PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth day of April, in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and arm."

Then he said: "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black bulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boat on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And started the pigeons from their perch,
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like the sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now he gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his horse's girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still,
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing,
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night.
And the spark struck out by that steed in its flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge at Concord town;
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall—
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled.
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

WHO MURDERED HIM?

Two gentlemen sat sipping their wine after dinner, and talking in the leisurely, disconnected way which, together with their attitudes, showed that they both were taking mental as well as bodily rest after the labors of the day. They were representatives of two of the learned professions, each a man of mark in his calling, the one tall, strongly-built, with a massive head and a thoughtful and benevolent aspect; the other much smaller, wiry, agile, with keen, marked features—a man evidently profound as well as astute, and though not handsome, one calculated to arrest attention, wherever encountered.

The first was a distinguished physician, the other an equally distinguished lawyer. The physician's investigation and testimony as an expert had been procured in a case just closed, in which his legal friend was the prosecuting attorney. The labors of both had been arduous, and neither was averse to the rest and quietude which the close of the trial made possible to them. They were, and had long been, warm personal friends, and were now dining together at the lawyer's rooms, and indulging in the easy converse, broken by long silences, which their familiar friendliness warranted.

The case had been decided against the prosecution, the jury, after not more than half an hour's absence, bringing in a verdict of not guilty, which had been received with cheers and other expressions of approbation by the closely crowded audience which had listened to the closing scenes of the trial, and many of the persons composing which had attended day after day through its entire continuance.

"I did not look to see you so little annoyed by the result of this trial," said the physician to his friend. "You seemed flushed and weary, but there was an expression of relief upon your features, if one may judge from the few signs betrayed by a countenance so closely guarded when the verdict was announced."

"You judged rightly, doctor," was the answer. "I might tell you, as a friend, that I was relieved. Facts had come to my knowledge, in the course of the investigation, which made me believe the accused innocent. I was morally certain of it, though the evidence was strong against him, and I trembled lest the jury should bring in a verdict of guilty, as they might very well have done, had they alone considered the facts sworn to, and left out of account the man's previous good character, and the slight provocation, distant in time and apparently forgotten, which only could be adduced as a motive. Of course, you will not mention this. The man is acquitted, and I trust the whole affair will soon be forgotten save by the actors in it."

"I certainly shall not mention it, since you desire me not," said the doctor; "but your statement accounts to me for what I have been looking at as a lack of your usual spirit in concluding the prosecution. I, myself, had no doubt of the man's guilt until the very last; but I had no means of knowing the circumstances which have changed your opinion."

"Neither had others," replied the lawyer, "who have accused me with much bitterness, of not seeking with sufficient zeal the ends of justice. It is sometimes difficult, in my profession, to reconcile conscience and a desire for popular approval. But I see you are laughing at my unwonted strain," he continued. "Perhaps it strikes you as out of character from the lips of a public prosecutor, and it may be. I will stop moralizing, and, if you are disposed to listen, tell you a story, an incident of my profession, as it really occurred, and which is quite in point."

"Bravo!" cried the doctor, rousing up from a half doze at his proposition.

"Push that bottle nearer—there, that will do—this is capital. Heidsick, can you get me some of the same? Ah! now give me a cigar, and I'm ready."

"You have not forgotten, I suppose," began the lawyer, "the case of Roberts, who, in the year 186—, was tried for murder on circumstantial evidence, of the strongest character, and acquitted too? You doctors never take much interest in such matters, I know, unless you have a hand in them, and fat fees for medical examinations and testimony. Well the case was this:

"A man named Hamilton, a boarder in a house in Perry street, was found dead in his room one morning. There were several wounds upon his person, some of which he might have inflicted upon himself, But there were two, at least, which it was impossible could have been made by a weapon held in his own hand, as their situation and direction made evident.

"At first it had been supposed that he had committed suicide, as he was a man of intemperate habits, addicted to gaming and low company, and had of late been much depressed in consequence of losing his business situation, and by a long run of ill luck. He was a morose, sullen man, and had no friend among his fellow boarders, who were all of a class superior in morals, if not in position, to himself. Still, he had never quarrelled with any one in the house up to the night of his death, nor did it at first appear, as far as its inmates were concerned, that he had given any one there provocation for the crime.

"Nevertheless, in the course of the investigation by the coroner, it was elicited that Hamilton had, on one or two occasions, when considerably intoxicated, addressed provoking and insulting remarks to a fellow boarder, named Roberts, who occupied the room adjoining his. And Roberts had been heard to complain that Hamilton annoyed him almost beyond endurance by the noise he made on coming in late of nights, that he had threatened to leave the house if Hamilton was allowed to continue, and that, finding his complaints to the landlord, who was a relative of the deceased, produced no effect, he had been heard to declare that he would himself find a way of quieting his disagreeable neighbor.

"Now all this amounted to nothing more than the impatient ebullitions of a nervous, excitable man, who had been subjected to a long course of annoyance from a drunken fellow inmate. But it served to point out one individual, whose relations with the dead man had been unfriendly beyond those of others with whom he was associated in his own home.

"And when it was further discovered that Hamilton, on his return home at a late hour on the night of the murder, knocked at Roberts' door, and demanded matches for the purpose of procuring a light, arousing him from his sleep, and that pretty high words had followed on Roberts refusing the accommodation, suspicion fixed firmly upon this man. And this was changed to certainty when another boarder testified that during the quarrel Roberts had threatened Hamilton's life, and had risen from his bed, and by main force thurst his persecutor into his own room, where he had been heard to fall heavily upon the floor. Another boarder who occupied a room beneath Hamilton had heard a trampling overhead at a still later hour, but none of these things, though now serving to fix suspicion on Roberts, had been treated at the time as other than matters of ordinary occurrence.

"Roberts' statement was that Hamilton was very drunk when he came home. That when pushed into his own room he fell violently upon the floor, and that, leaving him there, he returned to his own room, retired again to rest, and presently fell asleep. That, at the expiration of perhaps an hour, or it might have been even less, he had been again awakened by a sound of struggling in Hamilton's room, and some smothered ejaculation, but supposing that the man had roused from his stupor and was preparing for bed, he had not heeded the sounds, which soon ceased, when he fell asleep again.

"In the face of this was the fact that the man was dead, with the evidence of a severe struggle. And it was argued that one so near as Roberts, and hearing these sounds, could not have failed to detect in them something more than the aimless trampling of a drunkard seeking his couch. The assassin, whoever he might be, had left no evidence of his presence in the room. Nor was there any apparent means of exit. Suspicion fell heavier upon Roberts. He was arrested, and search made in his room and among his effects. Nothing was found there tending to criminate him, except several large smears of blood upon a dressing-gown, which he acknowledged he had hastily thrown on when he rose to put Hamilton away from his door. But between his own door and Hamilton's, upon the matting of the passage, blood was also found, and a distinct spot upon the threshold of his own room.

"This was accounted for by Roberts, who said he had slightly lacerated a finger upon a nail in his struggle with Hamilton, and that before lying down he had wrapped a pocket handkerchief about it, which finding saturated with blood in the morning, he had thrust into the stove. The wound upon his finger still appeared, but was so slight that his story gained no credence, particularly as popular excitement already ran high. And when, during the afternoon that followed his arrest, a poinard was found in his desk in his office, which precisely fitted the peculiar incised wounds upon Hamilton's person, there were few persons who still had hardihood enough to stem the current of popular opinion and declare their belief of his innocence.

"To pass over all preliminary steps, in order that my story may not be too long, I will come to the time when the indictment had been found, and Roberts was about to be arraigned for trial for the murder of Hamilton. The evidence, of course, was entirely circumstantial, but I felt assured that Roberts was the guilty man, and was going on without the slightest hesitation or doubt in the necessary preparation for the part I was to take in his trial. There had been an attempt to indict him only for manslaughter, but the provocation was so slight in comparison with the crime, and the easy remedy of removal from the annoyance so obviously in his power, that these considerations, taken in connection with the supposed fact of his having arisen from his bed after an hour or more of reflection, and having deliberately proceeded to his neighbor's room to commit the deed upon an unguarded and unsuspecting man, rendered doubly defenseless by his probable state of inebriation, determined the grand jury to present a bill that, in accusing him of murder, met the entire approval of the public. I confess that the whole matter was so absolutely certain to my mind, that the trial assumed the light of a necessary formality only, and seemed hardly needed as a justification for the penalties of the law.

"But upon the very eve of the trial a circumstance occurred which, so far as I was concerned, altered the whole aspect of affairs. I was sitting alone in my private room, making my last preparations for the morrow's trial, when a person was announced as desiring to see me on urgent professional business. Though much annoyed at the interruption, I gave orders that he should be admitted, and looking up a moment later I saw, standing just within the circle of light shed by my lamp, a tall, pallid man, whose eyes, full of the fires of suppressed excitement, were fixed upon my face. I was a little startled—he had come in so silently—but I recovered myself, and bade him be seated. As he sat down I added that I was very busy, and begged him to make his communication as short as possible.

"'You were preparing for the Roberts case,' said my visitor, after a few preliminaries. I assented, and he went on to say:

"'It is about that very matter I have come. And if you can first assure me that my communication shall be held as privileged by our mutual relation of counsel and client, I shall perhaps be able to throw some light upon this mysterious subject.'

"Thinking that he had sought me, as prosecutor, to add some testimony which would fix the guilt more strongly upon Roberts, I assented. But judge of my surprise—my utter bewilderment—when he proceeded to assure me that he was not only aware of the complete innocence of Roberts, but that he himself, had been present during the altercation between Roberts and Hamilton, which preceded the death of the latter by not more than an hour. In fact, that he was concealed in Hamilton's room, his purpose being to regain from him a large sum which he had that evening lost to him at play.

"'As my story has already occupied more time than I intended, I will, in a few words, state all that this man told me. He had spent the evening at a gaming establishment with Hamilton, to whom he was well known, and the latter had won from him a large sum—all that he possessed in the world, with which he intended to sail on the morrow for Europe. Both left the saloon together, but separated on reaching the street. My visitor, however, turned after a little, impelled by some motive for which he could not account, and followed Hamilton. He did not then think of murdering or robbing him, but almost maddened by his losses, cared little whither he went.

"Hamilton entered a bar-room and drank freely, and his victim waited outside, reflecting bitterly that he no longer had the means to purchase a dram or a night's lodging. While standing there he determined to accost Hamilton, and coax or compel him to return some of the money. But when he saw him come out intoxicated, he thought by offering him his service to assist him home he could better accomplish his purpose. Hamilton was very glad to see him, and oblivious of all that had passed between them, invited him to go home and spend the night with him. Here was the opportunity he desired. He could doubtless get the money while Hamilton slept, and contrive to convince him that he had lost it on his way home, at any rate, evade suspicion until the sailing of the steamer. It was an insane project, but the devil is very fond, apparently, of arranging opportunities for those who desire to commit crimes.

"He went in with Hamilton, and was present, as has been said, at his altercation with Roberts. When Hamilton fell upon the floor, he quietly threw himself upon the bed, and after waiting until he thought his victim was soundly asleep, as well as all other persons whom the noise he had made might have aroused, he arose, and groping across the room until he came in contact with the body of the drunkard, commenced a search of his pockets. He had just laid his hand upon the wallet which contained the money, when Hamilton awoke. Then commenced the struggle which Roberts had heard.

"The thought of murder first entered his mind as he held his struggling victim by the throat. Hamilton was a strong man. The danger was imminent. In another moment his cries would arouse all in the house. Perhaps even then the ear of suspicion had heard his smothered appeal for help. There was a sharp poinard in his belt. He seized it, and in a moment it struck into his victim's side. Another struggle ensued, another, and another, each fainter, as blow followed blow, till finally the murdered man fell back in the stillness of death. All this time the murderer's hand had been upon his throat, and no distinct cry had escaped his lips.

"An hour later, the murderer, having noiselessly let himself out was at his hotel. Here he changed his clothing, burned his linen, carefully removed the blood stains from his outer garments, and then actually lay down and slept peacefully until nearly noon. In fact, as he told me, he had barely time to make his arrangements and arrive at the steamer before the hour for departure.

"But this was his last peaceful sleep. The stings of conscience had been more than he could bear. He had reached London; but, after lying ill a long time in that city, had seen in a New York paper the account of the arrest and indictment of Roberts, for the crime he had himself committed, and determined to return, and if possible save him. Of course, we had a long consultation. I did not let my new client leave me; but after he was safe for the night, I sat and pondered the matter, for I found myself placed in a most trying position.

"Next day I appeared in court, and I afterward knew, to my cost, that I astonished and surprised the audience, and all concerned, by the wildness of my opening speech. No one can imagine with what trembling solicitude I watched the course of the trial. I had contrived all in my power to give it a favorable turn, and I was more than pleased to see that some evidence was elicited on the part of the defense which went clearly to invalidate the charge.

"After a trial of four days—days of intense anxiety to me, the murderer, whose pallid face and burning eyes haunted me continually as he sat in court, and to his friends—the case went to the jury. Twenty-four hours were passed before their verdict was rendered, and I know that the words 'not guilty' were not more welcome to poor Roberts than to myself. He was acquitted and discharged. The nine days' wonder passed, but even now the profession often talk of the manner I managed the prosecution, and pronounce that my leniency alone saved Roberts and defeated the ends of justice. Doubtless the first is true. But the ends of justice were defeated by the compulsory secret I have borne with me ever since—my knowledge of the true murderer."

"And what became of him," questioned the doctor, breaking silence for the first time since the commencement of the tale.

"O, he went to California after all was over, and I hear he has since risen to considerable eminence in his adopted State. He is noted for his morality and public spirit, and is looked upon as a thoroughly good man. He was one of the celebrated vigilance committee of 1858, and is a foe to all gamblers, and drunkards, and evil-doers, of whatever manner or stamp. But I would not bear his conscience about the world with me for all the wealth of California's mines."

Wonderful Retention of Heat.

The following statement is from the Virginia (Nevada) *Enterprise* of April 3: "On the 30th of October last, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the large air-shaft of the Belcher mine, then completed to the 1,000 foot level, took fire and was destroyed. The timbers of the shaft all burned out, and the rock fell in and blocked it up. After deliberation, it was thought that it would be better and cheaper to sink a new shaft than to try to clear up the old one, so badly were its sides caved, and so great was the quantity of rock that had tumbled into it. The new shaft was sunk a short distance to the west of the old one. It has now reached a point to the 1,000 foot level, where it will be continued down on an incline. The incline was started at the 1,000-foot level, and carried up to meet the vertical portion of the shaft. The course of this incline carried it through the remains of the old vertical shaft, but as it was tapped the men found they could do nothing in it on account of the ashes, burned earth, and rocks that poured down into their incline. A tunnel was then run until it had reached a point a short distance west of the old shaft, when a vertical upraise was made to the line of the proposed incline to be run up to meet the new shaft. The men then began working down on the incline in order to reach the point from which they were driven in trying to come up. They have succeeded in getting into the bottom of the old shaft, where, much to their suprise, they find the rock still red-hot. In trying to put in timbers they were set on fire, and in order to work at all it is found necessary to bring a line of hose into the place and play a stream of water upon the rocks wedged in the bottom of the old shaft. There is no timber on fire among the rocks. They seem to have been heated to a degree so intense at the time of the fire that they have remained red-hot ever since. Nearly three years after the great fire in the Yellow Jacket Mine places were found in the lower levels where the rock was still red-hot."

A Monster Shark.

The London *Daily News* says: It will be recollected that, in a late issue, we announced the stranding of an immense shark at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. The skin of this huge fish has now arrived in London, having been purchased for the British Museum. The difficult operation of taking the skin off so gigantic a creature has been admirably carried out by Mr. Gerrard, Jr., whose ability in preparing skeletons for the British Museum is well known. Its total length is twenty-nine feet, its circumference fifteen feet at the largest part. Its teeth are exceedingly small, and not the least like the large white ivory teeth seen in sharks of museums; they are, on the contrary, very small and set with interspaces one from the other, and about the size of a cat's teeth.

This is the basking shark—*squalus maximus*, *cetorinus maximus*, *squalus elephas*, sail-fish, hoemother, or homer of Orkney, sun-fish, west coast of Ireland. It is not, however, to be confounded with the sun-fish—*orthagoriscus mola*—that is, the shape of the sun. These huge sharks appear in considerable numbers in the spring along the northwest coast of Donegal and Clew Bay. The Sun-fish Bank is probably the first shoal water made by the fish coming in from the Atlantic. It is possible they come here to spawn, passing the rest of their lives in the deep waters of the Atlantic. Little or nothing is known of the habits of this fish, which is probably the largest among known sharks. Couch records one taken in Cornwall measuring thirty-one feet eight inches. It is supposed that they swallow their prey alive. The Irish fishermen spear them for the sake of the oil which is to be obtained from their liver. This fish, when floating on the water, is frequently taken for the whale, on account of its somewhat sluggish movements. Hence it is also called the basking shark. It is supposed that the present specimen had lost its way, being bound, probably, for the west coast of Ireland.

Dutch Patience.

There is no field of human enterprise in which their success has not been at one time or another notable. At the bottom of it all, apparently at the bottom of the character on which their success has been founded, we find their traditional jealousy of every acre of water which covers good land. Neglecting the poorer lands, they have dived into the fertile deposits lying under water and peat, and sought there a wealth that no other soil can equal. Seeking this they have become patient, long-enduring, sturdy, hardy and resolute. If a lake is to be drained they sit quietly down and count the cost, and then devise the means for the most effectual performance of the work; this done, the undertaking proceeds with the regularity and the persistence of the work of ants. If obstacles cannot be made auxiliaries they are overcome. The clamors of dissatisfied people are idle, not as the wind—for the wind is not idle in Holland—but they pass unheeded, and steadily, day by day, the toiling goes on until the end is gained, and a new territory has been added to the earth's domain.—*Col. Waring, in "The Farmer's Vacation;" Scribner for May.*

A Bit Jealous.—Yesterday as an old couple from Canada were wandering through the City Hall market the man became so deeply engaged in watching two handsome ladies that he failed to reply to his wife's inquiries. She saw what ailed him, and catching him by the coat-tails she slung him "kerwhop" against a stall, and then taking him by the collar she said:

"Samuel Hanover, don't attempt to trifle with me! You know me, Samuel, and you know that I'll break your old neck if I catch you trying to play off on me!"

He turned his attention to the vegetables after that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Many overskirts are made without a particle of trimming. A nice finish is a broad hem, about two and a half inches wide, stitched four or five times at equal distances apart.

Orthographicalities.

The young man who did not spell well had a sick spell.

"John, John, wake up, there's a burglar in the house," said his wife. John sat upright in bed. "Burglar, b-u-r-g-l-e-r, burglar," and he rolled over, waiting for a harder word.

Think what destruction would have been caused if the spelling-school fever had ever struck the Aztec empire. Why, when they were at their meals, and wanted bread, they had to ask for totauquitlaxcallillaquelpacholli.

We fail to see that orthographical excellence is of such value in the country as claimed. The president of a Sheboygan bank couldn't spell "bilious," while a Wakesha editor who takes wood on subscription spelled down the entire county.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Bill Smikes came home mellow the other night, and when his wife asked him what ailed him he said he had been to the spelling school and had (hic) got foul of hip-pip—poppo—poppo—hippopity—hip-por—hippity-hop—himus—hip-pimus—hip-hip—hip—hippitymus—hipopytimus—or some such (hic) confounded word, and it had given him one of his "spells."—*Saratogian.*

At a recent spelling match in Saratoga a gentleman offered a library, worth $160, to anybody who would spell correctly the following sixteen words: Baa, llama, eteve (dropped), emeute, tureen, demesnial, eau de vie, banister, scirrhosity, pharmacopœia, esquiesse, eleemosynary, caoutchouc, cyclostylar, ipecacuanha, tic douloureux. The worst effort to spell them read as follows: Baah, lama, ateve, emute, turrene, demesenial, o dive, bannister, skirrotcity, pharmacopia, aeskiss, ellemosissary, coochouk, seiclistila, epicacqana, tic delaroo.

At a recent spelling-match at Columbia, Tenn., for the benefit of one of the churches there, the teacher premeditatedly brought on a personal difficulty between a clerk in a grocery store and the word "raphsody." No sooner was the unoffending word thrown at the young man than with the wildest confidence in his ability to knock both Worcester and Webster into the middle of next week at a single blow, he hurled it back, mangled, mutilated and bleeding, thus: "W-r-a-p wrap, s-o so, wrapso, d-a da, wrap soda."

And then there rose as wild a yell
As if the folks from heaven that fell,
Had rung the banner cry of Brooklyn.

A correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* proposes the following elegant sentences as an exercise for spelling-matches: "Looking up into his golopticus eyes, she said, 'And is it indeed true, Alfred, that our soul, in the process of transmogrification, explunctifies itself through the whole cavoodle of eternity?' 'Nay, dearest,' replied Alfred, and his countenance betrayed an expression of irascification, not to say disgruntlement, which cavorted over his features for an instant. 'Our souls cannot become sufficiently matterated to admit of the necessary spifflication which—' The sentence was never finished; for as he spoke he seated himself upon a chair whose legs had been exserrated two inches, and he came down unexpectedly kerchunck."

An American Surgeon-General in Egypt.

The appointment of Dr. Cornelius Faling Brown to the position of Surgeon-General of the armies of the Khedive of Egypt, with an annual salary of $7,000, and a valuable outfit, has elicited much surprise to the Doctor's old friends and acquaintances in Niles, Mich. Some five years ago two young men from Chicago took up their habitation in that town, and, purchasing a stock of dry goods, flung to the breeze the euphonious firm name of Brown & Copeland. The senior member of the firm, Cornelius Faling Brown, or, as he was generally known, "Corney Brown," was not then of age. He was a pale, but not intellectual-looking youth, a college graduate, but a man of apparently no positive force in any direction. Most of the time of the members of the firm was taken up in buggy riding and other such innocent pleasures, to the neglect of business, and soon the stock of goods ran down, and the remnants were finally taken to one of the lake shore villages, when the senior member of the firm returned to Chicago, and subsequently led to the hymeneal altar one of that city's fairest belles, the daughter of a well known medical professor. The bride and groom, accompanied by the bride's mother and several letters of introduction and of credit, took in Europe on their bridal tour. Soon the parties returned from Europe, the bride and her mother to their former home, and the groom to —parts unknown. The bride, securing a divorce, has since been wedded to another.

It now transpires, however, that after young Brown's return from his European bridal tour he turned his attention to the study of medicine, and has been appointed Surgeon-General of the armies of the Khedive of Egypt, with a salary of $7,000 in gold, and was furnished an outfit of $700. The youug, and the world will say the fortunate, doctor sailed for his new field of labor some time ago, accompanied by his mother.—*Toledo Blade.*

The Small Boy on Moving Day.

One of the most disastrous elements in a moving day is a small boy with an aspiring disposition. If he carries anything, it must be a chair, which he takes on his head with the back at the front so to prevent him from seeing where he is going, and with the erect legs in range of the chandelier and upper door casings. Thus equipped, he strikes a military step, improvising his mouth into a trumpet, and starts out. In less than a quarter of an hour he has that chair safely on the cart where it is not wanted, and is hurrying back after another. Before the carman has returned the second load, the one boy has developed into eight, each boy with a chair, each boy under feet, and each boy making as much noise as a planing mill on a damp day. If a boy cannot get a chair to carry he wants two bedposts. He wants two so he can carry one under each arm. Then he starts down stairs. First the posts cross each other at the front and nearly throw him down, then they cross at the back, and the front ends fly off at a tangent, one of them digging into the calcimined wall, and the other entangling in the bannisters. But he won't let one of them go, but hangs onto both with exasperating obstinacy. In the meantime the carman, who is working by the load and not by the day, is waiting at the foot of the stairs, and wishing that he had that boy back of the Rocky Mountains for about fifteen minutes; and the anxious father, with a straw bed in his arms and his eyes full of dust, is at the head of the stairs, waiting to come down, and vociferating at the top of his voice, until the dust from the tick gets into his throat and precipitates him into a violent fit of coughing. By the time the third load is on the way, the novelty of helping carry furniture is worn off to the boy, and he and his companions are firing rubbish from the garret at each other, or fooling with the horse just as some heavy object is being lifted onto the cart. The best plan for a moving family that has a boy, is to get him a half bushel of frozen potatoes to throw, and set him out in the suburbs until the affair is over.—*Danbury News.*

Indian Cruelties—Captive Among the Comanches.

A young Texan who was captured by the Comanche Indians about a year ago gave the following account of his experiences recently to a correspondent of the Galveston *News:*

I was trying to get five beef steers back to the herd early one morning last May, when I was suddenly surrounded by about twenty-five Comanche Indians, and taken prisoner. This happened near sunrise. I was tied on my horse and carried some 30 miles that day. At night we arrived at a sort of camp, where we joined fifty more Indians, and I found they had another white man prisoner. I was not allowed to speak with this man but I could see from the blood on his face and clothes that he was wounded. As soon as the Indians had kindled a fire and eaten some meat, they began to torture this second prisoner, though for what reason I have never learned. They beat him with a catridge-box strap with a large buckle on the end of it, after stripping him of his clothes. They cut gashes on him with knives. They sawed off his thumbs with an old cavalry sabre, and mashed his toes between a rock and the butt end of a carbine. After gouging out some of his teeth, with a bayonet, and sticking cactus thorns in his flesh, they poured powder in his ears and burnt it. All this time the man did not complain or cry out, as he probably expected, by his fortitude, to induce the Indians to spare his life, But in this he was mistaken, for they, finding that he did not complain at all these tortures, began to cut pieces of flesh out of his legs and back and eat them; or at least pretend to eat—I think they only chewed up the flesh and spit it out. Seeing that all of this torture did not make him cry out (for he had fainted), the chief stepped up with a sharp knife and cut out one of his eyes, and put a live coal of fire in the socket, and then put an end to his life with a knife.

The Indians then had a dance. I was led to a small tree. I had no water or anything to eat for thirty-six hours. The next day about midday the party moved in a northwest course, traveling about 20 miles; and after this we moved in a northwest course about 300 miles, where we met several large parties of Indians, some of whom had been on raids in Northern Texas. I remained in that section of country with the Comanches, and was kept employed mostly herding ponies and sometimes dressing deer-skins and buffalo hides. My clothes were all taken away from me a few days after I was captured, and I only had a pair of drawers and a blanket afterward. I often had to eat raw venison and buffalo meat without salt. After I had been with the Indians some six months, they ceased to treat me as a prisoner, and I was allowed to go some distance from the camp. I think it was the 1st of February I left them. I was herding ponies, and was allowed to ride one of the best without a saddle. The second night I took my buffalo robe and used it as a saddle, filled a sack with dried meat, and struck out for the settlements, which I reachd towards the last of the month. I sold my horse and buffalo robe, and collected three months' pay that was due me at the time I was captured; and now, with God's help, I shall keep out of the way of the Indians hereafter.

Diking in Holland.

In Dutch drainage-work the dike is a very important element. These vary, of course, according to the circumstances under which they are required. On the North Sea coast, where they are built to withstand tides rising ten feet beyond their average, and, lashed by storms, they constitute a work of stupendous magnitude and cost. In the case of a holder of a few acres, they may be the work of a single man. Occasionally in their construction serious engineering difficulties are presented, especially is this the case where the dike is to be constructed in the water. Here the two sides of the foundation, which must reach from the solid earth to the surface of the water, are made by sinking great rafts of fascines made of willow osiers, often from 100 to 150 yards square, strongly secured together, and making a compact mass. These are floated over the place they are intended to occupy, where they are guided by poles sunk in the bottom, and are loaded with stones or with earth until they sink. Upon his first, a second and smaller one, and often a third, and even a fourth, always decreasing in size, are placed in turn. The space between the two walls is filled with solid earth, and on the top of this secure foundation the dike is built. If the dike is to remain exposed to moving water, it must be further protected by jetties, or by mason-work, or by wattles placed upon its slope, or by rows of piles, basket-work of straw or rushes, or sometimes by brick walls.—*Col. Geo. E. Waring, in Scribner for May.*

The Secret of Long Life.

A writer in the *Press and St. James' Chronicle* prints a letter received from Lord St. Leonards in 1871, in which he says:

"I am the oldest peer in the House of Lords, and therefore I am called the father of the House. I am the oldest member of the bar, and therefore I am called the father of the bar. After so long a period, never withdrawing from the duties attached to the position which I have occupied, I have ultimately retired from public life, but still find myself called upon to exercise the faculties of which a kind Providence has left me in position. I lead a life which seems likely to extend itself. I enter into no speculation, and have nothing to agitate me. I avoid all luxurious living. I go early to bed, and my moderation is rewarded by a good night's sleep. I get up early and am always down to a 9 o'clock breakfast. I pass much of my time in reading. I live a happy life, for which I thank God, and submit myself to his guidance and mercy. This, then, is all the secret which I possess of long life.

Yours faithfully,
St. Leonards."

There was a grand battle among the Chinese residents of Virginia City, Nevada, recently. The trouble opened with a slight skirmish between two small parties of the contending factions, and this aroused the warriors in all parts of the town, who, with revolvers in their hands, rushed to the scene of the conflict. Then the fight raged on all sides, and one hundred shots were fired. Bullets shattered windows, splintered fences and awning posts, and lodged in the sides of the houses; but not one hit a human mark. One fellow got a bullet through the crown of his hat, and he is considered the big warrior of the "Flowery Kingdom." Generally there was no aim taken, the report seeming to satisfy the Celestial thirst for blood.

LEXINGTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I.

No maddening thirst for blood had they,
No battle joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

II.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

III.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

IV.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plow, mid-furrow, standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill
The spade in earth, the ax in cleft.

V.

They went where duty seemed to call;
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

VI.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood, save theirs, they gave,
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

VII.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

VIII.

The fateful echo is not dumb;
The nations, listening to the sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come—

IX.

The bridal day of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove—

X.

The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to others rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

XI.

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mounting crags,
The lion of our Motherland.

Wit and Humor.

An affecting sight—Barrels in tiers.

The State for editors—Pencil-vania.

The real yellow fever—Greed for gold.

Always whispering in company—Forest leaves.

The latest thing in front door-locks—Night-keys.

The stamp of civilization—The postage-stamp.

At what time of day was Adam born? A little before Eve.

What relation is the door to the doormat? A step farther.

What kind of sweetmeats were in the ark? Preserved pairs.

What State is round at both ends and high in the middle? Ohio.

Whether a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush depends upon the nature of the bird.

A little peppermint is better than brandy when there is any trouble with your "true inwardness."

When the evil one is going to and fro, and up and down over the earth, can we doubt that he is imp-roving?

Success is said, by a Western sage, to greatly depend upon the possession of three qualities—grit, grip and gumption.

This jute the ladies patch their hair with never looks more like real hair than when it appears in the butter.—*Berkshire Courier.*

What is the difference between Noah's ark and a Mississippi flat-boat? One was made of Gophir wood and the other was made to go for wood.

A sharp talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," she said. "It is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

When two young hearts that beat as one attend divine services in the evening, it is bashfulness that leads them to select a seat in the most obscure pew under the gallery.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

"Julius, why didn't you oblong your stay at the Springs?" "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much?" "How so, Julius?" "Wy, de landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de spoons."

A New Hampshire family has used one stove for twenty-eight years, while a Detroit man has kicked three to pieces within a year. Some men, as soon as they get a little down-hearted, go for the cookstove right away.

A gentleman traveling on a steamer, one day at dinner was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It makes no difference to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

Edgar Poe said: "To villify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel."

When Dr. Cox was settled in Brooklyn, he kept a dog, which was kenneled at the rear of the house The dog being somewhat given to biting, the doctor placed in large capitals over the kennel the admonition, "Teeth inserted here."

School inspector to urchin: "Now, Johnny, how many can you count?" Johnny: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Inspector: "Good, Johnny; go on." Johnny (after a moment's thought): "Jack, queen, king, ace."

A hardware merchant yesterday observed a boy looking sharply at some garden tools, and he asked: "Bub, if I should present you with a hoe would you go home and make a garden." "No, proudly responded the boy; I'd sell it to the man living next door and buy some circus tickets."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I should think you would be ashamed to pitch on to that little boy," said a pedestrian yesterday as he caught a big boot black cuffing a small newsboy. "Ye would, hey?" sneered the lad as he gave his nose a wipe. "D'ye think I'd go for a big boy and git all pounded up!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Domestic Animals.—Persons who have occasion to treat domestic animals in sickness, will find it convenient to know the natural standard of the pulse, as the amount of deviation from that standard indicates the severity of the disease. In health and repose, the number of pulsations per minute should be as follows: In the horse, 32; ox or cow, 35; sheep, 70; goat, 72; cat, 110; rabbit, 120; dog, 90; duck, 136; hen, 140.