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## SELECT STORY.

### THE BETRAYER.

Some years ago, having business in Rhode Island which engaged my attention for several months, I performed many short journeys on foot, both day and night.

Passing late one dreary night in winter through an extensive wood, I found rough traveling, not only on account of the freezing wind and blinding snow, but also on account of the rocky fissures, chasms and pits which lay in my path, and into which I was constantly in danger of plunging. Added to this, the creaking limbs of trees, loaded with snow, sometimes gave way, and came tumbling to the earth with a loud crash. I was frequently obliged to climb over these fallen limbs which lay directly in my way.

It was about twelve o'clock that I fancied I was not the only wayfarer in that gloomy forest. It seemed to me that I could discern something white flitting along at no great distance from me.

Looking sharply at this object, I fancied after a while that I could make out a woman's dress. The thought of ghosts obtruded itself; for that any woman of flesh and blood should be braving that storm, in that place, and at that time of night, was incredible. Besides, if a living woman was there, struggling to keep pace with me, why had she not spoken?

My curiosity was highly excited, for I had always longed to witness some supernatural event, and especially to see a ghost.

"What and who are you?" appeared to me to be the most natural question, under the circumstances; it was accordingly by the use of that phrase that I intimated my desire to obtain knowledge under difficulty was that of making myself heard and understood amid such a tempest. But that seemed immaterial, as the answer that came back bore no relation whatever to my question. A shrill, cracked voice replied to my interrogatory:

"Do you hear it? Did you say you heard it?"

It was then really a human being moving at my side, and not a very attractive one either, to judge by the voice, which seemed to be that of some old crone who had lost the greater part of her teeth.

Was one of the ancient witches restored to life, and had come out to meet her fellows, "in thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

She drew nearer to me now that I had spoken, and she told me to listen.

"I thought I heard it just then," she said, pausing, and holding up her hand to her ear.

"What do you mean, good woman? I hear nothing," said I.

"Didn't you hear it creak?" demanded she. "Sometimes I hear it all night long, and it goes through my head just like a knife."

I perceived it was useless to talk to this woman. She was evidently an insame person, and I suspected that she had broken loose from her keepers. I therefore remained silent till, perceiving that my strange companion was determined to do as Ruth promised to do by Naomi, "Wherever thou goest I will go," and that she would probably enter the house whither I was bound, I said:

"Good woman, where are you going? I have got nearly to the end of my journey. Of course you will not think of going with me into the house, as I should be blamed for bringing you there."

"Did brother Silas say that?" demanded she, in a loud, shrieking voice, as if my remark had touched her to the quick.

Now Silas was the name of the old husbandman to whose house I was bound. Yet there was more than one Silas in that part of the country, and before I could ascertain which Silas the old crone alluded to, we were on the broad stone which answered for a stoop to the kitchen door.

On entering, the cheerful sight of a large wood fire in the huge fireplace drove the thought of my companion out of my head.

Nearly all the family were up. Some were cracking nuts and drinking cider, while the old folks were chatting together and enjoying the warmth of the burning logs and bright coals on the hearth.

I was cordially welcomed, and now I perceived that my traveling companion had seated herself composedly in one corner, and was making herself at home. This was sufficiently explained by one or two of the children, who said, "Here's Aunt Mitty!" from which it appeared that the name of the old lady was Submit, and that the master of the house was really her brother.

Although I had been for some time acquainted with the family, yet I had not before known that they had a crazy relative. But I remembered to have heard that a melancholy event took place among them when Silas was a youth. I had heard that his oldest brother was hanged for murder, but the particulars I had never learned.

I could not help suspecting that the insanity of "Aunt Mitty" was in some way associated with that dire calamity.

This led me to make inquiries afterward, especially as I perceived that Mitty was treated with great coldness by her brother and his wife, and also that the children treated her with undisguised contempt.

On inquiring of an old inhabitant of Gloucester, he told me that the father of Silas was one of the first settlers in that part of Rhode Island, and that his farm was very extensive.

His eldest son, Richard, had always lived at home, was a faithful, hard-working young man, and strictly honest. He was very simple in all his tastes and habits, and therefore he was unsuspecting and liable to fall a victim to the wiles of cunning adventurers.

A crafty fellow called Ellison came into that part of the country, and soon succeed in cheating Richard and his father out of a quantity of land.

This had a maddening effect upon Richard, whose scorn of dishonesty and whose rage at the idea of being cheated by a villain knew no bounds.

Some time afterward, Richard and Ellison met at a public tavern. Some words passed between them, and as they left to go home, Ellison was heard to say:

"Yes, I've cheated you and your father out of land, and before I'm through with you, I intend to get away every inch of land that you've got.'"

When they left the tavern, Ellison had a scythe, and Richard had an ax on his shoulder. A few hours afterward, some travelers on the highway found the body of Ellison on the road, badly chopped up as if with an ax. Of course the man was dead.

As Richard was last seen in his company, officers went to the house of Richard's fathers and learned that the young man had not yet returned home.

Search was made for the supposed murderer without effect, until, at the end of a week, word was brought to the sheriff that Richard had been seen in Smithfield, not far from the house of his married sister, Submit, who dwelt in that quarter.

It was then conjectured that his sister was acquainted with his hiding-place, and the Sheriff called upon her for information. At first she pretended to know nothing about her brother's movements; but the sheriff, having made her believe that Richard's offense would not be severely punished, and that it would be regarded as justifiable homicide, she at length confessed that her fugitive brother hid in the neighboring wood during the day, and came to the house at midnight for food.

Accordingly the officers lay in wait for him at night, and as he came out of the wood they seized him and carried him off.

Perceiving how she had been deceived, the husband of Submit, and others, would not enlighten her in regard to the probable fate of her brother; but a man coming from Providence spoke to Submit of the trial of her brother for murder, and added that he had been convicted and sentenced to death.

Submit, who had never dreamed of such an issue to the affair, now filled the air with her shrieks, accused herself of being her brother's murderer, and expressed her determination to go straight to Providence and see the judge herself.

Others were now ready enough to accuse Submit of being her brother's murderer; in short, her brothers, sisters, parents, and all her other relatives spoke of her in the bitterest terms. At first, her husband prevented her from going to Providence; but, unfortunately, she got away, by leaping from a high window, and arrived in Providence on the very day that her brother was executed.

She arrived at the gallows just as the body was taken down. That moment her reason forsook her. She remembered the peculiar creaking made by the tackling of the gibbet when her brother's body was lowered down, and it was present in her imagination at all times, especially when she heard any noise of that description.

The husband of Submit got a divorce from her as soon as her insanity became apparent, and she led a miserable life among her relatives, who continually upbraided her for being the betrayer of her brother.

At length, when her son became a man, and married and settled at Blackstone, Submit went and lived with him, and at his house she found a little peace.

But the poor maniac could never rest; she wandered about the country at all times of day and night, in sunshine and storm, summer and winter, in the deepest snows and drenching rains. She called often at the houses of her brothers and sisters, but the welcome she received from them was so cold, that she made short visits; and again, the poor maniac went trudging over the rounded hill top and stubble-field, through boggy vale and tangled wild-wood, ever and anon listening, with short step and lifted hand, to the fancied creak of the weird gallows-tree on the distant hill, that one might have imagined she heard continually behind her the "March on! March! March!" which goaded the Wandering Jew on his everlasting journey.

At length came the Revolution of Governor Dorr. She seemed to have a peculiar fancy for following the suffrage army, though at a distance; and, one morning, the poor creature, old and withered, was discovered up to her chin in a swamp, the unmistakable stamp of death on her sunken brow.

### Something About Kisses.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean observes that there have been some famous kisses in history, and some that have been important in shaping political events. And it instances: When Cardinal John of Lorraine, was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss. The great churchman was indignant. "I'll not be treated in this manner," said he, "I kiss the Queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you who are only a Duchess?" And despite the resistance of the proud little Portuguese Princess, he kissed her three times squarely in the mouth. Voltaire was once publicly kissed by the young and lovely Countess de Villars, who was compelled to this salute by the claquers in the pit, who were mad with enthusiasm over the great writer. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steel, a butcher, a kiss for a vote, and another lady, equally beautiful, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited a regiment in a similar manner. She was in the habit of putting a shilling between her teeth, the sum usually handed recruits to bind the bargain, and inviting any man who filled the physical requirements of a soldier to take the silver from its place, and become one of the famous Ninety-second. Said Daniel O'Connell, in securing votes for his favorite candidates, 'Let no woman salute the man who votes against them." Of course he carried the day. The portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart, once met a lady in Boston, who said to him: "I have just seen your likeness Mr. Stuart, and kissed it because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" said he. "No," replied the lady. "Then," returned the gallant painter, "it was not like me." Speaking of kissing, the remarks of Rev. Sydney Smith on the subject are particularly pertinent:

"We are in favor," says he, "of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy let there be soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful; not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming bird runs his bill into a honeysuckle—deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

## MISCELLANY.

### LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

#### First Accounts of the Beginning of the Revolution, Parriot and British—Interesting Miscellaneous Items.

To the Editor of the Evening Telegraph:

Enclosed I hand you a couple of extracts copied from the "London Universal Magazine," published in 1775, giving both sides of the story of Lexington and Concord. Both of these versions give Lexington the honor of shedding and drawing the first blood of the Revolution. I commend the orthography and style to all Centennial tea party committees. If these extracts are interesting enough to publish please do so. W. H. C.

ALLEGHELY CITY, April 19, 1775.

[From the Essex Gazette, Printed at Salem, in New England.]

SALEM, April 25, 1775.

Last Wednesday, the 19th of April, the troops of his Britannic Majesty commenced hostilities upon the people of this province. The particulars relative to this interesting event, by which we are involved in all the horrors of a civil war, we have endeavoured to collect as well as the present confused state of affairs will admit.

On Tuesday evening a detachment from the army, consisting, it is said, of eight or nine hundred men, commanded by Lieut. Col. Smith, embarked at the bottom of the common in Boston, on board a number of boats, and landed at Phip's farm, a little way up the Charles river, from whence they proceeded with silence and expedition on their way to Concord, about eighteen miles from Boston.

The people were soon alarmed, and began to assemble in general towns, before daylight, in order to watch the motions of the troops. At Lexington, six miles below Concord, a company of militia, of about 100 men, mustered near the meeting-house; the troops came in sight of them just before sunrise; and running within a few rods of them, the commanding officer accosted the Militia in words to this effect: "Disperse, you Rebels—damn you, throw down your arms and disperse," upon which the troops huzza'd, and immediately one or two officers discharged their pistols, which were instantaneously followed by the firing of four or five of the soldiers, and then there seemed to be a general discharge from the whole body. Eight of our men were killed and nine wounded. In a few minutes after this action, the enemy renewed their march for Concord, at which place they destroyed several carriages, carriage wheels, and about twenty barrels of flour, all belonging to the province. Here about 150 men going toward a bridge, of which the enemy were in possession, the latter fired and killed two of our men, who then returned the fire, and obliged the enemy to retreat back to Lexington, where they met Lord Percy, with a large reinforcement, with pieces of cannon. The enemy now having about 1,800 men made a halt, picked up many of their dead, and took care of their wounded. At Menatoing, a few of our men attacked a party of twelve of the enemy (carrying stores and provisions to the troops) killed one of them, wounded several, made the rest prisoners, and took possession of all their arms, stores, provisions, &c., without any loss on our side.

The enemy having halted one or two hours, at Lexington, found it necessary to make a second retreat, carrying with them many of their dead and wounded, who they put into chaises and on horses that they found standing in the road. They continued their retreat from Lexington to Charlestown with great precipitation, and notwithstanding their field pieces, our people continued the pursuit, firing at them till they got to Charlestown Neck (which they reached a little after sunset), over which the enemy passed, proceeding up Bunker's Hill, and soon afterward, went into the town, under the protection of the Somerset man-of-war of sixty-four guns.

In Lexington the enemy set fire to Deacon Joseph Loring's house and barn, Mrs. Mulliken's house and shop, which were all consumed. They also set fire to several other houses, but our people extinguished the flames. They pillaged almost every house they passed by, breaking and destroying doors, windows, glasses, &c., and carrying off clothing and other valuable effects. It appeared to be their design to burn and destroy all before them; and nothing but our vigorous pursuit prevented their purposes from being put into execution. But the barbarity exercised upon the bodies of our unfortunate brethren who fell, is almost incredible. Not content with shooting down the unarmed, aged and infirm, they disregarded the cries of the wounded, killing them without mercy, and mangling their bodies in the most shocking manner.

We have the pleasure to say, that, notwithstanding the highest provocations given by the enemy, not one instance of cruelty, that we heard of, was committed by our victorious militia.

The consternation of the people of Charlestown when our enemies were entering the town is inexpressible; the troops, however, behaved tolerably civil, and the people have since nearly all left the town. We had 39 killed, 19 wounded and 2 missing.

We have seen an account of the loss of the enemy, said to have come from an officer of one of the men-of-war, by which it appears that 63 of the Regulars and 49 Marines were killed, and 103 of both wounded; in all, 215. Lieut. Gould, of the Fourth Regiment, who is wounded, and Lieut. Potter, of the marines, and about twelve soldiers, are prisoners.

[Official report from the London Gazette of June 10th.]

* * * * * * Gen. Gage having received intelligence of a large quantity of military stores being collected at Concord, for the avowed purpose of supplying a body of troops to act in opposition to His Majesty's government, detached on the 18th of April, at night, the grenadiers of his army and the light infantry, under the command of Lieut. Col. Smith, of the Tenth Regiment, and Major Pitcairne, of the Marines, with orders to destroy the said stores and the next morning eight companies of the 4th, the same number of the 23d and 49th, and some Marines marched under the command of Lord Percy to support the other detachment. Lt. Col. Smith, finding, after he had advanced some miles on his march, that the country had been alarmed by the firing of guns and ringing of bells, dispatched six companies of light infantry in order to secure two bridges on different roads beyond Concord, who, upon their arrival at Lexington, found a body of the country people drawn up under arms on a green close to the road, and upon the King's troops marching up to them, in order to enquire the reason of their being so assembled, they went off in great confusion, and several guns were fired upon the King's troops from behind a stone wall, and also from the Meeting house and other houses, by which one man was wounded, and Major Pitcairne's horse shot in two places. In consequence of this attack by the rebels, the troops returned the fire and killed several of them; after which the detachment marched on without anything further happening, where they effected the purpose for which they were sent, having knocked off the trunnions of three pieces of iron ordnance, burnt some few new gun carriages, and a great number of carriage wheels, and thrown into the river a considerable quantity of flour, gunpowder, musketballs and other articles. Whilst this serivce was performing, great numbers of the rebels assembled in many parts, and a considerable body of theirs attacked the light infantry posted at one of the bridges, on which an action ensued and some few were killed and wounded.

On the return of the troops from Concord, they were very much annoyed, and had several men killed and wounded, by the rebels firing from behind walls, ditches, trees and other ambushes, but the brigade under the command of Lord Percy having joined them at Lexington, with two pieces of cannon, the rebels were for a while dispersed. But as soon as the troops resumed their march, they began again to fire upon them from behind stone walls and houses, and kept up in that manner a scattering fire during the whole of their march of fifteen miles, by which means several were killed and woundee; and such was the cruelty and barbarity of the rebels, that they scalped and cut off the ears of some of the wounded men, who fell into their hands. It is not known what number of the rebels were killed and wounded, but it is supposed that their loss was considerable. Total loss (British side), 65 killed, 180 wounded and 27 missing.

(Here follows a prophecy by the editor).* * * Were we to send 50,000 men to subdue them, it would be all in vain. If we lose a small number, we cannot recruit; if they lose a hundred thousand men, their places will soon be supplied by a numerous people enthusiastically fond of liberty.

[Miscellaneous extracts from same Magazine, February 15.]

The four following malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz: Edward Bassford, for robbing Thos. Roberts of a silver watch and 4 four guineas. Wm. Morley, for robbing Jno. Head of six pence. Jno. Brown and Thos. Free for robbing Peter Brown, of six shillings.

On January 12th, died near Chapel of Leggat, Peter Garden, at the extraordinary age of 131. He has lived under 10 Sovereigns.

Observations of a traveler of that day in America: "They, (the women), are formed with symmetry are handsome and have fair and delicate complexions; but are said universally and proverbially to have very indifferent teeth—are impertinently curious and inquistive. An idea, strange as it is visionary, has entered into the minds of the generality of mankind, that emprie is traveling westward, and every one is looking forward * * to that destined moment, when America is to give law to the rest of the World. But if ever an idea was illusory and fallacious, I will venture to predict that this will be so."

### Cost of Living.

The papers take a periodical spell of economical investigation, and are now somewhat engaged in discussing the "cost of living." The times have been well calculated to provoke inquiries of this sort, but so far not much of practical consequence has been suggested save the general counsel to practice economy, and there are limits to that; people must eat, dress, burn fuel, have habitations and educate children. In regard to the laboring classes, one of the changes wrought by modern progress is thus indicated:

There was a time when, in many parts of the world, laboring men were paid in kind, that is in products, for their work. Thus, in Pennsylvania fifty years ago, and even less, a laboring man working in the harvest field received a bushel of wheat for a day's service. If wheat was 70, 80, 90, or 100 cents a bushel, it mattered not, the bushel paid the day's labor, or what it sold for was accorded in cash. The same rule applied to many other articles. Men made contracts to work for so much in kind, to be delivered when the work was done. When this state of the labor market existed there was no facility for delivering large quantities of raw or manufactured material long distances. Iron and wheat then were carried on pack-mules following bridle-paths over the Allaghenies, and when a road was constructed by which teams could traverse those wilds it was regarded as the greatest achievement of the times. The cost of living then could be regulated with something like certainty, because man's wants were few and simple, and there were few markets in which to "corner" any article.

This view of the matter does not afford much encouragement. It is probable that some day there will be such an overhauling of our financial system as will relieve the masses from unnecessary burdens and more equally distribute the wealth that is accumulated by honest toil.

REMEDY FOR CROUP.—Spirits of turpentine is a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place it on the throat and chest, and send for your family physician. If the case be very urgent, and the child in great distress, and the distance to the doctor's residence be very great, drop three drops of the turpentine on a lump of sugar, and give internally. Or a good emetic of tincture of blood root, or lobelia, or both combined, should be given. Every family should keep a bottle of turpentine in the house.

### The Brooklyn Idiots.

[Farmer Reynolds, in the Grand Rapids Eagle.]

If the jury in the scandal trial disagree in anything else, they ought to be unanimous in a verdict that all the leading characters in this great "foul play" are a pack of downright fools. Beecher is a fool for taking a fancy to the little, weazen-faced, hollow-chested Elizabeth, in the first place. How any healthy well balanced masculine could become enamored with such a charmless creature, that is, if the reporters don't lie and the photographs are all right is an inscrutable mystery. Then Beecher's letters show him to be an idiot. Any ordinary schoolboy that would write such a mass of insanity and twaddle would either be expelled as hopeless, or made to stand on the floor with a split stick on his nose.

Tilton is a fool, and worse than a fool. All his spooney, soul-stricken effusions to Elizabeth show it. Nobody but a fool—and a great fool at that—would voluntarily, advertise his wife as a courtesan and himself a cuckold. It is only the more contemptible to be done in self defense or self-protection. A higher order of gallantry than that can be obtained in the domestic relations of the brutes. Who ever heard of even a dog turning against his female mate? The lion and the wild boar will interpose their bodies and defy death in the protection of the brute mother and her young. Tilton is a fool because he has put this nasty matter in the papers and in the courts. Any man who will figure up with the alleged seducer of his wife as to the doubtful parentage of her child is an abominable fool. And he is an arrant coward and an abject puppy besides. Instead of a hero he must be an irredeemable ass—an unmitigated, pusillanimous jackass, if any one may be pardoned for the use of such inoffensive terms.

Elizabeth is a fool. If guilty, she was a fool to own it. She was a fool to let Beecher fool with her, anyhow. Tilton's idea that she don't know when she is insulted makes her a most insipid fool. Why, any third-rate servant girl in a fourth-class hotel knows better than that. This idea that a full grown female don't know when she is seduced, and is so innocent as to mistake sexual intercourse for a religious sacrament, is childish and contemptible. There isn't a ten-year-old girl in the United States (unless she's a fool) that can be fooled like that. Besides, Mrs. Tilton's letters show her to be a downright gusher and idiot.

Mrs. Beecher is a fool for not scalping Henry Ward; innocent or guilty, he ought to be scalped. His letters show enough for that. Besides, Mrs. Tilton showed more than what was found in his letters.

Of course Frank Moulton is a fool. If he hadn't been one, he never would have acted as news carrier in this dirty matter. He wouldn't have lied for either or both of the parties. He would have promptly kicked Beecher and sent Tilton to a lunatic asylum.

Bessie Turner is a fool. She is a fool to suppose that anybody will believe that Tilton could have taken her from her own bed and carried her to his bed without waking her up—and she a gushing, full-blown girl—bosh.

And the counsel on both sides are fools. They are fools to drag out the testimony as they have. They are fools in not getting all the money in the case, and then telling their clients (and at least two-thirds of the witnesses) to take arsenic, or go to—Europe.

Than the Brooklyn trial, there never was a dirtier job conceived of. It is a disgrace to the nation. It is a shame to religion. It is a disgrace and ruin to the contestants. It is legal and moral lunacy. There is not an atom of good in it. It was conceived in idiocy and rottenness, and will probably end in sorrow and death. And the publication of the trial in the newspapers ought to be discontinued. At least, these are our sentiments.

### Capture of a Herd of Elephants.

A correspondent of Land and Water tells of the capture, in the Mysore district, India; of a herd of elephants, numbering forty-nine head. An irrigating canal winds through a dense jungle, at some points approaching a small river, at others stretching away from it into the jungle. In one place a bend of the canal forms, with the river, an inclosure in the shape of a horseshoe, containing about fifteen acres of wooded ground. To this place elephants resort during the monsoon, crossing the canal at three or four points where the banks have become trodden down by constant use. In order to trap the entire herd, two lines of chains were stretched across the river at the ends of the horseshoe, and a trench was dug on the river bank to cut off escape on that side. The elephants having crossed into the inclosure, the fords were barricaded with cocoa-nut trees, the canal deepened at those places, and two deep trenches cut from the canal to the river. Fires were kept up at night on the banks of the canal. Meanwhile a deep, circular trench was dug, inclosing about an acre of ground, and two parallel trenches were also dug, leading from the horseshoe to this small inclosure. Drop gates were made to prevent the animals leaving this keddah when once they had entered it.

A large force of men were now directed to drive the herd into the keddah. The first attempt failed, the elephants stampeding back into the horseshoe after a few of them had entered the inclosure. A second effort was crowned with success. First came a female with her calf; then seven other females, and after a while on came the entire herd with a rush, males, females and calves of all sizes, "like a herd of rather large pigs, jostling and pushing one another through the gateway." When the last was in, down went the gate, and they were all secured. The catching of the elephants one by one was the work of several days. "The men went in among them on tame beasts, and put ropes round their legs and necks, after which the tame elephants drag them out in spite of all resistance, and they are chained one by one to trees to be trained at leisure. They do not mind the tame elephants mixing with them at all, even with men on their backs, but they object strongly to the men on the ground, who have to put on the ropes."

### The Pumpkin.

The pumpkin iz a large, yello fruit, about one foot in diameter, and not fur from being round.

The seed of it is shaped like the hed ov an Injun arrow and iz about the size ov yure middle finger nail.

The seed iz inserted into the ground about the 15th ov May, and cums to lite in about 6 days.

The pumpkin keeps on bizzy growing until the fust of Oktober, and then gives up the contest.

Pumpkins grow on to a vine, and thar iz but few if any smarter weeds than a pumpkin vine. On ritch ground they will grow four inches a day, besides growing about two inches each night, and they have large, yello flowers on them about the size and shape ov the other end ov a key bugle, or French horn.

Each of these flowers means a pumpkin, and I hav seen 16 able-boddyed pumpkins on one vine.

This is called "sum pumpkins."

Pumpkins are planted among corn, and after the corn has been got off I hav seen the pumpkins so much on the ground that you couldn't count them.

The most remarkable thing about the pumpkin iz the pi that iz in them.

Each able-boddyed pumpkin haz from six to eight pize in them, and thare ain't no food, anshunt or modern, kan outstyle them.

Pumpkin pi iz az hard to beat az the simple truth iz. Pumpkins are kut up into strips and hung up in the kitchen for winter pi.

I don't kno whare nor when the pumpkin was fust discovered, or who it waz who fust worked it up into pi.

Christopher Columbus found Amerika, Newton waz the father of gravitashun, and menny a man haz spent hiz whole life and talent on perpetual motion and never kaught up with it, but who fust found a pumpkin or invented ir iz a mistery up to this hour.

Pumpkins gro the most cheerfully in Nu England, bekause folks are most kind to them thare, but the pumpkin iz a good-natured plant, and will gro enywhare if people ain't sassy to it.—[Josh Billings.

### Primitive Plowing.

A Mexican correspondent of the Louisville Gourier-Journal, writes:

"On our way back to Temisco we had an opportunity of observing, more closely than diligence or railroad can permit, the process of plowing as commonly practiced in this country. The plow itself is almost a *fac-simile* of the pattern used by the Egyptians in the time of Abraham, and certainly commends itself to all agriculturists on account of its great simplicity and cheapness. It consists of a wooden shaft about four feet long and four inches thick, armed at its lower extremity with an iron point, slightly flattened, and sometimes presenting a feeble forward curve. The other end is provided with a round stick passed through a hole to serve as a handle. The pole, consisting of the stem of a small tree, from which the bark has been peeled, is fifteen feet long and attached to the shaft by means of mortise and peg. The implement thus constituted is fastened at the extremity of the pole to the middle of a very light wooden yoke, about seven feet long, which rests immediately behind the horns of a pair of oxen, and is fastened there by thongs of rawhide passed around the roots of the horns. Not less than fifty such contrivances were crawling at a snail's pace over the field which we stopped to notice, scratching up the ground to the depth of two or three inches—certainly to us a very novel sight.

### Easily Understood.

Every booby knows that it is rude to take another person's seat as soon as it is vacated, and that it is an unpardonable offense to sit in one chair and put his feet in another. The subtle philosophies of the rudeness of those actions he probably would take a lifetime to learn. Even after he had received such indignities many times he would be puzzled to know why they gave him such offense. Chesterfield himself probably never analyzed the actions, or resolved them into their elementary significance; the first meaning, "I prefer your room to your company;" the second being equivalent to saying, "I regard the ease of my feet and this comfortable position, more than I do your tired limbs, or your offended sense of propriety. I do not care if it is disagreeable to you to look at the dirty soles of my boots." Let us analyze another common rule of good society: "On entering a house or room, always speak first to the lady of the house, and always take leave of her first." Why should we do so? Because the house and room are for the time hers. She gave the invitation or permission to enter." You are for the time her guest, and under obligations to her. She is entitled to your first and last act of respect and attention. Having paid her attention be sure not to monopolize her time and conversation, because she has other guests to entertain as well as yourself. Several lady correspondents have asked if it was proper to invite a gentleman escorting them from an evening party to come in. Ask yourself, "Why should I ask him to enter?" Has he not been with you all the evening, and walked home besides? Can he not call some other time, and unless he has been agreeable, why should you ask him even to call again? It is as much his duty to ask permission to call as yours to invite him to do so. What right have you to disturb your parents or the members of your family at a late hour with a casual acquaintance who has accompanied you home from a party?

CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as discovered, take some spirits of turpentine in a cup, dip the finger in it, and then hold the hand near a hot fire till dry; then dip it in again, and repeat for fifteen minutes, or until the pain ceases. The next day with a sharp knife pare off the thick skin, and you will find something like a honey-comb, filled with clear water, open the cells and the felon is gone. If the felon is too far gone for turpentine, oil of origanum treated in the same way will cure. If too far advanced for either cure, the felon will be benefitted, as it will be less painful. Never draw it.

### Catching Cannon Balls on the Fly.

[Paris Cor. New York Times.]

A very singular exhibition was given yesterday at the Jardin Mabille. There has been performing here at the Folies Bergeres a man named Holtum, an American, who has a cannon fired at him and catches the ball in his hands. This prodigious feat was witnessed nightly, and although the actors present avowed that there was no trick, Pierre Veron, of the Monde Illustre, would not believe it. He said that the cannon ball must be thrown to Holtum from the stage. The latter made a bet a 5,000 francs that he would perform the feat under conditions which left no room to doubt, and, when the bet was taken, Veron designated Mabille as the place for the trial. All the journalists of Paris were invited, and they found Holtum there before his cannon. It was examined with minute care, and the heavy ball was passed from hand to hand. "I am no longer in my own house," said Holtum; "you are master here, and you must watch over all the arrangements." Having carefully aimed and lashed his cannon, it was charged, and Holtum took his place against a plank target some ten yards away. This was to show that the ball was solid, and the force of the powder great enough to send it through the plank. Holtum got the aim of his gun, and then placed his head in a certain position against the plank, giving the command to fire. The ball just grazed the hair and broke through the plank, rolling some twenty yards further on. The same ball was picked up by the journalists, who again charged the cannon and sent home the ball, and this time Holtum caught the ball in his hands as neatly as he does nightly upon the stage. He won his bet, and no one seemed disposed to accept his offer of 3,000 francs to any one who would perform the same astounding feat. The physical force required must be enormous, but Holtum showed his strength by tossing up cannon balls as if they were so many oranges. The only precautions taken are very simple; he wears very thick leather gloves, and covers his breast with many thicknesses of thin paper to form a sort of cuirass. This looks to me like a very dangerous feat, and particularly the first part of it, where Holtum places his head against the target half an inch below where the ball will probably strike. If the powder should chance to be defective, some day there might be an accident. It is like the foolhardly trick of putting one's head into a lion's mouth. One day I fancy that ball will snap his head very neatly off.

### Useful Information.

Castor oil is an excellent thing to soften leather.

Cream of tartar rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves cleanses them well.

A solution of cyanide of potassium is the best poison to kill insects of any kind.

A pint of mustard seed put in a barrel of cider will preserve it sweet for several months.

A mixture of oil and ink is a good thing to clean kid boots with; the first softens and the latter blackens them.

A simple remedy for removing freckles is a pint of sour milk and a small quantity of horseradish. Let the mixture stand over night, and use it as a wash three times a day until the freckles disappear.

The leaves of geranium are an excellent application for cuts, when the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind; one or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long retained smells of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and potash.—[Ohio Farmer.

REMOVAL OF TAPEWORM.—A writer in the Druggists' Circular says that in treating some cases of tapeworm he has employed no preliminary provisions beyond forbidding the patient to take any breakfast the day on which it is intended to remove the worm, and giving him a large dose of Rochelle salts the preceding night. At 10 o'clock in the morning, a dose is given made of one-half ounce of bark of pomegranate root, one-half dram pumpkin seed, one dram ethereal extract of male fern, one-half dram powdered ergot, two drams powdered gum arabic, and two drops croton oil. The pomegranate bark and pumpkin seeds are thoroughly bruised, and, with the ergot, boiled in eight ounces of water for fifteen minutes, then strained through a coarse cloth. The croton oil is first well rubbed up with the acacia and extract of male fern, and then formed into an emulsion with the decoction. In each case the worm was expelled alive and entire within two hours. In each case, too, the worm was passed with the head firmly fastened to the side of its body at about the widest part, from which it was with difficulty removed.

A bituminous rock has been discovered in Western New York, which is thus described:

"In the northern part of Livingston county, New York, reaching east and west through the towns of Avon, Lima, and York, and extending east into the towns of East and West Bloomfield, in Ontario county, there is a layer of black rock about a hundred feet thick. This rock is black as jet, very fine in grain, and can be polished until it shines like glass. When put into a hot fire the stone will blaze like a pitch pine knot for a long time, and finally turns white. In the township of Avon, this rock is so plentiful in the fields that the farmers use it to build fences with. Where the black rock is covered with other rocks, it is charged with inflammable gas. Several years ago, in the town of Bloomfield, Ontario county, an artesian well was drilled, and after penetrating the non-bituminous rock, the workmen struck black bituminous rock, and here, instead of finding oil, they met with a flow of inflammable gas. For four or five years the gas was allowed to escape and burn without any use being made of it. It is now carried into the mains of the Rochester Gas Company."

Waisting sweetness — Putting your arm about a pretty woman.

### Battles of the Revolution.

Below we give a list of all the important battles of the Revolution. They began April 19, 1775, and closed October 19, 1781—six years and six months. The British sent 134,000 soldiers and sailors to this war. The Colonists met them with 280,000 Continentals, and 50,000 militia. The British let loose Indians and equally savages Hessians. The Colonies had for allies the brave and courteous Frenchmen. The leading battles of the war (those particularly worthy of celebration) are Concord and Lexington, Bunker's Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Princeton, Bennington, Saratoga, Monmouth, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, and Yorktown. These are of National interest. Many of the others are more especially local. This disposition is to celebrate them all, victories or defeats; to recall the deeds of our ancestors, and have a good time generally. Our readers will do well to preserve the following list of the Revolutionary battles:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lexington (first skirmish) | April 19, 1775 |
| Ticondoroga | May 10, 1775 |
| Bunker's Hill | June 17, 1775 |
| Montreal (Ethan Allen taken) | Sept. 25, 1775 |
| St. John's besieged and captured | Nov. 3, 1775 |
| Great Bridge, Virginia | Dec. 9, 1775 |
| Quebec (Montgomery killed) | Dec. 31, 1775 |
| Moore's Creek Bridge | Feb. 27, 1776 |
| Boston (British fled) | March 17, 1776 |
| Fort Sullivan, Charleston | June 28, 1776 |
| Long Island | Aug. 27, 1776 |
| Harlem Plains | Sept. 16, 1776 |
| White Plains | Oct. 28, 1776 |
| Fort Washington | Nov. 16, 1776 |
| Trenton | Dec. 26, 1776 |
| Princeton | Jan. 3, 1777 |
| Hubbardton | July 7, 1777 |
| Bennington | Aug. 16, 1777 |
| Brandywine | Sept. 11, 1777 |
| First battle at Bemis' Heights, Saratoga | Sept. 19, 1777 |
| Paoti | Sept. 20, 1777 |
| Germantown | Oct. 4, 1777 |
| Fort Clinton and Montgomery taken | Oct. 6, 1777 |
| Second battle at Bemis' Heights, Saratoga | Oct. 7, 1777 |
| Surrender of Bourgoyne | Oct. 13, 1777 |
| Fort Mercer | Oct. 22, 1777 |
| Fort Mifflin | Nov. 16, 1777 |
| Monmouth | June 28, 1778 |
| Wyoming | July 4, 1778 |
| Quaker Hill, R. I. | Aug. 29, 1778 |
| Savannah | Dec. 29, 1778 |
| Kettle Creek, Ga. | Feb. 14, 1779 |
| Brier Creek | March 3, 1779 |
| Stone Ferry | June 20, 1779 |
| Stony Point | July 16, 1779 |
| Paulus' Hook | Aug. 19, 1779 |
| Chemung (Indians) | Aug. 29, 1779 |
| Savannah | Oct. 19, 1779 |
| Charleston (surrendered to British) | May. 12, 1780 |
| Springfield | June 23, 1780 |
| Rocky Mount | July 30, 1780 |
| Hanging Rock | Aug. 6, 1780 |
| Sanders' Creek, near Camden | Aug. 16, 1780 |
| King's Mountain | Oct. 7, 1780 |
| Fish Dam Ford, Broad River | Nov. 18, 1780 |
| Blackstocks | Nov. 20, 1780 |
| Cowpens | Jan. 17, 1781 |
| Guilford | March 15, 1781 |
| Hobkirk's Hill | April 25, 1781 |
| Ninety-six (besieged) | May & June, 1781 |
| Augusta (besieged) | May and June, 1781 |
| Jamestown | July 9, 1781 |
| Eutaw Springs | Sept. 8, 1781 |
| Yorktown (Cornwallis surrender) | Oct. 19, 1781 |

### Anecdote of President Lincoln.

One day during the war a clerk from the Adjutant-General's office, whose name was *not* Smith (but as this will serve our purpose as well as any other, we will so designate him), called at the White House, and having been admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence, stated to him that he had been for a good while discharging the duties devolving upon his clerical position, and he flattered himself that the knowledge he had thereby attained, qualified him for the performance of the higher functions of an Assistant Adjutant-General, which office he most respectfully but urgently solicited.

The President replied, "I have no doubt, Mr. Smith, that you are all you represent yourself to be, although some people might think that other qualifications besides being a good clerk are requisite to make an Assistant Adjutant-General. Do you know whether there are any vacancies in the Adjutant-General's office at this time?" added he.

"There are none," replied he; "but it has occurred to me that I might be appointed, and assigned to the staff of some general officer commanding a corps, division or brigade."

"Exactly," said Mr. Lincoln; "but has any corps, division or brigade commander applied for you on his staff?"

"Not that I am aware of," was the answer.

"Well, sir, do you know of any general officer that wants you upon his staff?" asked the President.

"I cannot say that I do at this time, sir," replied he.

"Then," said Mr. Lincoln, "it seems to me you might just as well ask me to marry you to a woman who didn't want you as to expect me to send you to a General who didn't want a clerk promoted from the Adjutant-General's office; and if I were to force any General to take you against his wishes, I reckon he would have as good cause to apply for a divorce as the woman who didn't want a husband; so that it looks to me, Smith, as if you had better remain where you are in the Adjutant-General's office until somebody wants you elsewhere."—[Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Beach must be a powerful jury advocate, if a Herald's sketch of him is not exaggerated:

He is a man who takes better as a speaker with the mass of people than Mr. Evarts. The latter is too dilettanti too cold, involved and long-winded. Beach hits the bulk's eye every time, uses forcible Saxon-English, never hesitates, and in voice, vigor and earnestness leaves Evarts a long way behind. Not alone is Beach fiery and strong, but his language is sententious and aptly chosen. He never overloads his address with useless adjectives. Strength, not ornament, is what he seeks. United to his splended, ringing voice, Beach has a presence at once manly and impressive. His face is expressive. The color mounts up-ward with his eloquence, the eye flashes with a bright, burning lustre, and whether it be sophistry or casuistry he is dealing out, he gives the impression of being the very personification of outraged truth and justice.

Josh Billings says: "A sassy boy soon becomes a disobedient one, and disobedience iz an open gate through which all manner ov crimes march abreast."

### American Soldiers.

Col. J. H. Puleston, M. P. for Davenport, England, served during our war on Gen. Hartranft's staff, and was also military agent for Pennsylvania at Washington and quite efficient in organizing our quota of troops. He has recently made a speech in England in which he paid a splendid tribute to American soldiers. It is thus reported by an English paper:

"Colonel Puleston then passed on to speak of America, observing that this gallant people, though cultivating the arts of peace, did not fail in time of necessity to come forward and make good soldiers; and whatever might be thought as to the political import of the struggle between the North and the South, there could be but one opinion as to the patriotic impulses that actuated both sides, and the self-sacrifice and dauntless courage they displayed for their respective countries—[applause.] With the merits of the struggling he had nothing to do; he desired simply to pay a tribute of admiration to the heroism of the contending armies and to the skill of the contending generals. There were many mistakes, doubtless, made in that contest and the scientific soldier, looking on at a distance, might have smiled contemptuously at the blunders and failures that marked its early stages; but Europe soon saw reasons for respecting the courage and studying the tactics of both North and South. The volunteers represented more moral force, perhaps, than was embodied in any army of Continental Europe, and the achievements of the imperfectly trained Americans would remain bright and prominent in the military annals of this generation. Even more remarkable than the organization of the vast hosts that battled for the Union on one side, and for the Confederacy on the other, were the rapidity and quietness with which, on the occasion of peace, the survivors went back to their old avocations and old homes. The disbandment of so large an army, followed as it was speedily by the assassination of the President, not unnaturally gave rise to grave apprehensions, but not a ripple of disturbance was seen, and it is not surprising that this fact attracted the attention of the world, and while it furnished an answer to the oft-repeated assertion that the army demoralized those who served in its ranks; it spoke volumes for the stability of the great Republic of the West. [Cheers.] In contrast with those great armies who fought battles of such magnitude was the small force now maintained—35,000 men—of which the infantry numbered 15,000, cavalry 10,000, artillery 3,000, and scouts 1,000, the rest belonging to the control and engineer departments."

### Live Stock and Population.

Prof. Thorold Rogers, of Oxford University, England, has made up a curious return of the proportion of domesticated live stock to population in most prominent countries in the world. It shows the following results:

Great Britain has one cow to every twelve persons, a sheep for everybody, and a pig for every six.

France has a like proportion of sheep, a double share, comparatively, of cows, but only one pig to every six persons.

The Swedes have a cow between three and one-half of them, a sheep between two and three-quarters, and a pig to a baker's dozen.

There are as many sheep as there are Norwegians in Norway, when they are all at home, and two and one-half of them—the Norwegians—are entitled to a cow. They can have only one-eighteenth of a pig each.

Denmark has a cow for three persons, as many sheep as persons, and a pig for four and three-quarters persons.

Prussia, with her usual uniformity, has an equal number of cows and pigs, one to every five inhabitants, besides a sheep apiece all round.

Wurtemburg has a quarter as many cows as people, a sheep to two and three-quarters, and a pig to every seven.

Bavaria rates the sames as Wurtemburgh as to cows and sheep, and is as much better than one-seventh.

Saxony has a sheep and a pig for every eight persons, and a cow for every six.

Holland has a cow to every four, a sheep to every four, and a pig to twelve persons.

Belgium a cow to six, a sheep to nine, and a pig to eight (which is an Hibernicism.)

Austria has a cow for every six persons and a sheep and a pig for every five persons.

Switzerland runs up to the Swedish standard on cows, one to three and one-half persons, and has a sheep for five, and pig for every seven and one-half persons.

We Americans close the list with a cow for every four of us, a sheep apiece, one pig to every one and one-half.—[Rural New Yorker.

### Paul Revere's Ride.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston a few evenings ago, allusion was made to the patriotic service of Paul Revere (who was the first president of that association) in riding out from Boston on the night of the 18th of April, 1775, to convey into the country the news of the British expedition to Concord which was planned for the following day. The circumstances of the exploit are familiar to this generation of Americans through Longfellow's poetry. After the remarks about Revere, the Boston Journal says:

"Mr. Benjamin Woodward said that there was one man entitled to as much and perhaps more credit than Paul Revere. That was the man who hung the lanterns in the tower of the Old North Church—Robert Newman, the sexton of the church, who was afterwards arrested and tried by the British. What he did required, perhaps, more courage than to face the British muskets, at Lexington and Concord. His son, said Mr. Woodward, is a member of this association; he is a tailor. At the conclusion of Mr. Woodward's remarks some member remarked that Mr. Newman was present, and immediately there were loud calls for him. He came forward modestly, a hearty looking old gentleman, and was greeted with hearty applause, which was repeated when he resumed his seat. He told briefly and simply the history of his father's doings that night nearly one hundred years ago; of his arrest by the British and his subsequent release because they could prove nothing against him."

Leslie Combs on Tecumseh: "If ever an Indian was great, he was that Indian. I well remember how he looked. He was perhaps forty-five years old when I saw him, about five feet ten inches in height, and would weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds. He was the noblest looking specimen of a savage I ever saw, and one of the great men of America. He was a savage with a Christian heart."

A young man who had been discharged from employment in a Boston railroad office applied to be reinstated, the other day, and was told that his request would be granted if he would get married. The officials immediately forgot the matter, but the young man soon returned with a girl, a justice of the peace united them on the spot, and he was restored to his position.