

KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE.

BY GEORGE W. HARLOW,

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

VOLUME I.

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TERMS.

The Kosciusko Chronicle is published every Thursday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates, to wit: For every six lines or less, first insertion, fifty cents; and for each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents, payable in advance, or upon first insertion.

Standing advertisements, every six lines or less, will be inserted as follows:

Three months	\$3 00
Six months	5 00
One year	8 00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Announcing candidates for office, five dollars, payable in advance.

Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount (\$10) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Letters on business with the office, to ensure attention, must be post paid or free.

Money may be sent by mail at our risk, if a receipt is first taken from the post-master.

Job work must be paid for on delivery.

The Man of Leisure.

"You'll please not forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the rich man of leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin. "I will be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask the place for me yesterday?" said the boy on the following day, with quivering lips, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer, "I was busy, but I will to-day."

"Heaven help my poor mother," murmured the boy, as he gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with a loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted with joy, and his mother held out her hand for a portion, while a smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day: only think, mother, three meals, and it won't take me three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's face trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had obtained the place.

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears.

Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be here so late," said Mr. Inklin, "not a soul to brush my coat."

The child came at length, his face swelled with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. C.'s store was taken up yesterday."

The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "we may as well starve. Mother is dead!"

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar.

Mr. Inklin was taken ill. He said often that he thought religion might be a good thing and meant to look into it. An anxious friend brought a clergyman with him. He spoke tenderly but seriously, to the sufferer of eternal truth.

"Call to-morrow," said the man of leisure, and we will talk about those matters."

That night the man of leisure died. [Iron City.]

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN VISITING A PRINTING OFFICE.

Enter softly.
Sit down quickly.
Don't touch the poker.
Say nothing interesting.
Engage in no controversy.
Don't smoke.
Keep six feet from the table.
Hands off the papers.
Eyes off the manuscript.
If the editor reaches you a paper, pore over it to your hearts content, and then be sure to lay it down again.
If the editor is abrupt or looks savage take it for granted he is stalled—and vanish. [Ez. paper.]

The Pittsburg Despatch notices a quack advertisement, headed: "We challenge the country!" He thinks it illegal to give a challenge with what may properly be termed 'deadly weapons.'

The He-Dee.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired little girl used to sit in the pleasant evenings of June on the marble steps, opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Philadelphia, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of delighted simplicity, that charmed me many a time. She was an orphan child, and commonly reported to be rich. Often and often have I sat after a day of toil and vexation, and listened to her innocent voice, breathing forth notes of peace and happiness, which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of that tranquility steal over my bosom. Such was Eliza Hundley when I first saw her.

Several years had elapsed during which time I was absent from the city, when walking alone in one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female figure step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend, who was by my side, pulled my elbow. Do you remember little Eliza, who used to sing for us when we lived in Walnut street. I did remember—it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romances herself. She came out in the gay circle of life under the auspices of her guardian. It was said by some she was rich—very rich—but the amount of wealth did not appear to be a matter of publicity; however, the current, and as we generally believed, well-founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers—and among the number a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with a somewhat partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made an offer. Probably she blushed and her heart fluttered a little, but they were sitting in a moonlit parlor, and as her embarrassment was more than half concealed she recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendancy she put on a serious face, and told him she was honored by his preference, but that there was one matter which should be understood before giving him a reply. "Perhaps you may think me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake on that point—I am worth eighteen hundred dollars."

She was proceeding but the gentleman started as if electrified. "Eighteen hundred dollars!" he repeated in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise. "Yes, madam," said he awkwardly, "I did understand you were worth a great deal more—but—"

"No sir," she replied, "no excuse or apology; think about what I have told you—you are embarrassed now—answer me some other time," and rising, she bade him good night.

She just escaped a trap; he went the next day to her guardian to inquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer he dropped his suit at once.

The next serious proposal soon after; and this, too, came from one who succeeded to a large portion of her esteem, but applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found a like result. He too, left her, and she rejoiced in a fortunate escape.

She sometime after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the diffidence of love than she had witnessed before.—She did not check his hopes. In the process of time, he too made an offer, but when she spoke of her fortune, he begged her to be silent. "It is to virtue, worth and beauty," said he, "that I pay my court—not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is worth more than gold." She was most agreeably disappointed. They were married, and the union was solemnized, and she made him master of her fortune and herself. "I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars," said she to him, "but never to enjoy more pleasure than I feel at this moment when I tell you my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand."

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed an elder in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a powerful preacher; for in the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits and as many bibles in pieces."

A Chinese Execution.

I lived two or three hundred yards from the execution ground, where all the criminals of Kwangtung are executed. I have seen eleven executed to-day. There were two executed yesterday. Accidentally I happened to pass the place to-day about 3 o'clock, p. m., and seeing preparations making for an execution, I concluded to stop and see. So I procured me a place on the top of a house near by, and awaited the issue.—Soon after the mandarins began to come, and the first measure was to clear all the spectators out of the premises and close the entrances, leaving a little dirty spot of ground of about half an acre, where the people make potter's ware, vacant for the occupation of criminals, soldiers and mandarins.

After this we waited half an hour or more, and some soldiers and one of the criminals came, who was led forward to the farther end of the premises, and caused to kneel in the mud, where I think he waited fifteen or twenty minutes for his doom. Then the other criminals came, one at a time, and took their places behind him in succession, all kneeling in the mud. There was quite a variety in their appearance and manner in coming. All walked but one, who was carried in a basket. And whether he was carried from moral or physical inability to walk, I could not discover, but I supposed the latter, as the bamboo would doubtless have been applied in the former case in order to produce willingness.

Another, however, manifested great reluctance to come, and would only go forward when pushed by two strong fellows, one at each side. Others marched on slowly, but seriously, without making any fuss about it, in any way. Only two talked as they walked along. One of them, if I understood him correctly, was exculpating himself, or denied being guilty—the other was a brazen faced fellow, and braved the matter, looking round about him, and congratulating the spectators, as if he had been going to a wedding. Some of them seemed to have seen better days.

They were generally about 30 years of age. But each of the criminals took his place in turn as he arrived, about three or four steps behind his fellow, with one man at his back to hold him steady. His hands were tied behind, and a chain around his neck until he got within the inclosure, when it was unlocked and taken off. When the civil magistrate arrived, and all the criminals had taken their places, the word of command was given by one of the mandarins to execute them. One of the executioners sprang to his work with much energy, with a long heavy knife, most likely made for the purpose. He struck on the back of the neck; struck with both hands, and seemed to strike with all his might, and at each blow took the head clear off, and seemed to do it with ease.

He executed six or eight in less than half a minute; when the second executioner commenced and finished with a slim—the letter of Mr. R. is here sadly mutilated by some accident of its journey, and is altogether intelligible.) The mandarins and soldiers, of whom there were about two hundred in attendance, immediately dispersed and allowed the gates to be opened. The friends went in and gathered up the bodies and heads in coffins and carried them away. Sometimes the heads are piled on the ground—I suppose when so ordered by the mandarins; they were not on this occasion. Several hundred are executed in this place annually.

[Letter in the N. Y. Observer.]

A good story is told of professor Humphrey, of Amherst college. One morning, before recitation, some of the students fastened a live goose on the president's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned upon his heel and coolly observed, "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

It is said that in Arkansas a 'three story house' means a pigsty on the floor, fleas in the bed, and a row of fowls roosting on a stick above.

It is strongly urged upon the emigrants to Oregon to take wives with them, as there is no supply of the article in that country.

Priestly Villainy.

Married women, who have no children and never had any, are taught by Romish priests that, in case they have no children, the church has the power of giving them fecundity, and thus enabling them to "comply with the great object of their creation," viz: "to increase and multiply." The holy church, in her wisdom, or rather in her craft and deep knowledge of human nature, knows full well that married ladies, especially those who have property, are often unhappy because they have no children; and the priests, looking upon this as a fine opportunity not only to indulge their own passion but to make money, tell such women, in the confessional, that they have the power specially delegated to them from Almighty God, of giving them those children for which they are so anxious. I well recollect an instance of this Romish infatuation—this worse than the hellish belief. It proved a source of much trouble to myself in after life, and I believe I may partly trace it to the Popish Priests in this country.

While officiating as a Roman Catholic priest in ———, I became acquainted with a Roman Catholic lady and gentleman, of good character and considerable wealth. The husband stood well in society, and so did the wife, and I believe both deserved it. There was but one barrier, to all appearance, in the way of their happiness. They had no children; and having no blood or family alliances in the country, this seemed a source of distress to the wife, though I could not help remarking that they were an extremely fond couple. Not very long after my acquaintance with them the wife called on me, told me her grievance in not having children, and asked me how much it would cost her to purchase from the church, her interference in the matter and the blessing of having children. I forgot my usual caution. Indignation took the place of policy; I forgot, for a moment, that I was bound to keep the secrets of the Pope and the infallible church, and to defend them both, right or wrong. I replied indignantly, "Madam, you are the dupe of priestcraft.—There is no power in the Church to countervail the will of God." The lady retired; and I cannot give the reader a better idea of the infatuation of Papist women, or the consummate villainy of Romish priests in the confessional, than by relating what followed. She called upon me the day following, stated to me that since she saw me, she called on the reverend Mr. ———, a Franciscan friar, who lived only a few doors from me, and having told him what I said to her, he raised his hands in pious astonishment, and told her that he expected nothing better from me; that he suspected me of heresy for some time past, and had now a proof of it, and that I should be cast out of the church, as fit society only for the devils; and accordingly in a few months after, this holy friar and the holy Romish bishop of the diocese, solemnly cursed me from the head to the toe-nails, casting me into hell for such damnable heresies. I understand that the lady of whom I have spoken is now blessed with an interesting family of children, and the husband one of the happiest fathers in the world. The friar is an exemplary and reverend servant of the infallible church, still hearing confessions, while I am a wicked heretic, with no human chance of salvation. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

Thus are the streams of domestic happiness and social life polluted in our very midst by Romish priests; and yet they are encouraged, they are led, they are sustained, they are received into society, by the very men whose wives and daughters they have ruined, and with whose happiness they have sported and gambled. I say sported, because I know of my own knowledge, that nothing affords the reverend young Yahoos of the Romish church, especially those who come from Europe, more pleasure in their private conversation, than speaking of the gullible Yankee heretics, who fancy themselves a match for priests in the infallible church. [Hogan.]

GARLIC BUTTER.—Take two large cloves of garlic and pound to a paste in a mortar, adding, by degrees, a piece of butter the size of an egg. You may with little of this butter give the taste of garlic to sauces. Some persons like a piece of garlic butter on the table, to eat with roast meat.

A Living Death.—Intoxication is a living death! How dead to all around him is he whose whole soul is buried beneath the black waters of intemperance! What does he know of the good gifts of eternal God? He goes forth in the morning, but takes no delight; the soft summer breeze which comes sweetly scented and laden with health over the green fields and through the sweet briar and wild rose to salute as with an angel's wing the temperate and good, and which finds a glad and happy response, to him of the Bottle is but a mockery! and why? why is it so? Because he is dead, his mind is impure; and purity and healthfulness in his thoughts find no sympathy. The varied flowers as the open their tiny lips to bless God and receive the gentle dew of morning, convey to his mind no lesson—afford his heart no pleasure. He is indeed dead, dead in health, in morals, in everything. Cheerfulness is a stranger, he knows it not. Excitement; maddening, delirious excitement, is the element in which he moves; and unless he is constantly under the influence and surrounded by the atmosphere of such excitement he doubly feels his degradation! Is he not then dead? And is it not our duty to plead with him; to petition him, to come once more to life!

[Washingtonian.]

Confession.—The following is from a Dublin journal:—"Have you anything else whereof your conscience should be purged?" asked Father Phelan of a kneeling culprit at the confession.

"Yes," replied the penitent, "I have committed the mean sin of theft. I have stolen this watch; will your reverence accept it of me?"

"No!" exclaimed the pious priest; "I receive the fruit of your villainy! No; instantly return the watch to its owner!"

"I have already offered it to him," replied the culprit; and he refused to receive it; therefore, holy father, I beseech you to take it."

"Peace, wretch!" rejoined the priest, "you should have repeated the offer."

"I did repeat it your reverence, but he would not take it."

"Then," said the priest, "I must absolve you from the sin you have committed."

The purified thief had scarcely departed when the astonished father discovered that it was his own watch that had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited near the confessional!

SCRAPS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired thro' a pane of glass, making the hole the size of the ball, without even cracking the glass. If suspended by a thread, it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk 200 feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water. In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

MAGNETISE THE TORMENT.—One of our contemporaries has the following cure for the toothache: Take a piece of sheet zinc, about the size of four pence half penny, and a piece of silver, say a quarter of a dollar, place them together, and hold them between and contiguous to the defective tooth—in a few minutes the pain will be gone as if by magic. The zinc and silver acting as a galvanic battery, will produce on the nerves of the tooth sufficient electricity to establish a current, and consequently relieve the pain. [Lou. Journal.]

A SMART BOY.—Now, children, said a schoolmaster, remember what I have told you. All the misery that afflicts the world, arose from the fact that Eve stole an apple and divided it with Adam.

"Osh!" exclaimed a tow-headed urchin, "what a pity it hadn't been our Sal. She's such a stingy critter, that whenever she steals an apple she eats the whole on't herself."

Friendship, says Byron, is a dangerous word for young ladies; it is love, full fledged, and waiting for a fine day to fly.