

Business Directory
T. M. HOWARD,
JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY AND
FANCY GOODS.
Main St.
H. R. & W. A. BROWN,
WARD, WOODEN & GLASS WARE,
Eastern Avenue.
T. THESCOTT,
STABLE, Passengers carried to and from
the depot, near St. Johnsbury House.
J. C. CROSSMAN,
BOOTS, SHOES AND UMBRELLAS,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
ALEXANDER THOMPSON,
FOUNDER AND MACHINIST,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
JOHN BACON, D. G. & CO.,
HIDES, LEATHER AND OIL,
Vermont.
J. C. BUTLER & CO.,
REPAIRERS OF
MACHINERY, CUTLERY AND MATRESSES,
Butcher Building, Railroad St.
DANIELS & COOK,
MEAT AND PROVISION MARKET,
Butcher Building, Railroad Street.
P. B. GAGE, ARTIST,
JOHNSTOWN PHOTOART GALLERY,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
HALL & CLARK,
FURNITURE AND DEALERS IN FURNITURE,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
MISS E. McDOUGALL,
DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
MRS. S. A. HIGGINS,
LIVERY GOODS, CLOAKS, TRIMMINGS
Main Street—Opposite Post Office.
W. H. HORTON,
HAT TAILOR, and dealer in
HATS, GLOVES, &c., Railroad Street.
N. B. PLINT,
MANUFACTURER OF HARNESSES, ETC.,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
LEMON GILSON,
MANUFACTURER OF TRUSSINGS, MACHINES,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.
C. C. CHILDS,
DEALER IN WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND
GOLD, STATIONERY, BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY
GOODS, &c., 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
J. T. CASSINO,
REPAIRER OF FURNITURE, and dealer in upholster
and drapery, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
J. C. BINGHAM,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
GEO. M. BARNEY,
DEALER IN BOOKS, SHOES AND LEATHER,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
I. D. KILBOURNE, D. D. S.,
DENTAL SURGEON,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
H. H. NEWTON,
DENTAL SURGEON,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
H. S. BROWNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
HASTINGS & WRIGHT,
MEAT MARKET, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
H. C. DICKINSON,
DEALER IN WAREHOUSE, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
D. BOYNTON,
DEALER IN
CLOAKS, HARNESSES, CARPENTERS' & JOINERS'
TOOLS,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
BRIGHAM & CROSSMAN,
MEAT AND PROVISION MARKET,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
HOYT & GREEN,
DEALERS IN AND DEALERS IN FANCY, OILS,
AND STATIONERY, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
S. NEWELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
ALDRICH & UNDERWOOD,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FURNITURE,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
E. WHIPPLE,
DEALER IN TRUSSINGS, MACHINES AND HARD FINE MILL,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
S. DICKEY,
DEALER IN LIVERY GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS, &c.,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
STODDARD & CLARK,
CONSULTANTS AND ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND
SOLICITORS IN CHIEF, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
J. ROSS,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR
IN CHIEF, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
A. J. WILLIARD,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
MRS. JOHNSON, MILLINER,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
E. JEWETT,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CROCKERY, HARDWARE,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
M. C. HOUGHTON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
EDWIN HARVEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
A. Q. LADD,
HARNESSES MAKER,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
DAVID CHADWICK,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
J. S. DURANT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
Wm. W. GROUT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
S. C. OTIS,
MARBLE DEALER, CHASES BUILDING,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
RANDON HOUSE, LYNDON, VT.,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
Geo. C. & Geo. W. CAHOON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
MILLER & TRULL,
DEALERS IN MANUFACTURED GOODS, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
QUIMBY & OVIATT,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
WOODEN, GLASS AND TIN WARE,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
H. L. McCLARY,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
HARRIS LYONS,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
J. G. DARLING & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
DICERMAN, BARNEY & CO.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
J. R. DELANO & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.
J. B. CLARK,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, 120 Main St., near St. Johnsbury House.

The Caledonian.

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rars are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

Selected Poetry.

The Angels Came for Her.
The angels came for her—
Our beautiful one!
In the light of her morning—
At set of the sun;
And they waited but upward
On the pinions of Love,
And she left us a weeping—
Our darling, our dove.
Beloved of the angels,
They could spare her no more,
Lest she'd straggle and faint
On earth's wearisome shore.
So they wooed her, and won her
Away from our nest,
And her bird-notes are warbled
On our good Saviour's breast.
So gently they took her,
She smiled as she passed
From our arms to the angels:
That smile was the last
We shall evermore see
On the face of her clay.
We shall sigh for its light
Till we, too, pass away.
Yet, often we'll picture
Our bird in the skies,
Looking lovingly down
With her star-beaming eyes;
And when her name is breathed
From the lips of our darling—
Our bright one, our own!

The angels came for her—
The brightest gem dim,
And fainter, and fainter,
The seraph's hymn;
And we felt that the spell
Of a withering blight,
Enchanted our hearts
With the darkness of night.
Oh! thou sorrow-doomed earth!
Where we meet but to part
With the loveliest blossoms
That twine round the heart,
Methinks all the tears
That thy mourners have shed,
Would outnumber the sands
Of the dust that we tread.
But the sighs, and the tears,
And the prayers offered up,
Overflowing the brim
Of this life's bitter cup,
Will be turned into joys—
Is the promise that's given—
On Earth's wings, up to Heaven.

Wit and Humor.

From Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes.
VOLTAIRE AND ST. ANGE.
M. de St. Ange, translator of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, was noted for a certain languishing and mawkish air in his conversation and deportment. Having been, like every other member of the literary world, to pay his respects to Voltaire, and being ambitious of concluding his visit with some stroke of genius, said, twirling his hat prettily between his thumbs, "I am only come to-day, sir, to see Homer; another day I shall come to see Euripides and Sophocles; afterwards Tacitus, and then Lucian." "Sir," answered Voltaire, "I am very old; could you not make all the visits at once?"

JOHNSON AND THE LADY.
Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady what new work he was employed about. "I am writing nothing, just at present," he replied. "Well, but doctor," said she, "if I could write like you, I should be always writing, merely for the pleasure of it." "Pray, madam," returned he, "do you think that Leander swam across the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swimming?"

JOHNSON AND THE WAITER.
Dr. Johnson happening to sit in a coffee-room where a dog was very troublesome, he bade the waiter kick him out; but, in the hurry of business, he forgot it. The dog continuing to pester him, he told the waiter again to kick the dog out. "Sir," said a young coxcomb, "I perceive you are not fond of dogs." "No," said the doctor, "nor of puppies, either."

TOOKE AND SHERIDAN.
"Shortly after," says Mr. Tooke, "I had published my two pairs (portraits) of two fathers and two sons, (those of Pitt and Fox.) I met Sheridan, who said, with a saucy, satirical air, 'So, sir, you are the reverend gentleman, I am told, who sometimes assumes himself in drawing portraits.' 'Yes, sir, I am that gentleman; and if you will do me the favor of sitting to me for yours, I will take it so faithfully that even you yourself shall shudder at it.'"

STANLEY SMITH AND BRIGHAM'S CARRIAGE.
On this witty clergyman's observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, he remarked to a friend, alluding to the B surrounded by a coronet on the panel, "There goes a carriage with a B on the outside and a wisp within."

DEAN SWIFT AND THE TAILOR.
A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the dean, took into the "ninth part of his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and more especially the Book of Revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family were likely to vanish. His monomania was well known to the dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. For, singular as it may seem to those who, in their prejudices, can see nothing of a redeeming kind in Swift's character, he was not wholly without his good qualities. One night the tailor, as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and next morning took up the line of march for the deanery. The dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible opened before him, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach. The

General Miscellany.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.
Did it ever occur to you what a capital trap Broadway is for catching fugitive murderers, burglars and swindlers from other parts of the United States or foreign countries? It is a fact that at least nine-tenths of all the criminal refugees who visit this city are nabbed in Broadway. And here is the explanation: Broadway is constantly crowded with human beings, and the fugitive, having previously disguised himself, so that he feels sure of escaping detection, seems to think that he will be less observed in the thronged mart than in the scantily traveled side streets. Besides if he is a perfect stranger there he cannot resist the temptation to see the sights. Now, the chances are ten to one that the photograph of this particular rascal is at the police headquarters in Broome street, and that his lineaments have been carefully studied and copied with almost photographic accuracy upon the minds of twenty thoroughly experienced detectives, who spend most of their time in Broadway, in citizens' clothes, and are constantly on the look out for persons whose portraits or verbal descriptions of whom have been sent by the police authorities, or other parties, to the superintendent of the New York force. A man acquainted with these 'shadows' cannot walk half-a-dozen blocks on Broadway without meeting one of them strolling along the street, carefully scrutinizing every passer-by, peering under slouched hats, looking with special care at every man with a wig and spectacles. Much of their hunting is done in stages. About 3 p.m., when Broadway promenade is at its height, a shrewd detective will not have to ride up and down the street more than twice before he will spy some malefactor on the sidewalk. Having a strong suspicion that he has at last found his man (and the 'shadows' rarely make a mistake), he 'picks' the supposed fugitive, watches his manœuvres, passes him two or three times, and takes sidelong looks at him, to compare his disguised face with the portrait or description. In the meantime he meets another 'shadow,' secures his assistance by a sign, and feeling at last perfectly satisfied that he is on the right track, waits until his prey turns into a side street, a saloon or hotel, (to avoid a scene) and then steps up to him with extended hand, and addresses him by name. No amount of coolness and self-protection can stand the shock of such an unexpected salutation, and the guilty party immediately betrays himself by the sudden palor of his face. The 'shadows' open their coats and show the policeman's shield glittering within, and the fugitive succumbs to his fate in a stupor of amazement. Scenes like this occur daily in New York.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

The Story of the Robber.
There is a beautiful story told of a certain young robber in the life of the blessed apostle St. John. A young man of Ephesus who had become a Christian, and of whom St. John was very fond, got into trouble while St. John was away, and had to flee for his life into the mountains. There he joined a band of robbers, and was so daring and desperate that they soon chose him as their captain. St. John came back and found the lad gone. St. John had stood at the foot of the cross years, and heard his Lord pardon the penitent thief; and he knew how to deal with such wild souls. And what did he do? Give him up for lost? No. He set off, old as he was, by himself, straight for the mountains, in spite of the warnings of his friends, that he would be murdered, and that this young man was the most desperate and blood-thirsty of all the robbers. At last he found the young robber. And what did the robber do? As soon as he saw St. John coming, before St. John could speak a word to him, he turned, and ran away for shame; and old St. John followed him, never saying a harsh word to him, but only crying after him, "My son, my son, come back to your father!" and at last he found him, where he was hidden, and held him by his clothes, and pleaded with him so, that the poor fellow burst into tears, and let St. John lead him away; and so that the blessed St. John went down again to Ephesus in joy and triumph, bringing his lost lamb with him.

Indian Barbarity.

ADDISON AND THE POETASTER.
Addison, the sublime moralist, elegant critic, and humorous describer of men and manners, whose works furnish instruction to youth, amusement to age, and delight to all who peruse them, was remarkable for his taciturnity. Conscious of his talents as a writer, he acknowledged his deficiency in conversation. "I can draw," said he, "a bill for a thousand pounds, although I have not a guinea in my pocket."

THE APOTHECARY'S AFFAIR.
A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent for a solicitor to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, "By getting an apothecary to make an affidavit of his illness."

A QUESTIONABLE HONOR.
Lord Kames used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honor of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the judiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed the way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered with much cordiality, "That I will do with all my heart, my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name is John." "I have had the honor to be before your lordship for stealing sheep."

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Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

General Miscellany.
near the workmen in the pinery, and within two miles of my home, but was too weak to go on. I could hear the men at work, and sometimes saw them, but could not attract their attention. At length I crawled along to the road over which they must pass, and was found there, and carried home, after being out sixteen days."

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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when I awoke, exhausted by the bad air I breathed, and in that condition best characterized by the word "sweaty." For three hours I tried to rest, but there was no rest for me. The atmosphere was intolerable—close, debilitating, poisoning. I can compare its effect to nothing but that of a July night in a seven by nine room under a roof with a southern exposure—without the power of refreshing anybody, and only competent to exhaust.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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At last I gave it up, and got up. The bed was changed into a seat, and having got a little pure air at the door, I disposed myself to sit the night out, which was not long. Before daylight the cars ran into the depot at Buffalo, and I took an omnibus for the Lockport cars that started from the other side of the city. It was in the gray frosty dawn which I jolted over the pavements of the still streets. Seeing a light in the office of the Courthouse, near the depot, from which the train was not to start for an hour, I got out and went in. There was a porter there, mostly asleep, and an Irish girl scrubbing the floor. I spent a dismal half hour in watching the graceful motions of the nymph of the mop, and finding myself rather hard up for comfort, put out for the depot. I was the first passenger, and another half hour was passed before the cars started.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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Arriving at Lockport, I was obliged to wait for the cars from Niagara Falls, and having been awake all night, I grew terribly hungry. There was no hotel near the depot, there was no refreshment room in it, so I strayed out and found a saloon where I purchased a cup of coffee and a doughnut. The former could have been worse, the latter could not have been larger. It was one of those stupendous achievements in art that are only attempted in the immediate vicinity of great works of Nature like the Niagara Falls.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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It was not late in the morning when I arrived at Albion, and being very tired I resolved to try a nap in the day time. I managed to get two hours of sleep, and awoke with the consciousness that the experiences of the night had given me a severe cold. Here was a serious complication of affairs, but there could be no backing out of the lecture. Straight to the church I must go and whisper if nothing more—for if there was anything that a lecture committee will never forgive it is the breaking of an engagement for an evening less than breaking one's neck. It is indeed a very serious thing with them, but they should remember that there are two sides to an engagement, and that a speaker owes certain duties to himself and to other committees interested in his health. But this has nothing to do with Albion, where at the appointed time I was on the stand, and where I suffered from the first hoursness of the winter.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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That night I slept well, and the next morning (Wednesday) I took the first train for Cazenovia. Cazenovia was the name of the station, fifteen miles east of Syracuse, and I lighted to take a stage twelve miles to Cazenovia. On inquiry I found that the stage would not get me to the village in time for the lecture, and that there was no livery stable within two miles and a half. He it remembered that at this date the country was undergoing a grand thaw. There had been much rain and the mud was deep and horrible. I finally chartered the only horse at the station to take me and my baggage to a place where I could have a horse to take me to Cazenovia. Arrived at Cazenovia, I saw a fine pair of horses which took me through a light open wagon, and I arrived in season with gratitude in my heart and a great deal of mud on my overcoat.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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The meantime my cold had been growing worse. It seemed impossible for me to speak that night. One thing was certain—that I could speak with little comfort, and credit to myself, but I could keep my engagement, and I knew that if I went before the audience I should read the lecture through in some way. I think it was a real triumph for me, and I was very uncomfortable, and the most that I can remember as a kind of finale face that came to me afterwards, and looked benignantly into mine for about five minutes, talking meantime of those whom both of us knew and loved.

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That night I took medicine and went to bed sick. I took medicine through the night and the next morning, still feeling miserably. I rose, breakfasted, and mounted the deck of the huge stage coach that runs to the Cazenovia depot. It was a most delightful morning. The air was very bland, and the brooks were laughing, but I was too sick to respond to their influence. It was slow, dull ride, but it was finished at last. We got just in season to see the tail end of a maelstrom passing out of sight toward Syracuse and I sat down in that miserably barren place to wait until half past one o'clock P. M., at which time the next train bound westward was due.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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That night (Thursday) I was engaged to lecture in Oswego, and I had been informed that the trains were run in such a way that there was no possibility of my getting to my destination until half past eight o'clock—rather a late lecture hour. I telegraphed to the committee for instructions. I received the comforting response, "Come through from Syracuse in a carriage. Don't fail." Of course—don't fail. That was a comfortable thought—no way of getting to Syracuse before two o'clock, and mud knee deep to a horse, sick, and a lecture to give at Oswego before sleeping. But the cars came at last, and I was standing in Syracuse. I ran into a livery stable office near the depot and paid ten dollars in advance for a two horse team and driver to take me through to Oswego, inside of five hours. That is, for ten dollars he agreed to lead me in Oswego as early as seven o'clock in the evening. The distance was thirty-six miles as nearly as I could make it out. While the horses were harnessing, I swallowed my dinner and was soon joggling along over a plank road after a pair of porters that did not please me at all. They did not look like the chaps for a staying job like that. Besides, the driver was exceedingly judicious and evidently did not intend the animals should be injured. In fact, he told me that he was not in the habit of driving, and that he was probably sent because the boss thought there was "some judgment to be used." Confound his judgment. How I wished he was a fool. I knew by the way we started that we should not make time, and when having passed over five miles of plank, we struck the mud of the common road, my heart sank with the horses and wheels. How we lived through the ten miles of mud that stretched from Liverpool to Phoenix, more than I can tell.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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Arrived at Phoenix we found that we had made fifteen miles in three hours. We had twenty-one miles to drive in two hours, and to make matters worse, the weather which up to noon had been mild, had changed to blustering cold. The wind blew so furiously that at times it almost stopped the horses. I was chills, discouraged and miserable, but I was bound to go through and urged the driver to urge his team. So we started for

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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The lecture done, I was soon on the road again, bound for Adams. This was the first of bad roads over which I did not dare ride. The fresh had thrown pieces of ice upon the road near the river, and drifts of snow were strewn along for two or three miles. A part of the distance I was obliged to go on foot. I could beat the horse out of sight. The train stood waiting at the depot when I arrived, and getting into a caboose with some twenty Irishmen and my kind friend, Mr. Day, we howled along towards Watertown. Of the lecture at Watertown that night I have no recollection, save that I lived through it and was glad.

Life in New York: Romance and Reality.

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Thus I have hinted at other than described, the discomforts of a week. I have said nothing of the struggle to appear cheerful and well when I ought to have been upon the bed, and of the oppressive, ever-present sense of necessity that was every moment upon me of going forward and fulfilling engagements, if the effort should even kill me. To say that all the weeks of a winter's lecturing are as hard as this would be to misrepresent the truth, but many of them are, and I recall one at least that was worse. It is all pretty to look at, but hard to do. The work

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Thus I have hinted at other than described, the discomforts of a week. I have said nothing of the struggle to appear cheerful and well when I ought to have been upon the bed, and of the oppressive, ever-present sense of necessity that was every moment upon me of going forward and fulfilling engagements, if the effort should even kill me. To say that all the weeks of a winter's lecturing are as hard as this would be to misrepresent the truth, but many of them are, and I recall one at least that was worse. It is all pretty to look at, but hard to do. The work

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Fulton, the next town, ten miles distant. We took, unluckily the wrong road—a road for a considerable distance piled with drifts. There was nothing but walking to be done for the first three miles. After that we made tolerable progress to Fulton, where I alighted at half past six, quite sad, cross and hungry. The horses were used up for the day, the night had come down pitch dark, and I had begun to care very little whether school kept in Oswego that night or not. I called for a cup of tea and some supper, to which I had hardly sat down when a gentleman came in, took his seat at my side and inquired if it was the gentleman who was to lecture at Oswego that night. Yes. How was I going to get there? Did not know. He had been there that day and had heard the people talking about it. They were very anxious I should get through. I presumed so. The gentleman grew nervous, and finally, "If you want a team that will put you through in an hour, I can get you one." I informed him that I had been humbugged one that day, and did not propose to be again. He immediately begged me to understand that he did not keep a livery stable, and that all he wanted to do was serve his Oswego friends.

By this time two cups of tea and a piece of steak had changed somewhat my state of mind, and I told him to bring on his horses. They were soon at the door, and after I had paid four dollars more for my new conveyance, I took my seat. The first movement on the part of the driver startled me. Each horse was served with a severe cut with the whip, and we started from the door and plunged in the darkness at a keen jump. How this team was guided on the road, or whether it was guided at all, I do not know. I could see nothing. I felt that I was going at a break neck speed, held my breath, and said not a word. The next motion began to exhilarate me, and at last the excitement of the ride wrought an entire transformation in my feeling. I was happy in the thought that I should get through, and I hardly knew when I have enjoyed anything more keenly than the last half hour of that splendid passage. Sometimes we almost ran into other vehicles, but somehow we hit nothing, and on we went, at the merriest rate possible. At last the street lights of Oswego began to show themselves, and we trotted into the city at a spanking pace, and the first thing I saw the horses was by one of the street lamps. They were lying in their work admirably, and were smoking in a way that showed that they had earned their money. We drove up to the Revenue House, and in five minutes I was ready for the lecture room. Of the reception I met there from a large and brilliant audience that had waited for me half an hour, and of the oyster supper afterwards, with a trio of the best fellows in the world, I remember much and gratefully, but will say nothing. I fully expected to wake the next morning after all that fatigue and exposure a sick man, but I opened my eyes at six, and was glad and grateful to find that I was rested. That night I was engaged to lecture at the little town of Vernon, eleven miles southwest of Rome, and five miles from the Central railroad. I took the first train out of Oswego for Syracuse, and at the latter place, my friend who held ten dollars of my money for carrying me no further than Fulton. He compromised good-naturedly, and I could not quarrel with him. I was obliged to wait five hours in Syracuse for a train that would get me to Vernon, the station for Vernon. It was very nearly night when I found myself in an extemporized omnibus, bound over the frozen ground (for it had frozen tight during the night) for Vernon. On the way over, I made an engagement with the driver to take me immediately after the lecture eleven miles to Rome, where it was necessary for me to be at an early hour on the following morning in order to meet my next engagement. I got supper and lectured at Vernon, though with difficulty, from horse-sickness and jet-lag.

After the lecture, while yet in the heat and perspiration of the effort, my driver came up to the door, and wrapped as warmly as possible, I went out to try eleven miles of the hardest travel I ever experienced. A rapid rate of progress would have broken any carriage. The road was as rough as it could be, and as hard as iron. But this was not the worst of it. The driver, a good fellow but given to experiments, had taken for this night ride a wild Black Hawk filly that did not seem to know what was expected of her, nor to have the slightest idea of the importance to lecture committees of her load. The first move she made was to swing round a corner so swiftly that it nearly upset us. I rode in for all the tedious way. There were lions in the way for a greater part of the distance and the colt saw them all. Tired, cold, sleepy and cross I found myself at midnight in a good hotel at Rome, and there I got five or six hours of sleep.

Refreshed somewhat, I rose on Saturday morning thanking God that it was Saturday morning, but still I was miserable enough. I had two lectures engaged for that day, one in the afternoon at a little village of Belleville, some fifty miles from Rome, on the road to Watertown, and in the evening at Watertown. I took a slow mixed train and it was fully 12 o'clock before I arrived at Pierpont Manor, the station nearest Belleville. On the way up, I ascertained that I had got to ride in a carriage eighteen miles from Belleville to Watertown, after lecturing at the former place at 2 o'clock. This was the straw that promised to break the camel's back. It seemed impossible for me to do it. It seemed really as if it would kill me. Stopping, however, at a station, we met the other passenger train, and forth from one of the cars issued my friend Addison Day, the new superintendent of the Watertown and Rome Railroad. He at once on hearing the circumstances of the case, promised to have the working train, running into Watertown in the afternoon, wait for me at the Adams station, and take me along. This was a God-send, and I rejoiced at it.

At Pierpont Manor I found a gentleman waiting with a horse and buggy to take me to Belleville, five miles