

MOWER COUNTY TRANSCRIPT

WASHBURN & GORLON, Publishers.
AUSTIN, MINN.

TAPS.

"Night draws her sable mantle on
And pins it with a star."
Darkness has come, and rest is won
By those who thro' the dusty way
Have marched their long and weary day
Across the prairies far.

And now the bugler from his tent
Comes forth to blow the call.
By him 'tis sent, the regiment
Will hear and know the hour has come
For sleep, until the rising sun
Shall summon one and all.

Lights out! Lights out! The bugle's clear
Notes falling on the air.
Sound to the ear now, far, now near;
Now almost ceasing, now enhanced
By echoes, o'er that wide expanse
Of prairies bleak and bare.

Lights out! Lights out! From every lamp
The light is seen to die.
With measured tramp around the camp
The sentries guard against their foes;
The rest are wrapped in sweet repose
Beneath the starry sky.

"Taps" falls far sweeter on the air
Than any other sound.
Like opiate rare, it soothes all care—
To weary men a blessing seems—
And pleasant are the soldier's dreams,
Tho' stretched upon the ground.

Ah, Taps, thy mournful signal call
Flouts o'er a new-made grave.
Thy soft notes fall where one from all
Life's weary march forever rests—
Asleep, where wild birds build their nests
Unmindful of the brave.
—John P. Forer, in N. Y. World.

CORSON'S WIFE.

Her Desperate Flight Over "The Twelve-Mile Horror."

It would be hard to find in the Rocky mountains a rougher stage-road than that which runs between the mining hamlets of Thunder Gulch and Squaw Forks. Indeed, if a worse road could be found, there are few persons who would care for a seat in the coach of the most careful driver.

This road is twelve or thirteen miles long. A few years ago a lady who ventured to ride over it called it "The Twelve-Mile Horror," and by this name the road is known to miners and travelers of the region. That the name is deserved the writer can testify, for he knows it to be truly a rambling thread over dizzy precipices and among black, gaping canyons. There are places along the verge of cliffs and around the jutting points of yawning gulches where the coach seems literally suspended in mid-air, and the rider, glancing over the wheels into the sheer, gaping space below, hastily pulls down the "flaps," closes his eyes, and leans dizzily back in his seat, not daring to look a second time.

For five years Gideon Fletcher, or "Gid," as he is commonly called, has driven the stage once each day, Sundays excepted, from Squaw Forks to Thunder Gulch and back. Of course, he has occasionally missed a trip, when slides or heavy falls of snow along the line have prevented him from running. Yet during all his fifteen hundred "round trips" he has never met with an accident serious enough to cause the loss of life or limb to his passengers. So trusty and sure-handed a driver is he that the "coaches" of the line will have no other, and they pay him double wages to keep him upon this particular stretch of their route. Only once has a coach been demolished or a horse killed under his management; but on that occasion he met with a double accident, under circumstances so striking and heroic as to be well worthy of narration.

It was some two years after Gideon had begun driving the coach upon this road that one day, as he came out from eating his dinner at "The Rough-and-Tumble House" of Thunder Gulch, a pale-faced young woman appeared at the rude gate, and beckoned to him.

"Are you the stage-driver that drives the stage to Squaw Forks this afternoon?" she asked, as he came up.

"I reckon I'm the chap yer lookin' fer, mum," said Gideon. "Want ter go down? Start in half a hour."

The woman glanced about nervously, as though fearful of being overheard, and then she said, hurriedly, and in a low voice:

"I'm from Corson's Camp. I'm Corson's wife; but he—they all—abuse me dreadfully, and the baby, too. Look here," and she threw an old bonnet she wore back from her forehead, and showed a great fresh scar across one temple.

"I got that last night. They do it when they're drunk, and they're drunk most of the time. Night before last one of 'em threatened to throw my baby into a hot spring. He said he'd 'kill the little imp, he would,' and oh, I can't! I don't dare to stay there any longer! I'm the only woman up at the camp, and to-day the men are all up at Big Horn Spring prospectin' for a new place, and so I've come to you to see if you won't take me away from this dreadful place."

"I've no money with me, an' no friends nearer than Denver. My folks live there, and I would have wrote to 'em to come and take me away if I dared; but I knew if Corson got wind of it before they got here, he'd kill me and the baby, too; for, though he's my husband, he's the most horrid and wicked man I ever saw, except the gang he keeps around him. Oh, will you let me go with you?"

"Wal, now, I sh'd smile!" answered Fletcher, in his hearty way. "You jest go 'n' git yer baby 'n' yer fixin's, 'n' we'll git out o' these diggin's in a jiffy."

"Oh, I doesn't come here to start,"

she replied; "but in an hour I'll be down at the mouth of the 'Gap' below. If I should come here, Corson would find out soon as he comes back that I'd started off with you, and they'd like enough catch us before we'd got down to the Forks."

"Some of 'em may be back any minute; like enough they're there now; but I'm going to sneak away with baby somehow if they are. There don't seem to be any body hangin' round here now. All off but the women folks, I s'pose, and it looks like I'd have a good chance to get off without any body's knowin' how or where I went," and with this she turned and sped away.

"I'll wait fer ye, sure," Gideon assured her as she started.

He hung about the stable of the Rough-and-Tumble longer than usual that noon, pretending to one of the women who came out presently that he had to "fix" something about his harness before he started on the return trip.

"Every body's gone off crazy 'bout the new placer up at Big Horn," they had told him at the table. "'n' I lef' nobody but ther women folks 't the Gulch."

In about an hour from the time he had finished dinner, Gideon and his coach were in waiting at the mouth of Melcher's Gap. It was about half an hour later when the woman, with her child in arms, came hurrying breathlessly down to him. She looked behind her frequently, and he saw as she approached that her face was white with fear and suspense.

The baby, a wretched little year-old object, dressed, like its mother, in mere rags, turned its poor and pitiful little face upon the driver with a wan smile that, as he said, "fetched" him "clear to the boots."

"Oh, you must drive fast," cried the poor woman, as she clambered into the coach without waiting for the proffered help, "for they're come back, as I was afraid! Corson and two of the men, and they're going to break camp and move up to Big Horn this afternoon. They doesn't trust me there alone, for I am some good to 'em in cookin' and keepin' camp. I knew this was the last chance to git free, so I took the baby and started down to the spring for a pail of water, and when I got out of sight, I jist run for here, and you must go, go, for they'll sure be after us!"

"I'll go fast enough," answered Gideon, cheerily, "an' don't you be afraid they'll catch us neither on them litle mounting ponies."

But though he spoke with such assurance and determination, he did not feel at all sure of the outcome of a race if the men at Corson's Camp should soon discover the woman's flight and follow. He felt that he had undertaken an extremely hazardous exploit, considering the dangerous route he had to drive over, and the characters of the men, who, he had no doubt, would be upon his trail within the next half hour.

The spring at Corson's Camp he knew was in a ravine at the head of Melcher's Gap, and as this canyon was the only outlet in that direction, Corson could not long remain ignorant of his wife's line of flight after he had discovered, as he soon must, that she was truly gone.

But the woman and her baby in such evident and distressing need of rescue had "fetched" him, and the brave driver, looking to his revolvers to see that the chambers were all loaded, drew in the lines and urged forward his horses at as great a rate of speed as the nature of the road would warrant.

For a half hour or more the coach rattled forward at a dangerous pace, for these first few miles were the roughest part of the road. Up and down it went through deep gorges, scaling precipitous "hog backs," and swaying far above the verge of cavernous canyons. From the point of every turn that commanded a view of the trail behind, Gid cast anxious glances backward, to note if any one were yet in pursuit.

At the "half-way stone," which was supposed to mark a spot midway between Thunder Gulch and Squaw Forks, was a height from which a good portion of the road for two miles back could be seen, and here it was that the driver discovered, indeed, that Corson and his men were following them. A single glance sufficed to reveal them—three horsemen—riding at a breakneck gallop over the crest of a long hog-back, some mile and a half in the rear of the coach.

"A flight for life," thought Gideon, and he cracked his long whip over the ears of the already fratted stage team. The horses were not unwilling to go faster, however, on the contrary they seemed nervous and frightened at such unusual driving, and sprang forward at a pace which the driver soon found necessary to check by vigorous pulling at their reins.

"Are they coming, did you see them?" screamed the woman, frightened at the swaying and rocking of the stage as they rounded a curve.

"Oh, we're all right!" the driver shouted back, evading a direct answer. The road ain't bad, hyar! An' I'm a-tryin' ter make up fer whar 'tis. The coach tore along, pitching crazily down into deep gulches, and swaying wildly above the crests of abrupt cliffs or the sides of gulf-like ravines.

It was quite a number of minutes before Gideon caught sight of the pursuing horsemen again, but when he did, as they came around the point of a mountain spur, they had gained perceptibly upon the coach, and the question of being overtaken had narrowed to one merely of time. And now the driver began to canvass the chances

of making a successful defense when he should be finally overtaken.

There was a point nearly two miles ahead, where, if he could only reach it, the road ran along the foot of a narrow ledge and above a precipitous gulch, and where he thought he might halt the coach behind a sheltering point of rocks, and "stand off" their pursuers with his revolvers. He was now determined at every hazard to keep the woman and her child out of the clutches of her pursuers.

With this goal and end in view, then, he drove with a recklessness which in any less urgent case would have been mad, indeed. More than once the poor woman screamed with fright, as the hack lunged forward or careened over, and ran for several yards on two wheels.

But Fletcher kept a steady and strong rein upon his animals, and threw his weight on one side or the other, as the coach rocked and threatened to overturn.

Several minutes passed in this mad flight, when, glancing back at a smoother turn, the driver caught another view of Corson and his men; they were now pressing hard upon him. There was but a few minutes more to spare in racing, but Gideon had reached a point where, if no accident should occur, he felt certain of gaining the narrow pass.

His horses were sweating profusely from fright and exertion, but still seemed full of energy. On, on, they flew. It was wonderful that the coach kept right side up, while the poor frightened woman inside clung frantically to her seat with one arm, and to her babe with the other.

Another half mile was passed safely, and Gideon felt a thrill of triumph as he struck the mountain spur, upon the other side of which he felt sure of making a successful stand against their pursuers. Both at the Gulch and the Forks, he was known as a "crack shot" with his revolvers, and those three fellows, he thought, with no little judgment, wouldn't care "to run up agin' 'em," when once he had gained the shelter of the jutting rocks on the other side.

But just as he reached the point of the spur, and when too late, he remembered a dangerous curve in front where, going at their present rate of speed, the hack must inevitably be thrown off the ledge by its own momentum. It was a short turn up a steep bench with a ledge above and a chasm below. He threw all his weight in a backward pull upon the lines, but the team, now thoroughly frightened and wildly excited by their furious run, refused to obey the reins, and plunged recklessly ahead.

They were now within a few rods of the fatal turn, and Gideon, foreseeing instant catastrophe, dropped the lines, sprang over the back of his seat, and catching both woman and child in his arms, jumped out with them upon the upper side of the road. They were scarcely out of the hack when the vehicle "sloughed" off the road, overturned, and, as it did so, wrenched the team off the narrow "dug-way."

The poor animals scrambled resistingly for an instant, then one lost its footing and fell; the other plunged over it, and coach and all went crashing into the bottom of the gulch below. Gideon had time to note this, as he says, even while tumbling with his precious freight from the bank of the spur, against which he had leaped into the roadbed.

Luckily the bank at that point was of earth instead of rocks—the ledge was but a few steps further on—and the three, though shocked and jarred, were unharmed by their violent exit from the hack.

Gideon, however, did not stop an instant to note whether the woman or her child were injured, but gathering the baby on one arm and grasping its mother's arm with his free hand, ran forward, carrying the one and fairly dragging the other.

Just a few steps beyond the ledge were several big bowlders on the lower side of the road. To gain the shelter of those before Corson and his men came in sight was now Gid's object. Before the bowlders were reached, he could hear the clatter of hoofs around the curve. The men were in close pursuit and riding hard, but by dint of great exertion Gideon reached the rocks with his charges a minute or two before the pursuers rounded the point.

"Set close behind hyar," he commanded the woman, "and hyar, take yer baby 'n' keep es quiet 'n' es cool es yer kon."

Then he drew a revolver from one of the holsters at his hips, and dropping upon his knees at a spot where he could peer through between two of the bowlders, cocked the weapon, and leveled it upon the road preparatory to halting the fellows with a shot as soon as they came in sight.

It had not a second to wait before the leader appeared at a point just beyond where the stage and team had gone off the bench and over the cliff. It was Corson himself, but he had "slowed up," and, before Gideon could make up his mind to fire, he suddenly drew rein, and gave utterance as he did so to a loud and excited oath.

He had discovered what had happened to the stage, by means—as was afterward proved—of a sheep-skin seat-cushion, which had been flung out of the hack as it overturned, and had lodged on top of the ledge.

either he dared not go near enough to the verge of the precipice to see plainly to the base, or he could not clearly make out the wreck on account of the chaparral thicket below, for, after gazing a minute, he shook his head decidedly, as though convinced that passengers and all had gone over, and then all three quickly remounted, wheeled their ponies about upon the "dug-way," and disappeared as rapidly as they came.

"Unyhugh!" grunted Gideon, with great satisfaction, "ye think ye've run us over thar 'n' smashed the hull out of it, don't ye, 'n' ye've skipped mighty sudden fer far 't' sumun 'd come along 'n' diskiver yer deviltry, haint ye?"

Then he told Mrs. Corson to get up, and taking the child from her arms—the scared little thing had kept as quiet as a young partridge in hiding—helped her to rise and led her out upon the road.

The woman had seemed like one dazed while lying there in hiding, but now that she understood that the man she so feared had really gone she plucked up courage, and declared that she could easily walk the remainder of the way to Squaw Forks—there being no habitations at that time between the two points.

They reached the little town after a wearisome tramp over the rough road. Their arrival and the story of their adventure and escape created great excitement among the miners, who gathered at one of the stores that evening and raised two hundred dollars to give to the woman, besides paying her stage fare in advance to the near-by railway station where she could take a train for Denver.

The coach and the team were discovered the next day, a shapeless wreck, having taken a clear plunge of nearly one hundred feet. Only the mail was rescued.

Corson and his gang "pulled up stakes" and left the region immediately, and it was well for them that they did, for as the story of the woman's sufferings became known, the irate miners would surely have lynched them if they had not taken themselves away.—Frank Welles Collins, in Youth's Companion.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Origin of Those Now Observed Among Civilized People.

One woman in England has followed the example of a Boston woman in declining to part with her maiden name on being married. She has been examining the antiquities that pertain to marriage, and has ascertained, to her own satisfaction at least, that subjecting a bride to the infliction of giving up her own name and taking that of her husband is a relic of barbarism. She says that in a distant and savage age a man branded his wives he acquired—that is, put his name or some mark upon them, just as he did on his horses and cattle. This showed that they were his property, and that he could do with them as he chose. The practice of branding the brides has been abandoned, but their names are still entered in a book which resembles a registry of animals. This shows that their husbands regard them as property. She is disgusted with the low origin of this bridal custom, and accordingly declined to have any thing to do with it.

If this independent woman had looked into the origin of certain other bridal customs she would probably have found that they were also relics of barbarism. The first marriage-ring was not made of gold, neither was it placed on a finger of the left hand. It was made of iron and was placed about the neck. To this a rope or chain was attached for convenience of tying the creature up when occasion required. A branded wife might escape, but on secured by a ring and chain would find considerable difficulty in getting away. The pearl necklace now much desired by brides has been slowly evolved from the primitive iron chain and is another relic of barbarism.

The custom of making bridal presents is of savage origin. It dates back to the distant time when girls were bought like horses and cattle. If a man did not have sheep and goats enough to enable him to purchase a girl he took a fancy to his friends' chipped in and helped him out. Each of them expected to receive similar help when he got ready to invest in a wife. For the purchase of a likely and high-priced girl so many animals were ordinarily brought together that some of them were killed and roasted for the purpose of feeding the crowd. Such was the origin of the modern wedding breakfast.

The bridal tour is of very savage as well as very ancient origin. It antedates the earliest bridal gifts and the first wedding breakfast. It carries us back to the time when young females were not thought to be of sufficient value to exchange other property for. They were lassoed and led away captives or carried off on the back of a horse or a camel. One object of the primitive bridal tour was to get the girl away from her parents, who were presumed to want her services. Another was to show her that she was a captive and found the hope of rescue. Some fond husbands probably made the trip as pleasant as circumstances would allow, they having been among the first to learn that obstinate creatures are conquered by kindness more easily than by continuous harsh treatment.

If a young woman has a prejudice against relics of barbarism that amounts to aversion she should not enter into the estate of matrimony.—Chicago Times

METALS AS MEDICINES.

An Important Discovery Indorsed by Many Medical Authorities.

Another Frenchman has announced what is considered an important discovery by well-informed specialists. Time was when gold was credited with the power of prolonging life if taken as a medicine. Dr. Burg, a French chemist of eminence, asserts that this belief was not all error. For a number of years he has been experimenting to ascertain the influence of the various metals on the human organism. Some ten years ago he came forward with the proposition that copper and the acids of copper were not injurious to the health as commonly believed. After some discussion the majority of specialists in France and Germany agreed with him. He pursued his investigations and arrived at the conclusion that copper and its acids are powerful tonics. He extended his field of investigation and became the founder of a new system of healing diseases by means of metals, such as gold, silver, aluminum, copper, etc.

He enumerates a number of "metal cures" in a report to the French Academy of Science. Among them may be mentioned a case of hysterics cured with aluminum; a case of a peculiar dizziness cured with gold and silver; and a case of violent hysterics cured in ten minutes by means of silver. His own father suffered from diabetes; he was cured with iron and died at the age of eighty-six.

Recently a number of remarkable cures have been performed in the hospital of Méricourt, Paris. A journeyman butcher was in a few days cured of violent cramps in one arm by means of copper. The metal did not come in contact with the sick limb; yet its effects were so wonderfully strong that the experimenting physician could transplant the cramp from one arm to another. Many similar cures are reported by reliable scientists. A number of well-known medical authorities have indorsed the "system" of Dr. Burg, and its sanguine advocates predict that it will effect a complete revolution in the science of practical medicine.—Minneapolis Tribune.

DRY FORK'S JOTTINGS.

Newsy Notes from a Prosperous and Happy Kentucky Village.

Items from Dry Fork, Ky.: Judging from the present prospects we will have a good wheat crop. Mose Sevier was buried day before yesterday.

The last cold snap was the worst we've had since 1864. Uncle Alf Parker that was stabbed by Uncle Steve Miller in February, died yesterday. We are having a good deal of wind.

Rev. Harker P. Morris preached for us last Sunday. He took his text from Matthew, and handled it in a most able manner. Steers run away with Bud Silson the other day and killed him. The peach crop, Uncle Billie Patterson says, is all right. Aunt Nancy Patterson, his wife, killed herself eating dried peaches last Wednesday. She was highly respected by every one who knew her, and would have been fifty-six years old next month if dried peaches had not snatched her from this vain and shallow world of woe and wickedness.

A good many people have professed religion at the revival now going on over at Caney. Elder Sewell is a wheel-horse and a snorter, and is said to be one of the best folder-pullers in the country. Job Andrews was kicked in the face by a mule last Monday. He may get well, but his face is badly spoiled. His sister Mattie that was so fond of dancing has professed religion. Tom Whitesides was killed the other day by Luke Bradshaw.

Dr. A. H. Collins, of Grand Glaize, Ark., is visiting Miss Pannie Macintosh, of this place. The Doc hasn't changed much since he was here last, with the exception of the fact that the hair is slipping off the top of his head pretty fast. I reckon he and Miss Pannie will marry pretty soon, but it is said that the Doc's father is mightily opposed to the match. It is true that Miss Pannie is cross-eyed and tongue-tied, and powerfully speckled about the face, but she can bake as good corn-bread as any body in the community. Her brother Bill was killed Friday.

There is mighty little going on in our neighborhood.—Arkansas Traveler.

Miseries of City Life.

Mrs. Maggins (who has just opened a side window, after dusting)—O, dear! This living in a block just makes me sick. Whew! The smell of that horrid cigar Mr. Richman next door is smoking just fills this whole room. I should think people would have more sense and decency.

Daughter—Some folks never think of any one but themselves. "No, they don't. By the way, my dear, just step out into the kitchen and tell Bridget it's time to put on the cabbage and onions and get the cod-fish ready."—Omaha World.

Whoppers From Texas.

Near Sanderson, Tex., a hunter came across a herd of ten deer; he killed nine and wounded the remaining one.

Four hunters in the southern part of Pecos County, Tex., have killed four hundred deer during the past hunting season (three months).—Detroit Free Press.

—Friend—"What, Jobbing, back from the West so soon? Didn't you meet with success?" Jobbing (sadly)—"Yes; but it wouldn't stop it speak."—Egner's Bazar.

PITH AND POINT.

—A hedge between keeps friendship green.

—If you have no enemies mark yourself down as of no account.

—Some newspapers are too dull to be worth filing.—Puck

—Beauty is but skin deep. There is no peach so handsome as a sour clingsone.

—A lot of city mothers could manage city affairs better than the average gang of city fathers.—N. O. Picayune.

—In the wrestle between man and rum, the oftener the man downs the rum the more surely will the rum come out on top.

—A clergyman said he never knew a rogue who was not unhappy. Of course not; it is the rogues who are not known that are the happy ones.

—If the regrets which too often lie at the end of life could be put into firm resolutions at the beginning, they would alter the affairs of life.

—The Coffin Trust is a grave undertaking, but it ought to flourish long enough to provide all the other trusts with burial cases.—Philadelphia Press.

—Calumnny, says a philosopher, is like a coal, if it does not burn it with soil. Yes, and calumnny warms a man about as well as coal, too. Still, we prefer coal.—Life.

—It is by plodding steadily along, day in and day out, that we achieve our successes. They who make their gains otherwise are eccentricities, and not fit, therefore, to be taken as examples.

—There are a good many people who are absolutely sure that they could make an undying literary reputation for themselves if they could only think of something to say.—Somerville Journal.

—"Here are five gold dollars," said grandpa to little Harry, "one for each of your birthdays. What more could a little shaver like you wish for?" "Only that I was as old as you grandpa," was the reply.—Youth's Companion.

SOME WITTY ANSWERS.

Amusing Remarks Made in English Courts of Law.

Our courts of law have furnished us at various times with very witty and amusing remarks, lawyers and prisoners alike being guilty on this score. Doubtless every one has heard of the Irishman who, in reply to the question: "Guilty, or not guilty?" said "he would like to hear the evidence before he would plead." A magistrate in another case was dealing with a vagrant, and in a severe tone addressed him thus: "You have been up before me half a dozen times this year," thereby giving him to understand that he had appeared too often on the scene. The prisoner, however, was equal to the occasion, for he replied: "Come, now, judge—none of that. Every time I've been here I've seen you here. You are here more than I am. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

Curran, the Irish advocate, was one day examining a witness, and, failing to get a direct answer, said: "There is no use in asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face." "Do you, sir?" said the man, with a smile. "Faix, I never knew before that my face was a looking-glass." On another occasion he was out walking with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation. The latter, hearing a person near him say crossly for curiosity, exclaimed: "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran; "he has only knocked an 't' out!"

"Prisoner at the bar," said a judge, "is there any thing you would wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening, if it was agreeable to the company."

"I remember," says Lord Eidon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours he observed: 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' Please you, my lord," said one of the eleven, "he has gone away about some business; but he has left his verdict with me."

This is almost on a par with a case tried in one of the Lancashire courts, when Serjeant Cross was a resident barrister in that county. The jury, having consulted all agreed upon their verdict, were addressed by the clerk of the peace: "How say you, gentlemen of the jury; do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?" "What say you? I dunnot understand," said the foreman.

"Why, as you have decided, all I want to know is whether your verdict is for the plaintiff or the defendant." The foreman was still greatly embarrassed; but he replied: "Why, I raly dunnot know, but we're for him as Mester Cross is for."

Lord Cockburn's looks, tones, language and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion, before he was raised to the bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convince the judge and jury of the innocence of his client, yet he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for, say, the 20th of January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man, the latter seized him by the gown, saying: "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got justice." To this the advocate coolly replied: "Perhaps not; but you'll get it on the 20th of January."—Chambers' Journal.