The Cambridge Chronicle.

CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1872. Terms: $1.50 per Annum

[redacted]

Will it be Yes?
Ah, yes!
Dear love,
Let the summer winds waft me a kiss
From those lips 'twould be heaven to press,
Dear love!

Happy New Year.

"Happy New Year, love! Happy New Year!"
Two fairy feet came bounding near;
Two little hands shut out the light—
Shut out the sunshine, cold and bright;
Two roguish eyes, like stars on the sea,
Under their lashes looked down on me;
Two tender lips gave the greeting dear,
"Happy New Year, love! Happy New Year!"

Only one glimpse of the soft brown hair,
And the paler scalloped nestling there;
Only one ray from the starry eyes,
Lighting no my own with glad surprise.
And lo my fairy bath flown away,
Swift as the sunbeams—brighter than they;
But the echo, lingering, whisper'eth clear,
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

"What hath the old year borne from thee?"
Asketh my spirit, musingly.
A little blooms from the rosy day,
A little light from the forward way,
A hand which mine shall clasp no more,
A love to live in memory's lore—
Ah me! and mingling smile and tear,
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

"What brought this New Year unto thee?"
My spirit asketh, musingly.
A chastened soul, a higher aim,
A hope that scorns the dream of Fame;
A heart wherein all murmurings cease;
A voice there whispering softly, "Peace."
Oh, pearl of price! oh, gift most dear!
"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

THOSE BLESSED TWINS.

"Well, nurse, what is it?" inquired Tim Twinkleton, placing on his plate the crust of bread-and-butter at which his teeth had been nervously nibbling for the past twenty minutes.

"Oh, sir, it's twins!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Tim, overwhelmed with the double blessing that had fallen upon the matrimonial hearth.

Tim Twinkleton was by trade a journeyman tailor, and as good-hearted a fellow as the sun sled light upon that New Year's morning. Tim was blessed with a good wife, who, to aid her partner in feeding the ten mouths already provided for them—not counting the twins—did the washing and mangling for a number of worthy families, and did it superbly too, as I can prove out of their very mouths.

"Would you like to step up to see Mrs Twinkleton, sir?" the nurse inquired, after Tim's astonishment had in a measure abated, "because, if so, it's perfectly convenient."

Mutual congratulations having ensued, and Mrs. Twinkleton having received the assurance from her husband that he had not been disappointed by the appearance of two boys instead of a girl—the happy wife began to talk about arrangements in connection with the washing and mangling business of the establishment.

"Whose is that basket of things by the clock?" Tim asked, when he found that Mrs T. made no mention thereof.

"Oh, my dear, I'd almost forgotten that! It's the Chelmsford washing," she replied.

"Is it all mangled?"

"Yes; I finished it last night with an effort," sighed Mrs. T. "It's all right, and only wants to be taken to the station."

"If I was to make haste, I dare say I could get it off by the mid-day train. There's always one about twelve o'clock on Sundays, and the New Year's day's trains is just like Sundays', ain't they?"

"Well, Tim, if you were to run to the station with it, it'd be off our hands, without fear of the children tumbling the clothes, wouldn't it?"

"So it would," replied the good-natured Tim, "and I will do it."

Prompt to act, Tim ordered the nurse to take the best care of the twins, gave his wife a kiss, and picking up the neatly covered basket, shouldered it and started on his way. He had only twenty minutes to make the train, but he knew he could do it, and have five minutes to spare.

"Now, then, where's that washing to go?" inquired the clerk, whose business for the day was over as soon as the next train was dispatched.

The official, indeed, hesitated for a moment as to whether punctuality should not for once take the place of courtesy; but his ill humor was quickly dissipated when he saw Twinkleton's rosy face and cheery smile beaming upon him.

"Well, as a special favor, I don't mind booking it," muttered the clerk, who smelled roast turkey in the air, and was afraid his own might be overdone if he didn't hasten home.

However, Tim was in such a happy mood that he didn't care whether the clerk made it a special favor or merely a matter of business, so long as the clothes were dispatched; therefore, without being in the least disturbed or humiliated by the other's gruffness, he bade him the customary New Year's salutations, and made his way homeward just as the church folk were issuing from their places of worship.

He was soon home, was Tim and his first inquiry was after the health of his wife; and then, of course, the present condition of the twins.

"Mrs. T. is getting on capitally" was the reply, "for the blessed twins have not uttered a cry since you have been gone."

Nurse spoke as if it were a part of her business, which she fully understood, that twins should not cry. There was no little of pride of vocation in her tone, and Tim was happy.

Tim and the ten who could, and the nurse, sat down to their New Year's dinner. As he carved the fat goose, Tim said in a very paternal way. "I suppose, Mrs. Tomkins, it wouldn't do to give the twins just a little bit, would it?"

Nurse smirked and raised her hands in protest against the very idea of such a thing.

"Not even a little bit of the gravy would do for 'em, ma'am?"

Nurse again raised her hands and said simply, "go along." She was anxious for her portion of the dinner.

Nurse was helped, and dinner was getting along, when Tim, whose thoughts all run in one channel, asked again after the twins. Nurse knew they were well, because they did not cry, but she said she would go and see.

She had been gone but a second, when she returned, "which of you have moved the basket with the twins in?" she asked.

Almost ere the words had quitted her lips, Tim dropped his knife and fork, and gazed from Mrs. Tomkins to the children, and from the children to Mrs. Tomkins, with an expression of countenance that made the nurse rush to his side and say, "Bless me, Mr. Twinkleton! you aren't ill, are you?"

"Basket! what basket?" gasped Tim.

"Why the clothes-basket that stood here by the clock. I put 'em there because they fell asleep, and it being close by the fire, I knew they'd be all right."

A loud groan escaped Twinkleton's lips. Then, with his face of an ashy paleness, he gasped.

"Unhappy woman! that basket contained the Chelmsford washing, and *it's gone off by the mid-day train!*"

Mrs. Tomkins, without a word, sank into a chair.

"What—what's to be done?" groaned Twinkleton. "Why don't you speak, Mrs. Tomkins? Tell me, somebody, what's to be done?"

The children, open-mouthed, gazed with surprise upon their elders; but in answer to their parent's inquiry as to what was to be done, it was on the loss of at least seven out of ten, that perhaps the best thing to be done, under the circumstances, was to finish the goose and take up the pudding.

The unhappy Tomkins groaned aloud; then, swaying herself backward and forward in the rocking-chair, began to weep copiously.

The bereaved father was the first to speak, and it was plain to see that he was in a most unhappy frame of mind, and that his voice was husky and choked as his words came forth.

"Come, come," he said, "this won't do. I must go to the station, and see if there's another train. If there ain't, I must hire a trap, and go to Chelmsford. Perhaps, however, when I get there, the children will have been smothered; or suppose, Mrs. Tomkins, it they've shoved the clothes in a luggage van, and a heavy box or something's been put a top of 'em, why, they'll be squashed to pancakes!"

"Oh! don't, *don't*, don't talk like that, Mr. Twinkleton!" reared Mrs. Tomkins, in a paroxysm of emotion. "Oh, my darling little precious!"

"Well, ma'am," exclaimed our hero, "I think it would be more proper to call them *my* precious, you were so confoundedly careless with them, when you had them in charge."

"Oh, Twinkleton, this is indeed cruel," was all the nurse could say, as she worked herself to and fro, and wept.

Poor Tim started off hastily, his mind almost distracted. He thought only of his twins and their unhappy fate. He looked not to the right, nor to the left—he only rushed on for the station, and he never found the distance so great before.

Each new imagining was more horrible than the last, and seemed to give fresh impetus to his heels; for instead of decreasing in pace as he approached the railway station, his footsteps grew more rapid.

"That's the man; I'd swear to him," said a loud voice in Twinkleton's ear.

Involuntarily he turned, and ere his scattered senses recalled a knowledge of who had spoken, a sturdy constable had seized him securely by the collar, and, drawing his staff, had whispered to the startled Tim that if he didn't go quietly to the station, "it'd be the worse for him."

"That's the man; he came in just as I was closing the doors, and wished particularly to have the basket booked by that train."

"Oh, you're the clerk at the station" cried Tim, joyously, recognizing the surly ones of the man who had been in a hurry to get home to his dinner, and, owing to the Chelmsford clothes-basket, hadn't succeeded yet in accomplishing his wish. "And the blessed twins—are they all right—are they safe? where are they?"

The tall policeman gave the band that grasped Tim's collar such a peculiar twist that the poor little tailor was nearly whirled off his feet.

"I caution you not speak; cos what you say may be taken down in evidence agin yer."

"Oh, you wretch! and they were dear little twins too!"

These words were evidently spoken by a female voice; and turning his head as far round as the constable's knuckles would allow, Tim was astonished to see that a numerous but not select party of hooting boys and dirty men and women were following him with menacing gestures.

Poor Tim. He had counted upon such a pleasant New Year's, and he had been so happy. Such a blow.

"What's the charge against me?" inquired Tim, in a husky voice as soon as he could speak.

"Oh, you know well enough, I dessay; why, abandoning of hinfants in course; and a good job for you, it's no worse," replied his constodian.

The rough words of the constable made Tim happy. He felt now that the twins were safe, and his own inconvenience was of no consequence. How gratified he was when he entered the constable's office and found the basket there and in it the twins, smiling gloriously, as if they had not been the innocent cause of all the trouble, I need not say. More gratified still was Tim to find in the station house an old customer of his employers, who always specially praised Tim's workmanship, and insisted upon being measured for his clothing by Twinkleton alone. It afterward transpired that the old gentleman was a friend of the inspector's, and had just casually dropped in to give him a New Year's greeting when the prisoner Twinkleton was brought in. But for the presence of the old gentleman poor Tim might have had to spend his New Year's-day within the wall of the station-house. Fortune, however, befriended him; and the shrewd intelligence of the inspector, aided by that of Tim's acquaintance soon proved the real facts in the case. Tim's friend, in order to recognize the efficiency of the police force, insisted on handing the constable a gratuity of five shillings; and, as compensation for missing the hour at which he had appointed to dine, an equal sum was tendered to, and accepted by, the railway clerk, and Tim was discharged. Showering blessings upon all indiscriminately the now happy Tim left the station-house, and it was not long ere he found himself once more face to face with Mrs. Tomkins and his little ones.

Of course Twinkleton's first inquiry was for his wife, and a load seemed lifted off his heart when he heard that she was still asleep, and therefore unconscious of what had happened to her offspring. The worthy nurse, when she saw the twins had not suffered from the checkered events of the day, gave vent to a flood of tears that seemed to relieve her feelings immensely. Then, of course, the children had a few tears to shed; but at last the sunshine of happiness spread itself over the little room, and it was wonderful how every body cheered up when an intimation was given by Mrs. Tomkins that probably 'twould be as well to have in the pudding.

The twins have now become fine, healthy roguish lads; and though they display a wonderful capacity for street games and all out-door amusements—perhaps occasioned by their experiences of the first day of their existence—Tim Twinkleton and his wife have never had cause for regret that the twins presence in the basket became known to the railway officials ere they were thrown into the luggage-van and smothered beneath the heavy luggage.

Scientific Intelligence.

Professor Harkness reports that ever since November 18, Encke's comet has been getting steadily brighter, and its spectrum more distinct. On the evening of December 1 the spectrum consisted of three bright bands; the most refrangible one being very faint, the middle one by far the brightest, and the least refrangible one having a degree of brilliancy intermediate between that of the other two. The shape of each of these bands somewhat resembled an isosceles triangle, with its base turned toward the red end of the spectrum. In the case of the two brighter bands the light increased quite rapidly from the less refrangible edge of the band, until it attained its maxium at a point distant from that edge by about one-quarter of the whole breadth of the band, and thence it gradually faded away towards the more refrangible edge of the band. In the case of the most refrangible band, the light seemed to be of nearly equal intensity throughout its whole breadth. The positions of the two brighter bands were measured, and the resulting wave-lengths of the light, expressed in millionths of a millimeter, are approximately as follows: first band, less refrangible edge, 556, brightest part, 550.0; more refrangible edge, 534; second band, less refrangible edge, 515, brightest part, 510.9; more refrangible edge, 499. The position of the faint band was estimated, and the resulting wave-lengths are, for the less refrangible edge, 458, and for the more refrangible edge, 448. At times he fancied he also saw a faint continuous spectrum, but could not satisfy himself that it really existed.

Both in appearance and wave-lights this spectrum bears such a remarkable resemblance to that of the second comet of 1868 that Professor Harkness is strongly inclined to think their physical constitution must be identical. It will be remembered that the observations of Dr. Huggins showed that the spectrum of the latter comet was the same as that of olefiant gas.

Perhaps the strangest feature observed in connection with the spectrum of Encke's comet was the progressive shifting of the point of maximum brightness in its middle band. The observed wave-lengths of the light of this point, on different nights, are approximately as follows: November 18, 501.0, November 25, 505.7; Nov. mber 26, 505.9; November 27, 510.0; November 29, 510.0; December 1, 510.9; December 2, 511.9. It should be stated that while these changes were going on the band increased in bredth.

The comet was examined carefully with a double-image prism, but without finding any traces of polarization in its light.

Fast Living.—Louisville, people are very unsuspicious, and apparently consider a salary of $1,000 a year amply sufficient to meet the most lavish extravagance. A clerk in the Post-Office received only that amount, and although he sported diamonds like a millionaire, and squandered money without stint upon fast horses and fast women, no one suspected him of dishonesty. He acted as general money-lender to his fellow clerks, yet no one questioned how he could spend so freely and still always have money. Complaints of valuable letters being lost in the mails were frequent for a year before any inquiry was made as to the cause of their appearance. A watch was finally set, and the dashing clerk was detected in the act of stealing eleven letters. Of course he was arrested, and now lies in jail awaiting certain conviction. Would it not have been better for all concerned if his employers had been less stupid? Would not a little discernment on their part have detected his crime at its beginning, and possibly have saved a life which is now irretrievably ruined?

A Severe Winter.—A California paper is predicting for that State a severe winter and terrible floods in the spring; these predictions being founded on observations made by a native Californian of note, who says that for half a century floods have occurred regularly every tenth year, reckoning from 1822, when the water covered all the low lands and rose to a greater height than was ever known before. In 1832 and 1842 memorable floods occurred, though the water did not attain the extreme height of 1822. The disastrous effects of the flood of 1852 will be remembered by all the pioneer settlers of California; while in 1862 Sacramento was submerged, dams, mills and manufactories were carried away on the principal streams, and the destruction of property was very great. The conclusion drawn from these facts is that a great overflow of waters may be expected soon after the beginning of 1872. If, however, the expected flood should fail to come, the excuse that all signs fail in dry weather would be specially applicable to the case.

Have You Any Money to Lose?—If so, says a New York paper, contrive to walk up Broadway and slip. You will at once be taken in hand by a gentleman deeply interested in your welfare. He will express regret at the misfortune of your fall, and even go so far as to brush the snow from your soiled garments, and during the operation will ease you of your pocket-book, if not of your watch. Such light-fingered gentry are now prowling about our principal thoroughfare seeking whom they may devour.

The Spanish Minister of the Colonies has announced his intention to reorganize the Havana Volunteers.

A Chapter on Coasting.

Henry Ward Beecher has written for the *Ledger* a chapter on coasting, in which he says:

Of all positions, the worst, the most inexcusable is what used to be called a *belly-plumper*, or when one lies down upon his sled, with head to the front, steering with the toes. The position is ungainly, the head is thrust forward and exposed to danger, and in case of need, the body is in a helpless position.

Next is the side-saddle posture, or when the boy sits curled up upon the rear of the sled, with one leg under him, and the other projected backward for a rudder.

The upright posture, with legs extended over the sides, or carried forward between, and even in front of the runners, is the true position for the bold boy of the sled. He has the use of his whole body, and the perfect control of his sled; and if he comes to harm, it must be set down to that large account of profit and loss which every spirited boy runs up.

Let no man revile the joys of ice-bound hills; or ridicule the task of tugging a heavy sled up the hill for the sake of rushing down again! Ah, yes—but that downward rush is ecstacy.

Clear the coast! Here goes! Right behind is a rival sled. Away we go, every yard quickening the rate; we come to the *runners*, and fly through he air as if shot from a catapult, and strike down again with a jar that makes the sled creak. Clear the coast! here we come! The boy draws aside. Neck and neck we go! glorious! There is a sturdy old farmer who never could find out what boys were made for. He won't get out of the way—not he! He shakes his cane as a warning. Too late—we strike him just above the ankles, and he goes over our head like a shadow, but we hear him come down behind like a substance! In a second we are away and out of reach and hearing. Of course there is a fuss, and we are called up, and the master, with a twinkle in his eye, scolds us, and says we must say we are sorry; and everybody says served him right, the old curmudgeon, he ought to have kept out of the road; and we find ourselves the heroes of the school.

Then who will forget when our pretty cousin wanted to take a cruise on our sled, and how our sisters, too, were the guests of proudly polite boys, and how the courtesy of the hill-side was shown to the girls as ardently and disinterestedly as ever it could be in after life on more important occasions!

Perhaps the teacher was willing to show his condescension, and take passage on a double sled. Great was the hurrah raised for him, and ecstatic the yell universal, when, by a dexterous turn at the bottom of the hill, the sled went out from under him, and he made the few remaining yards of distance without help, and turned up quite like a heap of dirty snow!

Winter Toilettes.

A New York fashion journal notices a few of the winter toilettes in that city.

One of the most elaborate toilettes is of blue, exquisitely bordered with an embroidery of white silk, with fringe of heavy silk and fine chenille combined. The corsage of the Louis XIV. style, postillions, closed at the throat with a deep frill of very beautiful point d'Aiquille lace, falling in a spiral knot over the faintest tint of rose crepe de chine. A fair young bride will perceive in the record to the bridal dress a tint of white, with the pink creaminess cast over it, as if from a glowing sunset gleaming upon a bank of newly fallen snow; trimmed with tulle frills at the edging of the antique sleeves. The corsage cut heart-shaped, filled in with misty folds of tulle; jasmin and orange blossoms for the coiffure, mingled with a lace of the most transparent texture, covered with tiny knots of chenille. The trained over-skirt was a mass of narrow ruffles, draped upon either side by large rosettes of silk and lace; a little apron of many wrinkles just reached the top of the four flounces of the under skirt, and a broad sash of faintly-tinted faille finished this charming costume. The jewels were of large rose pearls—bracelet, earring, and pin. A very elegant dress, completed for a regal brunette, is of a warm, ruby gros grain; the long over-skirt of a shade lighter, is lashed at intervals with insertions of the darker shade, edged at each puff with narrow black Chantilly and passementerie. The basque has an extremely long Louis XVI. vest of dark ruby velvet, cut square, grandish with lace; a collar and sleeve of exquisite point d'Alencon. Jewels of rubies and diamond.

For evening toilettes flowers rival lace and the exquisite lightness of the marabout. Young ladies combine silk with the most diaphonous materials, rendering less obvious the heaviness of the former. For example, a dress of pearl colored gros grain has three over-skirts of shaded rose color in tarletans, ruched with the same light texture; these skirts are long and gracefully looped at intervals with brilliant Austrain roses, mixed with white marabout, the same flowers forming the banquet for the neck and the hair. Another costume of water green, delicate as the foam capped wave, was arranged with skirts and ruchings of misty tulle; broad puffs are placed on the upper skirt, separated by sprays of eglantine, with pale crystallized leaves. A straight scarf of the silk, covered with tulle, is gracefully draped over the breast and caught at the shoulder with a spray of the eglantine; coiffure of the same flowers.

A magnificent dress of white gros grain was literally covered with black lace, the dusky fabric so Spanish in its suggestiveness that, as one looks upon it, the vision of a dark-eyed donna arises as to its rightful owner. Still black lace is becoming to all, it shades and relieves the *trop prononce*, and yet lends a newer grace to the most faultlessly elegant.

Snake Charming.—A short time since a black snake attempted to charm a child of Benjamin Buchanan, who resides two miles from Susquehanna. The child was sitting upon the doorsteps of the house, playing. The serpent crawled up to within a few feet of the child, paused, and commenced to charm the little one. Closer and closer it came, the child's gaze was becoming stronger and more fixed, and in a moment more, the innocent would have been encircled by the slimy snake. At this juncture, a favorite and faithful dog dashed in upon the scene, and, with a few vigorous shakes, destroyed the reptile, which measured four and a half feet in length.

How He Went to Fetch the Coolie.

James L. A Hope gives an amusing account, in the London *Spectator*, of the way he went to the South Sea Islands "to fetch the Coolie"—Coolies being wanted on the sugar estates in Australia. Mr. Hope says:

The Australian labor market has been at various times supplied with convicts, free and assisted emigrants, Chinamen and Germans; but it is only within the last few years that the introduction of sugar-growing industry into Queensland has turned our attention to that large group of islands, the New Hebrides, lying within a week's sail of our own colony, and crowded with an indigent and savage population. The planters, in despair at the restless character of the English workman, became naturally very eager to obtain a quantity of cheap and reliable laborers for the sugar season—men who could stand the heat of the sun, who would work together in gangs without grumbling, and above all, who would bind themselves to their employers for at least three years. Under these circumstances, several small ships started for the New Hebrides in quest of men, and the first arrival of woolly, stupid-looking Kanakas was regarded with great curiosity by all classes. * * *

I have often wondered at the imperfect idea of number which a native Coolie possesses—he grasps easily the idea of one pig for one axe, but three pigs for three axes bothers him. I looked round for a chief and tried to open the conversation with him, with a view to my great object, recruits for Queensland, and commenced an animated harangue, pointing out to him the advantage the men would gain in going with me, and the strength they would add to the tribe when they brought back their muskets and powder. The chief smiled graciously, and manifested a sudden fancy for my sheath-knife, which being in a moment of weakness given to him, he walked off, leaving me to a crowd of applicants for more sheath-knives of the same sort. I was not a little mortified at finding out afterwards that he had not understood a single word, being of a different tribe from my interpreter. And so I learnt a great and most important lesson, in all dealings with the natives, and which I cannot help thinking might be profitably taken to heart by charitable London ladies—"Never give away anything without value received, unless you wish to put a stop to all trade and make everybody a beggar." Man after man shook his head when I asked him to come over to Queensland. The universal cry was, "We are willing enough to go and work and get muskets and powder, but we should like to see some of our brothers back here first, to hear what they say of your country."

It has never been my good fortune to contest an election in the old country, but I had heard that "the woman once gained, the man follows," i a maxim in canvassing, and acting on this plan, I approached a matronly-looking lady with a ring in her nose and a baby on her shoulder, and tried to make friends, upon which, drawing her grass petticoat-fringe close round her, she set up such a piteous howling, that I concluded the progress of civilization had not yet wafted the notion of woman's rights to those distant regions, and that far from having any influence over her husband, she actually seemed to be afraid of him.

In my experience of the islands, I found the invariable custom of leave-taking to be as follows: The intended emigrant would strip himself of all he had on, consisting probably of only one bracelet, and sitting down on the beach, would howl melodiously in the middle of a circle of women, after the payment of which tribute to nature he would step briskly into the boat, as gleeful as a child in prospect of a holiday. If asked to bring the woman with him he would indignantly refuse, evidently thinking that he was already well out of that mess, and would become quite reconciled to his new life before the Southeast trades had blown us over to Vate.

Taking the Veil.—In New York the solemn ceremonies of a religious "profession" were performed in a chapel of the Sisters of Charity. The occasion was that of a young lady taking upon herself the Order of Mercy. At the commencement of the service the novice prostrated herself at the foot of the high altar, while a choir of nuns chanted the Litany of the Saints in her behalf. At the communion she arose and slowly ascended the altar steps. On reaching the platform upon which the priest stands she again knelt and devoutly prepared herself for the reception of the holy sacrament and the taking of the three religious vows—chastity, voluntary poverty and obedience. The vows being taken—the vows which are believed to be perpetually binding—the professed nun resumed her position at the foot of the altar and again prostrated herself, while the choir chanted a solemn and appropriate hymn. The hymn being finished she arose, and accompanied by several sisters, went into the sacristy, where she was divested of all her adornments, to don the humble habit and cowl of a Sister of Charity. The ceremony was conducted by three priests.

To Correspondents.

Persons writing with the expectation of having their letters published in this paper will do well to observe the following rules:

Write only when you have something to say.

When you have said it, quit.

Write only on one side of your paper.

Write plain, and as you want your letter to appear.

Do not write with a pencil when a pen can be had.

Leave off the long preambles which occupy space and require time to read.

Give the facts—comments will be made here.

Make your letters short, pointed, lively.

Do not write on facts you are afraid to sign. Cowards never make reliable correspondents.

Short letters, like short visits, make long friends.

Lewis Crandall, an Oneida County, New York man, will be a centenarian if he lives till next April. His honorable record is briefly summed up: Two wives and nine children, never sick in his life, lived on the same farm sixty years, and voted at seventy-eight annual elections.

The Year A. D. 1872.

It is time, says a New York paper, that we began to accustom ourselves to the appearance of the figures which together indicate the year now before us, and which must now be inscribed at the head of every letter, borne on the front of each newspaper and printed on the cover of every monthly or quarterly. So let us, for a few moments, look ahead and see what the New Year is likely to bring us.

We are to choose a President in 1872—so much is certain—unless, indeed, there should be more than two candidates, and no one receive a majority of the electoral votes; in which case, the President would be chosen by the House of Representatives in February, 1873.

The year just before us is not the centenary of any great event in modern history. A hundred years ago, our fathers were still somewhat angrily resisting the arrogant claim of the British Crown and Parliament of unlimited, unbalanced power to tax them, without even the formality of asking their leave; but only the discerning few as yet foresaw the bloody struggle that was then imminent. One hundred years ago, peace was very general throughout both hemispheres, except that the Partition of Poland among her three powerful neighbors had been decreed and initiated.

France seems a smothered but not sleeping volcano, just ready to vomit flame and ashes, yet not likely very soon to trouble the repose of her neighbors. That her present government cannot outlast the coming year, is a safe prediction; but who shall tell what fashion of monarchy shall supplant the doomed Republic? The priests and ruder peasantry would have Henry V. if they could; the army officers prefer Napoleon III.; the manufacturers and shopkeepers lean toward the House of Orleans; the workers for wages constitute the main strength of the Republic. That Thiers will soon cease to be President, few doubt; beyond that, all is blind conjecture.

Great Britain seems to be gravitating toward a republic in fact if not in name; but the obstacles to be encountered are gigantic. Among Christian countries, there remains no other whose social structure is so essentially arirtocratic as hers. A hundred families own half her immense wealth; the greater portion of her soil belongs to a much smaller number. A social revolution in the British Isles may be the bloodiest and most destructive that the world has yet seen. I can hardly be initiated while the National Finances remain as sound and hopeful as they now are, and a majority of the rural tenantry continue attached to the feudal lords by a tie of common interest. Yet the day of strenuous effort for a radical upturning in Britain cannot be far distant. The union of Church and State is probably the next bulwark of aristocracy to be assailed and subverted.

Spain has made more progress toward daylight within the last ten years than any other country. Till lately a thrall of bigotry and imbecile despotism, she has to-day a liberal constitution and a parliamentary regime, and is rapidly gaining in popular intelligence and popular power. Her tearfully disordered finances and her enormously over-generaled army are the chief remaining obstacles to her complete renovation.

Italy is no longer a chaos of nominally independent but impotent states and of foreign provinces, but a liberal kingdom of twenty-five millions, rapidly growing in intelligence, cohesion, and strength. More newspapers are issued weekly in any quarter of her arena than in the peninsula twenty years ago. She needs but peace and a policy which shall serve to develop her material resources to render her, by the close of this century, one of the Great Powers of Europe.

Germany to-day is the strongest and most influential among those Powers; but her Emperor and Prime Minister are both old men; so is his military brain, von Moltke. When these pass away, as in the order of nature they soon must, the prestige of the monarch will fade, and the Empire enter upon that work of social melioration which has already been delayed too long, allowing Austria, and even Russia, to take the lead of her. These two great military monarchies are likely to be involved in deadly strife at no distant day; but Germany will stand aloof if the voice of her people shall be heard.

Mexico and all Spanish America seem to us a continual anarchy, when in fact they are in most respects what Europe and Christendom were ten to twelve centuries ago. A far wider expanse and a sparser population are the most essential points of difference.

On the whole, we hope to be obliged to chronicle little or no carnage in 1872; yet the bloodiest years of the past have been ushered in as peacefully as this now promises to be. Let us reverently trust that whatever of agony and woe the New Year may bear in its bosom may be overruled for good, and that the human race may visibly, palpably profit by all its sufferings and sorrows.

How New Jersey Got Out of the Union.—The origin of the allusions to New Jersey as a foreign country is said to be as follows: After the downfall of the first Napoleon, his brother Joseph, who had been King of Spain, and his nephew, Prince Murat, son of the King of Italy, sought refuge in this country, and brought much wealth with them. Joseph Bonaparte wished to build a palatial residence here, but did not desire to become a citizen, as he hoped to return to Europe. To enable him as an alien to hold real estate required a special act of the Legislature. He tried to get one passed for his benefit in several states, but failed. He was much chagrined, especially because Pennsylvania refused. After this he applied to the New Jersey Legislature, which body granted both him and Murat the privilege of purchasing land. They bought a track at Bordentown, and built magnificent dwellings, and fitted them up in the most costly manner. Rare paintings, statuary, &c., were profuse, and selected with care, and the grounds laid out with exquisite taste.

An Indianess, discovering that her marriage ceremony had been illegally performed, fourteen years ago, has commenced a suit against her husband for services rendered him as an employe during that period.

In the Sandwich Islands, the ladies take two fish scales between finger and thumb and pluck out their lord and master's beard hair by hair whilst he takes his siesta in the sun.

The Waning Year.

The year begins to tremble with decay,
Like an old man who leans upon a staff,
And in a graveyard reads the epitaph
Of all his offspring who have passed away;
But yet soft breezes with his thin locks play,
Scattering his sadness with a jocund laugh.
While the great sun yet warms in his behalf
And with his darts keeps winter still at bay.
Yea soothed and flattered in full many ways,
Though all the fields be bare, and woodlands sere,
Half hidden from his sight by thickening haze,
Serenely smiles the slow-declining Year,
Like one who has in goodness spent his days,
And waits his coming end without a fear.

Brevities.

Man's greatest enemy is the wine glass; woman's the looking glass.

There are nearly 550 convicts in the State prison at Charlestown, Mass

Of the 10,000 English miners, one in every thirty is killed by accident yearly.

For the first time in sixteen years there is not a Washburn in Congress.

The surest way to lose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

A Detroit lady visited a menagerie and asked to be shown the cundurango.

For railway-travelers—When the engineer whistles "down brakes" look out for a break-down.

Every man has his weak side; and it is very often the case that this weak side is the best part of the man.

Horne Tooke, when asked by George III why he never played at cards, replied "I can not tell a king from a knave."

Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole:
The very life-breath of the heart.

Some one with spare time on his hands has been investigating a bushel of wheat, and reports that it contains 666,000 grains.

A hen-pecked husband, who had married his wife because she was handsome, declared that "a thing of beauty is a jar forever."

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

If you don't stop using tobacco, the first thing you know you will have the amaurosis, angina, pectoris, hypochondriasis and locomotorataxy.

Fresh eggs have been given, with market success, down east, to colts not in good health. The nourishment they afforded soon restored the weak animals.

The Russian officers at the ball, when dancing with the ladies, invariably counted the time—*un deux trois*—out loud, so as to be able to keep step with their partners.

One hundred and eight men, including seventy Indians, in Tucson, Arizona, have pleaded not guilty to an indictment charging them with killing Apache Indians at the Camp Grant Reservation

I've caught a cold—
I don't know how
I go 'k-chu-z!"
When I 'k-chow!"
And when I try,
Like a Chinee,
To say 'p-kttz!"
I say "a-chee!"

To prevent the water pipes in your house freezing and bursting this cold weather, leave the water dripping at the faucets during the night. The circulation of water through the pipes will prevent freezing.

"Boys," said a school-teacher the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in school?" "It is Bill Smith, sir, who is imitating a locomotive." "Come up here, William," said the teacher, "If you are turning into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

A dentist was recently saved from drowning by a laborer, and from the depths of his grateful heart exclaimed: 'Noble brave, gallant man! how shall I reward you? Only come to my house, and I will cheerfully pull out every tooth you have got in your head and not charge you sixpence.

A New York politician, in writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a deceased country member of the legislature, says, "I cannot tell you how pained I was to hear that your husband has gone to heaven. We were bosom-friends; but now we shall never meet again.

A Broken Heart Cured.—Julia Vallet vs. Thomas Grace. This is an action of the case brought to recover damages for breach of promise to marry. Defence: That defendant has never made any promise to marry the plaintiff; that it is a conspiracy on the part of the plaintiff and her family to extort money from him; that the plaintiff first proposed marriage; that he replied, "You wouldn't marry an old man like me, would you?" when she replied she would, if there was only money enough; that he never gave her any presents but what were solicited by the plaintiff; that he never took her to ride except when asked to take her on occasions when she was going the same way; that all he said in relation to marriage was when she, during the winter of 1870, suggested that would be a good time to get married, he said that if he was going to get married he should prefer the Fourth of July, which was the only occasion of his manifesting any warmth of passion; and that he has not made or broken any such promise as the plaintiff alleges. The defendant submitted his defence without introducing any testimony. Verdict for plaintiff for $8,500 Defendant takes an appeal.—*Providence (R. I.) Herald.*

Bad for the Buffalo.—It appears that the buffaloes were very much discommoded by the late terrible snow storm on the Pacific Railroad. While one train of cars was embedded in the snow these animals gathered to the lee side for shelter. A correspondent says: "If any one felt disposed he might, from his seat in the car, pop them over with his revolver—the rest would not move—they could not be driven away by engine whistling or human voice, but crowded their shaggy sides close up to the cars and there stood with bowed heads for the storm to pass. Many were seen to fall down in their tracks, dead from the cold, and when at last the train was dug out and moved off, the track was lined with these huge, shaggy, frozen carcasses." We think a robe a luxury in winter—so it is. Imagine the severity of the weather when the animal which furnishes the robe freezes to death under his natural protection.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3661_scm12289-0169