

### MARTHA CROSSLEY'S VOW.

John Crossley died in 1837, after which the firm was conducted by John, Joseph, and Sir Francis Crossley, Bart. The latter represented the West Riding of the County of York at the time of his death, a few years ago. In 1857 he purchased a splendid piece of ground, which he presented to the corporation of Halifax, to be used as a people's park for ever. In the speech which he made on the occasion of presenting it, he said, among other things, "My mother was seventeen, and quick in disposition. She said that right was not done to her at home, and she was determined to make her own way in the world, whatever the consequences might be. She went out to service, contrary to the wish of her father. I am honored to-day with the presence of one who has descended from the family who engaged her as servant: I mean Mr. Oldfield, of Stock Lane, vice-chairman of the Halifax Board of Guardians. In that service, in her own person, she did the work of kitchen-maid, house maid, and of cook; and, in addition to that, she regularly milked six cows every night and morning. Besides which, she kept the house, which was as clean as a little palace. But this was not enough to employ her willing hands. Her mistress took in wool or tops to spin, and she could do what scarcely any in Warley could have done—she spun that wool to thirty-six hanks in the pound, and thus earned many a guinea for her mistress, besides doing all her other work."

Sir Francis went on to relate the history of his father, until the time when he took the Dean Clough Mill. "My mother," he says, "went there with her usual energy. As she was going down the yard at four o'clock in the morning, she made this vow, 'If the Lord does bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it.' It is to this vow, given with so much faithfulness, and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute the great success which my father had in business. My mother was always looking how she could best keep this vow. In the days that are gone by, when it was a dreary thing to give employment to a large number of people, the advice that she gave to her sons was, 'Do not sell your goods for less than they cost, for it would ruin you, without permanently benefitting any one, but if you can go on giving employment during the winter, do so, for it is a bad thing for a working-man to go home and hear his children cry for bread, when he has none to give them.'"

And now with respect to the manner in which Sir Francis Crossley fulfilled the vow of his mother. "On the 10th of September, 1855," he said, "I left Quebec early in the morning, for the White Mountains, in the United States. I remember passing through some of the most glorious scenery I had ever seen. On reaching the hotel at the White Mountains, I went out alone for an evening walk. It was a beautiful spot. The sun was just declining behind Mount Washington, amidst all the glorious drapery of an American sunset. I felt as if I were walking with God. 'What,' said I, 'shall I render for all his benefits to me?' The answer came immediately: 'It is true thou canst not bring the many thousands thou hast left behind thee in thy native country to see this beautiful scenery, but thou canst take such scenery to them. It is possible so to arrange art and nature that they shall be within the reach of every man in Halifax; that he shall go and take his evening walk there, after his day's toil has been done.' Well, this seemed to me a glorious thought! I walked home, and my prayer that night was, that in the morning I might feel that my thought was justified, and that I might be spared to put it in execution. I slept soundly that night, and when I awoke, my impression was confirmed. On the 10th of September, when I left Quebec for the White Mountains, I had no more idea of making a park than any one here has of building a city. On the day I reached home, I felt as convinced that I should carry out my thought as I was of my own existence. And from that day to this I have never flinched from the undertaking, whatever difficulties might arise. It is a happy day for me that I have been permitted to see the result in the People's Park that has been opened to-day."

The park was opened in August, 1857. The park is situated in the centre of the borough of Halifax, and covers twelve acres and a half of ground. It cost Sir Francis Crossley thirty-five thousand pounds, who also gave to the corporation six thousand three hundred pounds, to be invested for its maintenance.

But the vow of Martha Crossley was not yet entirely fulfilled: "If the Lord does bless us at this place, the poor shall taste of it." That was what she promised on her husband's entering into possession of Dean Clough Mills; and her sons have nobly fulfilled her promise. In 1861, the extensive business of John Crossley & Sons, with all its mills, machinery, plant, warehouses, and stock in trade, at Halifax, Kidderminster, Manchester and London, was converted into a joint stock company. The company was formed with the primary design of receiving the co-operation of all parties associated with the business, and with the object of securing a spirit of harmony and the material well-being and profit of the work-people, clerks, managers, and others interested in the concern. In order to enable the work-people to join in the business, a large sum of money was lent to them for the purpose of taking up returned shares in the company; and the work-people took them up to a large extent. A preference was always given to the managers and operatives; and the amount of shares applied for by them was invariably allotted in full.

The results of this system have proved entirely satisfactory; the directors reporting that "the active energies of all parties necessary to insure success have been fully enlisted." They claim originality in their method of securing the direct interest of the employees, and they rejoice in being able to report that the system has more than realized their highest expectations. At the present time, the employees hold shares in the company of the value of about thirty thousand pounds; and the deposit bank, founded for the use of the work-people exclusively, contains money-savings amounting to more than sixteen thousand pounds. And thus the vow of Martha Crossley that the poor should taste of the prosperity of John Crossley & Sons has been amply and nobly fulfilled!—*Thrift, by Samuel Smiles.*

### END OF A CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

When woman stoops to folly she invariably makes a mess of it—at least so has done Mrs. Eliza Hawthorne, daughter to the wealthy physician, Dr. Lounes, of No. 101 East Nineteenth street. Two years ago Miss Lounes and a younger sister made the acquaintance of Charles Hawthorne and his brother John, the one a clerk and the other a barkeeper in a Broadway saloon, and both young women being of a romantic turn of mind resolved upon an elopement and a clandestine marriage all around. By virtue of this arrangement the two pairs became one at the house of a mutual friend, Eliza created into a bone of Charles, and Henrietta the better-half of John, Lounes, the stern parent, closing his door and double locking it against the brace of filial transgressors. Last November the dream of married bliss in Eliza's case was dispelled through her husband informing her that, as he was compelled to leave town, his mother, a Mrs. Lee, proprietor of a large boarding-house, No. 30 Waverly Place, would take care of her during her confinement. She did so with a vengeance, for, representing herself as being a missionary, and her daughter-in-law a young lady discovered by her in distress, she transferred her charge first to a lying-in asylum, and subsequently to the Clinton Place Infant Home, where fortunately one of the physicians recognized her as Dr. Lounes's daughter, and compelled the stern parent to take her provisionally to his home. Next the retribution of Nemesis was set in motion, and despite Mrs. Lee's ingenious prevarications the absconding husband and father was apprehended upon a charge of abandonment and securely lodged behind iron bars, chiefly on account of Mr. Justice Kilbreth's matured opinion as to his being "one of the most heartless young scoundrels ever arraigned before his court," and in the interim Mrs. Hawthorne will commence a suit for divorce.—*N. Y. Cor. S. F. Chronicle.*

### Claiming a Large Part of Illinois, Missouri, and Louisiana.

The New York *Courier des Etats* is authority for the startling statement that one hundred and eighty square miles of territory in Illinois and Missouri, a portion of which is occupied by the city of Peoria, is claimed by a family of the name of Renant, in France. The grant of this land was made to one Philippe Francois Renant, by the French government, in 1731, and it is protected by the treaty ceding Louisiana by France to the United States in 1803, which guaranteed all such grants as private property, the rights of which remained intact. That these rights are recognized by the United States government is evidenced by the fact that in the grant or sale of all the above territory, the clause was inserted in each and every deed, "subject to French claims," so that the property holders of Peoria and vicinity have only conditional titles to their possessions, which may be rendered null and void as soon as the rightful heirs of P. F. Renant turn up. In non-happening of that contingency lies their only safety, but fortunately said contingency is not a likely one. Although endeavors have been made by a large banking house in Chicago to bring it about, the difficulty of showing a genealogical tree without a single branch missing will probably prevent Peoria from falling a prey to the foreigner. At the same time stranger things have happened than the Renants' making good their claims would be, and the Peoriaites are liable to have their houses sold over their heads any day. A large tract of land in Louisiana, too, is also dependant on the same issue, so that the Renants, if they exist, may be a power in the land some time.

### NO MORE WORKPEOPLE WANTED.

—There are already many more workingmen in this town than can find work. All of our benevolent societies are taxed to their utmost to afford assistance to men who have arrived here without money. It appears that in all the towns of California, and in Utah, Montana, and other places to the eastward, men who are in search of employment of any kind are told to come to this city. They everywhere say, "Go to Virginia City, Nevada; there you will find work. In Virginia City there is work for men of every trade." This sends to us crowds of men who are doomed to disappointment. The majority of them land here penniless or with but a few dollars in their pockets. Few, if any, find work, and all are destitute in a few days, when they are obliged to apply to some one of our benevolent societies for assistance. At present there is no more work here of any kind than can be done by our own people. Let no more workingmen in any place be persuaded into coming here. But a certain number of men can be worked in the mines along the Comstock lode and in the towns thereof, and many more are now here than are required.—*Virginia (Nev.) Paper.*

A CONTRAST.—But yesterday and the elegant parlors of the War Secretary were crowded with sycophantic admirers. The beautiful Mrs. Belknap stood in her stately dignity smiling on her host of friends. A more lovely, graceful, gracious creature never came to adorn the social circles of our national capital. And how they followed, flattered, sought and sued. They seemed to live upon her sweet smiles and fatten on her pleasant words. What an unceasing roll of silken-lined carriages rung along the street. It was a favor to be admitted, an honor to be recognized.

To-day that street is as deserted and silent as a cemetery. The sheriff or the sergeant-at-arms alone enters the doors. Within shame and misery alone hold possession of the elegant parlors. All is silent save the stifled cries of anguish from the once courted but now abandoned and abused mistress.—*Washington Capital, March 5.*

Milk and Limewater for Dyspepsia.—The *Scientific American* says that four tablespoonfuls of lime-water, mixed with a glass of cow's milk, will cure the worst form of dyspepsia or indigestion, in a few days, by repeating the dose each day. This simple remedy is worthy a trial by those who know the terrible sufferings consequent upon dyspepsia or indigestion.

A FEW more of those patent Gale Chilled Plows left that are now attracting so much attention. We have now on the way an instrument to test the draft of different plows, and soon will be able to have a committee of farmers appointed to test the light draft of the Gale. Notice will be given in due time. We mean business, and have the plow to back us up. These plows for sale at Mattison & Johnson's. w8

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### Administrators' Notice.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE estate of Jesse Louder, deceased, will please come forward and settle. All persons holding claims against said estate will also present their claims for settlement, as the administrators desire to adjust the affairs of said estate.

JOHN PARKER, Administrators. ANN LOUDER, Administrators. Virgin City, Jan. 17th, 1876. w1

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