached with his enslaver. They came very deliberately and passed by, con-	
	Mr. Fisher never had any satisfactory and	THE FATE OF JOE M'GIANIS. A Warning to Mothers.	within the last hundred years, the festivities once appropriate to Christmas have much fallen off. In England these at one time	To pierce the darkness with a beam.	versing in such soft tones that the wretched Bob could not understand a word. They	
	For instance, when he fell from a tree and	BY JOHN QUILL.	Jasted with more or less brilliancy till Candle-	So, through the lone night, Jesu dear, Watch we till Thou shalt appear,	reached old Dobbins's steps. Dulcitt stood	
ristmas Reading for Everybody	creature from fairyland ever an wared in an	This horrible tale was related to me by	mas, and with great spirit till Twelfth-day; but now, a meeting in the evening, composed,	Every longing heart to cheer.	and talked for awhile, Bob all the time shiver- ing with cold and impatient for his departure	
en en se	tim with her wand, and in an instant he found	Archibald Haggerty, the young gentleman who blacks my boots:	when possible, of the various branches and members of a family, is all that distinguishes	Watch we as upon that night The shepherds watched, and in affright	but after some little parley Dulcitt bent in. Bob Caruthers groaned alond, and then, after	
ATTER FOR GRAVE AND GAY	and satin and snapsles and nearly and site	"Mr. Quill, you see Joe McGinnis and me and a lot of us fellers was a playin' marvels	the day above others.	Beheld God's glory shining bright.	giving his dog a kick that sent him howling away behind the house, Bob cleared the fence	
·马马尔尔美国派派 ·马姆·尔马特·努尔·马	in his cap. Not by any means this meth	down to Pine street wharf one day, and Joe	"GOOD TIDINGS." Good tidings! Good tidings!	And in prayers shall pass the time, Till the holy midnight chime Ushers in the morn sublime.	at a bound, and was in Dobbins's yard in an	
	simply came at him with the rolling-pin, and hit him three or four vigorous wells over the	McGinnis had no luck. He blowed on his alley and said conjurin' over it, and spit on it,	Ring out, O Christmas bells ! The old familiar music still	Till the bells, with joyous peal,	instant. Old Dobbins had his sitting room in the	
EV GEORGE WITHER-1588-1667.	sconce, and like to have flogged the hide off of him before she put him to bed, and made him lie there all day while she washed his	and said 'fen everythings,' but 'twa'nt no use, for us fellers won his commoners, and his	O'er hill and lowland swells; Go twine with ivy leaves and bay	To wondering earth the news reveal, "Christ is come to save and heal "	second story, and just as Bob got beneath the	
now is come our joyful'st feast, Let every man be jolly;	pants and put a fresh patch on them, and re- placed the suspender-buttons.	bull's eye, and his glass agate, and his white alleys, until Joe jist busted out a cryin'	The holly's coral gem, And welcome, Christian hearts, to-day,	Then, as the sweetsounds float along.	appeared, taking off her bonnet. There was a	
th room with ivy leaves is drest, and every post with holly.	Archimedes Fisher's forte certainly did not seem to be ability to induly in supernatural	and went and sot down, on a board and	The Babe of Bethlehem.	We'll think upon that old-world song	tree by the window, and as Bob glanced at it. ¹¹ his mind was made up. He decided to clamber	
ough some churks at our mirth repine,	This was proved very conclusively. I think	rubbed his fists into his eyes like he was tryin' to gouge 'em. And us fellers	Good tidings ! Good tidings ! It is the selfsame strain	"To God on high all glory be!	into the branches, so that he might look with his own eyes upon the perfidy of the woman	
Wit sorrow in a cup of wine, And let us all be merry	and sank as rapidly as the rapitation of a	we didn't pay no 'tention to Joe McGimis, and we went on a playin' and a playin', and	That once the holy angels sang To shepherds on the plain ;	Peace on earth, and charity	to whom he had given his love. After a series " of difficult gymnastics, in which he tore his	
x all our neighbors' chimnous smalle	biffligmer. Now you would not woll a the	never saw that Joe had gone and sot down on a	A song which brings the weary rest, And comforts those that mourn;	So hath it been from time of vore.	coat and knocked the skin off of his hands, he	
And Unrishmas blocks are burning:	maid, with long golden treases waving about	place where some feller had been a shippin' this yer nitro-glycerine. And that there stuff,	"The ancient anthem, ever blest— "To us a Child is born."	And Christ shall reign for evermore.	reached a place from which he could peer into the room. Yes, there was Sally, sitting in	
And all their spits are turning, bout the door let sorrow lie :	her ivory shoulders, and a magnificent form, with a glittering fish's tail to her, and a voice	you know, Mr. Quill, it had been and leaked out all over that there board on which Joe	Good tidings ! Good tidings ! The world is old and sad :		front of the fire, and Dulcitt by her side; with his arm on the back of her chair, with his	
If for cold it hap to die, Il bury't in a Christmas nie	would have seized him in her snow white	McGinnis was a settin', and the fust thing Joe McGinnis knowed his pants, was soaked with	We need the blessed Christmas-tide To make us young and glad !	BOB CARUTHERS' REVENCE.	glasses turned, full upon her, and his faded	
	arms, kissed bin with her ruby lips, and car- ried him down to her abode beneath the sca, where the houses were built of raid	nitro-glycerine, like he had sot down in the	To darkened eyes who saw through tears Their earth-lights pale and die	A Story for Charlening Allie.	eyes gazing at her, just as Bob's used to gaze. Bob Caruthers felt has heart sink within him.	
And no man minds his labor; (1996) lasses have provided them	where the houses were built of gold, and the windows of diamonds, and offered him untold millions of specie, and piles of precious stopes,	river. Yes, it was. And Joe McGinnis when he felt it a gittin' damp he pranced home, and	This holy radiance appears— "The day-spring from on high."	BY JOHN QUILL.	at this spectacle, but he determined to sit on that limb all night if it was necessary, in	
A pagunge and a tabor the second se	IL DE WOLLD INAFFY BET (which the contract	thought he'd dry them pants of his'n by the stove. But, you know, old Mrs. McGinnis	Good tidings! Good tidings!	It was fough on Bob Caruthers. Every.	order to see all that happened, and to ascor-	
o life to one another's joys;	1 say you might reasonably have supposed that this would have happened and that a robi	when she seed Joe she was mad as fury,	O meek and lowly King! Teach every faithful heart this day	the cackling old ladies at the sewing-bee, the	tain precisely how mattersstood. Hardly had he formed the resolution, when Sally came to	
Greeive that they are merry.	would have consolidated with that hereilder	and she just rose right up and snorted : "'I say, you Joe, you outrageous willin	Thy praise aright to sing; Teach us to do Thy deeds of love.	man, the members of the Euterpean Associa-	the window and pulled down the blind. "It's of no use," said Bob, in despair : and he	
k misers now do sparing shun;	ing mermaid, on the spot. But, strange to say,	where've you bin with them there pants?".	Thy precious seed to sow ; As angels work for Thee above	tion-in fact, all the prominent people in Dan-	began to descend the tree, when the kitchen-	

Itank misers now do sparing shun; Their half of music aboundeth; So all things there aboundeth. The country folks themselves advance, With crowdy-muttons out of France; And Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance, And all the town be merry.

would have consolidated with that bewilder-ing mermaid, on the pot. But, strange to say, no such thing occurred. You would hardly believe it, but Mr. Fisher not only stran-gled himself with water, but a degraded Irish-man, with warm red hair, and not a solitary particle of sentiment in his nature, actually dragged that creek with a boat hook, and caught Archimedes Fisher by the trowsers, and brought him back to life, and hope, and influenza, and happiness, and inflammatory rheumatism, and his mother's arms. And they had to roll him on a bench for an hour to get the water out of him, and then saturate him so completely with whisky that his parents were compelled to put a stamp on him to keep him from being seized by the Revenue Inspectors. It was remarkable how little luck Archimedes Fisher had in this fairy business. You know he never went measdoring around, and heard that a beautiful princess was imprisoned by a cruel and objectionable was imprisoned by a cruel and objectionable giant, and mustered up his courage, and buckled on his magic sword, and rode away on his supernatural charger, and went up, and killed the dragon that lay in his path, and thundered at the door of the giant's castle, when out rushed a bloodthirsty scalawag, twenty feet high, who was immediately at-tacked by the impetuous and courageous Arch-imedes Fisher, who smote off his preposterous head with one blow, and then dashed into the castle, only to find the peerlessly lovely princastle, only to find the peerlessly lovely prin-cess sliting in the dungeon, with her white hands clasped in utter despair, and her back hair in scandalous disorder, because the dis-gusting outcast of a giant wouldn't allow her rations of hair pins. And then he didn't lift her tenderly in his arms, and place her on a palfrey which happen-ed to be standing opportunely outside by the Castle moat, and convey her to the king, her father, who said: "Bless you, Archimedes Fisher; Archimedes Fisher, bless you," and was so much overcome that he wept tears of joy and hugged Archimedes Fisher to his majestic bosom, and straightway married him inagestic bosom, and straigntway married num to his daughter and made him Prime Minister of all his dominions, with the right to distri-bute post-offices among his relations, and to sell gold short whenever he wanted to. I should think not. That kind of thing, I wish you distinctly to understand, was not in Mr. Fisher's style He merely went to the giant's premises and climbed over the fence, and began to go for the giant's apples in a vigorous manner, and the princess, she saw him, and recognized him as a kleptomaniac, and went and told on him to the giant, who married her out of gratitude, a short time after he had gone down and hissed his dog on Archimedes Fisher, and collared him, and taken him up before the king, who committed him to jail for ninety days for netty larceny. days for petty larceny. And while he was there, instead of an exquisite fairy all decorated in expensive clothes, and no bigger than your finger, bursting in upon him, and waving her wand three times and causing the prison walls to fade away, as she bade him come forth into the away, as she bade him, come forth into the bright and beautiful sunshine, where the birds sang sweetly, caroling forth their de-licious notes, and filling all nature with their melody—instead of this, the old wall-eyed matron, dressed in black bombazine, and with a snuffy nose, limped in and cut off all his hair with a pair of shears, and set him to scrubbing the floor, with injunctions to be saving of the soap. Just so when he got out, and met another lovely princess riding along the road in her coach. She never once fell in love with him, and got out and spoke to him, and hand-inand got out and spoke to him, and hand-in-hand walked down the long green lanes, amid the violets and primroses, and with all the air heavy with the rich fragrance of the jasmine and clematis, and the limpid brook rippling past in measured cadence. On the contrary, the princess was not at-tracted by his appearance, and naturally se, for he was freckled and had blisters on his nese, and his shirt gave evidence of his want of proximity to godliness, and she merely cuffed him over the head, and told him te "get out," and he eventually married a girl out of the poor-honse, and, as no fairy was ever around to give him the power to find a fresh piece of money in his pocket every time fresh piece of money in his pocket every time he put his hand in it, he got so perfectly po-verty stricken that he had to take his bride back to the poor-house a short time after the wedding, and he lived there until he choked to death one day upon a plug of corned beef, which he was trying to swallow. In fact, taking everything into considera-tion, we may lay it down as a general proposi-tion, that Archimedes Fisher's ventures in fairy undertoring prove discussed of the second mortifying time getting along by himself. Even when he was a baby he seemed to hold just such disgraceful failures as this story is.

where've you bin with them there pants ?', "And then old Mrs. McGinnis she just made a rush for Joe, Mr. Quill, and she grabbed a holt of Joe, and lay him acrost her lap this here way, you know. Then she lifted up that there number sixteen fist of hern, intendin' to spank Joe McGinnis like sin. But when she struck that nitro-glycerine, Mr. Quill, wasn't

Thy precious seed to sow ; As angels work for Thee above, So let us work below.

Good tidings! Good tidings! The music shall not cease; He came to guide our wayward feet Into the way of peace : Chime, tuneful bells, and loudly ring To hail the Christmas morn;

The whole story was as follows: In May Miss Harkins had arrived in Danville, fresh from a winter's dissipation in Philadelphia, where her parents resided. It was whispered about Danville that she was sent to the village to remain with her Uncle Dobbins (who was in the coal-mining interest), in order to separate her from a gentle youth who had made a deep impression upon her at home. But this was merely a rumor, which seemed to be denied by the gayety and light-heartedness of the fair maiden herself. At any rate, it did not deter Mr. Caruthers from falling in love with her after a very brief acquaintance, and showing her that devoted attention which is the customary method of expressing such a tender passion. Sally received these little demonstrations as if she liked them; and although Mr. Caruthers never could get his courage quite up to the point of declaration, he did not entertain a single doubt of her devotion to him. Night after night he took her to concerts, and lectures, and singing-school, and sociables, daneing and singing with her, and walking home with her in the moonlight and the starlight, with his heart knocking at his ribs as if it was bent on fracturing them, and his soul so full of tender fear that he could talk of nothing but the most absurdly commonplace and prosy subjects. Of course Mr. Caruthers behaved very foolishly. He could not reasonably expect that girl to waltz around the country with him forever, without having an understanding, particularly when the whole town talked about it, and declared that, without the shadow of a doubt, Robert Caruthers and Sarah Harkins had agreed upon consolidation. By no manner of means; and Mr. Caruthers, therefore, had no right to complain when Mr. Dulcitt, the new singing-master, shortly after his arrival in the town, began to trespass on Bob's bailiwick, and engage an unpleasantly large share of Miss Harkins's time and attention. Mr. Dulcitt was a mild young man, with light hair, and weak eyes which were protected by spectacles. He had a room at Mrs. Megonegal's, where he used to practice upon the flute until the other boarders would rage and tear up and down the entries, and consign Dulcitt and his flute to a place which Dulcitt, we sincerely hope, will never reach, and where a flute, under any circumstances, would be entirely useless. But Dulcitt's strong point was vocalism. He could sing with such tremendous power that people wondered how he contrived to get so great a volume out of so small a body; and a rumor spread about that his legs were hollow, and constructed like organ pipes, while he carried bellows in his boots. However, he was a good singer-there was no manner of doubt about that; and when he stood up in front of his large class in the town hall, and led them through some spirited chorus, he created so much enthusiasm for himself that every girl present regarded him as the most interesting young man in Danville, and Bob Caruthers cowered in the back part of the room, so mad that he could hardly help the chorus along with that bass voice of his, which sounded like a large coffee-mill in rapid action. But his anger was mere good humor at such times to the ferocious rage with which he regarded the mild-eyed Dulcitt when he descended from the platform and beamed through his snectacles upon Sarah, as he offered her his arm and swept her past poor old Bob, without even a glance at his rival. To make matters worse, everbody in the class understood the situation, and all eyes were turned upon Bob, to see how he would bear it. Everybody thought it was rough. The young ladies thought so, because Mr, Dulcitt had not | that he would have to make a night of it. He

ville, admitted that the treatment which Bob

Caruthers had received from Sally Harkins

was the roughest that had ever been inflicted

upon a mortal young man by a good-looking

girl.

began to descend the tree, when the kitchendoor opened and somebody came out. It was so dark that Bob could only distinguish a figure; but he knew from the voice that it was old Dobbins. Old Dobbins went to the woodpile and collected a few chips, whistling meanwhile to a large dog that accompanied him. Bob had heard Dobbins express his determi-

fetch his bands from naws And all his best apparel; Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn With dropping of the barrel. And those that hardly all the year Had bread to eat, or rags to wear, Will have both clothes and dainty fare, And all the day he marry

And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices With capons make their errants; And if they hap to fail of these, They plague them with their warrants. But now they feed them with good cheer, And what they want they take in beer, For Christmas comes but once a year, And then they shall be merry.

Good farmer in the country nurse The poor, that else were undone; Some landlords spend their money worse, On lust and pride at London. There the roysters they do pay, Drab and dice their lands away, Which may be ours another day. And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forhears. The prisoner's heart is eased ; The debtor drinks away his cares, And for the time is pleased. Though others' purses be more fat, Why should we pine or grieve at that? Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat, And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call, Each other forth to rambling; Anon you'll see them in the hall, For nuts and apples scrambling. Hark! how the roots with laughter sound, Anon they'll think the house goes round,

For they the cellar's depth have found, And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls About the strepts are singing; The boys are come to catch the owls, The wild mare in is bringing. Our kitchen boy hath broke his box, And to the dealing of the ox, Our honest neighbors come by flocks, And here they will be merry. And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheep cotes have, And mate with everybody; The honest now may play the knave, And wise men play the noddy.

Some youths will now a mumming go, Some others play at Rowland-bo, And twenty other games boys mo, Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore, in these merry days. Should we, I pray, be duller? No, let us sing some roundelays, To make our mirth the fuller; And, while we thus inspired sing, Let all the streets with echoes ring; Woods and hills and everything, Bear withness we are marry. Bear witness we are merry.

ARCHIMEDES FISHER AND THE FAIRLES.

A Nonsensical Christmas Narrative.

BY JOHN QUILL.

It seems necessary to have a fairy story at Christmas time, and I have undertaken to write this one with a firm determination to make it the very poorest fairy story that ever was written.

Archimedes Fisher lived in those good old Archimedes Fisher lived in those good old times when every boy of his age was taken in charge by a beneficent immortal spirit, which hovered around and pranced from the side scenes and came up through the traps exactly when it was desirable to have a supernatural being on the spot to enable a boy to de appa-ently impossible things. But Archimedes Fisher was a practical wouth, with no nercentible talent for the fairs

youth, with no perceptible talent for the fairy business, and as no member of the elfin fraternity appeared to think it worth while to bother with Archimedes Fisher, he had rather a mortifying time getting along by himself.

there a regular bustin' out of things! Je-rusa-lem! I guess so! There was a kind of a grumble and a roar, and a rarin', tarin', thunder and lightnin' explosion, and then about thirty billion earthquakes all run into one, and old Joe McGinnis was blowed through the winder and the door, and the fire-place, in little bits of chunks 'bout the size of a marvel, and he never knowed what ailed him, while Mrs. McGinnis went a pitchin' through the ceilin'and the garret about ten thousand miles, along with chairs and stove-pipe, and pans and tom-cats, and soup-tureens and one thing another; and she never come down again, she didn't. And that was what ailed Joe McGinnis and Mrs. McGinnis, assure as you're born. And now, Mr. Quill, couldn't you give a feller a quarter for Christmas?"

It was a sad fate, that of young Joseph Mc-Ginnis; and what a solemn warning it conveys to mothers! How careful should every parent be to examine her child's trousers with chemical tests for nitro-glycerine before inflicting punishment! Let mothers lay

this lesson to heart, and resolve hereafter to exercise loving vigilance lest they, too, should perish as this wretched Mrs. McGinnis did. without a chance to get off any last words.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

An Interesting Historical Sketch. The institution of the Christmas festival i attributed by the spurious Decretals to Tele sphorus, who flourished in the reign of Anto ninus Pius (188-161 A. D.), but the first certain traces of it are found about the time of the Emperor Commodus, (180–192 A. D.) In the reign of Diocletian (284-305 A. D.), while that ruler was keeping court at Nicomedia, he learned that a multitude of Uhristians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday assembled in the city to celebrate the Dirthday of Jesus, and having ordered the church-doors to be closed, he set fire to the building, and all the worshippers perished in the flames. It does not appear, however, that there was any uniformity in the period of observing the activity process the active aburches a some held nativity among the early churches; some hativity among the early churches; some held the festival in the month of May or April, others in January. It is, nevertheless, almost certain that the 25th of December cannot be the nativity of the Saviour, for it is then the

height of the rainy season in Judea, and shep-herds could hardly be watching their flocks by night in the plains. Christmas not only became the parent of many later festivals, such as those of the Vir-

many later festivals, such as those of the Vir-gln, but especially from the 5th to the 8th century, gathered round it, as it were, several other festivals, partly old and partly new, so that what may be termed a *Christiana Cycle* sprang up which surpassed all other groups of Christian holidays in the manifold richness of its festal usages, and furthered, more than any other, the completion of the orderly and systematic distribution of church festivals over the whole distribution of church restivals over the whole year. Not casually or arbitrarily was the festival of the Nativity celebrated on the 25th of December. Among the causes that co-operated in fixing this period as the proper one, perhaps/the most powerful was, that almost all the heathen pations recorded the white solitice as a most nations regarded the winter-solstice as a most nations regarded the winter-solstice as a most important point of the year, as the beginning of the renewed lite and activity of the powers of nature, and of the gods, who were originally merely the sym-bolical personifications of these. In more northerly countries, this fact must have made itself neculiarly manable—hence the Golts and itself peculiarly palpable—hence the Celts and Germans, from the oldest times, celebrated the season with the greatest festivities. At the winter-solstice, the Germans held their great Yulo-feast in commemoration of the flery sun-wheel; and believed that, during the twelve nights reaching from the 25th of the twelve nights reaching from the 25th of December to the 6th of January, they could trace the personal movements and interfer-ences on earth of their great deities, Odin, Berchta, &c. Many of the beliefs and usages of the old Germans, and also of the Romans, relating to this matter, passed over from heathenism to

Awake, all Christian souls, and sing-"To us a Child is born."

CHRISTMAS BOXES.

History of an Old English Custom. History of an Old English Custom. Christmas-box is the name given in England to a smallmoney-gift to persons in an inferior condition on the cay after Ohristmas, which is hence called *Boxing-day*. The term, and also the custom, are essentially English, though the making of presents at this season and at the New Year is of great antiquity, Within the memory of middle-aged persons in England the practice of giving Christmas-boxes or pretty presents to apprentices, domestic servants and tradesmen, had become a serious social nuisance. more particularly in London, servants and tradesmen, had become a serious social nuisance, more particularly in London, where every old custom seems to linger and is most difficult to be got rid of. Householders felt under an obligation to give money to the apprentices in the shops where they dealt, also to various inferior parish officers, including scavengers and lamp-lighters; while shop-keepers, on the other hand, were equally im-pelled to make presents to the male and fe-male servants of their customers. Thus, as referred to in (United a power). referred to in Christmas, a poem :

Gladly the boy, with Christmas Box in hand. Throughout the town his devious route pur-

And of his master's customers implores The yearly mite : often his cash he shakes ; The which, perchance, of coppers, few con-

sists, Whose dulcet jingle fills his little soul With joy !

At length the Christmas Box system became such an intolerable grievance that tradesmen stuck up notices in their windows that no Christmas Boxes would be given, and at the same time the public authorities issued re-monstrances to the same effect. At Christ-mas, 1836, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs issued a circular to the differ-ent embassies requesting a discontinuous of ent embassies, requesting a discontinuance of the customary gifts to the messengers of the Foreign Department and other government servants. Since this period the practice has greatly decreased, doubtless to the improve-ment of the self-respect of the parties interin such a shape as that mentioned above, Christmas presents being given nearly ex-clusively in families and among friends.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

The word carol (Italian carola, and French carole, a round dance—probably from the Latin corolla; Welsh coroli, to reel, to dance; the name is thence applied to the music or song accompanying article a dance are articles. song accompanying such a dance: carillon is probably allied,) signifies a song of joy. The practice of singing carols, or, at all events, music, in celebration of the nativity of Christ as early as the second century, is considered as proved by the circumstance that a large sarcophagus, belonging to that period, has sculptured upon it a representation of a Chris-tian family joining in choral praise for this purpose. A contury or two after this, how-ever, the Christmas Carols seem to have sadly deconstant and have in fact so indecont degenerated, and became, in fact, so indecent, that the clergy found it necessary to forbid them. Under the Anglo-Saxon, kings, merri-ment and piety were quictly combined in English life, a peculiarity that affected the Christmas Carols of that period not a little; but by the thirteenth century the jocosity had unhapping larged into what would nor here the but by the infreenth century the jocosity had umbappily lapsed into what would now be considered profanity. The oldest printed collection of English Christmas Carols bears the date of 1521. The ma-jority of these, though written by men of learning—priests and teachers—exhibit a la-mentable ignorance of the character of the two most prominent persons in the carols-Mary and Jesus. In 1525 was kept the "still Christmas," on account of the illness of King Henry; but with this exception, the sacred season appears to have been regularly cele-brated with joyous music and songs during the Tudor period. In 1562 Christmas Carols of a more solemn nature were introduced. By the Puritan Parliament Christmas was abolished altogether, and holly and ivy were made sedi-tious badges; and in 1630 the Psalms, ar-ranged as carols, were advertised. After the Restoration the Christmas Carols again exnation to procure a dog to prevent thefts from that identical wood-pile. Doubtless this was the very animal.

" But the best thing for me to do will be to keep quiet until old Dobbins goes in." said Bob.

To his horror, however, he saw dimly the figure of the dog smelling around, until it ran up to the tree, when it begun to bark vociferously. Bob thought then he would certainly be discovered. But no ; strange to say, Dobbins entered the house and closed the door, leaving his dog outside beneath the tree. After a few more barks the misguided animal lay down, and seemed determined to make a night of it.

Mr. Caruthers, from his cool and lofty perch. regarded the indistinct black figure beneath him with anguish. "Good gracious," he said suppose the confounded brute should stay there all night !" Then he thought he would wait until the dog got to sleep, and creep gently down without waking him.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, with Bob blowing the fingers of one hand while, with the other he balanced himself on the limb. He began to descend. But at the very first motion the dog leaped up and began barking again. He tried the experiment a second time, and just as the ferocious brute stretched himself upon the ground, after another demonstration, Bob caught sight of two shadows kissing each other upon the blind. Then the light was turned out, and presently he heard the front door open, and saw Dulcitt dance along beneath the streetlamp, as if he were practicing a fandango.

It occurred to the unfortunate Mr. Caruthers to call to him. "But, no!" ejaculated Bob: "I will freeze into solid ice first; hang me if I don't!" and he stamped on the limb so violently that it roused the dog, who barked savagely.

"Let us try what kindness will do," said Mr. Caruthers, making that peculiar noise which resembles the sound of kissing-a noise which is supposed to soothe a dog, but which cannot be written.

"Poor fellow! poor old dog! come here, poor fellow!" (Kissing noise again; then a whistle.)

But the dog barked more vociferously than ever, and pranced around that tree as if the only boon he wanted in this life was a chance to bite a chop from Mr. Caruthers' leg.

"Here Pont! here old fellow ! (kissing noise again)-come here old dog! here, poor fellow! here Jack !"

More violent demonstrations of bloodthirstiness on the part of the now frantic animal.

"Here Jack! Here! Rats! rats! rats! ketch 'em, Jack !" exclaimed Mr. Caruthers, with the ingenuity of despair. Bats were not the game wanted at that moment, apparently, by "Jack." Meditation upon the succulency of Mr. Caruthers' calf seemed to have filled him with frenzy, for he capered and howled. and howled and capered worse than ever.

"Lie down, sir!" said Bob, trying a new plan; "lie down, sir! keep quiet! go home! go home, I tell you!" and he descended two or three feet upon the tree. This seemed to make the animal more outrageous, for now he leaped up the trunk and tried his very best to get even a nip. at Mr. Caruthers's boots, barking all the time as if he had been wound up and his vocal apparatus was kept going with a spring.

So Bob climbed back to the most comfortable place he. could find, reluctantly convinced 'chosen them, instead of that "stuck-up thing." | seated himself astride of a limb, with his back