Oswego Weekly Commercial Advertiser.

VOL VII. NO 45. OSWEGO, WEDNESDAY MORNING JANUARY 18, 1870. 1.50 PER YEA[R]

THE ADVERTISER

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
BY T. S. BRIGHAM & CO.
S. BRIGHAM, J. A. PLACE, E. E. PURDY.

Rates of Advertising.

1 square	$1 00	$1 75	$2 50	$3 00	$5 00	$7 00	$12 00	[illegible]
2 "	2 00	3 25	4 25	5 50	8 00	11 00	15 00	25 00
3 "	2 75	4 50	6 00	7 50	10 00	14 00	20 00	30 00
4 "	3 50	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	40 00

One inch or less is counted a square.

Each and All.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse and lists with delight,
While he flies round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I sought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even,
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodland to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground,
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

£200,000.

I shall never forget the uncomfortable position that I found myself in through too free a use of that unruly member, the tongue. I was a young fellow then in a London bank. My father was an officer in the army, and he often told us boys that setting each of us up in some business or profession was all he could ever do for us, as the scanty pittance he would leave behind him must belong solely to my mother and sister. But my brother and I were energetic and hopeful. So long as each day brought us money enough to satisfy our daily wants, we recked little of the future.

One bleak, cold January morning I was greatly surprised on my arrival at the bank, to find my father pacing up and down before the building. I was not living at home just then, and his presence there made me fear lest something was wrong.

"Philip," he began, "are you in time? Can you spare me three minutes?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "for a wonder, I see I am ten minutes earlier than I need be. What is the matter?"

"Do not look so startled," he said. "Nothing is wrong. You know Mr. Fosberry?"

"Oh, you mean the half-cracked old man who is awfully rich, and is my godfather, as well as cousin thirty times removed?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, last night I received a letter from him, after years of silence, in which he asked concerning you. But stay, I have the letter with me."

Thereupon ensued a fumbling and turning inside out of the paternal pockets, which, as my father wore a great coat, as well as two under ones, were very numerous.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed. "No—that's Tomkin's bill. Here—no—yes—read it, my boy."

I took it and read as follows:

"DEAR WILLIAM—It is years since I heard of you, but you are not forgotten by your old friend and comrade. I am an aged man now, and rich, and live, as I have done, quite alone. I have no relations, except one niece, who comes to visit me now and then. Heirs direct I have none, nor many more years to live. I regret that I have never done anything for my godson, Philip Fosberry Williams, and should like to see the young man. Send him to me on a visit. He will find it dull here, but he can hunt and shoot; and if he can humor the fancies of an eccentric old man, he will find it worth his while. Do as you please; it is nothing to me.

"Yours, respectfully,
"PHILIP FOSBERRY."

"What a queer old boy!" I exclaimed. "What does he mean?"

"Mean!" cried my father, excitedly snatching the letter from me, and crushing it into his pocket. "Mean!—why, to make you his heir, Philip—his heir!"

"Whew!" said I, blushing, "That's a good idea."

"You must apply for leave, and go off at once," said my father. "Strike while the iron is hot. It is a splendid chance, Philip, splendid! Use it well, and your fortune is made."

So I thought, applied for leave, and set off for the Paddington Station soon after, with my ears ringing with a legion of instructions for pleasing old men, given me by my fellow clerks. The only one I could clearly remember was, to rise whenever he came into the room, and then eschew every comfortable arm-chair for fear he should want it. I felt bursting with importance, and actually treated myself to a glass of hot whiskey and water at the refreshment room. How I wished my father had not forbidden me to travel first class.

"If I had money enough, I'd go in spite of him, for it's awfully cold this evening," I thought.

"Hallo! Williams!" suddenly cried a voice.

"Why, Jack, what brings you here?" I replied, recognizing a friend named John Evans.

"Oh, to such luck!" I cried. "I am off beyond Hereford, to humor an old gentleman."

"What?" said Jack.

"Come along, and I'll tell you all about it," said I. "Second-class? Yes, all right. Here we are."

After we were settled in our places, an old man got in. He was poorly dressed, and wore a green shade over one eye, while his other looked weak and drooping. We granted our strong disapproval at his entrance, and made mutual grimaces, but as his blind eye was towards us, they were doubtless lost on him. As the train moved off, I told Jack my story, which you know already.

"Well done, Philip! Your bread is buttered for you," he exclaimed, when he had heard me to the end. "What a glorious chance! Man alive, I wish I were in your shoes, that's all."

"It's an easy way of getting an inheritance, isn't it?" said I.

"I should say so," replied Jack. "How old is your godfather?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "About eighty, I should fancy. Most people say he is cracked, and he himself owns that he is eccentric. He is very queer, I believe."

"You will have to please him, Phil," said my companion. "You must rub him down the right way."

"Oh, leave me alone for that," said I. "Butter won't melt in my mouth. I'll smooth him down in style."

"I'm not so sure of that, Phil," said Jack.

"Oh, trust me," said I carelessly.

"You must not smoke," he added.

"Not a whiff," said I.

"Nor smell whiskey as you do now," continued Jack.

"Never tasted spirits in my life," I returned.

"Or talk such slang as you do now," said Jack.

"Always sleep with Murry's Grammar under my pillow," said I.

"Or draw caricatures, or white satires," said Jack.

"Oh dear no," I replied. "I write hymns only."

"Or play practical jokes," said Jack.

"Don't even know what you mean," I said.

"You seem to have your lessons pretty pat," said Jack.

"Yes, yes, my boy. All right!" I exclaimed. "Well, it's a shame if I don't secure a good smoke now, before the light of my pipe goes out in obscurity. Do you object to smoke, sir?"

The latter question was addressed to the old gentleman in the corner, who appeared a curious mass of seedy old coats, railway rugs and newspapers.

"I do object, very much," was the gruffly spoken reply.

"Very sorry, sir," said I, "I'll keep my head out of the window, then."

Shame seizes me when I recall this incident. In lieu of attending to the old man's wishes, I coolly lit my pipe, and though I knew the wind would blow the smoke right into his eyes—though I heard him growling with rage—I puffed on heedlessly. I should be sorry to be so rude now, but you see I was young and very excited.

"I told you I objected to smoke," growled the old gentleman after a time.

"Well, sir," said I, "you're not smoking, are you?"

"I'll call the guard," said he.

"By all means," said I, "if you can make him hear."

"You're an impudent young scoundrel!" was his hotly spoken reply.

"Come, gently, old fireworks," said I, "don't get excited. There, I have done now. Are you better."

He did not reply, but sat quietly in his corner, muttering and growling like an angry wasp in a cobweb.

The short January afternoon was drawing to a close, and very soon after we were dependent for light on the oil lamp that hung from the centre of the carriage roof. I had been sitting silent, thinking over my good fortune, which I already looked upon as secured, and Jack was moody also. Suddenly he burst out with—

"I say, we've forgotten the niece."

"What of her?" I asked.

"What of her?" he remarked. "Why, by Jove, I see it all—I've got it in a nut shell."

"Got what in a nutshell, Jack?" I inquired.

"Why, your heirloom, your inheritance," he exclaimed.

"I think you've had some whiskey, Jack," I returned.

"Look here," said he, "the old gentleman—your worthy godfather—means to leave his money to his niece—I feel sure of that. You are to marry her—that is what you are to go down for. You won't be his heir, but this niece; and you are to get it by marrying her."

"Imaginative, Jack," I remarked, "but wholly improbable. I did not know that you were so highly gifted with this faculty."

"But why not? Why else should he mention the niece in his letter? he inquired.

"To fill up his paper, perhaps," said I, "How do I know?"

"Not he," said Jack, positively.

"Well, then, because he is a lunatic," said I.

"Not that either," said Jack. "I'll lay you half your money—present or future, whichever you prefer to do—that he is as sharp as a fox. Those queer old boys always are."

"Well, then," said I, "I'm to make love to the niece, and to marry her. But suppose she won't have me, Jack?"

"The chances are that she will," he answered.

"Suppose she is ugly and old?" said I.

"Phil, boy, don't look so scared. You are not even betrothed yet."

"But suppose I can't possibly endure her?" I persisted.

"Promise to marry her," he continued, "and so get him to make a will in your favor."

"And then?" said I.

"And then," repeated Jack, "how you plague, Phil! I must set my imagination at work once more. Oh, give him a pill warranted to have the desired effect.—There's a romance for you!"

"Well, it's a new light, Jack, and not quite a pleasant one," said I. "I thought I'd only got to palaver as to an old cracked plate, but I'm not ready with love speeches and sonnets for the fair niece."

The idea began to amuse us very much. We laughed and talked loudly over it, rousing the old man, who had dozed off in his corner. He got angry, and stormed at us for our behavior. Nor were we wanting in repartee, which was both plentiful and highly spiced. At last our wordy combat grew intensely personal, and I do not know how it would have ended, had not the old man flung himself back in the corner saying:

"I'm a fool to talk to them. They are not gentlemen, and they know no better."

With that he pulled out a silk handkerchief out of his pocket, threw it over his face, and began very soon to give evidence of slumber.

Whether it was his example or the monotonous noise of the train as it speeded along, or that our powers of chatting were exhausted, I know not, but anyhow we too began to feel inclined for a nap. But having no such red yellow silk handkerchief to keep out the light, we found the lamp an intolerable nuisance, with its incessantly flickering light.

"Bother it! Can't we blow it out?" I exclaimed.

"Not if we cracked our cheeks. But I've a notion!" cried our ready-witted Jack. "Hand me the the old boy's hat."

"Whatever for?" I asked, as I handed him the article in question. It was worn and rusty, but well brushed and well shaped.

"To make an extinguisher of," replied Jack; and so saying, he fitted it on to the lamp, making the globe act like a bald head of the owner of the hat. It fitted to a nicety, and so tightly as to keep well in its place. The arrangement answered splendidly, and not a glimmer of light was to be seen.

When the train stopped at Swindon we awoke, and rushed out of the carriages to get refreshments, quite forgetting our fellow passenger and his hat. On returning we found they had both flown. Soon after, however, among the passengers on the platform we saw our friend. He was vainly endeavoring to put on his hat comfortably; it rolled off twice, and twice narrowly escaped being crushed under foot, for the hat, owing to its having been placed on a round, warm object, had become perfectly circular, and as a hat is usually oblong, it would consequently not fit. At last the poor old gentleman, wearied with the effort, crammed his hat tightly down, and disappeared into another carriage, shaking his fist at us, for we had our heads out of the window and were laughing loudly at the success of our poor silly, cruel trick.

At this juncture the guard came up to us, and said: "If you please, young gentlemen, a party tells me you've been smoking and annoying him."

"Smoking!" exclaimed Jack. "Bless my heart, no. We know better."

"Annoying him! Quite the other way, I assure you guard," I said, slipping a shilling in his hand. Jack did the same.

"All right, gentlemen," replied the venal guard, with a wink and a smile as he went off.

When we arrived at Gloucester, Jack left me. I had a cold, lonely journey to my destination, a little station just beyond Hereford. When I arrived, it was nine o'clock; a dark, raw night; I was sleepy and tired. For some moments I could not find my portmanteau; then my hat box was missing, and while I was searching, the guard was exclaiming about the delay of the train. At last it was all found, the guard whistled, the train moved off, and I was left standing on a little country platform, in a strange place.

"Any cabs or flys to be got up here?" I asked the station-master.

"Dear me, no, sir, was the reply. "But we can get something down in the town. Where is it to, sir?"

"I want to go to Mr. Fosberry's of Castleton Hall," I replied.

"Mr. Fosberry's," said one of the porters. "All right, sir. Why, his carriage was here a minute ago."

"Here?" said I. "Oh, it's for me, then, I expected him to meet me."

"No, sir; leastways it's gone, and a gentleman in it," said the man. "I did not see who, unless it's himself."

What a bore! I exclaimed. He must have thought I was not coming. All through the delay of looking for that blessed hat box!

"Like enough, sir," said the porter. Well, said I, fetch me the trap.

I paced the wretched little station till it came, with my mind full of the coming meeting, rehearsed my first speech to my dear cousin. When the conveyance came, I asked the driver how far we had to go.

"How far, sir?" said he. "Oh, about four miles."

I got in, and we bowled along in the dark and narrow lanes. After half an hour's drive, we entered some handsome gates, and drove into, what seemed to me now, in the dim light, a very extensive park. Then after a while, we rolled along a smooth, wide avenue, with splendid old trees on each side. The whole aspect impressed me with the idea of a grand estate, and I questioned the driver on the subject.

"Indeed, sir, it is a big place," he replied. "It's about fifteen miles around the estate. Eh, Mr. Fosberry is very rich, People do say he has two hundred thousand pounds to leave, if he's a penny, besides this property."

My heart swelled as we rolled along. In fancy I saw this splendid estate, and the £200,000, all my own, and was already settling what I would do when I was ruler here. Driving through a second pair of gates, we drew up at the steps of a large baronial hall, with massive wings and towers, and huge low windows, all ancestrally gray, and very impressive in the light of the moon, that had risen since our drive.

My driver jumped down and pulled the bell. The peal resounded through the house like the clang of a trumpet. A footman in livery flung open the door, and I was admitted into a hall glowing with light and warmth, and then shown into a large, brilliantly-lighted drawing-room. A young and lovely girl, elegantly dressed, rose from the piano as I entered, and, bowing gracefully, immediately withdrew.

If that is the niece, thought I, living here will be Elysium.

A moment later and the tall footman reappeared. He apologized for his master's non-appearance, and requested me to obey the instructions of a note which he handed me from a massive silver salver. I tore it open, and read:

MR. PHILIP FOSBERRY WILLIAMS—The next time you travel by rail, do not smoke nor annoy old gentlemen; do not make infirmities of age and seeming poverty your laughing stock; do not tell of your great expectations; do not plot to marry "a horrid, ugly old niece;" do not speak of your crack-brained relatives; do not make extinguishers of old gentlemen's hats; do not be slangy, vulgar, and insulting to strangers; do not nourish vain hopes of inheriting me; and, finally, do not lose any time in leaving forever the house of your old "fireworks" of a fellow-traveller.

PHILIP FOSBERRY.

P. S.—I enclose a £20 note to pay your expenses.

How I got out of the house—how I got back to the station, and spent the night in a wretched inn—how I returned to town and told my enraged relations my woful tale, wherein I played a sorry part—how my abject letter of apology was returned unread—I cannot tell.

I only know old Fosberry died worth the £200,000, leaving his niece sole heiress, and that I quarreled with Jack Evans about it; nor have I ever spoken to him since.

MILES OF CLOTHES.—Mr. Ewbank, in one of his mechanical essays, thus speaks of the miles of clothes we wear. He says: "In the winter a lady is enwrapped in a hundred miles of thread; she throws over her shoulders from thirty to fifty in a shawl. A gentleman winds between three and four miles around his neck, and uses four more in in a pocket-handkerchief.—At night he throws off his clothing, and buries himself like a larva in four or five hundred miles of convolved filaments."

A World-Encircling Telegraph.

It is now proposed, says the Syracuse Journal, that the complete encircling of the world with the telegraph, is a demand of the commercial interests of the nations which cannot be long resisted. The subject was discussed by Mr. S. B. Ruggles before the Chamber of Commerce, of New York, last week, is an elaborate report.—The report, after stating that a submarine telegraph under the Pacific Ocean forms an all-important link in a general telegraphic chain to surround the globe, remarks that of the two segments of this terrestrial line, the first from San Francisco to Valentia, has been finished largely by the energies of the citizens of the United States. Of the remaining segment, the portion covered by the Eastern Continent is now nearly completed.—The continuous lines extend eastwardly from Valentia, one taking a northwardly direction to the present temporary terminus at Kiachta, in Eastern Siberia; the other pursuing a southeastwardly course toward the Equator. Active measures are in progress for extending a submarine telegraph line from Ceylon to Singapore, which will probably be completed by March 1.

A submarine telegraph line from Singapore to Hong Kong is now in progress, and will probably be completed within the present year or the year following.—A submarine line is also in active progress from Hong Kong to Shanghai, about 1,000 miles. At this important point the junction between the northern and southern lines will be made through the enterprise of a British company at Hong Kong, now actively constructing a line on land from Kiachta, about 1,000 miles, to the Sea of Japan, to be extended by a line under its waters of about 800 miles to Shanghai. Similar facilities will soon be extended to the Southern Hemisphere by the Australian branch leading southwardly from Singapore, through or along the coast of Java and the other islands of the great Eastern Archipelago into Australia as far as Melbourne in 37 degrees south latitude. The importance of such a world-encircling telegraphic system, diffusing through all markets daily information of the current prices and the condition of products and cargoes, cannot be overestimated. A system, so far-reaching, comprehensive and reliable, when thoroughly in operation, would practically supersede for all commercial purposes the present slow and unsatisfactory mail facilities. Its success would mark a new era in commercial enterprise.

A Heartless Joke.

The plan of hanging a little basket on the front door, to receive the cards of New Year's callers is becoming yearly more general. The Albany Evening Journal tells the following story of a practical joke, which this custom enabled a young man to play upon some young ladies of that city:

There was one heartless joke played New Year's of which we must make mention. It deserves universal scorn, and how can it get its deserves sooner or surer than by being told of, and held up in these columns? At the house of one of our most wealthy and generous-hearted citizens, ample preparations were made for the reception of guests. Three young ladies of much individual and collective bewilderment, wore their brightest eyes, their most climeteric clothes, their flashingist jewels for the delectation of callers, a table containing everything to tempt the palate in the way of fish, flesh and fowl was set out, and everything good to drink that didn't make a mock was in abundance. And yet, although the host had troops of friends, although the hostess and her charming daughters were petted in many circles and general favorites they had no calls until nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and when the house was closed, a "list" which should have contained at least one hundred and fifty names showed some twenty-five records.

The strange state of things was produced by the perpetration of the heartless joke of which we spoke. A young gentleman, a "friend of the family," quietly went to the door of the house where such a good time was expected, about noon, and hung a nice little basket on the door bell, smiled and passed. Of course would-be callers saw the basket, deposited cards and withdrew. About nine o'clock an old uncle of the young ladies thought he'd go in anyway—basket or no basket, and he did so. Finding his nieces with red eyes, as if they had been weeping, the old uncle begged to apologize for coming in—in spite of the basket. In a flash the mystery of their uncalled-for solitude was unveiled, and the basket was taken in—with no pet name allusion to the young gentleman who hung it there. Not a pet name for him; indeed one of the young ladies remarked, with flashing eyes, that she thought 'twould serve him right to treat him as he had treated the basket.

A Wedding Secret.

The most singular incident in the life of Sam Houston, and one never hitherto explained, was his abandonment of the Governorship of Tennessee only three days after marrying a young wife. He became a voluntary exile among the Indians of the plains for years thereafter, who made a great chief of him, and only reappeared in public life when Texas was struggling for independence. The Galveston News lifts the vail from the secret chamber of Houston's heart by this strange narration: What we know about this matter is so honorable to him that we shall, for the first time, put it in print. We may promise that our information is derived indirectly from one now deceased, who, during her life, had a right to know what caused that strange episode in the life of the great man. Gov. Houston's first bride was a Tennessee belle of surpassing beauty, and of considerable social rank. She was, if not the affianced bride, at least the sweetheart of a neighboring gentleman, when Governor Houston sought her hand. Her family being very ambitious, forced the match, and she was married. After retiring to her bridal chamber, her deportment was such as to cause him to suspect that while her hand was his, her heart was another's. She confessed the truth when interrogated, and while promising fidelity and wifely duty, declared herself unable to love him. He at once retired from the house, leaving her as pure and spotless as ever. He then resigned his position and went among the Camanches. In the course of time the lady sought and obtained a divorce.

KISSING.—It will be remembered that a girl had her neck broken, in California not long since, in the insane attempt to prevent a young man from kissing her, and now here is another case of the same kind from St. Louis, where a young girl has been brought to an untimely end, bringing sorrow upon her aged parents by the same kind of stubbornness. If this proves a warning to future girls not to imperil their lives needlessly, by resisting, our mission is fulfilled.

The Pope's Government.

ROME AS IT WAS UNDER PAPAL RULE.

I resided in Rome from 1861 to 1865, and saw, in official and private capacity, as much as any artisan could see of the government. It was simply the most atrocious in existence except that of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Its traditions were as old as its authority, and the system of repression and espionage quite worthy of St. Petersburg. Not to speak of vague and general complaints, I know that spies were placed at the doors of places of Protestant worship to see if any Romans went in, and that one friend of mine, a surgeon in the French hospital, was arrested for having waited on his wife (an English woman) and carried at night to the prison of the Holy Office (the euphonic for the inquisition), where he was menaced with severe punishment if he not only did not abstain from courtesies to Protestantism, but compel his wife to leave the Anglican communion and enter the Roman, and he finally escaped from them by an appeal to French protection as an employee.

The brother of one of my most intimate friends was arrested in his bed at night, carried off by officers of the Holy Office, and never heard of again until years after, when a [illegible] prisoner came to tell the survivors that his brother had died in the [illegible] and was buried in [illegible].

Another of my friends, Castellani the jeweler, was under so severe police surveillance that [illegible] years he had not dared [illegible]. [illegible] with any of his [illegible] died, the body was taken [illegible] by the police at the door of the house, the coffin surrounded by a detachment of officials, carried to the church, and the next day buried, all tokens of respect to the deceased being forbidden, and all participation in the services by his friends. He and his sons were Liberals in opinion.

The system of terrorism was such that liberal Romans dared only meet in public, and never permitted a stranger to approach them in conversation. I never dared enter the house of a Roman friend for fear of bringing on him a domiciliary visit.

Masons know very well the history of two brothers, hanged and buried in the highway for no other offense than being Masons. When the lodge which meets in Rome, in spite of all, wished to send an address of condolence to the Grand Lodge at Washington, on the occasion of Lincoln's death, they were obliged to transmit the document through four messengers, the last not affiliated, so great was their danger if discovered to be Masons.

I conceive no system of torture worse than this terrible espionage, under which every patriotic Roman lay fearful of his own breath—one scarcely daring to speak to another, except in tropes and innuendoes. They suffered the penalty of crime for the wish merely to be free. Had it not been for the system of counter-espionage kept up by the Roman Committee on the Government, no Liberal could have lived in Rome. When suspected, they generally had warning by their own spies.

Worse than this—worse than anything we can conceive was the system of debauchery kept up by this priesthood. It was a proverb among the Romans that, "if one would go to a house of ill-fame he must go by day, at night the priests had all the places," and another, that "all married women were seduced by the priests." The amours and profligacy of Antonelli were as well known as those of the late Emperor of France, and no one who has lived in Rome long can be unaware that the immorality of that city (except among the obstinate Liberals who rejected all prerogatives of the Church, as such) was greater than any city in Europe, except Vienna and Naples, and worse in its type than that of the latter city.—*Cor. Tribune.*

A Wedding Abruptly Ended.

At a wedding in the Primitive Methodist chapel, in Leominster, the clergyman proceeded until he came to the place for the reverend gentleman to ask if there were any persons present who knew of any cause or impediment, when the bridegroom rose, but was interrupted by the father of the bride, who stated that if the bridegroom made any remarks, he should have to say something in reply. The clergyman pointed out that the only persons who could make statements were the bride and bridegroom, whereupon the bridegroom stood up and said that six months ago he asked the young lady to release him from his engagement. She declined and afterwards stated that her father would not consent to its being broken off, and had expressed his determination to compel him to marry her. Coercion had been used to bring her to the ceremony, and he should marry her because he was bound by law to do so. The service was then continued, but when the bride was asked whether she would take this man to be her husband, she replied most emphatically. "No, I will not!" which caused intense excitement in the chapel. This, of course, brought the service to an abrupt termination. The bride immediately left the chapel, and the bridegroom (who seemed perfectly satisfied with the result) drove away, followed by an immense number of persons, who cheered him most heartily.—*Christian Union.*

DYING RICH.—The ship Brittania was wrecked off the coast of Brazil, and had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them, a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel went to pieces so fast that the only hope for life was by taking at once to the boats.

The last boat was about to push off when a young midshipman went back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man with hatchet in hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which be was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing here?" shouted the youth. "Don't you know that the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may go," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, but I am determined to die rich."

The officer's remonstrances were answered by another flourish of the hatchet, and the man was left to his fate.

We should count such a person a madman, but he has too many imitators. Men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle, at any moment whatever.

The following are the disbursements of the Treasury Department for December, exclusive of the amount paid on account of the redemption of the public debt:—Civil and miscellaneous, $52,946,842 77; war, $5,259,760 73; navy, $2,248,030 33. Interior: Pensions and Indians, $1,720,135 99. Total, $14,522,569 82.

Almost Over Niagara Falls.

Many are the hair breadth escapes recorded of this wonderful locality, and yet but one in a hundred is ever made public. Navigators above the falls take wide chances, and a season seldom passes that some unfortunate does not take the dreadful plunge over the cataract. The whole family of Joseph P. Smith of Grand Island have been in great peril within the past month, and their escapes have been very singular. On the 30th of November Mr. and Mrs. Smith attempted to cross the river in a skiff, to visit a brother at La Salle. They ran into the wake of a passing tug which upset their frail bark. Neither could swim, but Mr. Smith clung to the boat, reached an oar to his struggling wife, pulled her to him, and sustained her till the tug rounded to and rescued them. On Christmas day his two sons attempted the same trip in the same skiff. The ice was running fearfully and soon closed in upon them and was hurrying them toward the falls—they being three miles above the rapids. They struggled as desperate men only can. Aid was impossible. Their cries attracted attention on both shores, but it was madness to go to their help. When the storm and darkness settled upon them they were moving rapidly to their fate, and their position could only be determined by their cries of distress. At this juncture Samuel Tompkins, an intrepid navigator and a man of nerve, put out in his boat to attempt a rescue, which proved ineffectual, and he came near losing his own life. Their shouts ceased but their courage, did not fail.—They worked vigorously, and in the darkness found that the ice had parted and they were in the opening in clear water. They reached the main shore below Glosser, more dead than alive, and found their way to a friendly farm-house, where they spent the night, little dreaming that their family and friends had given them up for lost.

Old-fashioned Divisions of Time.

The ancient divisions of the day differed widely from the customs of our own time. The Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians and Indians began the day at sunrise, and divided the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the divisions into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight and reckon to the midnight following, divide the interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The clock, invented by Ctesibius of Alexandria, B. C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divide the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and the setting of the natural day, and the time in the twenty-four hours, the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and took this practice from their ancient laws and customs and rites of religion, in use long before they had any idea of the division into hours.

The first sun dial seen at Rome was brought from Catania, in Sicily, in the first Punic war, as part of the spoils of that city; and after this period they divided the day into twenty-four hours. An officer, called *accensus*, at one time proclaimed the hours, and at the bench of justice announced every three hours the time of day.

In the Turkish empire time is reckoned by certain portions of the natural day, resembling the "watches" of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.—*Appleton's Journal.*

"CAN'T RUB IT OUT."—"Don't write it there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God Be careful. The record is very lasting. You can't rub it out.

There is a good deal of condensed wisdom in the following little paragraph, which we find in Mrs. Stowe's serial, "Pink and White Tyranny," in Old and New: "There comes a time after marriage when a husband, if he be anything of a man, has something else to do than to make direct love to his wife. He cannot be on duty at all hours to fan her, shawl her, and admire her. His love must express itself through other channels. He must be a full man for her sake, and, as a man, must go forth to a whole world of interests that take him from her. Now what in this case shall woman do, whose only life lies in petting and adoration and display."

CURIOUS FACTS.—It is a singular but not less true remark in a late work, that Jefferson was born just eight years after his predecessor Adams; Madison eight years after Jefferson; and John Quincy Adams eight years after Monroe. Another curious fact to be observed is that Adams was just sixty-six years old when he retired; Jefferson sixty-six; Madison sixty-six; and John Quincy Adams, had he been elected to a second term, would have been sixty-six. Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe, all died on July 4th.

Abraham Lincoln used to say the very best story he ever read of himself was this: "Two Quakeresses were traveling on the railroad, and were discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man." "Yes; but the Lord will think Abraham is joking!" the first replied, conclusively.

"Bachelors," says Josh Billings, "are always a braggin' of their freedom! Freedom to darn their own stockings and poultise their own shins! I had rather be a widower once in two years regular, than to be a grunting old hair-dyed bachelor only ninety-nine days."

A New Yorker has a dog which he has named Peanuts on account of the thinness of his bark.

The Billious Man.

I know a man who always wears
A frown upon his brow,
And never seems to be at peace
Unless he's in a row;
He has a solemn, cautious look,
That deep his wrinkles traces,
And not a ray of mirth is seen
To play upon his face.

He hates to see a prattling child
Who wears a sunny smile,
The music of whose merry laugh
Is sure to raise his bile;
He wouldn't read a funny book
For fear 'twould raise a grin,
Which he would think an awful thing,
And very much like sin.

He likes to read of battles fought
Upon some bloody plain,
And always counts the numbers killed,
And those who are rent with pain;
He sometimes goes to theatres
To see a tragic play,
But when the farce comes on at last,
He quietly hies away.

He never read a line of Saxe,
Nor would he look at Hood,
But always reads those dismal tales
Which tell of strife and blood;
He'd turn away from sparkling wine,
Some bitter drink to quaff,
And frown upon his dearest friend
If he should hear him laugh.

Coincidents of Dates and Events.

In 1807 France was at war with Prussia. In 1870, which embraces the same figures reversed, there were again hostilities between them. In 1756 there was also war between the same powers, in which France sustained a terrible defeat. Just fifty years after that event (1806) Prussia was humiliated—yes, more than that, almost destroyed—by the disastrous double battle of Jena and Auerstadt. In commenting upon that event, the English historian, Allison, whose sympathy were with Prussia, says, "Such were the disastrous battles of Jena and Auerstadt, which prostrated the strength of the Prussian monarchy, and in one day effected that which all the might of Russia, Austria and France had been unable to effect in the seven years' war, from 1756 to 1763." Curious enough, sixty years from that time (in 1866) Prussia was raised to the height of power by the extraordinary results of the battle of Shadowa.

In 1805 the Russian power received a crushing defeat in the great battle of Austerlitz, in which three persons were present—viz., the emperors of France, Russia and Austria. The forces of the two latter were united, but four-fifths of those who participated in the struggle at Austerlitz were Russian. A half century passed away, and in 1855 the French and the Russians were contending for supremacy at Sebastopol, under emperors of the same names as those who met in 1805.

In 1809 the French were at war with the Austrians, and entered Vienna in triumph. In 1859, at the end of a half-centennial period, the same countries were engaged in deadly contest, with even larger numbers, in Northern Italy. In 1799 the first Napoleon had seized, as First Consul, the supreme authority in France. In 1849, fifty years after, the third Napoleon had just been elected President of the same country.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—It was the custom in Babylon, five hundred years before the Christian era, to have an annual auction of the unmarried ladies. In every year on a certain day, each district assembled all its virgins of marriageable age. The most beautiful were put up first, and the man who paid the highest gained possession of her. The second in personal charms followed her, and so on, so that the bidders might gratify themselves with handsome wives according to the length of their purses. There may yet remain in Babylon some for whom no money was offered, but the provident Babylonians managed that.—When all the comely ones are sold, the crier orders the most deformed one to stand up, and after demanding who will marry her for a small sum, she is adjudged to him who is satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money raised from the sale of the handsome serves as a portion to those who are either of disagreeable looks, or, that have any other imperfection.

INDIA RUBBER.—The belt of land around the globe, five hundred miles north and five hundred miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum of india-rubber. They can be tapped, it is stated, for twenty successive seasons, without injury; and the trees stand so close that one man can gather the sap of eighty in a day, each tree yielding, on an average, three tablespoonsfull daily. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long by eight wide. There are in America and Europe more than one hundred and fifty manufactories of india rubber articles, employing some five hundred operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of the gum per year, and the business is considered to be still in its infancy. But to what extent it may increase, there will still be plenty of rubber to supply the demand.

A European correspondent writes: "Amongst the many rare laces I have seen, I think the strangest was a veil, given by Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, to the late Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut. It is very large, of exquisite design, and so fragile, so etherial in texture, that when shaken out and cast upon the air it floats like a thistle down. It is many minutes before it will settle in a close room, and then a whispered invitation will start it on its aerial travels again. After seeing this almost intangible creation, one can believe the story of the Caliph's cloth of gold that was so wondrously fine it was invisible."

—Among the other wonderful properties possessed by petroleum, one of its constituent elements can be converted directly into diamonds of the purest water; of course we all ridicule the idea, but the statement is not altogether so fanciful.—The natural diamond is crystalized carbon, and petroleum is composed of a variety of different hydro-carbons. Now if the hydrogen can be separated under circumstances favorable to crystalization, the carbon will certainly form itself into, and become crystalized carbon, or genuine diamond.

The following lines, copied by the Rev. Dr. Cumming from an old volume of the 15th century, was put in print during the Crimean war, and, in view of the present complications in European affairs, are not uninteresting now:

In twice two hundred years, the Bear
The Crescent will assail;
But if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Bear will not prevail.

But mark, in twice ten years again—
Let Islam know and fear—
The Cross will stand, the Crescent wane,
Dissolve and disappear.

Brevet Brig.-Gen. Don Piatt affirms that "Gen. Butler is the shrewdest adviser the President has."

The Royce Divorce Case.

RESUMPTION OF PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE RECORDER.

The proceedings before the Recorder [of] this city, pending a writ of *habeas corpus* procured by Professor Royce, to obtain possession of his daughter, Harriet Royce, were resumed Wednesday. The Professor was present with his counsel, Messrs. Robinson and Benedict, and Mrs. Royce, with her counsel, Messrs. Stevens of Fulton, and Poucher of Oswego. Horace R. Perry, brother of Mrs. Royce, who has been made conspicuous in connection with the case, was also present, and the usual crowd of interested spectators filled the Court room.

The progress of proceedings is rendered very slow and tedious, in consequence of the inclination of the counsel to argue every trivial point at length, and their continued disagreement as to the jurisdiction of the Court.

The proceedings opened this morning by the matter coming up concerning the procuring of an affidavit from Harriet T. Royce, by her father, while in the custody of the Sheriff, and in violation of the order of the Court. Considerable argument occurred in reference to the matter.

The Recorder stated that he distinctly denied any knowledge of the procuring of the affidavit in question.

A long argument then followed on technicalities regarding evidence, after which the case was resumed on the part of Prof. Royce.

Prof. Royce re-called: I went to Fulton prior to the issuing of this writ of habeas corpus, to see my daughter Hattie; I saw her at the door from the street; she was at the house where my wife was stopping; I did not have any conversation with my daughter; I attempted to converse with her; Mr. King said he would knock in my cussed head; my wife was at the house at the time; I made several attempts to see my daughter at Fulton, but did not succeed; I did not succeed in consequence of threatened violence by Mr. King, who is an uncle of Mrs. Royce; it was at Mr. King's house where I attempted to see my daughter; I know Horace R. Perry, he is the brother of Mrs. Royce.

The argument again occurred concerning the propriety of the evidence offered.

Resumed: To my certain knowledge, Perry has been a member of the Oneida Free Love Community, and since last April his sole business has been the breaking up of my family; Perry was connected with me in business ten years ago; I am in the employ of a firm doing business in New York and Indianapolis; I work upon a percentage.

Cross-examined: I did not seek the custody of either or any of my children when I attempted to visit them in Fulton; my sole purpose was not to procure an affidavit from Harriet bearing on proceedings in Ohio; that was one of my purposes; I came to this county in the year 1852; I do not remember the name of the ship; I embarked from London; I left London in May or June; I landed in New York; I did not come in the same ship with Kossuth.

At this point the Court adjourned until 2 p. m.

The proceedings were resumed at 2 P. M.

Mr. Stevens presented an affidavit taken with the object of procuring an attachment against Royce for contempt of Court, in obtaining an affidavit from Harriet T. Royce, while in custody of the Sheriff, in violation of the order of the Court.

The Recorder declined to give the application immediate consideration.

Prof. Royce was recalled by Mr. Stevens, and testified: I did not swear in my direct examination that I came to this country with Kosuth; I am acquainted with my daughter Harriet's handwriting; the signature on the paper produced is her signature; I did not swear that my farm in Ohio had been lived on in satisfaction of alimony to Mrs. Royce; I did not swear that I had no knowledge of my wife being *enciente* until three months previous to her illness.

The Court ruled out the question as to whether the Professor had procured an affidavit from his daughter while in custody of the Sheriff, after hearing the argument.

The counsel for Prof. Rice announced their case closed.

The case for Mrs. Royce was then opened.

James Doyle, Esq., Sheriff, sworn: I have had the custody of Harriet T. Royce since the pending of these proceedings.

Mr. Poucher questioned witness concerning his knowledge of an affidavit procured by Royce from his daughter while in his (witness') custody.

Counsel for Royce contested the propriety of the question vigorously, on various objections.

Mr. Poucher insisted upon the admission of the evidence in question, as preliminary to a motion to strike out all evidence given by Royce in the case pending, on the ground that he was guilty of contempt. He had been informed that the affidavit was taken at the jail before Justice Morgan.

The Recorder ruled not to receive evidence in reference to the procuring of the affidavit in question.

Mr. Stevens read a paper signed by Harriet T. Royce and her sister, directed to a Court in Ohio, stating that it was their desire to remain with their mother, and not to go with their father.

A long argument ensued on the propriety of admitting this declaration as evidence, counsel for Mrs. Royce contending that it was competent to show that the child was not with her mother by restraint.

The Recorder finally decided to admit the declaration as evidence.

Counsel for Mrs. Royce here rested their case.

Counsel for Professor Royce resumed by calling Hattie T. Royce.

Hattie T. Royce, sworn: The declaration produced was written by my mother; I signed it because my mother and uncle Perry asked me to do so; they told me it was right and I had better sign it, and that I had to sign it.

Another squabble arose between counsel on the propriety of questions.

fultonhistory.com
with CVISION's PdfCompressor