The Manchester Journal.

VOLUME VI NUMBER 52. | MANCHESTER, VT., TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 1, 1867. | TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

The Manchester Journal,

Published every Tuesday Morning, by

C. A. PIERCE & CO.,

Manchester,.....Vermont.

OFFICE ON MAIN STREET,

☞Entrance 2 Doors South of Court House.☜

TERMS:

$1.50 per annum, if paid within three months from commencement of volume; $2.00 at the end of six months, or at the end of the year $2.50 will be charged.

TRANSITORY ADVERTISING.—For one Square, of 12 lines or less of Nonpareil type, three insertions, $1.50; for each subsequent insertion 50 cents. For Notices of Literature, Concerts, &c., three insertions $1.50. If not ordered by such the money must accompany the order. The Editor of this paper will be responsible only for such notices as are ordered by responsible parties.

Liberal discounts made to merchants and others advertising by the year.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. S. CLEMONS, M. D.
Treasurer Physician and Surgeon,
Office at the residence of L. L. Wilson M.
Agent for Thompson's Improved Truss
FACTORY POINT,.....VT.

BUTLER & WHEELER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
JAMAICA, VERMONT.
J. E. BUTLER,.....H. H. WHEELER.

J. F. STONE, M. D.,
U. S. Examining Surgeon for Invalid Pensions,
Office at former residence of Dr. Geo. L. Ames,
2 Doors East of Baptist Church.
FACTORY POINT,.....VT.

COY & SWIFT,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
1 Door east of Drug Store.
MANCHESTER,.....VT.

H. K. FOWLER,
Attorney at Law,
Pension and Bounty Claim Agent, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, and Commissioner for New York.
MANCHESTER,.....VT.

MINER & PRINDLE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Claim, Pension and Fire and Life Insurance Agents.
Office over Economy Store,
Manchester, Vt.,
A. L. MINER,.....H. PRINDLE

BURTON & MUNSON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Office in the Court House.
MANCHESTER,.....VT.
E. W. BURTON, L. MUNSON.

VANDERLIP HOTEL.
This long established Hotel still continues open for the accommodation of the traveling public. Particular attention given to boarders from abroad during the summer months. The public patronage hitherto liberally extended is respectfully solicited.
E. M. VANDERLIP, Proprietor.
MANCHESTER,.....VT.

BUCK MITTENS & GLOVES.
Manufactured and sold by
F. W. HOYT, Agent.
MANCHESTER,.....VT.

J. S. OSMAN,
Practicing Physician and Surgeon,
Office at Residence on Main St.,
MANCHESTER,.....VT.

GEORGE B. HASKINS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
19 Arlington, Vt.

J. K. BATCHELER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office over Boning & Hard's Store,
ARLINGTON,.....VT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Licensed Auctioneer,
DORSET,.....VT.

CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
E. L. GODDARD, Agent, manufacturers of Paper and Books, Job Printers and Binders, and Wholesale Booksellers and Stationers.
CLAREMONT,.....N. H

CLOCKS WATCHES & JEWELERY
Cleaned and Repaired.
By LUKE H. GRAY, DORSET CORNERS, VT.
2 Doors West of the Congregational Church.
☞N. B.—All work warranted.☜
DORSET CORNERS,.....VT.

J. O. CLARK,
Practicing Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE AT HOTEL.
DORSET,.....(2).....VT.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, in pursuance of an act of the Legislature of this State, passed at its last session, that the Bennington Bank will redeem its outstanding bills, at the counter of the Battenkill National Bank of Manchester; that the charter of the said Battenkill Bank terminated its existence on the 15th day of November, A. D., 1866, and the following is a copy of the said Act of the Legislature:

AN ACT Relating to the Redemption of Bank Notes.

It is hereby enacted by the General Assembly of the state of Vermont:

SEC. 1. After the expiration of the charter of any Bank chartered by this State, or after the termination of the existence of any such Bank agreeably to the laws of this State, such Bank may issue notice to be published in all the weekly newspapers of the County where such Bank is located, for one full year, setting forth that said Bank will redeem its outstanding bills, the day of the expiration of the Charter, or the date of the termination of its existence, and a copy of this act. And upon due publication of such notice, neither such Bank nor its officers shall be liable to any action for the non-redemption of any of its outstanding bills, unless the same shall have been duly presented and payment thereof demanded within the year aforesaid at the Banking House of such Bank.

SEC. 2. After the expiration of the charter or after the termination of the existence of any such Bank as aforesaid, such bank shall cease to be subject to the operation or liable to the provisions of the sixty-third section of chapter eighty-nine of the General Statutes.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved Nov. 19, 1866.

W. P. BLACK, Cashier.

Manchester, Dec. 5, 1866—1y79

IMPORTANT TO FEMALES

PROCLAMATION! TO THE LADIES!

Both Married and Single!

THE OLDEST REGULATOR FOR FEMALES.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills

Will immediately relieve, without pain, all disturbances of the periodic discharge, whether arising from relaxation or suppression. They act like a charm in removing the pains that accompany difficult or immediate menstruation, and are the only safe and reliable remedy for Flushes, Sick Headache, Pains in the Loins, Back and sides, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Tremors, Hysterics, Spasms, Broken Sleep, and other unpleasant and dangerous effects of an unnatural condition of the sexual functions. In the worst cases of *Fluor Albus*, or Whites, they effect a speedy cure.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills

Have been used over a quarter of a century. They are offered as the only safe means of removing interrupted menstruation, but ladies must bear in mind that, there is one condition of the female system in which the pills cannot be taken without producing a peculiar result. The condition referred to is pregnancy—the result, miscarriage. Such is the irritable tendency of the medicine to restore the sexual functions to a normal condition, that even the reproductive power of nature cannot resist it. They cannot do harm in any other way.

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills

Are the only Medicine that MARRIED AND SINGLE LADIES have relied upon for many years, or can rely upon now. *BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!* These Pills form the Finest Preparation ever put forward, with IMMEDIATE and PERMANENT SUCCESS. **Don't be Deceived.** Take this advertisement to your Druggist, and tell him that you want the BEST and most RELIABLE female medicine in the world, which is comprised in

Dr. Cheeseman's Female Pills!

They have resisted, and are now receiving the sanction of the most eminent Physicians in America. Explicit directions with each box—the price, One Dollar per box, containing from 56 to 66 pills.

Pills sent by mail, promptly, by remitting the price to the proprietors, or any authorized agent, in current funds. Sold by Druggists generally.

HUTCHINGS & HILLYER, Proprietors,
25 Dey street, New York.

November 22, 1866.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Robert Ames,

Desirous of meeting the views of the people, has this day made great reductions in prices on his entire stock of goods.

Am offering a Large lot of Dress Goods at a discount of 25 per cent. from former prices.

Splendid Alapacas from 45 to 60 cents per yard.

Empress Cloths for $1.25, fine quality.

DeLaines, 22 to 27 cents.

Poplins, Mohairs, Bombazines, Ladies' Cloths, Thibetts, &c.

All Wool DeLaines, 45 cents per yard.

Red, Gray and Blue all wool Flannel, 40c.

A good assortment of Plaid Shirting Flannels, from 50 to 65 cents per yard.

Ladies' and Misses' Shawls, a large assortment, from $1.75 to $10.00.

Ladies' and Misses' Balmoral Skirts, very cheap.

Fine assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Gloves and Hosiery, very cheap.

Heavy Sheeting, 20 and 22 cents per yard.

Fine Sheeting, 19, 22, and 25 cents per yard.

A nice article of Water Proof Cloths, $1.50 per yard. A good assortment of Cassimeres from $1 to $2.25 per yard. Black Broad-Cloth, Beaver, Doeskins. Large assortment Hoop Skirts.

SUGARS,---A Fine Stock at Great Bargains.

A very fine Brown Sugar for 11 cents per pound.
Yellow Coffee " 14 " " "
A Coffee " 15 1-2 " " "
Loaf, Brown and Granulated 17 " " "

Green Teas from 75 cents to $1 per lb.

The Best Tea in the County for $1.25 per lb.

A large assortment of Ladies and Misses Shoes which I offer at great bargains.

LADIES' AND MISSES' RUBBERS. MENS AND BOYS RUBBER BOOTS, VERY CHEAP.

Calf, Kip and Stoga Boots of Union Village Manufacture.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' COPPER TOED SHOES.

A good assortment of HATS and CAPS. Men's and Boy's Caps. Men's and Boy's Fur Caps. **BUFFALO ROBES** very cheap

Just received a lot of the best quality of KEROSENE OIL which I am selling

At 60 cents per Gallon.

Best T. I. SALT at **90** Cents per Bushel.

Heavy Pork 15 cents per lb.

The best Brands of Flour always on hand at the lowest market prices.
Oil, Paints, Lead and Zinc of the best quality.
All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market prices.
Please call and examine my stock of goods and satisfy yourselves. No trouble to show goods.

ROBERT AMES.

Factory Point, Nov. 1866.

CLOTHING!

TUTTLE, EAST DORSET,

Has the Largest and best assortment of Clothing at this end of Bennington County!

Consisting of a large and well selected stock of

Overcoats at from	$10 to $30 each.
Boys' Overcoats,	9 " 11 each.
Winter Coats,	7 " 23 each.
Pants,	5 " 13 each.
Vests,	2 " 6 50 "
Undershirts and Drawers	1 " 1 99 "
Woolen Overshirts,	2 50 3 50 "
Cowhide, Kip and Calf Boots,	4.25 to 6.50 per pair.
75 Wool Hats,	1.25 each.
75 Fine Hats, different styles,	2.25 to 4.50 each.
100 Boys' and Mens' Caps,	1.00 to 4.00 each.

DRY GOODS.

A large lot of Flannels at from	45 to 80 cents per yard.
A large lot of DeLains,	30 cents per yard.
A large lot of Prints,	14 to 24 cents per yard.
A large lot of Fine and Heavy Cottons,	14 to 50 cents per yard.
A large lot of Sheep's Gray & Cassimeres,	75 to $2.50 per yard.

Denims, Stripes, Ticks, Notions, Table Diaper, &c., &c.

Also a large lot of

Breakfast Shawls, Sontags, Nubias, Hoods,

(Women's, Misses' and Children's.)

BALMORAL SKIRTS, $2.75 to 4.00.

HOOP SKIRTS, 30 cents to $2.25.

Also on hand a large stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Tin Ware.

Best Kerosene, 65 Cents per Gallon.

PORK, 16 CENTS PER LB.

FLOUR.

I have been and am still deducting 3 per cent on all sales of One Dollar and upwards, (except Pork, Flour and Kerosene) when cashed at time of purchase.

I advise my friends in the trade to keep lowering their prices if they expect to sell as low as TUTTLE. His goods are always marked to sell at market rates, and he is the first one to **mark up** or **down** as the market dictates.

My Goods were bought before the advance in Cotton goods, and I know I can sell a little cheaper than other merchant around. Call and look over stock and prices, and you will buy, and then tell your friends to come and do likewise. My **Store is Full** and I must sell to make room for more goods, and to get money to pay for what I have.

Buy at **E. C. TUTTLE'S,** Agent. East Dorset.

History of the Red Lion.

In the *Alliance Weekly News*, published at Manchester, England, is a capital story with the above title. In the number we have the Chamber-maids story, which we copy. May not the burning rebuke administered to the elder Crowther be repeated many times on this side of the Atlantic?

THE CHAMBERMAID BECOMES CONFIDENTIAL.

I'll tell you something, Mr. A. M. F.; that stands for A Merry Fellow, he! he! he! I know my letters you see. Its a secret that's been weighing on my mind for a fortnight, and I'm sure I'd never have had my sleep if it hadn't been for taking laudanum in my gin; not that I take much gin, you know, only a drop now and then for the tooth-ache. But about this secret: Its about a lodger we had a month or two since, such a nice young man, but so mysterious, with a black, fur cloak and brown trousers, and such a bright diamond breast-pin, with light blue eyes and white teeth, and such a smile! You should have seen him smile. I'm sure I thought as if I could have given my choice of a new bonnet to see such a smile every day. Well, although he was always smiling, he seldom spoke, and I noticed that he always wore gloves. He drank a great deal, and when he had had a glass or two he would begin to frown, and look as gloomy as any thing, but he never pulled his gloves off; and every now and then he would begin to smile again and well he might—he was smiling for his life! One day that he was rather tipsy, he put his hand into his pocket to pull out his pencil case to write something, and he pulled a piece of newspaper out at the same time, and it fluttered to the floor unseen. I picked it up, but I did n't give it to him then; because, you see, I was curious to see what it was about. Well, when out of the room I loked at it, and saw it was an advertisement out of the *Times*, but here it is:

V. R.

£500 REWARD—MURDER!

WHEREAS, on the 10th day of November last, GEORGE CROWTHER did, maliciously and wantonly, kill, slay, and murder one John Renshaw: This is to give notice that the above reward will be given to any person or persons, who will give such information as will lead to the capture and apprehension of the said George Crowther.

The said George Crowther is of middle height, has strait hair, black mustache, very white teeth, light blue eyes, and is much given to scowling or frowning. He is also very much given to drinking, and has a severe gash on each hand. Had on when I st seen a black cloth coat, blue trousers, and a vest and a white hat.

All communications to be made to Inspector Grabham, Scotland-road, or Sargeant Knalchem, Bow-street Police Court.

Bow-st. P. C., Dec. 21, 1864.

You may fancy how I felt on reading this precious piece of paper. I did n't know what to do. I dares n't, for my life, take Mr. George Crowther the paper he had droped. I felt sure it was Mr. George Crowther, although he was entered on our books as Mr. John Smith Although his apperance differed from that described in the paper, I could trace a resemblance between them. The paper described George Crowther as having very white teeth; so had our lodger; light blue eyes, so had he; given to drinking, so was he. True, it said George Crowther had black, strait hair, our lodger's was black, curly hair; a black mustache, he had none; was given to scowling, he was always smiling: had a severe gash on each hand—that I did not know, but what did he wear gloves for constantly? His barber could alter his hair and moustache, and he himself could alter his frown into a smile, but he could not alter his hands, so he always wore gloves. "There's no doubt," I said aloud, "there's no doubt Mr. George Crowther and Mr. John Smith know each other very well, and I'm sure that if one's one, he's t' other, and all. Yes, John Smith, with all your smiling and affectation, I know—"

"What?" said a deep breathing voice behind me, and a hand grasped my shoulder, and not so gently, neither. I turned round and there was John Smith; but not the John Smith I knew best. His face was covered with a scowl, and there was a fiery light in his eyes that shrivlled my heart up like a piece of paper. His hands were still gloved, I saw, frightened as I was. "Woman!" he said, and his hold on my shoulder tightened so that I was almost screaming with pain, but I stopped myself, for I saw his blood was up, and he'd been drinking heavy; and people when they have had too much drink do n't care what they do. "Woman, what know you?"

"N—n—nothing, sir, indeed; sir, I'm as ignorant of the murder as a child unborn."

"Ignorant of the murder!" he cried, "What murder? Whose murder? Speak or I'll tear your chattering tongue out."

"N—no murder at all, sir. Indeed, sir, I'm rather wild this evening. I do not know what I'm talking about; I do n't, indeed, sir. Upon my word and honor, sir, I never read nothing, sir. I do n't know George Crowther, sir, indeed, sir."

"Don't know George Crowther!" he said, and I saw the sweat-drops start out on his forehead. "Where did you hear of George Crowther? Answer, quick!" and he shook me till I did n't know where I was properly.

"I did n't sir,—indeed, sir, I did n't," was all I could say.

"Did n't what?" he said, stopping his shaking for a moment or two.

"Did n't read it, sir—indeed, sir." if I may never read it again, sir I did n't sir."

"Read what? Ah! he yelled, as he saw the piece of newspaper I had in my hand. "So," he added, taking it out of my hand, "that's where you've gained your knowledge from, is it?" He looked at me a moment or two, as if he was calculating what bravery and strength I had, and then he walked slowly to the chamber door and fastened it. I opened my lips to scream, but in an instant he pulled out a pistol, and pointing it at me said, in a low voice: "Hold! I am a desperate man, and must take desperate measures. Do you think that after all I have dared, I am going to be foiled by a woman? Never? I have risked every thing—life, reputation, honor, on one throw of the dice, and I must succeed. You see I carry pistols with me, always. "T is a wise precaution. If I am ever taken, two lives must be sacrificed before it is done," another pistol out. Now," he continued, "were you to shout, this should send you to eternity, and a bullet from this would be the greetig of the first who came to your assistance. You understand," he added, and a smile broke out on his face, but such a smile, that I would have preferred his frown a hunded times. I could not speak, neither could I withdraw my eyes from his. He was silent a few moments, all the time watching me with his cat-like eyes, which facinated me as they say the serpent facinates its prey. Presently he spoke:

"I had thought my secret was safe, but you know it. If you once get away from this room my life is in your hands. Were I to brain you now, where you stand, or to seize you by the throat, so," and he grasped my throat with an iron hand—"choke you, and bury you in yonder garden, who would ever be the wiser? No one But you see I am merciful. One murder is enough for any one, and I do n't wish to commit another. But I will unless you swear on your knees never to betray me." He forced me on my knees. What could I do? I swore an oath, a terrible oath, not fit to tell you, that I would never betray him to justice. When I had done so, he released me, and gazing at me again with his fiery eyes, he said in a cold, measured tone, that made my very blood curdle:

"If you ever break that oath, and I find it out, be sure that before I am taken, I will visit you. Aye! were you in Bow street, itself, and all the police in the three kingdoms keeping watch and ward over you! You understand?" I answered not, but he read in my eyes that I would keep my promise. He went to the door, opened it, and was going back to his own room, when the sound of a carriage stopping at our door stayed him, and he stepped back into the room, and cocking his pistols, peeped at the strangers. His eyes fell on an old gentleman and lady dressed in mourning, who stepped into the Red Lion. With an oath, he said: "Have I not suffred enough, but that I must be followed by these!" and he hid his face on his arm. I now heard the strange gentleman speak:

"I wish to stay here for the night, and in the morning you will have the horses harnessed at eight. I am going to Hickory Hall to see Square Davis, and spend a few days with him."

"All right, sir," said Mr. Scott: "What names shall I put down?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Crowther," answered the old gentleman, flushing, and I fancied the old lady trembled.

"All right, sir," said Mr. Scott. The chamber-maid will show you your room. Maria!—hang the girl where's she loitering now! Maria" he shouted. I was leaving the room when George Crowther took me by the arm, and fixing his eyes on mine, said in a hearse whisper, "Remember!" and then released me.

"Show this lady and gentleman up to number eleven," said Mrs. Scott. I did so, and was coming down stairs, when I met George Crowther creeping up the stairs and then turned back, because I saw George Crowther go into the room, and quick as lightning I ran and put my eye to the key hole. The old gentleman and lady were talking, and I could see that they had not noticed George Crowther's entrance into the room, and they had their backs to him.

"George has got off, after all." said the gentleman. "I'm glad of it for his sake, though, heaven knows, he deserves no mercy."

"Do n't say so," said his wife, "I'm sure George was not in his proper senses when he commited the—" she could not say murder.

"Of course he was not," was the answer. "He'd had too much drink, I suppose. Yet I always told him that drunkeness was wrong. See what it has brought him to. To think," said Mr. Crowther, warming as he went on, "to think of the pains and anxieties I have had on his account, paying for his extravagancies, getting him out of all kind of scrapes, toiling day and night, never ceasing, for his welfare, and he to return it thus. He has disgraced the father who loved him, the mother who doated on him, and himself. I have had no share in his guilt; yet must I hang down my head and bear his shame. Is it fair? Is it right? Did I teach him to gamble? Did I teach him to murder? I will say it, I have done no murder, 'tis no disgrace to me. Did I teach him these, I say?" and he looked at his wife for an answer.

"No, No," she answered, sighing. 'Tis his own badness and wickedness. You have taught him none of these sins.'

"Not I," he answered, "I taught him none of these sins. Then, can his crime disgrace me? Never. No, no, 't is not my fault if he gambled; 't is not my fault if he committed—a deed. For what wickedness have I taught him?"

"To *drink*," said George Crowther, stepping forward. His mother screamed; and his father, rising from his seat, gazed on him sternly, and said:

"George Crowther, you are no son of mine. A murderer—"

"Silence!" thundred his son. "If I am a murderer, whose is the fault? What is it that dragged me into debt, brought me to the gaming table, reduced me below the level of the brutes, and made me what I am, a liar, a profligate, a gambler, and—a murderer? What has done this? *The drink*. Now, look in in your own heart, and tell me who it was that laughed at me when I was young for being a teetotaler, sneered at me, day by day, for my temperance principles, and at last persuaded me to taste of that cup which has ruined and destroyed my worldly prospects, and will be the means of my damnation.

"I taught you to drink, George," answered Mr. Crowther: "I did not teach you to be a drunkard. A man may be a moderate drinker, but yet not a drunkard."

"Pshaw!" was the retort, "seek not to palliate your wrong by such a frivolous excuse. You taught me to drink, and, but for you, I might have been a proud and happy man to-day. Instead of which I am hunted by man, accursed of God, an outcast and a murderer.—Yours is the fault, and mine but the misfortune. You have ruined me, and I curse you for it. If my disgrace has fallen heavily on you, may it fall thrice as heavily. If it has caused you sorrow, may it cause you to sorrow more. May your heart be broke with sorrow, may—"

"George! George!" cried his mother, throwing herself at his feet, and clasping his knees convulsively, whilst his father trembled with horror and dread. I heard heavy footsteps on the stairs, but he heard them not, for he went on—

"May every agony of remorse and terror that I have felt be doubly felt by you, and may your death be thrice as horrible and agonizing."

George Crowther, I arrest you in the name of the Queen, for murder!" A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he sprang up like an enraged tiger. "'Tis that girl," I heard him mutter between his teeth.

"No, no," said the police officer, "there ain't been any gal wotsomever consarned in this ere affair. Nobody 'cept your humble servant, Detective Sharp, of Bow street."

"Do you think that you, single-handed can take me?" said George, throwing the officer from him as if he had been a baby: "No, no, I've too much to be taken by any one man living." As he spoke he drew his pistols out aimed one at the officer, who did n't appear in the least disturbed.

"I thought you'd be raypher wild," said Sharp, "so I took the precaution to fetch a little aid. Hello! without there." As he spoke, four men whom I had seen come up the stairs with him, stepped into the room.

"I 'spose you see now," said Sharp, "that it ain't of no arthly oose whatever to resist?" George returned no answer, but lifting the pistol to his own head, fired. I heard a fall and a shriek, and when I looked there was his mother bending over him with a pale frightened face, and vainly endeavoring to stanch the blood which ran from the wound. The father had fainted.—Sharp looked on with a disappointed air.

"Well, it is aggravatin'," said he, "that arter all my troubles, and all my struggles, the prize has slipped through my fingers this way. He must have been a dis'prit, dis'prit sin."

I suppose I need n't tell you any thing more. I've told my secret, and I hope you'll not tell it any body, because it might do harm to the Red Lion, and as I'm quite pleased with my situation, I should n't like any thing wrong to happen.

HOW TO KEEP POOR.—There is no working man but would rejoice to have the way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches. No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day, at 10 cents, $73 dollars; three cigars, one after each meal, $109.50; board for a big dog, $30—all in one year, 212.50; sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, r respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and half a dozen pairs of shoes. If you don't believe it, workingman, figure for yourself.

MAXIMS FOR THE DAY.—All things are cheap which are purchased with others money.

Without a bribe justice is weak.

Policy is the mother of principle.

A lean conscience makes a fat office.

Never spare the public money.

Illegal voting is the mother of good luck.

Never sell your vote on credit.

Patriotism covers a multitude of sins

One good turn of office deserves another.

HAD HER THERE.—In Albany, during the recent session of the Equal Rights Convention a severe looking female entered a crowded horse-car. An old gent rose to give her a seat; but first asked, "Be you one of those womens-righters! "I be," replied the ancient. "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, do you?" he inquired. "Yes I do," was the emphatic answer. "Then," said the man, "stand up, and enjoy them like a man," and she had to stand up.

The Rich Young Man from Idaho.

To a city, town in old Vermont,
It was that he came,
There he met a Divine and Clergyman,
"A rich young man from Idaho."

Of high church he was the highest kind,
(He adopted himself to the place, you know,)
And this was recommendation enough
For "the rich young man from Idaho."

(He was a villain and a scamp
As any one might know
Who heard his tale, or looked in the face
Of "the rich young man from Idaho.")

His position and clothes soon gained him a home
In a family, who ('tis queer, yet 'tis so)
Received with very hospitable arms
"The rich young man from Idaho."

He was treated to the best of fare,
Carried hither and thither, to and fro,
All because he was a clergyman,
And "a rich young man from Idaho."

They took him to the "kissing bee,"
Sweet glances on him all did throw,
For he was a handsome clergyman,
This "rich young man from Idaho."

The "Penal School" next claimed a call;
To it he at once did go,
Was very much pleased—and spoke of his own,
In his parish in Idaho.

He was shown the church and the graveyard too
The "show" all in a row,
They lavished attentions on him, because
He was rich, and from Idaho.

He seemed to enjoy himself very much,
He said—and it must be so—
He had not spent three pleasanter days
Since he came from Idaho.

But the end soon came. On a pleasant morn
A train did southward go,
Bearing away as it sped along
The rich youngster from Idaho.

In his hands he held a bundle small,
A bundle of clothes, I trow, [town,
Which he'd stolen from friends in the country
This young man from Idaho.

The very money that paid his fare
Was borrowed. He poor? Oh, no!
But all he then had with him were checks
On some banks in Idaho.

Would you know the rest of this story strange—
News by telegraph goes apt slow—
"He's an old offender," say city police,
"This youngster from Idaho."

The sequel to this is very plain.
The people soon ceased to crow
Over the "rich Episcopal Clergyman
Who comes from Idaho.

MORAL.

Do not always trust in riches;
'All's not gold that glitters," you know;
Put not your trust in every man
Though he's rich and from Idaho.

Exports of the World.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, jewelery, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essence, dye stuffs, fine marble, soap, paintangs, engravings, mosaics and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woolens, zinz, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wines and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linens rags, corn, timber, iron. lead, flax, hemp, wines, wax, tallow and cattle.

Austria exports minerals, raw and manufactured, silk thread, glass, grain, wax, tar, nutgall, wines, honey and mathematical instruments.

England exports woolen, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hides wax, duck, cordage, bristle, fur, potash and tar.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woolens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, filagree works, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

Turkey exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines camel's hair, carpets, camlett, shawls and morocco.

Hindostan exports silks, shawls, carpets, opium, saltpetre, pepper, gum, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds, pearls, and drugs.

Mexico exports gold and silver, cochineal indigo, sarsaparilla, vanill, jalap, fustic, campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dyestuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums, mahogany and india rubber.

West Indies export sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, segars, mahogany, dye wood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, rubber, wax, ginger and other spices.

Switzerland exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, lime, silks, velvets, laces, jewels, paper and gunpowder.

East Indies export cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzoin, sulphur, ivory, rattans, sandals wood, zinc, and nuts.

United States exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine and wearing apparel.

YOUNG MAN—YOUR'E WANTED.—A woman wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich, if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together. But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or whiskey jug. Neither does she want you if you don't take care of her, and the "little after thoughts" which are pretty sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the condition of which is too apt to be—an animal that wares bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a section of stove-pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; in short, the image of God, but in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in a good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action as you require her to be, and without which inward purity neither of you are fit for a husband and wife, if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you are gentlemanly forbearing and kind, and not loud talking, exciting and brutal, young man, that woman wants you, that modest, fair, cheerful, right-looking, frank-spoken woman, we mean, who fills your idea of maid and wife. It is she that wants you—marry her when you like, whether she is rich or poor; we'll trust you both on the above conditions without any further security.