WEBKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE

CORVALLIS. - - - JUNE 6, 1879.

(4)

DIPSOMANIA; OR, THE SONG OF THE DRUNKARD.

Another drop, if another step nearer to hell, I crave for it madly, I love it so well; I long for it, I yearn for it, my tongue for it thirsts,

thirsts, Another drop quickly or my heart for it How I sigh for it, I would die for it, and get it

I must, My palate for whiskey's as dry as the dust. The publican loves me, I am his best friend, For all that I earn with him weekly I spend. He says there's none he likes better to see-None ever he took to so much as to me; I am welcome, he's told me a thousand times over.

o'er, To read, frequent and carouse in his store. "Yes, friend," he has said, "you have liberty

here To drink and partake of my wine and my beer Drink of it what you like, what you wish to

your ease. A pint or a quart, ay, a gill if you please." Another drop, another drop, another ful

Another drop, another drop, another hur bowl, Another full goblet to appease my sad soul. Hand the nectar around, around let it pass, For what can enliven or cheer like the glass? Let me gloat o'er its top, steep my senses it drink,

drink, Or into a reveire beside its brink sink. Do what I may after, pass the brimming cuj

Till my thirst is assuaged and my sorrow

drowned. How much it invigorates, gladdens the soul! My eyes how they glisten to behold the wine

My eyes how they glisten to behold the win bowl! My hand's ever eager to pass it about, To my ear it is music to hear it poured out. How it fliters the brain, enlivens the mind, Draws forth the true nature, be it coarse or re-fined.

fined. How pleasing it is to my taste and my sense, To drain to the bottom the goblet's contents. If sorrow affects thee, or aught makes the

soon undeceived.

enough for me."

me to give you a bill."

how he befriended me?"

corting his customer to the door.

ndthrifts make

"Five thousand guineas, my Lord,' said the pawnbroker, quietly. "Very well; I will sign you a check."

though," suggested the peer. "They are said to be worth fifteen thousand

"You had better examine the stones

fret; If the cares of the world you want to forget; If these give thee pain, if these cause distress; If the trials of life thy spirits oppress; If you care to be happy, if you seek to find

joy. Fly at once to the temple of Bacchus, my boy. Drink there the drink the gods prescribes thee, guineas, but people sometimes make mis-takes about those things."

Drink there the drink the gods prescribes thee, and pain Shall never thy heart's or thy mind's peace break agwin. Then sgain let me drink again to my fill, My spirits to quicken, my conscience to kill. Let me smother my thoughts, let me steep them in wine. Oh! what is so soothing, O, what's so divine!

Let world chastise me, admonish, reprove; Let friends turn against me, or hold from me their love. Tho' neighbors may chide me, still a toper I'll be

I'll be As long as grim Death keeps his fingers off What matter, anent, neighbor, friends, chil-

dren or wife. What care I what they say, how they battle

thro' life. Let them do as I do to an inch or a letter. And soon they will find themselves wiser and

better; Let them quaff as I quaff, and drink as I

drink, And little of trouble, 1'll warrant, they'll

think-Their tears will be dried, their sorrow be gone, And they'll reck not a jot what the morrow brings on. Tectotalers may argue abstinence as they

please, But I'll tell them that love of alcohoi's a more, with a forced smile, as he fingered

disease. Remember the drunkard's craving within, Which must be appeased, however great is the sin. Is the reason that they are so temperate a lot Because they won't drink, or because they

cannot. I fancy half that declare they would not, Would drink if they could, tho' they say we should act.

A "Popping of Diamonds."

soliloquized Lord Rorymore, stepping Lady Rorymore's diamonds are among into his brougham, with his jewels under his arm. "I wonder whether there are the finest in this country. Every one thinks highly of them excepting her la-dyship herself and her husband. This more like him." But, musing in this requires explanation, and the same shall strain, he felt uncomfortable, and vowed be given immediately. to repay the money at the earliest possi-

About five years ago Lord Rorymore, ble date.

the day when Mr. Triball called on him. some imitation stones which were so like the genuine that it was scarcely possi-ble to detect the difference even on close Lord Rorymore had never seen or heard of the pawnbroker, but he saw him sevscrutiny. Lady Rorymore argued with considerable sophistry to justify herself in deceiving her husband—just as my lord had done on his side. On her eral times in the course of subsequent years, for the father and son would pay him periodical visits to remind him that their gratitude was not dead, and that to their lives' ends they would 'regard him as their benefactor. Of all these facts return to London she lost no time in go ing to the bank (without informing her husband), and on asking to have young Lord Rorymore was ignorant, and jewels given up to her she learned, he brought his jewels to Mr. Triball through some inadvertent remarks of a without having any idea of the emotion which his visit was going to cause. clerk, that Lord Rorymore had withdrawn all the jewels in her absence and He entered the establishment through had but lately returned them.

the shop door, and handed his card to "Ah, then, I am too late," muttered her ladyship, with sudden misgiving, and she turned quite pale, feeling con-vinced that her husband must have foreone of the clerks. In a minute he was requested to step into a parlor, and there he found a sedate old gentleman, who made him a bow and ushered him to a stalled her. "Oh, what baseness !" she exclaimed within herself. "But if I seat near the fire. A moment's awkward-ness followed, for Lord Rorymore, who had brought the jewel cases in a parcel under his arm, felt ashamed as he untied find he has done this mean thing I will never forgive him; everybody shall know it. I'll petition for a divorce." Her ladyship was almost beside herself with anxiety and rage as she left the bank and the string; but Mr. Triball, who looked at him, felt more ashamed still. When the jewels lay exposed, and Lord Rorymore stated his errand, the pawnbroker's ordered her coachman to drive her to Mr. Triball's. She had heard of this face reddened, and he hung his head, race reddened, and he hung his head, evidently troubled by the story of ex-travagance and impending ruin which he guessed. He had placed the Rory-mores so high in his esteem—he had, as it were, built them a shrine in his heart; broker being the cleverest expert in diamonds Mr. Triball was seated in his office

"Very

parlor, looking into the fire in a reflec-tive mood, and thinking of Lord Roryand here was the heir of this great house more, when her ladyship was announce already dilapidating its fortunes! Lord She flounced in, trailing a skirt of two Rorymore, noticing the confusion on yards' length after her, and plumped Triball's face, interpreted it as a symplown all her jewels on the table. tom of unwillingness to lend; but he was "Mr. Triball, I heard you were a good

udge of diamonds," said she, excitedly. "I want you to tell me truly whether these stones are genuine." "Pray be seated," said the pawn-

broker ; and he took up the largest case with his most serious air. "Yes, your ladyship, these diamonds are quite genuine, and very fine ones." "Are you quite sure?" asked Lady

"The Rorymore diamonds are well known," answered Mr. Triball, as he sat down to his writing table; "but I have no wish to keep these jewels in pledge. If your lordship requires money, I shall be happy to lend it. Your word is Rorymore, all trembling. "I was afraid they had been tampered with. I have they had been tampered had a dishonest servant." "They are perfectly genuine, and of the finest water," repeated the pawn-

broker. "Ah ! thank Heaven !" exclaimed her "Well, but this is really very obligladyship, with a great sigh of relief. "Well, then, Mr. Triball, will you buy ing," remarked Lord Rorymore, natural-ly astonished, as the pawnbroker handed him his check. "I shall only want the them of me?'

"Buy them, Lady Rorymore?" He stood a moment dumbfounded; but immediately my lady overwhelmed him with a flood of talk, mingled with tears. money a few days; but you must allow "Pay me at your convenience," said the pawnbroker, civilly. "There was a slight pause, and then he added: "Lord She told him of her debts, sorrows, ap-prehensions. She was almost afraid she Rorymore, your father once rendered me a service which my whole fortune would would be beaten if the amount of her debts came to be known. In short, she not repay. I am only too glad to be able to oblige his son." "Oh, indeed—ah! We ought to count as old friends, then," said Lord Roryhad now but one resource in the world, and if Mr. Triball refused to buy her jewels, and give her some others of paste, she was sure that she should fall exceedingly ill and perhaps die. Here there was some more weeping and wring-

the draft. "I had never heard that-" Your father did not tell you, then, ing of hands. Mr. Triball had sat through all this "No, he said nothing about it." "That was just like him," exclaimed trying scene without making any remark.

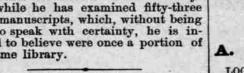
He nodded at times, that was all. When Mr. Triball, with feeling. "Your father his fair visitor had quite finished speaking, he said quietly: "I suppose you know, Lady Rorymore, that I have no right to buy these jewels of you without your husband's authority?" was a good and noble man, my lord.' This was said as the pawnbroker was es-"Duced queer money-lender that."

"Oh, but they are not entailed; and, besides, he will never know," exclaimed her ladyship, who seemed to have the law at her fing rs' ends. "Can you assure me that he will never

know ? "Never, I promise you, never !" Well, on this unders

[Contemporary Review.] The famous Corvina Library was colected by Corvinus, at Buda, and in forming the collection he enjoyed the sympathizing assistance of Lorenzo de Medici and the scholarly aid of Politian. The library was completely scattered to the winds by the Turks after the battle of Mohaez, in 1726, a calamity to learning which, in Haliam's opinion, transcended that of the burning of the Alex-andrian library by Omar. What became of the books, fabled to amount to 50,000 in number, no one could tell. Some found their way to Vienna, a few more to Constantinople, but the vast majority remained totally unaccounted for. Even the contents of the library became a matter of considerable speculation, and the late Lord Stranford made a diligent search in the portion preserved in the seraglion on he Bosporus in the faint hope of lighting upon the lost decades of Livy or some of the missing plays of Æschylus. The infant press of Hess of Buda had contributed a few printed volumes, but by far the greater part were manuscripts at that time much more highly valued than the comparatively rude productions of the printer's art. According to Pro-fessor Fischer the collection had already suffered considerably from depredators long before the battle of Mohacz. The successors of King Corvinus cared nothing for literature, and Waldislaus II. permitted foreigners to borrow without restriction. They availed themselves of restriction. They availed themselves of the privilege with alacrity. Royal libra-rians, English abbots, German cardi-nals and Viennesse professors all "borrowed" without the slighest notion of returning. In this way

some of the volumes found their way into the hands of Pirkheimer, of Nuremberg, and thence in the seven teenth century into the collection formed by the Earl of Arundel, and are now in the possession of the British Museum. Masario, the Secretary of the Venetian embassy at Buda, writing in 1520, after a cursory examination of the library gives it as his impression that nearly all the more valuable manuscripts had already been abstracted. Prof. Fischer has been at considerable pains to trace the subsequent fortunes of this ill-fated collection, which, after careful consideration, he is not inclined to estimate numberically at much over 3000 volumes. Of these he has identified at Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Berlin, Wolten-buttel and elsewhere no less than sixtytwo, while he has examined fifty-three more manuscripts, which, without being able to speak with certainty, he is in-clined to believe were once a portion of the same library.



French Royal Exiles.

When the Court d'Artois resided in Holyrood House, during the period of his exile, the severity of his English creditors confined him to the privileged limits of the palace. Sunday being the only day of entire freedom, he used to walk the streets, and was exceedingly struck with the decorous behavior of the people and their provide results. their regular attendance at public wor-ship. He observed that certainly the

ship. Divine blessing must protect in a peculiar manner a nation who honpeople to play at tennis as was usual. Unwillingly relinquishing this amuse-I WIII ment, they had recourse to backgammon purchase the diamonds of you for four-teen thousand pounds," said Mr. Triball. "But mind, Lady Borymore, I rely upon This he also forbade. They were unconsolably under the heavy evil of spending a day without amusement, and warmly your word that this shall be kept a remonstrated "that their religion required no austerity." "True," said he "this forbearance makes no part of my religion, but I think it is a respect which we owe to the hospitality and the mor-ally decent conduct of the nation under whose protection we live, to give up a trifling gratification that is incompatible with their ideas of sanctity and decorum." When the famly of this Prince left Edinburgh a few of his followers, either from infirmity or narrow circumstances, remained behind, receiving much kindness from the neighboring gentry, who daily sent them pres-ents of game, fruit, etc. On the restoration of the Bourbons they prepared to join them; but before their departure a eneral illumination took place after the attle of Leipsic, on which occasion they placed a transparency in their windows bearing this inscription, not too familiar to Frenchmen : "Eternal Gratitude for Generous Hospitality." There are those who take up so much in which to practice. They are like the cinnamon tree, for the bark is the best part of them. A short time ago a Danbury man had forty dollars stolen from him. The thief was subsequently struck with remorse and sent back twenty dollars, with a note to the effect that as soon as he received more remorse he would send back the

he necessary inf

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after heavy losses on the turi, thought to recoup himself by some stiff play at which they are unable to keep. In the baccaret, a game much in favor at Pink's course of a few days Lord Rorymore was club, of which he was an assiduous member. Having lost for twenty nights in succession, he one morning found him-self in the unpleasant position of not knowing where to look for five thousand guineas which had been won of him over night, and which he had to pay before sunset. He might have mattered after collecting his quarter's rents and a great deal of money paid for timber, corn and cattle. This time Lord Rorysunset. He might have mortgaged some sunset. He might have mortgaged some of his acres, for the Rorymore estates were not yet "dipped" to their full ex-tent, but mortgaging involves formali-ties which consume time; he might have borrowed of usurers, who would have ties which consume thic, borrowed of usurers, who would have been happy to lend him on his note of hand at thirty per cent., but he was not in such desperate plight as to care to pay wire's jewels and having diamonds of paste put into the settings in their place. The first time this petty idea oc-curred to him he dismissed it promptly, but under the pressure of need it recertainty that his check to any amount would be honored; but Lord Rorymore had private reasons for desiring not to place himself under obligations toward his bankers. They were a square-toed firm, who had once or twice ventured on respectful remonstrances touching his lordship's reckless sale of scrip amassed during the late peer's lifetime; and, in fact, Lord Rorymore, being still a young man, stood in some awe of them. Under these perplexing circumstances it oc-curred to my lord that if he could raise some money for a few weeks on part of his wife's diamonds there would be no harm done. Quarterday was but a fortnight distant, and rents would be coming in; so that the jewels could be pledged and redeemed without Lady Rorymore knowing anything about it. Her ladyship had just started on a month's visit to her parents in Scotland, and the diamonds—that is, the most valnable among them-were lodged in a safe at the bank. Lord Rorymore had scarcely conceived his project when he put it into execution by driving to his bankers and removing his jewels. Then he hied him to to the pawnbroker's. Mr. Triball, the broker in question,

was one of the wealthiest members of the trade, but in so far as Lord Rorymore was concerned he was something else besides a money lender; he was an unsuspected friend. Twenty years previously the late Lord Rorymore had rendered Mr. Triball a service which the latter had never forgotten, and could never forget, so inestimable was it. He had saved young Triball from a criminal prosecution which might have resulted in his being transported for life. Triball in his being transported for life. Triball junior had been in those days a wild and bad young dog, who almost broke his parents' hearts through his evil courses; but he was an only child, and they loved him so that, when he committed the atrocious offense which put him in the grip of the police, there was nothing they would not have done to save him. It so happened that old Lord Rorymore was in a position to rescue the lad through the interest he possessed with the parties who were prosecutors in the case. So Mr. Triball sought out the peer and fairly threw himself on his knees, beseeching his assistance. Not only did Lord Rorymore accede to his prayer, but, after he had stopped the peculiarity in Lord Rorymore that, alprosecution so promply that no scandal

again in straits, owing to losses on the turf and at cards; and, to make matters more was truly in a lamentable predica but under the pressure of need it re-curred again and again. Lord Rory-more kept on repeating to himself that curred but once or twice a year, so that they were virtually like so much dor-mant, unprofitable capital. Once Lord Rorymore had begun reasoning in this way, he soon schooled himself to the be-lief that he should be foolish if he let himself be arrested by squeamish scru-ples. The upshot was that he returned to Mr. Triball's shop, partly impelled by the reflection that in selling his jewels to the pawnbroker he would be quashing that debt of five thousand guineas which had been irksome to him from the first. Mr. Triball was not prepared for the prosposal which Lord Rorymore made him at this new visit. He had trusted that his manner of granting the former loan would convey a rebuke to the young peer, and it had given him exquisite pleasure to reflect that he might have been instrumental in winning back the son of his benefactor to straight courses. It, therefore, caused him proportionate pain when he saw to what expedients Lord Rorymore was now descending. A pawnbroker may be a highly honorable, kindly man, and Mr. Triball was so. He

"Eternally. Oh, I am sure this is very kind of you, and I shall never for-get it," whimpered my lady, whose heart beat an ecstatic tattoo as the pawnbroker's pen signed the check. A week later Lady Rorymore received a suite of diamonds which she believed to be of paste, and deemed, for her part, quite as nice as the others. * * * *

Lord and Lady Rorymore have mended their manners and their fortunes since the aforementioned events, and now that they have settled down into sober ways of living, a pang of regret occasionally assails them both, because of those family diamonds which they sold. They are uneasy, too, about the deceit which each practiced towards the other. Every time my lady sports her diamonds (and she does so as seldom as possible), she is in horrible fear lest some accident should betray them to be of paste, and Lord Rorymore feels equally uncomfortable, insomuch that he loathes gala festivities of every sort. But all who see Lady of every sort. But all who see Lady Rorymore's diamonds on those rare occa-sions when she shines in them, are agreed that for size and sparkle such brilliants are scarcely to be found. And this has been the verdict of good judges, who have seen them quite close. Possibly my lord and my lady will discover some day that Mr. Triball did not take advantage of their misfortunes to deprive them of their precious heirlooms; but in any case, their heirs will find out in due time that there is no paste in the family casket.

Competitive Examinations.

Above all things let my imaginary pupil have preserved the freshness and vigor of youth in his mind as well as his body. The educational abomination of desolation of the present day is the stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations. Some wise man (who examined the diamonds in silence ; turnprobably was not an early riser) has ed them to the light and at last said h probably was not an early riser) has said of early risers in general that they are conceited all the forenoon and stu-pid all the afternoon. Now, whether this is true of early risers, in the com-mon acceptation of the word, or not, I will not pretend to say; but it is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their classes. They are conceited all the would give £9000 for them, which, added to the £5250 he had already lent, would be about their market value. As he was concluding this bargian, he said gently: "Excuse the question, Lord Rorymore, but does her ladyship know of this transaction?" "Oh, yees, of course," stammered the peer, reddening; "but, you know, she wants to have a paste set exactly like classes. They are conceited all the forenoon of life, and stupid all its afterthem, so that society may not suspect anything. You can make good imitations noon. The vigor and freshness, which should have been stored up for the purposes of the hard struggle for existence in practical life, have been washed out

in paste, can't you ?" While these things are taking place in London, Lord Rorymore was also in peof them by precocious mental debauch-ery-by book gluttony and lesson bib-bing. Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, cuniary straits, and was brooding over them very dolefully in Scotland. She was an extravagant beauty, who had for years been running up bills, without ever paying them, and now at length her and they are demoralized by worthless childish triumphs before the real work of life begins. I have no compassion for sloth, but youth has more need for intellectual rest than age ; and the cheerfullness, the tenacity of purpose, the power of work which makes many a sucthough very nimble in getting into debt himself, he flew into wild rages when his wife did the same ; and her ladyship well knew that if she were to confess prosecution so promply that no scandal transpired, he spoke personally to young Triball and warned him with with pater-nal kindness to take a lesson from the peril which he had just escaped. Old Lord Rorymore was a very different per-son from his son—upright and just, but very genial; and the impressive words which he spoke to young Triball soft-ened the heart of that cub, who became thenceforth a very decent member of so-ciety. It should be added that, until

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