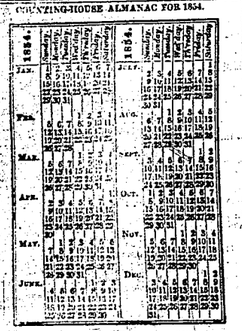
PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

COUNTING-HOUSE ALMANAC FOR 1854.



From the Syracuse Chronicle.

CAR ETIQUETTE.

Somebody—not one of the drawing-room *dilettanti*, but one who has taken lessons in HEART-politeness—must write the Railroad Chesterfield, or the Wayfarer's Book of Etiquette. It is curious to see how the "gentleman" and the "lady," as well as the "hog" and the "bear," *stick out* in the little indications which people manifest in traveling, more than under any other circumstances.

The following paragraph, taken from an exchange, illustrates the great necessity of such an oracle for the migratory multitude:

PRETTY AND GRACEFUL.—It is, now-a-days, a very common affair to see two *ladies* (!) enter a railroad car half an hour before the time for the leaving of the train, throw the back of one seat over so as to sit vis-a-vis, lumber the spare room with shawls, bundles and band-boxes—and then, when the cars begin to be filled up, take every precaution to prevent any one from occupying either of what should be vacant seats, and in many instances compelling passengers to stand, when a spirit of accommodation would allow them a comfortable position. Such persons should be informed by the conductor that when they buy a ticket, the purchase of the car is not included.

None of us but have had similar scenes come under our notice. We are reminded, at this moment, of a singular movement, on the part of no individual in the Central Railroad cars, which came under our observation a few weeks ago—a movement which combined in a striking degree, at once the judicial and the executive in the person of a single self-appointed righter of human wrongs.

Two ladies fashionably dressed and apparently intelligent, but of the species indicated above, had taken their seats in the cars, facing each other, and eking out to the greatest possible extent what they called their "baggage," (though the live stock of the party were far worthier that name,) with shawls, reticules and little "fixings," so as to effectually exclude all comers from the two vacant seats. The cars soon became uncomfortably crowded, several persons standing, and many were the ineffectual applications made for the unoccupied places referred to, but all to no purpose. When, at last, an elderly gentleman and his wife, coming in, and meekly requesting a place, the young lady, who sat with her brazen face towards the passengers, consented to allow the lady of the new comer to sit opposite her, but no-moral would she permit occupy the seat by her side. Consequently the husband was compelled to find an asylum in some remote part of the car. The indignation and contempt of all the passengers had, by this time, attained to about the murmuring pitch, but things went on in this way a few stations further, when a stalwart, hoosier-looking chap, who sat directly opposite the elderly lady, and on the other side of the aisle, seeming to have been visited by a sudden inspiration, rose, marched up to the self-compliacent young pre-emptioner, and said, in a tone that would have made a nor'wester nervous:

"Hello! sa-sy—look o'here! I 'lin thinking we can make a better 'rangement than this. I should like to hev that old gen'lman and his wife set together, I should. I'm willing to keep more than my own company. Now spos'n you and this other gal turn over this seat and sit together, and I'll fetch the old gen'lman and sit him down alongside of this woman."

With a superciliousness that was "beautiful to see," her ladyship replied:

"No, I thank you sir. I want this seat for my baggage, and I shall not give it up to any body," and up goes her nose into an angle of 45 degrees.

"Wa-all now," persisted Hoosilerous, "that don't seem reasonable, that you should litter up a hull seat with them little traps, when places are so scarce. Hang 'em up onto a nail; stick 'em under ye; set onto 'em; there's lots o'ways to fix it."

Snap went the eyes again, and up cocked the little nose, as she retorted—

"I shall do no such'a thing, sir; and moreover, I'll be obliged to you, if you'll just mind your own business."

"Well, now, you see, I've set my heart unto fixing this, and it don't seem's tho' I could thinko' being disappointed. And I've about made up my mind that unless you fix it so, I shall be obliged to give up my seat to the old gen'lman, so's to bring him as nigh as possible to his wife, and shall hev to come and set along o'you. I dunno but you'd like the 'rangement; I'm considered some among the girls where I live."

A look of determination now began to gleam from the corrugated face of the countryman, and the young lady, with mingled alarm and indignation, hastened to reply:

"Youd better take care what you do sir; I'm not to be insulted with impunity."

"Oh, I'm responsible," was his only answer as he led the the old gentleman to his own seat, and immediately commenced crowding into place by the side of the young lady. This movement she resisted when, encircling her waist with his brawny arm, he lifted her up as though she were a child, planted her down firmly at the other end of the seat, and settled himself comfortably into his place.

"There," said he, "that's the dandy. Now let's have a little turn o'talk. You'd find me one o' the pleasantest fellows you ever did see, in private conversation."

The reader may well suppose there were screams and struggles, and eyes that flashed through tears, and threats of vengeance by the quantity, while the passengers on every side staggered by the Cromwellian boldness of this *coup d'etat*, than doubtful of its propriety, but rejoicing, in spite of their misgivings, over the sudden retribution that had befallen the common enemy, were vainly striving to conceal their merriment.

"You brute! you villain! I never was so insulted in my life! It's outrageous for these passengers to permit it! Conductor, conductor! where—where—oh! Where's the conductah? We'll *see* if ladies are to be insulted in the cars with impunity!"

"Fetch on your conductor!" says the imperturbable squatter, "I'd like to hev him tell us what a *lady in the car is*!"

Out bounded the lady in a rage, "I'd rather jump off the car than sit with such a beast."

Immediately the Hoosier rose, turned over the revolving back, removed the lady's "things" carefully to the seat on which her companion, mute and terrified, was sitting, placed the passive old gentleman and his wife, (who obeyed him with an amusing reliance upon his superior skill,) into the vacant places, and then, as he returned quietly to his own seat, remarked, in the *exigi momentum* air of a man who has "served his generation."

The ejected lady soon returned to the side of her companion, and in a crest-fallen and unobtrusive mood, retained her place to the close of the journey.

Our story is done. We hardly think we should have attempted it, had we anticipated it would prove so long a one. We'll not spin it out any further with philosophizing, but let every reader make his own "improvements." We dont believe the all-pervading young lady on the cars, at any rate is in any doubt about its Moral.

PIGS AND CHEMIES.—That inveterate joker, the Journal of Commierce, is responsible for the following story:

On Thanksgiving afternoon we went to see an old gentleman, Uncle S—, who lived on Long Island, on his farm near Brooklyn. Mr. S, is from Germany, and has been for some years a strong Temperance man, although brought up with an ardent appreciation of the virtues of grape juice.

"Uncle," said we, as we drank a huge tankard of cider, while partaking of his bountiful table, "how came you to relinquish the use of wine?"

"Well," responded the hale old gentleman, unbuttoning his vest to make room for the third plate of turkey to which he had helped himself, "I tell you den. When I first comes from Jarmany we moved in Lancashter county, in Pennsylvania, and *dere* was no wine; so every year we make a barrel of cherry bounce, and we all gets trunk on it regular every Saturday ofening.—Next shpring when der bounce was all drinked up, I geefs der cherries to der hogs. Der *consequence* was, the hogs git shoost as drunk as a lot of peeples.

"By and by hogs git sober again, and I tries em mit anoder mess. Der hogs was very hungry, and comes runnin' up to der trough, schmell, and comes runnin' up to der trough, schmell, and comes runnin' up to der trough, schmell