Middlebury Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

KNAPP & FULLER.

L. R. KNAPP. W. J. FULLER.

TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTIONS—In advance, $2,00 per year. If not paid until the end of the year, 50 cents extra.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient; one inch one week, $1,00. Each week additional, 25 cts. Business Cards, $5,00 for one half inch per year. Notices in reading columns, 10 cents per line.

Business Cards.

ELECTRO PLATING, by S. HOLTON. 40tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. E. SMITH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office over Postoffice, 1 Middlebury, Vt.

H. KINGSLEY & SON, Dentists, 42 Up Stairs, Brewster's Block, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

O. P. MEAD, Real Estate Broker, 19; MIDDLEBURY, VT.

H. R. HARRIS, Attorney & Counsellor at Law. Office Brewster's Block, 18; MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. W. RIDER, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, 20;6m BRISTOL, VT.

J. M. TRIPP Sheriff for Addison County. Office in Stewart's Block. 41tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDREDGE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

L. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With Old Middlebury Marble Co. 1tf

A. P. TUPPER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. Office over Postoffice, 38 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DR. EMMA H. CALLENDER, Weybridge street, Middlebury, Vt. Prompt attention paid day and night calls. Office hours, 2 to 4, p. m. 4m6*

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Counsellor at Law. Residence, New Haven, and at Probate office, Middlebury. Parties indebted to me on books or note will please settle forthwith. 41

PROUT, SIMONS & WALKER. Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 22; RUTLAND, VT. W. C. PROUT, NER P. SIMONS, ALBERT P. WALKER.

R. H. MARDIN, Attorney and Counsellor at law, Solicitor and Master in Chancery, Bristol, Vermont. References—Hon. Geo. W. Grandey, Hon. C. H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

E. P. RUSSEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at the residence of the late Dr. W. P. Russel. Office hours 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. 6 P. M. till 8 P. M., unless professionally engaged. 41

B. F. SUTTON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office next door east of the Addison House. Office hours, from 8 to 10, a. m. 12 to 1 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m. 15;1y MIDDLEBURY, VT.

JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, representing the companies lately represented by C. L. Cook, Esq. Also the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York. Office at Huttolph & Miner's Hardware store. 49

L. R. SAYRE, Dealer in Household Provisions, a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Lard, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Oil, Tobacco, &c. Cash paid for Prime Butter at my store any day in the week. 10tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and that he is prepared to furnish carpet warp and batting of a superior quality, at the lowest cash price. Middlebury, Dec. 13, 1872. 39;tf

UPHOLSTERING.

F. L. DRAKE, PRACTICAL UPHOLSTERER, Shop in Sheldon's Block, over Pierce's Store.—Repairing and new work done to order and in a thorough and satisfactory manner. 20;y

DR. CABLE'S ERASIVE SOAP. Manufactured by N. C. Marsh, Middlebury, Vt., is the best toilet soap in the market, leaving the skin smooth and soft. It is also the cheapest soap for washing dirty clothes. Try it and you will never be without it. Many witnesses. For sale at Cave & Rider's. 46y1

H. TURRILL, DENTIST. Office hours 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m. Office over J. L. Huttolph's store, MIDDLEBURY, Vermont.

MRS. E. J. MARTIN, Fashionable Dress and Cloak maker, has constantly on hand all the latest and most approved patterns. Work executed with satisfaction and despatch. Also sole Agent for the Grover and Baker Elastic and Lock stitch Sewing Machine, Middlebury, Vt. 51;6m

WEEKS & BARBER, DEALERS IN FURNITURE, CARPETS, PAPER HANGINGS, CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS. No. 1 OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, Rutland, Vermont. NEWMAN WEEKS. GILBERT BARBER. 27;1y

STRAYED From the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 8th inst., a large line back cow 12 or 15 years old. Whoever will return said cow or give information where she may be found will be suitable rewarded. T. B. SMITH. Middlebury House. 21;tf

MANHOOD: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED! Just published, a new edition of Dr. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents. The celebrated author, in this admiral Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply privately, and *radically*.

☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two post stamps.

Address the Publishers, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 17y1 127 Bowery, N. Y. P. O. Box 4586.

SPRING-SIDE AVENUE.

LAST MONTH

SEVERAL LOTS

WERE PURCHASED

Among the buyers were A. P. Tupper, Esq., and Col. Knapp.

Others in Negotiation!

HANDSOME LOTS OFFERED ON

EASY TERMS!

The Superiority of

BUILDING LOTS

On this New Street is universally admitted.

Yes, it is a Christian duty,
To secure a pleasant home,
When the days so dark and rainy,
Of a stormy life shall come.
Yes, to feel one's self protected
From the blasts that winter sends,
Is a step of first importance
To all parents and their friends.

MORAL:

You, build thyself a nice new house
Exempt from rat, or bug, or mouse.

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIX. MIDDLEBURY, VT., SEPTEMPER 29, 1874. NO. 28

POND-LILIES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In early morning, when the air
Is full of tender prophecy,
And rose-hue faint and pearl-mist fair
Are hints of splendor yet to be.

The lilies open. Gleaming white,
Their fluted cups like onyx shine.
And gladden-hearted in the light,
They hold the summer's rarest wine.

Ah, love, what mornings thou and I
Once idly drifted through, afloat
Among the lilies, with the sky
Cloud-curtained o'er our tiny boat!

Noon climbed apace with ardent feet;
The goblets shut whose honey-dew
Was overbrimmed with subtle sweet
While yet the silver dawn was new.

The pomp of royal crowning lay
On daisied field and dimpling dell,
And on the blue hills far away
In dazzling waves the glory fell.

And flashing to our measured stroke,
The waters seemed a path of gems,
Beneath whose clear refraction broke
A grove with mirrored fronds and stems.

In music on the sparkling shore
The plashing ripples fell asleep;
We laid aside the dripping oar,
For one delight we could not keep.

In all the splendor farther on
We missed the morning's maiden blush;
The soft expectancy was gone,
The brooding haze, the trembling flush.

—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

THE FATAL SHOT.

'Help! Help!"

That desperate, hopeless cry echoed but faintly among the wild craggy rocks that abounded on the east side of a small island off the coast of Maine, for the splashing of the waves upon the beach below, and the sighing of the wind through the wide rifts and over the ledges, partially drowded it. By the aid of the full, round moon, which seemed to be rising directly out of the gently-ruffled waters that stretch away as far as the eye can reach, we discover the form of a man, who is hurrying down towards the shore, with a struggling female in his arms.

'There, my pretty one,' he said, 'don't make so much noise, for I doubt if your voice will be heard in this wild region. We'll reach the boat soon, then you may cry or sing to the stroke of the oars till you are tired!'

At length he paused and, placing his fingers to his mouth, gave a shrill whistle, which was quickly answered. Seemingly satisfied, he proceeded on, presently reaching the beach, along which he rapidly strode with his burden.

'Be lively, lads,' he said, upon nearing a place where the rocks projected into the water, not far from which two men stood waiting with a boat drawn up a little ways on the sand. 'Let us get away from here as soon as possible. Hist! who comes!'

Scarcely had they reached the boat, when a tall, athletic youth bounded forward, and pushed one of the astonished men into the water, a retreating wave carrying him far out into the little bay before he was able to make a stroke to save himself; then, springing upon the other, he dealt him a blow which sent him sprawling into the boat, and dashed his head with such violence against one of the thwarts that insensibility instantly ensued.

The abductor quickly placed the maiden on her feet, and, drawing a pistol, leveled it at the head of the intruder, but ere he could discharge it his throat was grasped by the hand of his opponent, the weapon wrested from him, and himself rudely prostrated.

'Now' said the youth, pointing the pistol at the fallen man, and slowly retreating backward, with one arm about the waist of the maiden, 'if you attempt to rise I'll send a bullet through your brain. I will do you no further injury, if you will allow us to depart in peace.

'You seem to have the advantage at present,' returned the other; but I shan't forget this! You shall rue the time you crossed my path!'

'I thank you for your very friendly warning, and will perhaps profit by it; but take the advice of a friend, and leave this neighborhood as soon as possible, for I perceive you don't belong here, and you are certainly gaining no friends.'

Slowly the young couple moved away from the place where the short decisive struggle had occurred, till at length a huge boulder hid them from view; then they turned and hurried up the steep ascent which led toward the home of the girl.

'Oh, Walter,' she said, as they proceeded rapidly up the treacherous path, hand in hand, 'how can I ever repay you for this kindness?'

'The only reward I ask is a continuance of the same warm love which you have lately shown me,' replied the youth; 'you can bestow it, Rachel, can you not?'

'Certainly, I can. Have I not assured you of my devotedness long ere this?'

'Yes, yes; but I thought perhaps your sentiments had changed, since you were just now trying to elope with that fellow whom we left down on the beach,' and the young man laughed lightly at his facetious remark. 'I happened to be on my way to pay you a visit,' he continued, 'when I heard you call for help, so I turned my steps in the direction whence came the cry, and overtook you just in time to prevent your being carried away from me perhaps forever. But who is that fellow? and how came he to get hold of you?'

'I don't know who he is, but I think he is the captain of that strange vessel, which you have perhaps seen anchored at the entrance to the bay for the last two days. I met him yesterday, and he insulted me, but I passed on without seeming to notice him. This evening he came to the house. Mother, as you know, has been very ill for the last few days, and this morning she was somewhat worse, so father started up to L——to get Dr. Benton and Uncle William to come and see her. He has not returned yet, so when this man came in I was all alone with mother. Without a word of warning, he caught me up in his arms, and hurried away with me. You know the rest.'

The two soon reached the girl's home—a plain but substantially built hut, the interior of which, though scantily furnished, looked neat and comfortable. Upon a small table which stood between the door and one of the windows was a lighted candle, nearly burned to the socket, and a large wood fire burned in the broad, open fire place, while various little articles which lay upon the mantle, or were hung behind the door, indicated, that the male occupant was a fisherman.

In one corner of the apartment was a bed, upon which reclined a middle-aged female, whose palid cheeks and wasted form bespoke long and terrible sufferings. When the latch was lifted, and the door swung open, she raised her head, with a nervous terror, to see who had come.

'Mother, it is I,' said Rachel, stepping towards the bed, and bending over her. 'How do you feel now.'

'Oh, my dear child,' said the invalid, stretching forth her thin hands. 'I feared you were gone forever. Where is the villain that was here?'

'We left him down on the beach Walter, here, rescued me from his clutches just as he was lifting me into his boat.'

The young man approached the bedside, and suffered his soil-stained hand to be grasped by the sick woman.

'Bless you, Walter!' she said fervently, 'God bless you, my dear boy, and when I am gone I hope you will take good care of Rachel.'

'But you must not talk of leaving us yet, Mrs. Chester,' said Walter, soothingly. 'Are you feeling better now?'

'No, I believe I am growing worse. I am so nervous to-night that the slightest noise startles me, and causes my heart to throb so violently that it seems at times as if it would burst from my bosom. Rachel, isn't it time your father returned?'

'Yes, mother, but I do not see him coming yet.'

Rachel looked out through the window upon the moonlit waters, hoping to see her father's boat coming around the point at the entrance to the little bay, but in vain; so she returned to the bedside of her mother, and carefully arranged the pillows beneath her head, and brushed the long black hair away from her face. Presently the invalid dropped into a quiet sleep, and the young couple seated themselves before the fire, and began to converse in low tones, occasionally turning and looking out at the window, expecting to discover the approach of the old fisherman, and wondering what could keep him so long.

Slowly the moon rose toward the zenith, still shedding a mellow light over the face of nature, and presently the old clock on the mantel struck eleven, causing the sufferer to start nervously in her sleep, but she sank back again without waking.

'Rachel, I must leave you now,' said the young man, rising, 'for I was up late last night, and I promised Dan Duncan I would be ready to go to L——with him at four o'clock to-morrow morning. You are not afraid to be alone, are you?'

'Oh, no,' replied the girl, 'there's nothing to fear except that man who tried to carry me away this evening, and it seems to me you have better reason to fear him than I have.'

'Don't be alarmed about me, Rachel, for I shall be on my guard, though I hardly think he will show himself around here again. Be a good girl, and don't forget me in your dreams. Good night.'

'Good night, Walter.'

The lover's lips met in a long, affectionate kiss; then the young man passed out, and started toward his humble home. Rachel watched him until his form mingled with the shaddow of a high jagged rock, and then turned and closed the door, and, perceiving that her mother was still sleeping, seated herself before the fire again, waiting anxously for the coming of her father.

Half an hour had passed quietly but tediously by, when, upon looking out at the window, as she had done nearly a hundred times before, she bounded to her feet with a cry of terror, but quickly recovering her self-possession, she slammed to the window-shutter, which opened on the inside and fastened it, and then barred the door.

'Rachel, Rachel! what is the matter? Where is Walter?' cried her mother, nervously starting up, but sinking back again upon her pillow, with both hands pressed over her wildly-throbbing heart.

'Oh, mother, I saw two hideous faces peering in at the window just now, and one of them belongs to that man that was here this evening! What shall I do? Oh, mother, what shall—'

Her utterance was interupted by a loud knock at the door, to which she deigned no response, but in the agony of terror kept close to the bedside of her mother. The knock was repeated, and the blood seemed ready to freeze in her veins as the latch was impatiently lifted, and a heavy weight pressed against the door till it seemed the bar that held it shut must give way, and place her at the mercy of the ruffians.

'Hallo, neighbor, let us in wont you?' at length came a voice from without; 'we are travelers, seeking shelter for the night.'

This Rachel was positive was a falsehood, for no one ever came to the little island except to transact business with those who lived there, and it was not so large but that one might traverse through it from end to end in a couple of hours so she maintained her position without uttering a word.

'I say, there, my fine girl,' continued the speaker, after waiting a few minutes, his manner of rattling the latch showing that he was getting exasperated at not being admitted; 'if you don't open this door pretty suddenly, we'll burst it open!' and again the bar seemed ready to give way under the heavy body pressed against it.

'Rachel,' said the nervous invalid, in a hoarse whisper, while her eyes, the pupil of which had grown unnaturally large and bright with terror, seemed to be on the point of starting from the sockets, 'what if they should get inside! They would kill me and carry you away! Shoot them!' she cried, horrified at the thought to which she had given expression; 'take the gun and shoot the villains!'

Ready to adopt the first plan that came to mind, the girl sprang upon a chair before the fire, and took down from the hooks in the wall over the mantel, her fathers old gun, together with the powder-horn and bullet and cap pouches. These latter she carried to the table, and then, with the expertness of an experienced hunter, drew the ramrod and sounded the depth of the barrel, to discover if the weapon was loaded. It was not! so she blew into the muzzle, and found that, though it had not been used in a long time, it was still in good condition.

With a fierce look of determination, she poured a quantity of powder into the palm of her left hand, and slipped it into the barrel, ramming the wad down upon it with an energy that fairly made the weapon ring. The bullet was next dropped in, and, as it did not fit snug, a wad of paper was pushed down upon it to keep it in place; the hammer was then raised, and the cap carefully adjusted; then with her finger on the trigger, the resolute girl at once advanced toward the middle of the room.

Meanwhile, the knocking and rattling at the door had ceased, but presently it was resumed, though not with the seeming impatience that it was before.

'Father,' ventured the girl, hoping it might be her parent who had returned, 'is it is you, speak, and I will let you in.'

She waited, but no response came, other than a nervous clicking of the latch, and a pressure like that of a foot against the bottom of the door. With an inward prayer that God would forgive the deed, she raised the gun to her shoulder and pulled the trigger, the ball passing through the door a little below where the bar crossed it. A groan from without, as some heavy body sank upon the doorstep—a shriek of agony from the bed in the corner—and all was still, save the sharp ringing in her ears which the report had occasioned.

Hastily dropping the weapon on the floor, Rachel sprang to the bedside of her mother, but, to her horror, found her lying upon her side, her pulse silent, her heart silent, too!

'Oh, mother, mother! Speak—speak to your wretched child, and tell me I have not murdered you! Oh, tell me I have not murdered you!'

The words ended in a wail of despair, and as the purple lips still kept silent the poor girl sank upon the floor bereft of consciousness.

At length she was aroused by a loud knock and a voice, which she recognized with a glad cry, called:

'Rachel, open the door quick! For heaven's sake, what is the matter here! Open the door, I say!'

Rachel sprang forward, took down the bar, and admitted the old fisherman, her uncle, and Dr. Benton, who bore in their arms the form of a man, bound hand and foot and gagged, and from a small red spot in the forehead a tiny stream of blood trickled down over his face.

'Oh, my God, Walter!' cried Rachel, rushing to the side of the wounded man, and carefully removing the gag, 'have I done this?'

'It was not your fault,' answered the young man, speaking with great difficulty, and looking with a sad smile into the face of the maiden; 'that man who sought to carry you off this evening is the cause of it. He and one of the pals caught me on my way home, but I managed to escape, bound as I am, and when they searched for me I approached the house and pressed the latch with my chin, hoping I might be able to somehow or other, let you know who was there. But, never mind; it will soon be over! Kiss me, Rachel, for—for I feel as if I would not last a great while. I had hoped we might some day be happy together in a little home of our own, but it's all over now!'

Rachel pillowed his head in her lap, but did not press her bloodless lips to his as she had been requested to do; and after a brief period of silence the sufferer gasped for breath, his head sank back, and the lower jaw dropped, and the physician, who was looking silently on—for he could do nothing—knew that the soul of Walter Kelsey had left its tenement!

A wild, maniacal shriek burst from the lips of the poor girl when she made the discovery, and she pushed the warm corpse from her, as if it had been so much poison, and sprang to her feet, her eyes gleaming like balls of fire.

'He's *dead!*' she shouted clutching her father by the arm; 'he's dead, I say; and so is she!' pointing toward the bed; 'and I did it! Ha, Ha, Ha! I did it! Dare you say I didn't?'

The old fisherman disengaged himself from her grasp, with a shudder; and it would be impossible to tell the anguish that racked his soul when he realized that naught but a maniac daughter was left to cheer his once happy home!

Rachel's shot had, indeed, been a fatal one.

The Superintendent of the Bureau of Education has supplemented the census report with some interesting statistics. The percentage of totally uneducated persons in the United States is larger than generally supposed, being 17 per cent. of the males above childhood and 23 per cent. of females; but many of these are recent emigrants and far more were formerly slaves. There are over 141,000 schools in the country, with a total income of $95,000,000; of these, 125,000 are common schools, supported by nearly $59,000,000 of State and municipal taxes. It is stated that 3,621,000 males and 3,587,000 females are under regular instruction by 93,000 male and 127,000 female teachers. The sums devoted to education vary greatly in different States. Massachusetts heads the list with $20 per head paid for its population of school age, and Georgia brings up the rear with 68 cents paid for a like purpose. The salaries of teachers also vary remarkably, some of the new States being especially liberal in this respect. Thus, Nevada allows its schoolmasters, on an average, $116 a month, and its mistresses $88. Massachusetts gives $85 and $32 respectively, which explains why so many Yankee schoolmarms emigrate. For the whole Union the average pay is $55 for the schoolmaster and $35 for the schoolmistress, monthly.

The people cannot fail to see that all this tends steadily in but one direction, and unless they resolve to stop the current while they have the power the results will be upon them when it will cost them infinitely more to resist them with success, if at all. They may think the course of events in the South does not react on all other sections, but facts are daily accumulating to destroy all such delusions. We are one people and one country by a higher law than any Congress can give or take away, and it is by that supreme law, not by the petty interpretations of Attorney General Williams, that our united action should be steadily directed. This Union is so constituted that when one member suffers all are made sooner or later to feel it.

Duncan Ross, an old gentleman of Portland, Me., has a suit of clothes which he bought 36 years ago. He has been married in it four times, and considers it a pretty good suit yet.

FROM THE CENTENNIAL CITY.

A TRIP TO FAIRMOUNT PARK.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 18, 1874.

Editor of the Register:

This trip was much shorter than the one to the "Switchback," and its narration will occupy less space. Three years ago the past summer, the wealthy and benevolent of this generous city, inaugurated a series of gratuitous excursions for the children of the poor, embracing their mothers or attendants; and have been kept up at intervals of about three weeks each successive summer, including the past one. To round up the charitable move the present season, some of the philanthropists of the town, set on foot a project, and immediately subscribed the means, nearly a thousand dollars, for the purpose of giving an excursion to the aged and infirm poor of both sexes. That interesting and novel occasion, occurred on the fourth day of the present month. The place selected for the gathering, was at a point in the park called Rockland, on a gently sloping and grassy lawn, shaded by sturdy oaks and other trees, that stud the sloping, and at some points the precipitous banks, of the beautiful Schuylkill, that stretches itself through the entire length of the great park, of three thousand acres. I did not go out until afternoon. The scene that there met the eye, was both interesting to the reflective and touching to the emotional feelings. There were to be seen the bent forms, the whitened heads and faded faces, on which time had set his seal; the aged man shorn of his strength, vivacity and comeliness, and with dimmed vision and faltering step; and the woman, from whose brow the dew of youth had long since been exhaled, and from which the bloom of early womanhood had disappeared, but with an added sacredness that youth cannot claim neither can middle age appropriate. They were taken from all parts of the city, by street cars to the Fairmount landing, thence by steamboat, excepting those who were quite infirm; they were transported through the park driveways, in large omnibuses, drawn by two spans of horses each; not a few of the old people had ever before been in the park, and expressed themselves much pleased and gratified, with the trip and surroundings.

The patriarch of the party, was 108 years of age the present month—Andrew Anderson, born near Marsailles in France, Sept. 19, 1776. He was seated on a bench with a large number of persons around him, eagerly gazing on the centenarian. He exhibited a cane that was two hundred years old, and remarked he had been a sailor the largest part of his life, and had been in nearly every fort on the globe, and said he knew Stephen Girard when he (Girard) "had not a shirt to his back." He is an inmate of a Catholic charitable institution, in North 18th St., below Oxford. I had the pleasure of interviewing a centarian, Thomas Taylor, 102 years of age, born in London in 1772. Said his father was a field officer under Wellington, and was shot at the battle of Salamanca in 1812. This aged veteran, said he followed Wellington all through the Peninsular campaign, was wounded in the ankle, at the battle of Badojos, in April 1813; was at the burial of Sir John Moore, and at the battle of Waterloo, June 18, 1815; was a lieutenant in the 88th "Connaught Rangers." He informed me that his wife was sixty-two years of age. A son of Dr. Sidney Moody, formerly of Middlebury, married one his daughters. He is a very intelligent and apparently a very religious man, and a member of an Episcopal church on Lombard St., and resides at No. 1414 South st. He also remarked he had always avoided rum shops. Another centarian was found, James Headly, age 101, born in New Jersey; he was from the "Old Men's Home" in West Philadelphia, and said he mowed a quarter of an acre of grass, the Thursday previous, and remarked he thought exercise better than pills. I took the liberty to interview another veteran of 99 years; he said he had never had a headache, or a toothache, nor had he ever worn spectacles; was a soldier of 1812, and received a pension. I recognized him, having seen him a year ago at a meeting of the soldiers of 1812. He was born in this city, and resides in Buttonwood st., above 10th. Another old man aged 90 years, Alex Lindsay, said he walked the day before from Roxborough to the deaf and dumb asylum in the city, a distance of six miles. Arthur Vincent, at the age of 83 from Scotland, had never before been in the park, neither had he ever before tasted ice cream. But I must not particularize farther, space forbids.

There were a larger number of women than men; quite a number of the latter were between 90 and 100 years of age. Some of the older ones were from St. Lukes Home. Among the excursionists were sixten from the Old Men's Home, West Philadelphia, and a number of old ladies from the Penn Widows Asylum. There were also aged people from the Baptist Home, and other Homes, and charitable institutions. There were likewise sixteen from the industrial home for the blind at 20th and Race sts., including Mr. Parvin the blind "swag," who sang many of their best pieces. Parvin sang his inimitable laughing song. McClurgs Cornet Band were in attendance, and played some of their most inspiriting airs. A number of clergymen were present, among them Rev. Dr. Harper of the North Broad st. Presbyterian church, and likewise Rev. James Neill of Grace M. E. church, who is the best pulpit orator in Philadelphia,—in my opinion. There was likewise a large attendance besides the aged. The refreshments consisted of 2200 tongue sandwiches, 800 of Dutch cakes, 246 ginger bread, 100 quarts rice pudding, 200 of sponge cake, 450 of grapes, 400 quarts of milk, 4 barrels of apples, besides any quantity of ice cream and coffee.

Dr. Harper delivered a brief address just before the close, among other things he said it was the greatest sight of his life, and that one old lady had just said to him, it had been the happiest day of her life; and further remarked that the religion of the bible was the only one that builds homes for the aged, and almshouses, and that this is a beautiful life that God has made for us, but we can get no renewals, yet there is a better life beyond the veil. His closing peroration was eloquent and affecting, which called tears from many a furrowed face, and shouts of amen! from others. After singing the doxology in "Old Hundred," and the benediction being pronounced, the band formed and played, the tottering pilgrims formed as well as they could, and marched down the zig zag pathway through the woods to the wharf or landing. As the last boat was nearing the pier, the band struck up "Sweet Home" and played while the procession of age was trembling, and with assistance walking the gang plank. The scene combined with the pathos of those beautiful strains of the band, touched the heart of stalwart man, and gentle womanhood.

Standing among that crowd, where there were apparently so many, that were already leaning over the tomb, a reflecting mind could but think, that many of them were virtually standing by that river that divides time from the unseen future, and would soon step across, and plant their now faltering feet firmly on "Canaan's bright shore," and be at home, and "shout the victory won."

Mr. Editor, we have been, and are still taught, that no act however good, can be acceptable to the "Most High," unless performed by a christian, or a supposed christian; but I was strongly impressed that day, and am not rid of the impression yet, that whoever they were, whether saint or sinner, in the common acceptation of the term that gave money and were present and helped those aged and poor people to enjoy that day as they did, will be rewarded in this or the future life. Vividly bringing to mind that passage of inspiration, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, &c." Such exhibitions of goodness shakes a belief in the doctrine of "total depravity," Such acts and such deeds, require no praise, no eulogy, no panegyric. They are already recorded on high.

P. W. G.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1874

Editor of the Register:

I have promised you a letter for some time, and will endeavor to fulfill my obligation at the present time, by giving you a brief sketch of the great reforms and changes that have transpired in this District, since the establishment over it in 1871 of a territorial form of government, and especially through the instrumentality of a Board of Public Works, instituted contemporaneously, with this radical change.

To accomplish this in one communication is a difficult task, and I must condense when I would like to deal in particularities.

It is a notorious fact, that before our late war, and even up to the period of the adoption of the new system of rule here, Washington was the subject of severe but nevertheless just criticism, as being little better than a mud hole, and unfit the dignity of being the capital city of a great nation. Indeed the truth of this was so apparent, that western men and speculators had started a campaign for the removal of the seat of government to a more central locality on the continent, and but for the brisk and effective steps taken to overcome and wipe out the stigma resting upon the place, it is not improbable that this might have been accomplished. The Board instituted as I have referred to, adopted a general plan of reform, and was officered by the Government of the District, Hon. Henry D. Cooke, as president; Hon. A. R. Shepherd, vice-president; and a body of directors, and the great undertaking involving paving of streets, change of grades, construction of a uniform system of sewerage, planting of shade trees, parking and turfing avenues and streets, and filling up and sealing forever the pestiferous canal that had so long been the breeder of sickness and disease, was begun and carried on until now, within the brief period of a trifle over three years, Washington has risen phœnix like from its dirt and we may almost say squalor, to become as well paved and generally appointed a city as can be found in the length and breadth of our land. We will give some figures which will better show the grand work that has been accomplished. During the short period just mentioned, there has been begun and completed 123 miles of new sewer from 30 feet to 6 inches in diameter; 208 miles of sidewalks; 260 miles improved road ways; 3,340,000 cubic yards of grading; 30 miles of new water main; 9 miles lowered; 39 miles of gas main; 1072 new buildings put up; 10,000 trees set out, and 23,000 under preparation. These are some of the items connected with the great revolution that has been brought about here. While our space will not permit us to enumerate the new parks at the intersection of streets and avenues that have been laid out with beautiful fountains in their centers, and the erection of magnificent private residences by wealthy citizens and capitalists from abroad whose attention has been attracted here by the delightful climate and unlimited conveniences that obtain in every department that the heart could covet or could wish, for this great renewing and rebuilding of the national capital. We are no false historian in ascribing the principle praise to one who springing from the bosom of this people and from its common walks in life, has brought himself by his indomitable energy and faculties that have been Cromwellian in their vigor and force, to stand forth as the highest type of a reformer and practical business mind. We refer to Hon. A. R. Shepherd, late governor of the district, and who has been the subject of so much abuse by the *satanic* press, from that bazaar of slime and dirty scandal, the New York *Sun*, down to the scribblings of the penny o'liners that haunt this city in the winter, and write to their country papers with one hand while they carry the other behind them *inverted* and ready to catch anything that may drop, to purchase their mercy and silence. During the late Congressional investigation into the affairs of the district, this hero of the splendid improvements that spoke for themselves, was scarcely ever absent from the sessions of the committee, and after all that had been said and done, not a jot or tittle of proof could be found inculpating him in any wrong or fraud other than that he had striven to do too much in too short a time; a blame readily to be forgiven when he could point from the capitol to a city redeemed from its uncouth and abject condition to become a new light set upon a hill, whose magnificence and beauty should reflect an honor upon its people, and a glory to the great nation of which it is the seat of government.

VERITAS.

ARKANSAS BILL.

For some days past, says an Omaha paper, a man of stalwart frame and commanding stature has moved among the busy throngs which frequent our streets, the observed of all observers. Dressed in buckskin jacket and breeches, the latter tucked in his boots, a broad brimmed felt hat upon his head, and no ornaments about his person save the countless strands of buckskin which are necessary adjuncts of such a suit, he would instantly be regarded an unusual personage, and the query could but arise—who is he? Upon inquiry we found he was the veritable "Arkansas Bill" who, in 1867, had that terrible fight with a bear, in which his companion Jesse Bell, was almost torn to pieces, but lives to-day the wonder and admiration of the old hunters of the West. From Arkansas Bill's own lips we have learned the story, which we herewith present our readers—a story known only to Jesse and Bill, but of which detached portions are sure to be heard in any trapper's camp while they gather about the fire story-telling. Arkansas Bill, who is about twenty-nine years of age and stands about six feet and three inches in his stocking feet, early in the spring of 1867 fell in with Jesse Bell at Green City, when they provided themselves with a fresh supply of grub and ammunition, also a prospecting outfit, and then with a view of prospecting only made for the head waters of the Snake Green, and Wind Rivers. This, Bill's first trip of the kind resulted rather disastrously, no lodes being discovered which they considered worth working, or placer mines which would pay fair wages. Leaving the country and striking south, about the first of September they reached Horse Crack, and stopped to rest themselves and their animals.

The three or four traps which they had taken in case they should meet with otter here came into use. The fourth or fifth day, while out changing the trps, some antelopes were discovered about three miles from camp. The next day they went to secure one, but finding them gone they crossed an alkali flat to a bluff about eight miles distant. The bluff ran along the base of a hill, upon which they discovered an antelope, but it being too long a shot from where they first saw him, they crept along, and calculated by turning a sharp point in the bluff to get within closer range. Just as Jesse, who was about six feet in advance of Bill, was in the act of crawling over the sharp rock, he discovered on the other side, in a hollow about ten feet off, an old she bear with two cubs and a yearling. Instantly Jesse cried out, "A bear! jump back! this is no place to fight." With three bounds Bill had reached a level spot of ground, and Jesse, when the bear had come close enough to be singed by the powder, fined and broke her shoulder. Maddened with pain, she sprang with the quickness of lightening and caught Jesse who was in the act of leaping back, by the side. Such was her momentum, that together they fell at Bill's feet, Jesse underneath and the bear on top. Instantly she seized his side in her huge jaws, sinking her upper tusks deep into the muscles of the back, while she was prevented from doing the same with her lower ones, and thus from biting a huge mouthful out of his side by striking against a shot-pouch which hung by a cord from his shoulders. Jesse wishing to get her attention away from such vital parts, kicked her, and at the same instant Bill putting his rifle close to her body back of the shoulder, fired. The pain-stung beast, supposing that the cause of her misery came from the kick, seized Jesse's foot by the ankle and began to chew it up.

Jesse then attempted to get his six-shooter, while Bill was loading. Attracted by Jesse's movements, she wheeled and received another shot from the rifle. With wonderful quickness she struck this, her old enemy, a clip on the head, knocking him down, and a fourth shot went crashing through her body from the six-shooter, discharged by Jesse with his left hand. Instantly she grabbed and bit through his left arm, but perceiving Jesse moving his head, which he did in order to give Bill a chance to shoot her without having it in range, she opened her huge blood-stained jaws and took nearly his whole head in her mouth, Jesse's eyes staring down her throat. The situation was a desperate one, and something must be done in the twinkling of an eye. Bill was equal to it and ready. Placing the muzzle of his rifle just back of her ear, he fired. Springing back in her death-leap, she tore away part of Jesse's upper jaw and a piece of the scalp five inches wide by nine inches long. She fell back upon Bill's legs, who rolled her off, and then took his knife and cut off the piece of Jesse's jaw (with the teeth attached), which hung by a thread; trimmed the ragged portion of what remained of the scalp, and was endeavoring to dress his wounded foot, when the yearling bear appeared upon the scene only a feet away. It was the work of an instant to seize his rifle and send a bullet through her head. When the wounds had received all the care possible, Jesse was helped to his feet and attempted to walk. Finding it impossible, the broad-shouldered athlete stooped, and taking the man upon his shoulders started away. Once only in that long tramp of eight miles did he stop to rest, wishing to reach camp before dark and fearing that the wolves if they got scent of the blood might give trouble. Arriving at camp, good fortune favored them in finding there another man who had come in during the afternoon. Patching up their wounded friend with prepared plaster—a roll of which hunters generally carry—they constructed a "carriage" in the following manner: Lashing a pole on each side of a pony, secured to the pack-saddle—while the other ends dragged upon the ground—they constructed a basket of plaited deer-skin thongs between the pole, just back of the animal and in this placed Jesse. This is the Indian method of transporting their sick and wounded.

They at once set out for Fort Bridger travelling all that night, stopping only to pour cold water upon the painful wounds. Never did Jesse lose his consciousness; no sign of suffering, except a very few grunts, came from the fearfully lacerated man in the long journey. When morning arrived they halted for two hours, and then continued on uninterrupted until night, save when they paused by some stream, as in the night to bathe the wounded parts. When evening came they arrived at the ford, where the upper trail crosses Green river, and where an emigrant outfit had long before been plundered, the emigrants themselves murdered, and the wagons thrown into the river. They here procured the front wheels of one of the wagons, and placed the poles on this, instead of the pony, thus easing the carriage of the sufferer. All that night and the next day they proceeded as before, with occasional stoppages for rest and doctoring. The next night the journey was continued only until nine o'clock, when a halt was made until morning. About the middle of the afternoon the party rode into Fort Bridger and Bell was taken to the hospital, and put in charge of the post surgeon. An examination of his injuries was made, when the surgeon said to Bill, "He can never get well." Instantly came the first words Jesse had spoken: "You are a liar if you think I won't." Truth was there, for Jesse is alive and well to-day, still following his favorite pursuit of hunting and trapping. Such is a true history of the famous Jesse Bell's bear encounter with its fight of unparalleled ferocity, its long journey, wonderful for the endurance of the sufferer and the attendants, and its remarkable culmination in the complete recovery of the injured.

THE COUSHATTA MASSACRE.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Two white refugees from Coushatta arrived at New Orleans on the 8th., in a most deplorable condition, without either shoes or shirts, and very much overcome by their fatigue and exposure. One of them is Henry A. Scott of Townshend, Vermont. He served through the war in the Union army. He was First Lieutenant in the 11th. Vermont Artillery, and came to Coushatta to settle with other Northern men in January last. The other white person is Seth Weston, a native of Louisana, and an old officer in the Confederate cavalry. These refugees left Coushatta two days after the murder of the six prisoners. They report that they were war