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LEGAL ADVERTISING

One square one week..... \$1 00  
Three squares one week..... 2 00  
Six squares one week..... 3 00  
One square one month..... 3 00  
Three squares one month..... 5 00  
Six squares one month..... 7 00  
One square three months..... 8 00  
Three squares three months..... 12 00  
Six squares three months..... 15 00  
One square six months..... 12 00  
Three squares six months..... 18 00  
Six squares six months..... 22 00  
One square one year..... 20 00  
Three squares one year..... 30 00  
Six squares one year..... 35 00

**Unrest.**  
There is a chord in Memory's lyre,  
Whose music thrilled my soul,  
And wakes to life a slumbering fire  
That kindled dures control.  
The spell that rests upon my heart  
Is yielding to that chord,  
And memories of the buried past  
Are by its breathings stirred.

Each face that I have mourned in tears  
In fancy greets my sight,  
And voices hushed for long, long years,  
Are calling me to-night.  
Again I clasp the clinging hands  
Whose pressure thrilled of yore  
And feel the lingering touch of lips  
That I shall kiss no more.

My soul is tossed with wild unrest  
Upon a stormy sea,  
And memory, with its visions blest,  
Is all that's left to me.  
Where waves of sorrow surge and roll,  
Without a depth or shore  
Wanders my weary, troubled soul  
In darkness evermore.

Yet though my bark is on the sea,  
With naught to guide its way—  
Thou' bluffs dark rush over me  
With unrelenting sway—  
The visions of those vanished years  
That haunt my heart to-night,  
May lift the veil of storm and tears,  
And lead me to the light.

**Alexander T. Stewart.**  
SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY A  
CONFIDENTIAL CLERK.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin says: The daily papers all through the week have given more or less space to the leading known events in the late Mr. Stewart's life, covering that ground, very fully; but, as one of the Bulletin's present editorial forces was nearly twenty years in A. T. Stewart & Co.'s counting-room, and during that time had daily specific duties which necessitated personal interviews with Mr. Stewart, his recollections may add something fresh.

In all that has ever been written of this gentleman in times past the closest interest has been taken. His great wealth, his steady accumulation from an original investment of \$2,000, his sole capital, and the example he has afforded of America's opportunity for the industrious and prudent, gave interest a tinge of romance to his possession and induced a searching curiosity in regard to the methods of his success.

Mr. Stewart was about five feet six inches in height, with a commanding and handsome complexion, wearing a light beard, always clipped close, the upper lip shaven. His hair was always kept rather short, and ran a little thin, particularly back from the forehead. His eyes were of a sandy blue. He was a grayish blue. Anger was only visible in them, seldom if ever in his manner. When provoked, his eyes, which were medium-sized and with large pupils, would snap to a purple tinge, a most peculiar color, and in coming back to their original shade would be for at least three minutes a deep, clear blue.

His office was on the second floor of the wholesale department, and was the center of three compartments on the Clark street side, divided off from the lace goods department by glass partitions eight feet high. Mr. Stewart used an oak library table, 4x6, about eighteen inches of the end of which was kept clear; the remainder was a confusion of papers, some of which had probably been disturbed for years, but about which, and just where any special one at any moment was, he positively knew.

He was a very methodical man. His hour for certain duties were very regular until the active progress on his Hempstead Plains (Long Island), town and railway, Fourth avenue hotel, Saratoga hotel and other innumerable attending projects began to demand greater watchfulness, and then those having the care of the details of these matters were obliged to snatch a moment which might be termed leisure any time between 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. It was Mr. Stewart's custom to be at the retail department, Tenth street and Broadway, every morning by ten, and to contract with his partner, Mr. William Libbey, who probably had by that time been through that vast establishment, and after a brief discussion on matters of special moment, likely to be under a roof with 2,300 employees, and three or four divisions of property, Mr. Libbey would take the stage for the wholesale store, two miles further down Broadway. Then Mr. Stewart would go over the store and where the sales of a department one day had been high or low, he would have thrown upon the counter the whole stock, ascertain its cost, reduce its selling price if found too high, and then if the sales were below their proper or usual average he would make speedy and strict inquiry into the cause. If poor salesmen he the fault, off went their heads; if bad selections from the stock of the wholesale, then woe to the head of those retail and those wholesale departments, if by his own or his partner's attention had not previously been called to the unmarketable character of the goods.

It is from such cases as these that so much unkind gossip in regard to Mr. Stewart has resulted. Men losing situations which they were striving honestly to fill and men reprimanded for mistakes they knew nothing of have told their grievances to every willing ear, and the stories, like the boy's snowball, had grown at each turn.

Men intrusted with responsibilities and well paid for their talents have, when a censure was their just deserts, turned it upon some luckless fellow. These are the misfortunes of life, and are alike characteristic of school-room, shop, store, office, army and church. A manufacturer who has a hundred men employed is rarely without some vexation of this sort. But a man with nearly ten thousand men upon his pay roll, and scattered in nearly every quarter of the globe, with perhaps \$500,000,000 involved in his

daily transactions, has not the time to follow every injustice. Others must be trusted to carry out details.

That Mr. Stewart was cognizant of such evils among his people is a fact, and his secret charity was often moved. There are men in the custom-houses, post-offices, railway companies, and in other mercantile houses, who owe their position to the quiet influence of Mr. Stewart. Missing their faces about his stores, they would start inquiry to be made for the cause of their absence, and while disposed to irritate a really valuable man by overriding his folly and decisions, he has given his personal attention to the cause of the wronged one and secured him a position elsewhere.

Mr. Stewart usually spent two hours at the retail department, coming down in his carriage to the wholesale department between 12 and 1. Upon his entering the store he nearly always went directly to the head office, and looked over his sales, and gathered results of the previous day's work. There he went to Mr. Libbey, and after half an hour's discussion over the striking items in the morning's mail, the price and prospect of gold and exchange, matters about and buyers' reports, retired up-stairs to his private office. Here he began to plan and push his many outside enterprises, mingling with this work some of the more regular affairs of the firm in decisions upon style of goods to be made, or of special purchases to be confirmed, etc.

Only two men ever presumed to enter Mr. Stewart's inner office unannounced. They were Judge Hilton, his warm personal friend and legal adviser, and Mr. Libbey, his partner. Men for whose services the house paid \$20,000 a year, men high in mercantile, social and political circles, messengers dispatched and returned with important and much-needed facts, all eagerly awaited Mr. Stewart's nod of recognition through the glass door or the approach of the lad in attendance bearing Mr. Stewart's welcome.

Politeness was a marked feature of his manner. He had a pleasant "thank you" for the poorest porter who did his service, and always a civil speech, even under the most exasperated circumstances. His expression of disapprobation was "tut, tut," and in response to any story or report which he did not credit, he quietly said, "That is not true." Profanity and drunkenness were his abomination.

He was an Episcopalian in his religious tendencies, and although not a vigorous church member, had great respect for the opinions of others. The purpose of his partner to educate two of his sons for the ministry was a matter of no little pride with Mr. Stewart, and after they returned from their studies in Germany and were settled in Princeton College he was always pleased to hear of their proficiency and progress.

He was a stickler for correct English. Himself a cold and reserved man, he was a school-teacher in New York, his method of correcting a sentence in a letter was by the closest adherence to old-fashioned grammatical methods. He dictated all the retail advertising, which on Sundays, in many papers, occupied a column in each of the papers. This was a regular Sunday afternoon's employment, and, reviewing through his mind the attractions of the several departments, he would frequently close out a whole line at the wholesale, occupy the retail and there open it at a price which barely covered the first cost of the goods. He believed in advertising, and for his retail business used the New York local papers to what might have been styled an extravagant degree.

In writing he used a large gold pen, horn nibbed and rather flexible, set well back from his table, with his left leg thrown over his right. His hand was rather scrawny, and to one unaccustomed to his penmanship, very difficult to read. He wrote very little—an occasional letter to the heads of his houses abroad, a short note to some of the Senators or Cabinet officers respecting the possible effect of some contemplated financial measures, or a few lines to his wife preparing her for some visitor he would bring home in the evening, or of an unusual detention from home. The extended ramifications of his business, the many well educated and shrewd men at home and abroad in the employ of the house, and his own keen foresight, kept him advised of the condition of affairs all over the world, and his advice was constantly sought by the foremost men in the nation. The desire of President Grant to make Mr. Stewart the Secretary of the Treasury gave him a special ambition. He arranged to relinquish all interest, direct or remote, in the business of the firm, and would have turned that vast income into charitable purposes. In November, 1873, when gold went down to 100-1-8, he made every preparation for a declaration of specific payments. An inventory of the cost of his merchandise was made, and with this showing a shrinkage of about \$2,000,000 on the hard pan basis, he entertained Gen. Grant one afternoon, pleading for the sake of a proclamation. With the future of this scheme he seemed to lose all interest in national legislation.

His investments on Long Island, Saratoga, and in mill property were made chiefly to find profitable uses for his surplus funds. The death of Archibald Keith, an Irishman, who had been a partner in the Hempstead Plains and railway property of much of its interest to him, but the Saratoga project was pushed vigorously along because it paid a good dividend from the outset.

The plans and specifications for all his buildings he went over with the nicest care, and made it an invariable rule to reduce every agreement to plain, undeniable written statements. When building the present wholesale store a flaw in an ordinary draught contract was taken advantage of by one of the parties employed, entailing a loss of about \$20,000 upon Mr. Stewart. From that day he is reported to have vowed "by the lord Harry," his only peculiar and occasional phrase, "I will make all my contracts indispitably plain."

**PASTIDIOUS young lady** (who has just had the entire dress-goods department displayed)—I'll call again next week and look through all your new spring goods.

**First Steamboat on the Hudson.**  
The steamboat itself is a romance of the Hudson. Its birth was on the waters, where the rule conceptions of Evans and Fitch on the Schuylkill and Delaware were perfected by Fulton and his successors. How strange is the story of its advent, growth and achievement! Living men remember when the idea of steam navigation was ridiculed. They remember, too, that when the *Clermont* went from New York to Albany without the use of sails, against wind and tide, in thirty-two hours, ridicule was changed into amazement. That voyage did more. It spread terror over the surface of the river, and created wide alarm along its borders. The steamboat was an awful revelation to the fishermen, the farmers, and the villagers. It came upon them unheralded. It seemed like a weird craft from Plato's realm—a transfiguration of Charon's boat into a living fiend from the infernal regions. Its huge black pipe vomiting fire and smoke, the hoarse breathing of its engine, and the great splash of its unceasing wheels, filled the imagination with all the dark pictures of goblins that romancers have invented since the foundation of the world. Some thought it was an unearthly monster of the sea ravaging the fresh waters; others regarded it as a herald of the final conflagration at the day of doom. Managers of river craft who saw it at night believed that the great red dragon of the Apocalypse was loose upon the waters. Some prayed for deliverance; some fled in terror to the shore and hid in the recesses of the rocks; and some crouched in mortal terror beneath their decks and abandoned themselves and their vessels to the mercy of the winds and waves or the jaws of the demon. The *Clermont* was the author of some of the most weird romances of the Hudson, and for years she was the victim and enemy of the fishermen, who believed that her noise and agitation of the waters would drive the shad and sturgeon from the river.—B. J. Lossing, in *Harper's* for April.

**Tortured Out of Shape.**  
It is related that a certain sculptor of olden times chose five hundred beautiful women from whom to model his Venus, and among them he could not find a decent set of toes. If he lived now a-days what luck would he have under the shiny little button boots, with their sharp pointed heels? As soon as the helpless baby can put its foot on the ground, and before it can complain in words, shoes are put on it by a mother's hand, and usually a stiff collar is ordered on the heel, with some vague idea of "strengthening the ankle." From that time, no matter how watchful or sensible its parents may be in other respects these little feet are tortured and distorted by the part of its dress.—The toes are forced into a narrower space, year by year, "to give a good shape to the foot," until they overlap and knob themselves over with insupportable corns and bunions. Then high heels are introduced, and the action of the muscles is hindered. The results are a total lack of elasticity in the step and carriage, and a foot inevitably distorted.

**More than a Match for the Robber.**  
A night or two since, about eight o'clock, says the Central Missouri Register, a party of four men, among them Jim Welch, a hard case, entered William McLaughlin's harness shop in Black Hawk. In the course of a general conversation, one of the party asked McLaughlin to "take up the drinks," he offered as an excuse for not doing so that he had no money. One of the gang then asked him if he had not sold a set of harness that afternoon. McLaughlin said he had sold some new harness, but that he left the money received for the goods with his wife at supper. The gang passed out of the shop, and going into a dark place, Welch constructed a mask for his face from a piece of lining he tore from his coat. Going to McLaughlin's house and knocking at the door, it was opened by Mrs. McLaughlin. He endeavored to push it in by force, but the brave lady seized him and asked him what he wanted. The answer was "I want what money you have in the house." She answered: "You can't have it. I know who you are—you are Jim Welch," and immediately tore off the mask. A short struggle ensued, but Mrs. McLaughlin soon released herself from his grasp and fled to a neighbor's house for assistance. Welch, becoming alarmed at the turn affairs had taken, abandoned his purpose of robbery and ran for the mountains to conceal himself. Mr. McLaughlin, being notified, went in search of Welch, and finally found him in his own house, when he charged him with the attempted crime, which was stoutly denied. Welch declared that he had done nothing of the kind, but when all the facts were laid before him, he acknowledged the corn, but said he didn't mean any harm by it. McLaughlin told him he must leave town immediately or he would have him arrested. Welch took the hint and left town next morning.

**DICK LAZYBONES** was the owner of a large dog, which cost as much to keep as two pigs; and the dog was worse than useless, and greatly annoyed Dick's mother. "Plague take the dog!" cried she. "Mr. Lazybones, I wish you would sell him, or do something or other with him. I wonder you keep such a useless animal." "Well, well, my dear mother," said Dick, "say no more about it. I will get rid of him some of these days."

This was intended as a mere "get off" on the part of Dick; but as his mother kept daily flinging in his ears about the dog, he was at last compelled to take action in the matter.

"Well, mother," said he, one day, "I've sold old Jowler."

"Have you, indeed?" she cried; "I'm glad of it. How much did you sell him for?"

"Ten shillings."

"Ten shillings! How glad I am! But where's the money, my son?"

"Money!" repeated Dick, taking a long breath. "I didn't get any money, mother. I took two puppies at five shillings apiece."

**THE LATEST GIANT.**—An Irish giant who arrived in Baltimore last week is thus described: He is a native of County Derry, is seven feet four inches high, large-boned but not stout, and his name is given as James Allender, twenty-eight years old. None of his shins are tall enough to reach above his shoulders, and some of them not much above his waist. The motion of the vessel, which requires all sailors to stoop in keeping their equilibrium, has made the Derry man round-shouldered, and at present he is a very crooked giant, but he expects to be straightened out in Philadelphia.

There was entirely too much of him to enable him to be an efficient seaman, but he expects to be a success in the show business. The vessel made a quick trip, coming across in twenty-eight days, owing that the weight of the giant was not a hindrance to her sailing. Allender says he is a gardener, and has a taller brother. He is accompanied by a dog weighing two or three pounds, which is always at his heels.

**CURE FOR EPILEPSY.**—A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette recommends a cure for epileptic fits which he has proved himself after suffering more than twenty years. He is now in good health. The following is the remedy: Take of bromide of potassium two and one-half ounces, dissolved in one pint of rain water. Dose, a tablespoonful three times a day before eating. Should your throat become sore, weaken it. If it should make you dizzy-headed, reduce the dose. Some constitutions will not bear it as strong as others. There is no danger in the above remedy, if you are careful.

**CROQUET SALT.**—Boil the chicken until done, in as little water as possible; when done cut up into small bits; take half as much celery stalks as chicken, cut into very thin slices; have ready two hard-boiled eggs; slice the whites into the chicken, mash and mix the yolks with one tablespoonful of mustard, stir in half and half vinegar and the water in which the chicken was boiled, as much as needed to cover the salad, heat to boiling, and pour over your chicken and celery.

**IRELAND Moss JELLY** (good for colds, and all nutritive in convalescence). Soak for an hour four tablespoonfuls of the moss in cold water enough to cover it. Then stir it into a quart of boiling water, and simmer gently till it dissolves; strain, sweeten to taste, flavor with juice of two lemons, and a little cinnamon if agreeable, and a glass of wine; strain into moulds, and cool before using.

**RICE Pudding.**—Boil one cup of rice a little while; beat well together three eggs and one-half cup sugar; add one cup raisins, one quart sweet milk, and the cup of heated rice; any seasoning preferred can be added. Bake in a molder at oven one hour. To be eaten cold or hot, with wine sauce or sweet cream.

**VENETIAN STEW.**—Take one tablespoonful each of chopped onion, parsley, flour, and Parmesan cheese; a little salt, pepper, and ground nutmeg. Mix, and spread between some thin slices of veal. Leave for some hours, then stir in rich broth, with a good piece of butter.

**POP-OVERS.**—Three large tea-cupfuls of flour, stir in gradually three large tea-cupfuls of milk, three eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of salt. Bake in cups in a very quick oven.

**The Weaver Birds.**  
Many birds construct for their nests a kind of canvas, composed of grasses twisted together in a very compact manner, resembling a coarse cloth woven upon the loom of some primitive tribe. These are in truth weavers who work up vegetable fibre like wool or cotton, possessing only their beaks for looms, which they use with great activity in order to interlace the fine stems of the grasses, and form a sort of membrane difficult to tear. These winged workers construct different kinds of dwellings. Some consist of a sort of purse, having in the interior several little paniers affixed to its sides, in which the female places her brood. In this case the entrance is frequently situated in the lower part, which represents in a compact and intricate manner, the nest adopted by some tropic birds. Others are simply long and large sacks with one or more openings, which the aerial artisans suspend to the branches of trees.

On this account the name of weavers has been given to a tribe of sparrows, remarkable for the perfection of their work, but other birds imitate their industry, although they belong to different families. Some weavers, less skillful, content themselves with twisting grass rudely together to form a little cup of it, in which the female has deeply ensconced. It is in this that she carefully hatches her eggs, watching all about her. The *Fondia erythrops* builds one of these nests of imperfect tissue. Her nest is a much better specimen, being a first-class weaver, if not in respect to the finish of her work, at least in respect to its solidity. She builds her nest with grass, entwining it in a compact and intricate manner, and generally makes it fast to tall water plants at a distance from the shore. This nest is of a globular form and only displays a little entrance on one of its sides, through which the bird is able to pass with difficulty.

**POPING THE QUESTION.**—The efficacy of either of the following methods of replying to gentlemen when "they pop the question" is recommended by an observing philosopher who has been through the mill:—

1. Especially recommended to blondes—Pause, sigh very short, then open your eyes with a good deal of wonder (of course you have been trying to make it out and can't), look your lover in the face and say, "What—what can you mean, Alfred?" If the last words are spoken with a little of the terrible, so much the better.

2. Very suitable for brunettes—Give a start, a glance at the questioner, turn aside and be unable to speak for a moment; one hand pressed high upon your bosom will express this effectually.

3. Safe in the hands of anybody, and generally considered a clincher—Burst into tears, covering your face with your hands. If you can't drop your head on the inquirer's shoulder, and murmur, "Oh, William!"

4. For "merry grigs" and nice little girls, it is enough to say "No!" pout, shake your shoulders, and look pretty.

**A STAMP YOUTH.**—The Shepherd's Bush Boy can stand up with any other boy in the world against an accusation. The other day when his mother discovered signs on the parterry shelf, she called to her boy and said: "What's that?" "Some one has been stealing this sugar!" "Is it possible?" he exclaimed, rolling his eyes in astonishment. "Yes, it is possible, and the thief isn't far away!" "Do you suspect father?" "No, I don't." "Couldn't he be the cat, could it?" he inquired, glancing under the table in search of the feline.

"Cats don't eat sugar, young man."

"No, sir; the thief is a boy about your size."

"He is? I'd just like to catch him in here once."

"If this sugar is disturbed again," she said, as she covered the tin to know of any more, "I wish you'd let me stay out of school so to see you catch and maul him."

And he went out to devour the other lumps.

**APARTMENT HOUSES.**—This style of dwelling is coming in vogue in New York, where it is gradually driving out the hotel and the French flat system. Apartments are small, and are furnished in a simple, comfortable, and unostentatious manner. They are usually situated in the heart of the city, and are very convenient for those who wish to live in the city, but do not wish to pay the high price of a hotel. They are usually furnished with a bath-room, parlor, or to the main hall, without disturbing any other inmate. The children's rooms are placed farthest from the parlors, and the sleeping rooms are so situated as to get enough fresh air and a good share of sunlight. Free communication, with strict privacy, is in all cases aimed at, the suites being each as isolated as a private dwelling.

**A FEARFUL EXPERIENCE.**—The survivors of the ship *Strathmore*, which was an emigrant vessel bound from England to New Zealand, and was wrecked on a group of uninhabited islands in the South Pacific, exemplify the perils of the sea in a manner that falls to but few persons in a whole century. These islands are very near the Antarctic Circle. Nothing was seen from the wreck, and the survivors, who were reduced to a few, subsisted for six months without fire, on sea birds, their eggs, and on fish. They had not a mouthful of bread or biscuit in all that time. A few, who were wounded in the wreck, died in consequence of gangrene. A New Bedford whaler, cruising in those latitudes, sighted their signal and took them off. It was Capt. Gifford of the *Young Phoenix* who did this humane work, for which he will be blessed as long as a single one of that little company survives.

**A Canadian's Encounter With Two Lynxes.**  
The Pembroke, Ontario, *Observer* has received the following from Jas. Caldwell, of Fort Coulonge, Pontiac: I started on the 22d instant for Geo. Bryson's shanty to do a piece of work I agreed to do, and on my way back to the shanty I got lost. After leaving Coulonge I kept the main road as far as Mr. Armstrong's hotel, then, wishing to take a short cut through the woods, I put on my snow-shoes and struck north, thinking I would reach the shanty about 5 o'clock P. M. but after traveling some two hours after night I felt assured I was lost, and being much fatigued and hungry, I made up my mind to remain in the woods until morning. After cutting some dry wood with my ax, the cry of a lynx was heard. Being afraid of it attacking me I crouched down in my couch as low as possible, but in a few minutes I heard the cry of another lynx answering, and so they kept up their noise for over thirty minutes, when, as I suppose, they smelt me. Then they began to approach me, circling around as if to take me by surprise. I rose up to my feet, and taking my ax in my hand determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. In an instant one sprang at my head, and I was lucky enough to end his fighting with a blow from the head from my ax. But while engaged in combat with the one, the other sprang on my back, and not being able to use my ax I endeavored to pull out my knife, but my hand was so cold that I dropped it in the snow. So I had to use my hands as lively as possible to release it, but before I could master it it had all my coat and pants torn off me, and my back so scratched as to make me feel faintish, and after fighting for about thirty minutes I succeeded in choking it with much trouble. After the fight was over I put on my overcoat and got my ax and knife, determining not to sleep any more that night. When morning came I skinned the lynxes, and then put on my snow-shoes and retraced my tracks till I reached a farmer's house, where I got my breakfast and a pair of pants to take me to Coulonge, where I purchased a suit of clothes from a friend and got my wounds cared for.

**Astor's Children.**  
Wm. B. Astor had a superior wife, and she strove to do good among the poor, but there were difficulties in the way, as the public generally understood. They have two daughters, married to men of character, their names being Cary and Delano, and they live up town in handsome style. There are three sons—Henry, weak-minded, who has been twice carefully out of the public gaze, William and John Jacob. The latter is a portly man of large build and has passed his fortieth year. He is heir apparent to the largest part of the estate, it being the intention of the old man to leave his fortune as long as possible. O. William, the second son, so little has been heard, that were it not for his expected wealth he would be merely one out of our million of inhabitants. Henry was kept for many years at a farm in Barrytown (between this city and Albany), and as he is mentally deficient it was intended to make that an asylum for him. He deflected these plans, however, by making a match with a country girl, who had no objection to hitch on to an opulent family, and the latter was taken by surprise at an event which shows how love laughs at capitalists. John Jacob married about twenty-five years ago, and the oldest son has just graduated at the law school. The object, no doubt, was to give him such an acquaintance with the profession of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth; there were no starts and sallies and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement sweatings and apostrophes of his speech as in his coldest calculations. Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the fuming furnace of nature. He spoke well because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would incessantly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Everything showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and have seen his countenance lighted up with more than mortal ardor and goodness; I have been present when his voice has been suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears.

**THE WAYS OF TWO DEBTORS.**—No man was so skillful as Pitt to answer the questions of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth; there were no starts and sallies and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement sweatings and apostrophes of his speech as in his coldest calculations. Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the fuming furnace of nature. He spoke well because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would incessantly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Everything showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and have seen his countenance lighted up with more than mortal ardor and goodness; I have been present when his voice has been suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears.

**A GREEN YOUNG MAN** from Connecticut, who went to New York in answer to a matrimonial advertisement, and afterwards wrote home that he'd "become engaged to a beautiful young lady of wealth and aristocratic connections, surprised his friends by suddenly returning crestfallen and alone. "Where's your wife?" was the general inquiry. "The fact is," said he, "as we were waiting for the clergyman to come, and many a police officer came in, and arrested my girl for stealing, and I thought it best to postpone the wedding a little while."

**THE NEW YORK GRAPHIC** is seeking to show that Miss Fay, the medium, is a humbug. Might as well devote two columns to prove that black is black, when everybody but dotts admits it.

**Throwing the Old Shoe.**  
Very few, probably, of the thousands who throw old shoes after bridal parties as they are leaving home, know anything of the origin of the custom. Like most all our customs, it is ancient, and can be traced to Bible times. It was then the custom for the brother of a child to marry his widow, or, at least, he had the refusal of her. If he chose to reject her, the ceremony was public, and consisted in her losing his shoe from his foot and spitting in his face. His giving up the shoe was a symbol of abandoning all dominion over her; spitting in his face was an assertion of independence. There was an affair of this kind between Ruth and Boaz. In some parts of the East it was the custom to carry a slipper before the newly-married pair as a token of the bride's subjection. The custom, as it exists with us, is very old also in Scotland. The usual saying is, that it is thrown for luck, but originally it meant a virtual renunciation of authority over the bride by the parents. It was formerly a custom among the Germans for the bride when she was conducted to her bed-chamber to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests. Whoever caught it in the struggle to obtain it received it as an omen that he or she would soon be happily married. Train, in his "History of the Isle of Man," says, "On the bridegroom leaving his house, it was customary to throw an old shoe after him, and in like manner after the bride on leaving her home to proceed to church, in order to insure good luck to each respectively, and if by stratagem either of the bride's shoes could be taken off by any inspector on her way from church, it had to be ransomned by the bridegroom." In Kent, after a couple have started on their tour, the single ladies are drawn up in one row and the bachelors in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as possible, and the ladies run for it, the successful one being the first female whom it is supposed will be married. She then throws it at the gentlemen, and the one who is hit by it is deemed to be the first male who will enter wedlock. Generally it is considered the older the shoes the better.

**THE FICTION OF RULING BY THE QUEEN.**—The visit of Queen Victoria to the continent calls forth the following from the *London Times*: "For fourteen years the Queen has taken scarcely a formal part in the business of government, and has lived remote from Ministers and their deliberations. But in return she has given the most complete freedom and discretion as regards the general conduct of affairs to those who carry on her government, and the little inconvenience to the individual which attends her absence is counterbalanced by the growth of a large and liberal constitutional tradition. Looking at the general tendencies of the present reign, we are inclined to take royal assent to the institutions of the sovereign allows to fall in abeyance. There is, however, another singularity about the departure of her Majesty just at present, which would have caused quite a constitutional panic in the old times. The Queen crosses to Cherbourg on this morning, the Prince of Wales at Cairo, the Duke of Edinburgh is on his way back from St. Petersburg, the Duke of Connaught is at Gibraltar, even Prince Leopold is at Nice, so that for days the sovereign, the heir to the crown, and all his brothers will be out of the kingdom, and the royal line will be represented by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, aged twelve years. No regency act has been passed concerning the young Prince, nor have Lords Justices of the King been appointed to take charge of things during the absence of the sovereign."

**MANUFACTURE OF ISINGLASS.**—One of the most notable industries of Russia is the manufacture of the sturgeon's swimming bladder of which is manufactured into isinglass. The bladder is first placed into water and left there for some days, with frequent changes of the water and removal of all fatty and bloody particles; the warm water which is used in the rapid accomplishment of the operation. The bladders, on being finally removed, are cut longitudinally into sheets, which are exposed to the sun and air, being laid out to dry, with the outer face turned down, upon boards of linden or bass wood. The inner face is then isinglass, which, when well dried, can with care be removed from the external lamella. The finer sheets thus obtained are placed between cloths to keep them from flies, and are then subjected to a heavy pressure, so as to flatten them out and render them uniform, and after this they are assorted and tied up in packets. The packets composed of the isinglass of the large sturgeon usually contain from ten to fifteen sheets, and weigh a pound and a quarter; and those of others contain twenty-five sheets, weighing a pound. Eighty of these packages are usually sewed up in a cloth bag, or inclosed in sheet lead.

**A JOKING PROPHECY FULFILLED.**—The Norristown Herald says John Dixon, of Kutzwon, a well-known citizen, died this week. A curious incident is related. Mr. Dixon was sitting in a store-room at Kutzwon some time ago, when a young man stepped up to him and said he would not outlive April, although at the time Dixon was in the best of health. Another man came in and said that Dixon's time was nearly at an end, and that by the 15th of this month he would be a corpse. The prophecy only proved untrue. The man lies cold in death. It is not known whether the joking prophecy troubled him or not.

**THINKING AND DOING RIGHT.**—It is much easier to think right without doing right, than to do right without thinking right. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds alway bring just thoughts. For, when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment; but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one.