The Kanzas News.

SATURDAY,.....JUNE 20, 1857.

For the Kanzas News.

Free State Lyrics--No. 2.

Addressed to those Free State men who petitioned the Lecompton Legislature for Charters of Incorporation.

BY RICHARD REALF.

What ho! there brothers! can it be
That almost ere the battle-cries
Which shook your hearts so stormfully,
Have died into the distant skies,
Ye have so utterly forgot
Your high Apostleship of old,
That, like abhorred Iscariot,
Ye barter our dear Christ for gold?

O! have ye less of manhood now,
Than when, in blackest solitude,
God's signet-seal on every brow,—
Erect and calm, and unsubdued,
Ye stood up underneath the rifts
Of dark and doom and deepest ire,
And sang the burning song that drifts
Across the land like sweeps of fire?

Think ye the coins that cram your purse—
Your 'chartered' titles to your lands—
Can wipe away the damning curse
That clings unto your unclean hands?
What! will ye sell, 'fore God's own face,
The birth-right of the highest born?
And sink your knightly thrones of grace
Into the mire of abject scorn?

You, keepers of our sacred trust?
You, guardians of the ancient Right?
You, with your petty lucre-lust,
Fit watchers of the pregnant night?
O, only on the reverent ear
The great prophetic voices fall—
O, only when our eyes are clear,
Is all our life Apocryphal!

What! will ye lick the feet of Power,
Because its hands are red and strong?
Or, thirsty for a vantage hour,
Make bargains with triumphant wrong?
O faithless brothers! feel ye not
Your tingling blood stand still with shame,
And your false lips grow blistering hot,
At whisper of our Freedom's name?

Alas! even while the teeming Earth
Is thrilling to your olden speech,
The grandeur of heroic worth
Is moving up beyond your reach;
And close beside you in your path
Are Heaven's avenging silences,
To crash upon you like the wrath
Of Christ upon the Pharisees!

LAWRENCE, Kanzas, June 10, 1857.

Theodore Parker.

From the Institution for the Blind, with a mind full of the thoughts arising from a few moments in the presence of Laura Bridgman, we took an omnibus, and in less than one hour we were on the top of Bunker Hill Monument. What a prospect! It cannot be described. Let us pass on till the Sabbath morning. And at first we dropped into the Hanover-st. Methodist Episcopal Church to see a Boston Sabbath School.—Then we spent a moment with Father Taylor. Then we went a little before 10 o'clock to the Music Hall to hear Theodore Parker. The hall will seat 2,500 persons. At 10 o'clock, we suppose there were from 700 to 1,000 persons present. They came in, as persons ordinarily, with us, would go into a concert-room.

Not a few had secular newspapers which they sat and read till the service commenced. There were bows of recognition across the Hall, and everybody seemed quite at ease. The sexton set a vase of beautiful, fresh flowers upon the speaker's desk. The organist came in and threw open the doors of an instrument of tremendous power.—Presently a grave, serious looking man of medium size, slightly bald, and sprinkled with grey hairs, came in, and ascended the platform, laid his manuscript on the desk, and took the Hymn Book or Psalm Book or book of some sort. It was Theodore Parker. He read a Psalm of Thanksgiving. It was sung by a choir with the organ, in an appropriate tune. The deep bass notes shook the great Hall like mighty thunder.

After the Psalm was ended, Mr. Parker offered a deeply impressive and eloquent prayer, in which there was not the slightest reference to a Mediator. He called God "our father and our mother," and the strain of thanksgiving for mercies temporal was unsurpassed by anything we have ever heard. His discourse was an Independent Discourse. He announced no text. His theme was "America and her opportunities." It was marked with great originality; and many passages of that discourse would compare favorably with the finest things in the annals of oratory. There was nothing flippant—no attempt at display; but his whole manner was marked by the greatest solemnity, gravity and earnestness. His feelings were frequently excited—tears came to his eyes, and his voice trembled with unaffected emotion. But who ever heard such ideas! He thanked God that in Boston all religions and creeds were tolerated. He thanked God "that a club of Atheists could assemble and enjoy the rights of conscience, and none dare molest them." He thanked God that there was a Mormon temple in Boston.

But mercy on us, how he showed up the "peculiar institution!" "This great country of ours," said he, "presents a magnificent and beautiful landscape, when seen in the distance. We have a vast foreground of ocean. Almost every indentation on our extended coast is marked by a growing commercial city, with its halls of learning, temples of justice and churches of religious worship, with their lofty spires—the finger of man's devotion—pointing to heaven. In the background there are villages and hamlets embosomed in trees, and fruitful fields and broad streams that gush out from our mountains and traverse the bold land, bearing the agricultural products of the thriving country, to the sounding seas; there are boundless forests, wide-spreading prairies, roaring cataracts—a beautiful landscape scene in the distance; but plant your foot on the soil, and every eighth person is a slave!" This was a foul blot—a stain—a disgrace.

"With tears I have been preaching to you in this city for ten years; and besides the multitudes addressed here, I have addressed a hundred thousand annually in excursions through the country; and in that time the area of Slavery has increased an hundred fold." Theodore Parker is a polished Pantheist. He sees God in everything; in the flowers blushing at their own images, reflected from the flowing streams; in the trees and in the stars, "the geometry of the divine mind."—*Christian Advocate.*

The Horrors of Mormonism.

The correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Salt Lake on the 2d of February, gives the following chapter of horrors, exhibiting the social vices of Mormonism:

A man named Nash came to this Territory last Fall, bringing with him his daughter, a lovely and beautiful girl of seventeen summers. He settled at Provo, a town sixty miles south of this city, and in consequence of her great beauty, his daughter was much desired by many of the vile polygamists.—She succeeded, however, in escaping them all until the death of her father, her only protector, which happened early in winter. The funeral rites were performed by Bishop Carter, who, after finishing his prayer over the newly-made grave, told her that she must now become his wife. The gentle girl, left friendless, and seeing no place where she could take refuge and escape a condition she so much dreaded, was obliged to yield, and is now doomed to a life of sorrow and dishonor. She is Carter's seventh victim.—What an amount of blood and tears of agony will call for judgment against a powerful government, which has knowingly permitted such villainy and outrage to continue four years unchecked within its jurisdiction.

One of the principal features of Mormonism is the constant endeavor of the rulers to make the women mere creatures of passion and the slaves of their will. The barriers of modesty and virtue are overthrown by them in all their discourses, and all refinement and elegance are studiously obliterated. They glory, as Heber C. Kimball says: "in calling things by their right names." It was only a few Sundays ago that Kimball, in the presence of between two and three thousand people, delivered a discourse on the intercourse of the sexes, in which he made use of language too obscene and vulgar for the most degraded to utter, literally calling things by their right names. Frequently, to further their villainous designs, they accuse women by name, in the "ward meetings," of being prostitutes, thus making them lose all self-respect and inducing them more easily, as they see there is no incentive to chastity, to yield to their importunities. A certain bishop in this city took a fancy to his neighbor's wife, a beautiful woman.—Finding that she was too pure to consent to his suggestions, he determined to effect his purposes by other means. He told her husband that his wife was unfaithful, and that he knew she had been visited by other men while he (the husband) was absent; he added, he would not have his ward defiled by the presence of such a woman, and unless he turned his wife away, his house would be pulled down over his head. The husband, either influenced by the slanderous tale, or intimidated by the more powerful threat, discarded his wife, when the bishop immediately proposed to her to come into his family, which she indignantly refused, and took refuge in the house of an acquaintance. The bishop, however, was not to be foiled so easily. He compelled all the families who sheltered her to turn her away, until the poor woman in her anguish appealed to Brigham's sympathies, and begged him to protect her from her persecutor. But Brigham *advised* her to be 'sealed' to the bishop, and in utter despair she at length complied. The bishop accomplished his purpose, but the connection was of short duration, and Brigham was soon called upon to 'unseal' the two.

A French Colony for Virginia.

Mr. J. C. Underwood, Secretary of the American Aid and Homestead Company, of which Eli Thayer is the head, announces through the N. Y. Evening Post, that the Rev. Mr. Larviaux, a Protestant clergyman of France, has just concluded the purchase of a tract of three thousand acres of land in Monongalia County, Va., within eight miles of Morgantown, the seat of the county, and of the Monongahela River, and within twenty miles of the Pennsylvania line, at the moderate price of seventy-five cents per acre, for the use of his congregation, numbering about five hundred persons. They are descendants of the Waldenses, and their present location is in the High Alps in the southeast of France. Wishing to emigrate, and preferring a milder climate than that of our Northwestern States and Territories, their pastor, after conferring with Mr. Underwood as to the soil, climate and social condition of the different localities of Virginia most likely to suit them, and in regard to the protection they might expect from the Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company, made the selection above indicated.

Mr. Larivaux believes that the report which he will bear to the French Protestants will induce many thousands to leave a country where their rights are but poorly protected, and where land, of no more value than that he has just bought, owing to the crowded state of population, is worth from three to five hundred dollars per acre.

This is a good beginning in the work of colonizing Virginia. Even the fire-eaters will not have the heart to repulse these French emigrants, who are of the same race and faith of many of the most distinguished families of the South.—*Chicago Press.*

Progress.

The following is an extract from an article in the *Mark Lane Express*, on the rapid growth of Canada.

"In the Eastern hemisphere States are the growth of centuries; in the Western hemisphere they spring into existence with a rapidity which keeps pace with the growth of individual man. A thousand years after the Saxon conquest, we find England just beginning to emerge from barbarism and to become powerful. It was not till the reign of William and Mary in Britain, that Prussia was elevated to the dignity of a kingdom, and numbered among the great Powers of the earth. In America, however, the case is otherwise. Here populous States suddenly appear in regions which a little while before were overshadowed by the forest and ruled by the Indian. On the shores of the Pacific, California, which is now a powerful republic, was, less than 20 years ago, a lonely wilderness; and, at the opening of the nineteenth century, hardly one of those opulent and prosperous commonwealths existed that adorn in our days the banks of the Mississippi and her tributaries.

☞ The N. Y. Tribune estimates the immigration of 1857 from the old States to the new States and Territories at one million of souls.

Never jest with a single woman about the anxiety of all women to be married; nor tell your wife you married her because you pitied her lonely condition.

For the Kanzas News.

A Voice for Kanzas.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF C. F. W. LEONHARDT.

Hark! I hear the trumpets sounding—
Hark! 'tis Freedom's dying call!
And I feel my pulse bounding,
As my burning tear-drops fall;
Dare I surely,
Or securely,
Speak my protest to this time,
Where the children of one mother,
North and South oppose each other,
Each in Freedom's name sublime.

Ah! they haste with vain endeavor
To that blood-stained western plain,
Where so many fall forever—
Fall, alas! returning never,
To their Northern homes again.
Ah! a yearning,
Bitter burning,
Kindles up a fire unknown;
North and South will strive together—
One at least will crush the other,
Under Freedom's sacred throne.

What the future may afford us,
Waiteth trembling every breast;
If when passed these woes that awe us,
Peace shall bloom within our borders,
With the future still must rest.
Tears of yearning,
Life-blood burning,
Still shall flow like summer rain,
Till men, brotherly united,
Raise poor Kanzas, crushed and blighted,
To her throne of peace again.

Agriculture.

Bread Out West.

If our Western friends can in any way teach their wives, daughters, or cooks to keep the pearlash out of their bread—all the yellow people—especially the yellow children, who are supposed to be turned yellow by fever and ague, billious fevers, &c. &c.—will soon be re-*turned* white. It is a mistake to suppose that the yellow countenances of the West come from the bile, when it is only the enormous quantities of pearlash eaten—the bread that is reflected through the skin.

Bread is the staff of life—it is said—and so it is, but it is the staff of death, too, in this country. Bad bread kills as many people here as bad rum. So many people eat poisonous pearlash for bread, that they die of it by inches. Dyspepsia—that great monster disease of our country, that deranges the liver—brings on costiveness, and thus finally, what kills the human victim is, half the time, "Pearlash."

Here in the East—out of New England—we have nearly driven off the pearlash *saleratus* cooks, but not altogether. Pearlash lives here yet in bread—but in cities and towns we have whipped out the murderers. In the distant Western towns, however, beyond the good hotels of the Lakes, and on the Rivers, Pearlash, albeit, under the name of *saleratus*, is King. It is pearlash for breakfast, pearlash for dinner, and pearlash for supper. It is not any wonder, then, that white people East, turn yellow West, and sicken—not of fever and ague, billious and congestive fevers, but of Pearlash three times per day.—*Philadelphia Paper.*

Potatoes--They Should be kept in the Dark.

At the last meeting of the American Institute Farmers' Club, in New York city, there was an interesting discussion on potatoes:

Solon Robinson—There are ten times as many potatoes spoiled in this city by light, as are spoiled by frost. If possible, a potato never should see light. It should be taken direct from the dark cell where it grows to a dark cell for preservation, and, if possible, always keep it in the dark and an even temperature until it is taken out to put in the pot.

Dr. Smith—I have often observed in Lancashire, England, with what assiduous care the cottagers—many of whom are very dependent upon their little crop of potatoes—cover their potatoes as soon as possible after they are dug. It is not to keep them from freezing, but to keep them from the light, as these people well know that nothing is more injurious, particularly if the sun is shining hot upon them when taken from the ground.

Prof. Nash—The common practice of farmers leaving potatoes on the ground in a hot October sun, is one of the most injurious things which could be done to the crop. Some of them are half cooked, and all are injured by light and heat.

WHY SO MANY POTATOES ARE USED.

Mr. Bergin said he had often been astonished at the quantity of potatoes consumed in New York. We raise now fifty times as many as formerly, and get three or four times as much per bushel. There must certainly be something very valuable in potatoes as food, or there would not be so many eaten.

Solon Robinson—No, Sir, that is not the reason potatoes are so largely consumed in this city. I will tell you why the people eat so many potatoes, at a time, too, when they are the dearest of all kinds of food. It is because nine-tenths of those we employ to cook our food don't know how to cook anything else but potatoes; and that particular being that the proverb says sends us cooks, must be prety well aware that they don't know how to cook and consequently we commit a deal of sin in finding fault with the potatoes, when the principal fault is chargeable to the stupid cooks, and the more stupid dolts who have had the care and the consequent spoiling of these valuable fruits of the earth. I certainly should look upon it as a great boon, if we could once more see the day that we could sit down to a meal of mealy potatoes.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

Dr. Smith—Do people ever think of the immense waste of potatoes as they are treated in this city? Let me tell you how potatoes are cooked in Lancashire, England.—They are peeled first and boiled gently till nearly soft, and then the water is poured off and all the steam allowed to evaporate, when they are poured into a dish and a few slices of bacon laid on the top and brought hot to the table, where they are eaten with a relish, and for good reason—they are truly good. Such people do not eat much bread. The potatoes are so dry and mealy that they are an excellent substitute for bread, and very unlike the miserable waxy thing that we eat here.

☞ John Hames, a man 134 years old is now living in Murry Co., Georgia. He migrated to South Carolina from his home in Virginia over a hundred years ago—was with Gates in Camden, and with Morgan at Cowpens.

Produce of Land in Different Parts of the World.

The amount greatly varies in different kingdoms, states and localities, according to the difference of cultivation, soil, manuring, climate and exposure.

In England, Scotland, Flanders, and parts of Germany, the productiveness of the land has been greatly improved, in modern times, by new and skillful systems of farming, and a great increase of attention, in enlarging the quantity of the manure of the farm—as well as buying all the mineral manures they can obtain and of applying them, in the most advantageous manner.

Farmers who made the first settlements and clearings in *this country*, found the land generally very productive, and consequently felt no necessity for making and applying manure, nor for seeding their uncultivated fields with grass, in order to increase their fertility.

In process of time, the vegetable matter, and the mineral substances most needed by the growing plants, became so exhausted that much of the land ceased to yield remunerative crops, and the decayed, impoverished patrimony had to be resuscitated and improved, or otherwise abandoned by the proprietors. Wheat flourished for many years, on these new lands, but at length gradually declined, and in many parts rye was introduced in its stead, which succeeded for a time, but on the neglected soils, *that* also was found to languish—and in some sections, oats and buckwheat followed till the land was finally abandoned, and thrown out for old fields.

In the first settlement and cultivation of different parts of this country, the preparation of the soil, and the time of seeding with wheat, were not sufficiently attended to, in order to insure a large return. With these precautions, the crops of wheat on these virgin soils might have averaged 20 or 25 bush. per acre, but instead of that product, they have not probably yielded an average crop of more than 12 or 15 bushels per acre, including all the localities, in this country, where wheat has been grown on new land for a series of years.

In many regions famous for the growth of wheat, the average product is very much overrated. On a visit to Western New York, we expressed our surprise to a farmer who had resided there for twenty-five years, at the poor appearance of much of the wheat in that section, where I had understood that 40 bushels an acre, was only an ordinary crop. He declared that he did not believe the average had exceeded 15 bushels, since his residence in that part of the State, though some 20 years ago, it was called by the wheat dealers, the "great granary of North America." Ohio has, of late years, produced more wheat than any other State in the Union—but she has had a greater breadth of land under culture of that grain—with a yield of of 14 to 20 millions of bushels; she has had 2 millions of acres sown, which gives an average of only 7 to 10 bushels per acre.

The average product, per acre, of the whole State of New York, as shown by the census of 1847, is of wheat, 14 bushels—of oats, 26 bushels—of barley, 11 bushels—of rye, 9½ bushels—of Indian corn, 25 bushels.

Professor Emmons, in his Natural History of the State, gives a series of averages a little less than these.

The premium crops of New York, for 2846, range thus—wheat 56 bushels per acre, (this is the highest,) Indian corn 142 bushels, and oats 106 bushels.

New Brunswick, (British Territory,) 1848, wheat 19 bushels per acre; oats 30 bushels; barley 30 bushels; rye 20 bushels; corn 41 bushels.

England, according to J. F. W. Johnston, in 1849, wheat 21 bushels per acre; oats 35 bushels; barley 32 bushels. Highest, wheat 88 bushels, barley 80, oats 100, potatoes 300, and turnips 1200.

Scotland, on the same authority—wheat 30 bushels per acre, oats 46, barley 40.—The following is near an *average* of the crops of Flanders, as obtained by Thomas Radcliff, about 1835—wheat 23 bushels per acre, rye 30, oats 42, potatoes over 300.

In the Patent Office Report for 1845, a gentleman of Brandford, New Haven County, Connecticut, says,—"Our farmers raise but little more corn than they need for their own use, believing it not to be profitable.—* * * With good management, corn yields, in this vicinity, from 100 to 125 bushels to the acre, worth $1 a bushel!!!"

According to the replies made by very many correspondents, to the commissioner of patents, 40 bushels per acre, is a very common average for the corn crop, even in the newly cultivated regions of the great west.

Statistical Facts in Agriculture.

The Indian Corn crop of the year 1855, was six hundred millions of bushels, which, at sixty cents, gives us the sum of three hundred and sixty millions of dollars, exceeding by more than one hundred millions the value of the wheat, and by about two hundred millions the cotton crop.

The Indian Corn crop is of the highest worth in a domestic point of view, while in a foreign aspect the cotton, although less in actual value, is the most beneficial.

We learn from a statement made by Mr. Mechi, that one horse consumes as much food as would sustain eight men. In our country we find that the value of the oats, hay, fodder, and pasturage for the year 1855, was about three hundred and seventy-one millions of dollars.

What a vast amount devoted to the support of the brute creation, and what an immense number of domestic animals we have dependent upon us!

They are turning a great deal of attention in England to the use of steam in farming, and it is to be hoped that the time is at hand when success may be attained, and our heavy farm work be performed by machinery to relieve us from a large part of this devouring army of horses and oxen.

The day will come, we doubt not, though it may be deferred, when the forces of nature now unemployed, will exert their highest energies for man's welfare.

That man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, we know; yet we believe that Providence has so constituted him, that the elements shall be his servants, and that the intellect will be so strengthened as to enable him more completely to bring them under subjection. One of our greatest wants in this country, is that of farm laborers; men are scarce—when we want them the most, they cannot be had, but when not needed, they seem abundant. Machinery will produce an equilibrium, and thus by its certainty of action give us a greater certainty in results.—*Working Farmer.*

First Paper Mill in America.

The first paper mill in America was located at Wissahickon, Pa.; the mill was erected by Claus and William Rittinghousen, who were of Dutch ancestry, and went to Pennsylvania from New Amsterdam. William Bradford was also part owner, but he rented his share to the Rittinghousens, now spelled Rittenhouse. The original lease, dated September 1, 1697, is still in existence, and the rent reserved by Bradford was seven reams of printing paper, two reams of good writing paper, and two reams of blue paper. This mill, then so celebrated, was swept away by a flood between 1699 and 1701, and so important was its reconstruction that William Penn wrote a certificate, recommending the citizens to give the sufferers relief.

TO PREVENT COWS FROM HOLDING UP THEIR MILK.—One of the best methods to prevent cows from holding up their milk, is to feed them at the time of milking. If this is done they will give down their milk freely. But if you neglect to feed them they will hold it up so that it is almost impossible to get any from them. Try the experiment of feeding them at milking.—*Valley Farmer.*

LAND SALES AND TRANSFER DRAFTS.—Instructions were on Saturday transmitted from the general land office to the land offices at Doniphan and Lecompton, Kanzas Territory, respecting the receipt at the sale of Indian trust lands in June and July next of the transfer drafts on New York. These drafts have been supplied by the treasury department to the assistant treasurer at St. Louis, Mo., and are in sums of $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and $20,000 each. Persons desirous of depositing their moneys at St. Louis can obtain those drafts, to be used in the purchase of the lands in question.—The premium on the drafts is not less than one-eighth per cent.—*Mo. Democrat.*

☞ A wife full of truth, innocencnce and love is the prettiest flower a man can wear next to his heart.

Scraps of Humor.

A Yankee's Autobiography.

Sir, I was born and raised in Connecticut;
Bolted to sea, and was wrecked in Japan;
Quite a respectable figure I 'speet I cut,
When coming back, to keep school I began.

Guess at the saw-mill I proved a top-sawyer,
And as a minister made a small splurge;
Reckon I felt more at home as a lawyer,
Etc., as a doctor, I learned how to purge.

But the long words in the medical lexicon
Soon I forgot from a couple of years;
Spent in campaigning against the darn'd Mexican
When I commanded the Bragg volunteers.

Just for a change, then, a paper I edited,
Scorched politicians and pitched into books;
That was before I was envoy accredited,
Austrian plenipo—General Snooks.

'Tis a slow life, that of minister-resident,
Posting dispatches to kings and what not;
But as they propose to run me for President,
Hanged if I care to repine at my lot.

☞ A man, hearing a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to test the truth of the assertion.

☞ What a poor world this would be without women and newspapers! How would news get about? It scares us just to think of it.

☞ Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This may account for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches.

☞ What does that incorrigible old bachelor, Buchanan, mean when he speaks in his Inaugural of "our children, and our children's children?"

An Irishman who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the Judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate!

The author of the "miseries of human life," is responsible for the following: 'Why should every housekeeping out-fit contain a hat brush? Because, by turning it round, you can make a *brat hush.*

A certain British Barrister wrote three hands—all different. He wrote one hand which he could read and his clerk couldn't; another which his clerk could read and he couldn't; and a third which neither he, his clerk nor anybody else could read.

☞ The Southern Standard says that "South Carolina is the very seat of moral and political chivalry." We can well imagine, that, if moral and political chivalry were *personified*, South Carolina would be its *seat.*—*Louisville Journal.*

DON'T LIKE THE NAME.—A man named Aaron Bedbug, Montgomery county, Ky., is about to petition the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, Olivia, is unwilling that he should be called A. Bedbug, she, O. Bedbug, and the little ones Little Bedbugs.

☞ Becky Birchbud thinks it provoking for a woman, who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love letter from another woman in the pocket—*Exchange.*

Perfect nonsense. There is no woman under heaven but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it would not be mended at all.—*Boston Post.*

☞ The Richmond *Examiner* goes for a statute expelling all Yankee pedlars from the State of Virginia. It "says the safety of each family demands this; the well-being and happiness of the Slave demands it; the highest good of all classes in the Southern States requires it." We fear that the editor has purchased a leaky tin pan. We recommend him, at any rate, to read the Vicar of Wakefield attentively on the subject of green spectacles.

Not His Name.

In one of the American regiments in Mexico there was a corporal, who, when the roll was called, refused to answer to the name of "Ebenezer Mead." The officer repeated the call. No answer.

"Is Ebenezer Mead on the ground?"

"Eben Mead is here," quoth the corporal.

The "Ebenezer" was repeated again, in a tone like a north-wester.

"Captain," quoth the rampant corporal, "your name is Peter Reed; would you respond if you were called Petersnezer Reed?"

He was taken to the guard-house, tried for contempt, and reduced to the ranks.