## AN INGIAN PRINCESS.

Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of the Chief of the Piute Indians, Nevada, lectured at Platt's Hall a few few evenings ago on "Indians." The audience was not large, but was very appreciative. The Piute Princess appeared on the stage in full Indian costume. She wore a short buckskin dress, the skirt bordered with fringe and embroidery, short sleeves, disclosing finely rounded brown arms, and scarlet leggings, with trimmings of fringe. On her head she wore a head dress of eagles' feathers, set in a scarlet crown, contrasting well with her flowing black locks. She spoke naturally and without constraint, and displayed a remarka-ble knowledge of English. Speaking of the Indian outbreak of 1860, she At that time there were only four

families in our region of the country.

We loved them as we loved our

brothers. If we were so barbarous,

what was to prevent us from killing

them? One day there were two little girls missing from our tribe. Search was made for them. They could not be found. They had been taken into the house of two white brothers, who promised them some-thing to eat. They were timid at first and did not want to go. But afterward they did and were kept and put down a cellar. When the Indians looked for them they came to this house, and the brothers said they had not been there. The Indians searched the house, and when they saw the ring of the trap door that led into the cellar, they did not think anything wrong, because they did not understand how the white men could make a cellar in the ground. The fifth day an Indian came along on a fine horse. The brothers wanted to buy it, and offered him a gun, five cans of powder, lead and caps. He said he would exchange, and they put the horse in the stable and locked it. Then they gave the Indian a gun and some powder, but wouldn't give him any lead or caps. Then he began to holler, and the little girls in girls were there. He told his tribe, and they said, "Give up the girls, or we will kill you." The brothers girls were, but the Indians knocked door and found the poor little girls, with their mouths all tied up so that and the Indians had to fight the exterminate them!" My friends, they would not say this of the Chinaman or the negro. When the soldiers came all was trouble. There was one good man named Clayton. who came among us, and brought goods and beads and handkerchiefs. the fighting commenced, he said to my brother, Natchez: "Be merciful unto me, Natchez; save my life." My brother said: "It is almost too late; but I will fire over your head and you can roll down the hill, and the Indians will think you are dead." But he was too late, and the Indians killed Clayton. He taught us English. He did roll down the hill, and his bones lie there rotting. After the regular soldiers, troops came and told us to lay down our arms. I was a little bit of a girl then. They told us to go on the reservation and the government would give us provisions every day. Did they do it? No; they didn't. The agents robbed us. Just as long as an agent can keep my people down he will do it-just as long as the world stands. But how can I teach my people to be good? I say to them, "You must be good, and must not condemn the whole white race because they do wrong to a few of your women. Sometimes you kill innocent people." I tell them they must not lie, and must love their neighbors as themselves, and they say "Who are our neighbors-the people next us, or around us?" And I say, "No, the whole human family are our neighbors" But the white men will not look upon us as neighbors. Then what are we? We have hands and a face, only it is red instead of white. If they could only know our feelings my friends, they would call us their neighbors. In 1878 Mr. Grannis came in to preach a sermon, and I interpreted it. He said: "If you are not good you will go to a place called hell. If you are good, and do not lie and steal and commit adultery, you will go to hea ven." One of the men interrupted him, and turned to Rinehart, the agent, and said, "You say to be good and we will go to heaven. Mr. Rinehart, where will you go? You claim to be a Christian man. You kneel and uplift your hands and tears roli down your face. Who do you pray to? We are Indians and do not understand. We have eyes but you think us blind. You hold out your left hand and pray for us and your right hand is grabbing something else." Mr. Rinebart is a good man,

jingle in his pocket and plenty in his hand, he lives away up socially. Rinehart despised my people in many ways. He told them that their lands belonged to the government, but if they would cultivate it, the government would pay them \$1 a day, whether child, woman or man. About 400 Indians went to work, and Saturday night took in their bills. He would not pay them, but said, "The government has not sent me the money yet, but you can have goods out of my store. Pants are \$3; blankets, \$6; shirts, \$1 50 to \$3; stockings, four bits; and shoes, \$3, \$4 \$5. You can buy them here or at the government store at Canyon City, but at no other store." My people hung their heads, and were not pleased. Rinehart beat my people. He first would strike and beat them, and afterwards carried a pistol to frighten them. Is this the way to treat my people, I would like to know? He sends us sub-agents to gather in Indians on his reservation, but they know his bad reputation and they won't come. He has not an Indian on his reservation now. He used to say there were no appropriations for the Indians, and he could not afford to feed them out of his own pocket. I wonder where the money comes from now that there are no Indians. Princess Sarah after further enlarging upon the bad treatment of kinehart as an Indian agent, related her adventure as a scout under General Howard in the Bannock war, and expressed it as her opinion, and that of her people, that the leaders should be punished-hanged, or imprisoned for life-but the people should be allowed to go on a good reservation; they should be taught to build and farm, and educated without the interference of an agent; they could make their own living, and would be glad to do so. -S. F. Post.

A QUEER CRAFT FOR THE CZAR,-His Majesty the Czar has ordered the construction at Glasgow of one of the most curious vessels ever built. It is a pleasure yacht of some 7000 tons burden, to be made of steel, and to be driven by three bronze screws. The lower portion of this experimenthe cellar, hearing him holler, hol- flat-fish, being almost as broad as it lered too. He knew then that the is long, with sharp sides and pointed at both ends. The imperial yacht and gentlemen, were banished to Siberia. will be exactly like a brill, in fact, as But this didn't frighten us. We went to will be exactly like a brill, in fact, as regards contour and dimensions. On said they did not know where the the back of the vast pleuro-nectid will be reared a floating palace of them, in different countries, and the orthem down and found the opening in halls, salons, boudoirs and cabins, the floor. They opened the trap rising story above story, so that, door and found the poor little girls, though the strange vessel will nowhere draw more than fifteen feet they could not speak. This started of water-and this only when the the trouble of 1860. Soldiers came, screws are submerged-she will tower out of the sea far white men. I have come here to lay above the loftiest waves, which Russia, organizing and gaining informadown the facts, good or bad, in be- are expected to dash and break in tion. half of my people. But people say vain against her enormous area and of the Indians, "Exterminate them! flattened bilges. The extraordinary model now being put together by Messrs. Elder & Co. is principally designed to abolish that very uncomfortable movement at sea which troubles czars as well as meaner persons, and we doubt not that a very special degree of stability will finally We learned to love that man. When be obtained. The circular popoffskas -though failures as men-of-warhave always proved remarkably steady in a seaway; and this prodigious flat fish of steel ought to ride almost as placidly as a floating island, were it not for that "scend" of the ocean which no vessel, however big, has ever yet conquered. The czar's yacht will carry only a few light cannon, but if the design succeeds, it is intended to build fighting craft upon the same lines, to receive heavy marine artillery .- (London Telegraph.

SIGHTING A CANNON.—In olden times a quartermaster's sergeant might squint his left eye along a field piece and have it fired with the hope of hitting some-thing somewhere. Now, however, the sighting of a cannon is more difficult to do than the solution of a problem in conic sections of a school boy. Six instruments must be used in France before the word "fire" is given. anemometer measures the force and velocity of the wind. The pressure of the atmosphere is taken by means of a barometer. The sights are graduated with the pressure of a certain figure, and of course a change must be made if the pressure is greater or less. Next a hydrometer gives the amount of moisture in the atmosphere. The degree of dampness materially affects the resistence offered to the flight of a cannon ball, although to meet one of them you would not expect it would mind dampness or anything else such. A planchette is used where the object fired at is cut of sight. A telemeter, or range-finder, is employed to ascertain the distance of objects fired at, and finally a thermometer gives the temperature, as the sight marks that would be all right in warm weather are too cold for firing in cold weather. After all this is done, we pre-sume it does not require more than half a dozen men to tell the gunner to fire. It must make them mad after all their calculations are made to find that the ball does not go within a mile of the object fired at, or what is more probable to find that the enemy has moved off one hundred miles or so while the figuring is going on. The French army will have to provide each cannon with a college of technology to do the sighting .- [Binghampton Democrat.

Minnie Lewis' beauty was unrivalled in the neight prhood of Hot Springs, Ark., and H. ... y Farley is said to have married her for the purpose of putting her on the stage. He believed that she would be attractive enough as an actress to bring him wealth; but she failed when probably. I think he is a good man. he took her on a theatrical tour, and he The biggest thief, whether man or soon left her. Then she committed woman, is good if wealthy. With the suicide.

## A RUSSIAN NIHILIST.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press, Oct. 1.] Yesterday afternoon there arrived in St. Paul, in company with some of the returning party of the English investigating committee, who have just been on a trip into Winnipeg, Mr. A. W. Stiffel, of Odessa, Russia, a genuine nihilist, who, to escape banishment to Siberia, or perhaps death, was compelled to flee to America. A reporter of the Pioneer Press met this prominent Russian, who formerly owned over 90,000 acres of land in the southern part of his native country, and embraced the opportunity for an interview. He is apparently not over twenty-eight years of age, of medium height, dark complexion, with a dark, pleasant eye. His attire was American throughout-but for his accent he would be easily taken for a Frenchman. Mr. Stiffel is a fine linguist, and spoke very good English. He is enthusiastic over the subject of nihilism, which he says is wrongly associated with ideas of communism in this country. The interview was opened by the question, when and how was the party organized?

Mr. Stiffel replied that eighteen years

attempted to create a party who desired lawlessness and disorder, and who were soon put down, as they ought to have A few years later, at the close of the Austro-Prussian war, this second party was organized, and at once termed, in reproach, nihilists. Then the students throughout all the colleges discussed polities; young men and women participated alike, and in their debates the comparisons drawn between the despotism of Russia and the personal freedom permitted 11 other countries was odious and galling. The people were more abject slaves than even in Turkey. Families were broken up and the members taken to Siberia as if only cattle. The members of this society do not want anarchy, but a revolution in the government They want only a constitutional government, where the people can elect their members of parliament and have a voice in the dictation of their affairs. To remedy the evil of turning over the government to so many uneducated and ignorant people he would make the law that no one can vote unless he can read and write. Thus he would have more schools and better educated people.

ago Prof. Bakoonin, a Russian fanatic.

Are the ladies largely interested? The most effective portion of our society, said Mr. Stiffel, is composed of ladies. They work secretly, successfully elude government spies, and are invaluable in their labors. They furnish us with information oftentimes of great value. The tal craft will be shaped like a huge first conflict between nihilists and Russian police was at St. Petersburg in 1875, when nearly 250 students, young ladies work at once to organize thoroughly. Now we have our committees of safety, or executive committees, as you may call ganization is as perfect as possible under the circumstances. The head committee is composed of men, three of whom live in Russia, three in Switzerland, two at Geneva and one in Zurich. The Russian members have their headquarters at the universities of St. Petersburg and Kief, and are constantly traveling through

> How do the Nihilists work? Well, replied the Russian representative. ganize in committees of six. That is, each member goes out and forms a company of six. We only know the members of that company and the one in which we first enlisted. So that each Nihilist only knows but twelve of his fellow members, and if he proves traitor can only give the names of eleven other Nihilists. It is not necessary to have signs or secret grips. Of course, some of the leading men know more than twelve, but they are not the ones to betray. The Nihilists are very much better organized than the government. There are members everywhere in Russia. In the palace of the Emperor Nihil ism may be found. Men and women in every station of life, from the hovel of the poorest to the home of the richest, are members of the society. Wealthy farmers and others often in disguise go among their neighbors and enroll them in the ranks.

> What compelled you to leave Russia You must remember that the Nihilists are often enabled to thwart the plans of the government in its tyranny. friends notified me two days prior to the making out of the papers that I was to be arrested. I went to Gen. Kotzebue, the military governor, who had been a personal friend of my father, and he intimated that I had better travel at once, and I did so. I went to Vienna and es caped. Then in a short time Gen. Kotzebue was succeeded at Odessa by Gen. Todleben, who was anxious to secure my arrest. He sent orders to the Russian Embassador at Vienna to have me arrested and hurried across the frontier. Nihilist friends again secretly informed me and I went to the embassador one Sunday morning last January, and he informed me that I would be arrested the next day. That night I started for London and remained there some months. You want to know what I had done to merit this? Well, I will tell you. I had a Nihilist friend who was trying to escape the clutches of the police and I befriended him. He came to my house and I secreted him, though the Kussian law requires that you give the police the name with a description of each inmate. news came that my house would be searched, so I provided my friend with a passport under a false name and three hundred roubles, and his escape was successful. The next day the house was searched, and some of his letters, which he had forgotten in his haste, were found and considered sufficient evidence for my

> When did you join the Nihilists? Soon after I left college I took a trip to Japan and China, and stopped at Siberia on my way home. There for the first ime I saw the fearful barbarity to which my fellow citizens were subjected by a despotic government. It stirred every drop of blood in my veins at the outrage and I determined to enlist with the Nihilists and do what I could to get a change in the government. Why, the Siberian mines are filled with relatives of Nihil, ists. No one is spared, and whole families are separated and consigned during their life to a Siberian mine existence, more horrible than life under the most cruel of kings or the blackest of

But tell me, asked the reporter, why ou assassinate governors, etc.

Why, those men who are killed, are unendurable in their tyranny. It becomes necessary to remove them, and the flat goes forth and they are killed. It has a good effect for a while, for their successors are cautious and reasonable. But we don't want a general uprising yet. The Nihilist party is not strong enough. We do not want to kill the emperor, for he is getting old and can reign only a few years more. When the attempt was made to assassinate the emperor by a Mihilist, the Nihilist press repudiated the attempt as being one to earry out the wish of the society. The fellow was crazy who tried it. You see we go among the uneducated and get their sympathies by telling them we don't want to kill the emperor. If we did it would be easy enough, for a year ago I passed the emperor, when he was out for a promenade. I was within three feet of him and had two revolvers in my pocket loaded. Just as soon as he dies or abdicates, which can't be far away, the czarowiz will come on to the throne, and that is what we want. The czarowitz is very liberally inclined, and to that source we look for help. If we should kill the emperor now you see what a sympathy it would create, and perhaps defeat our plans.

What did you learn on your trip to Siberian mines? said Mr. Stiffel, I could not tell you the half. There are two classes there: One live with their fami lies and never return to Russia unless pardoned, and are restricted to the terriory northeast of Yakoutsk; the other class are condemned to the mines. The sufferings of their transportation exceeds that of the slave trave. Families are piled in like freight, and many terribly suffer and die. The horrors in the pentup decks are beyond description. When was at Katherineberg I saw 130 Nihilists, chained like felons, naked almost and foot-sore, being marched over the cold steppes in January. One ship-load from Odessa carried 600 persons, packed like dead pigs. It required eighty-two days to make the trip. Not a stop was made, and at the conclusion 400 had per-

ished It was fearful! Tell me about some of the prominent arrests, replied Mr. Stiffel: I could enumerate them all day-but I will give you two instances. One was of a rich Odessa merchant, named Brosky, who was worth 80,000,000 roubles, Well, one day in the council of Odessa, of which he was a member, during an exciting debate, he made use of the words that "the time had come when Odessa should no longer be subservient to Russia." The government was informed through a spy of the language, and in seven hours Brosky had been arrested and was on his way to Sibe-But he was wealthy, and by paying 5,000,000 roubles to officials in a few months obtained his liberty. Then there was a doctor, a friend of mine, who for some reason had roused the Government's suspicion, and he was arrested and hurried into Siberia. That night the father of a little sick girl came to the house to get medicine, was seen by the officers and arrested. Soon after the mother grew anxious, started out to the doctor's house and was locked up. Several days after, when they had a hearing, they told their story, and an officer was sent to see if they had a sick child. In the room, all alone, the little one was found dead from neglect, and

the heart-broken parents were released. Why, you have no idea, either, con tinued the Russian, of the fearful state of corruption that exists in our Government. The poor are taxed unmercifully and the rich scarcely at all. An officer goes into the army on a salary of 100 roubles a month, and in a little whil comes out rich. One of them came to my farm to purchase oats. The current price was 52 cents, and he offered, if I would sign a receipt for 90 cents, that he would pay me 72 cents. They want war because it gives them an opportunity to make money. We never know how the Government finances stand or where our money goes. That is kept from us as if we were slaves.

You said it was not policy to kill the Emperor, for he would get out of the way in five years. Suppose he should

live ten, fifteen, or twenty years?
Well, at the proper time, when the nihilists were powerful enough, I sup-pose, said Mr. Stiffel, with a shrug of the shoulders, the order would be given to kill him, if there was no other pros pect of relief. To show you how well we are organized to get government information, here is an incident: Most of our papers are printed on presses placed on carriages, for we have to keep moving about. After General Trentlin signed the verdict for the death of nihilists, one morning we sent him a printed copy. He looked at it, and remarked that the copy was a dirty one and we ought to been more polite. In five hours another, done in gold and several colors, costing two hundred roubles, was sent him. In his attempt to find out who brought us the information that he made that remark, he had several arrested and condemned to Siberia, but he was assassinated.

What are you to do now? I am coming to Minnesota to open a big farm of 10,000 acres. Our colony will consist of four couples, five unmar-red young men, one widov and twelve children, all of whom have been com pelled to leave Russia. We are going to have a model farm, and raise not only wheat but all kinds of produce possible. If sny of our friends want to join us from Russia, and will apply to the nihilist committee in England, we will gladly send them money to pay their

Shall you go back to Russia? Mr. Stiffel said not for some years. would not be long, he thought, before he could visit Russia in safety. The nihilists would win the day. lieved there would be a war with England over the Afghanistan troubles, and that Russia would win. Then would be the bright day for the nihilists, whose aid would be needed, and who would be granted their desired constitutional government.

Printing office "devils" are talking about holding a convention. It will be quite a demon-stration. — Whitehall The way the weather has been we judge the convention being held around somewhere.

A domestic named Angelica Jourdan has passed over her last name and become a portion of her first name. She attempted to kindle a fire with coal

## Reminiscences of Professor Morse.

It is worth while to pick up now, while it is still possible, some few anecdotes of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and to record them. Such incidents, thrifling though they be, allow us to form some slight estimate of this remarkable man. Perhaps the most salient trait that Morse had, was the positive belief in the necessity of his invention. There was no half-heartedness about him. Such men as Bernard de Palissy, are, it is true, few in this word. The French potter was willing to burn his baby's cradle, providing it would furnish fuel for heating his kiln. Putting aside as much as may differences of age and time, Palissy seeking to perfeet his dish, or Morse to develop his telegraph, the divergence between the two is wide. The former was groping for perfection in a physical thing. Men had saten from earthenware, and slacked their thirst from paterie, ever since the world was known. It behooved Palissy, perhaps, to invent new glazes, new forms, new ornaments. But with Morse it was to convince a world of a new method of imparting information, to project something which was in a certain measure ahead of then). It was a novel mental psocess, which was to be driven through people's head. If taking 10 as the sum total of the difficulties in the way of the introduction of the telegraph, the Morse instrument, the system of wires, these can hardly be said to have represented more than a quarter of the trouble. Of course, all this has been written and rewritten, but this element of farsightedness must place Morse on a higher plane than that accorded to mere inventors. It was some time in 1843, while the first work was being prose cuted, that some laborers near Baltimore were digging a trench, in which the lead pipes were to be placed, which incased the wires. A heavy thunderstorm came up. Professor Morse was watching the workmen. It rained so hard that Morse and a son of his sought refuge in a neighboring shed. "The time will come," said Morse, "when we will have to hang these wires on poles." Nowadays wires in the air have accumulated so fast that we are devising methods of burying them again. It has been declared that Morse felt elated after Congress had granted him the desired pecuniary aid, some \$180,000. As far as can be learned, for Professor Morse was a God-fearing man, the sentiment of gratitude only was prominent, but as to that wild exultation, which would carry away weaker men, the great electrician felt none of it. At that very time he was so poor that on his return from Washington, where he had gone so as to understand more thoroughly some of the clauses governing the money appropriation, having been met by a young lad, one of his family, the boy said jocosely to his father: "Now, father, you ought to treat on that." "So I would, my son," was the grave reply, "but this is all the money I have in the world," and a silver quarter of a dollar was produced. It was much earlier than this that Morse, when with a friend in Wall street, some time before 1840, when in addition to the news brought by steamer bulletin-boards had posted on them prices of stocks, that that

the Professor said to an astonished friend,
"You see those prices of stock quoted?
Well, before many years you will have the price of telegraph stock put on tha board." Of course, as was perfectly board." Of course, as was perfectly natural, the Professor's friend looked at him with amazement. The devising of his telegraph machinery so fully absorbed his mind that in the neighborhood in which he lived, good, straightforward people could hardly understand him. A son mentions the fact that as he was playing with a child in a public square, some compassionate friend of the family, looking at him, said: "Poor child, it would be a hundred times better if your father would pay more atten-tion to you, instead of working over his old rusty wires, which never can come to anything." When Morse was taking daguerreotypes on the top of the building at the corner of Nassau and Beckman streets, Samuel Colt, the inventor of the revolver, was a friend of the electrician. Colt had his mind full of a torpedo for the defense of the coast, which was to be exploded by an electric circuit. As Morse had the wires and battery, the dabbler in torpedoes found his necessary machinery ready at hand. On one occasion, when Morse was absent, an experiment was to be tried on the roof of the honse with a slight charge of powder, which was to be confined under a fig drum. The gentleman who tells this story was then a mere lad, light of weight, and was exactly the convenient resisting medium which Colt wanted. It was agreed that the boy should stand on the box while the powder was fired. Just as all preparations were completed, and the lad stood on the box, Professor Morse appeared, who took in the situa-tion at a glance. "Stop," he cried, "Colt, bid that boy get down. If you want to try that experiment, jump up in his place." "There is not the eighth of a pound of powder their," said Colt, "but, I am agreed. I will get up in the boy's place. Professor, do you touch the key." Touch the key did Morse. An explosion followed, and it was all that Colt could do, who was a man of large build, to prevent him from being hurled over into the street below. If the boy had stood there, he would have been certainly lifted into the air. It was evident that then Professor Morse knew that explosions were intensified in accordance with the means employed to fire peculiar substances, and must have had an inkling of the effects of what is now called the vibratory influence on detonating substances. "Once," says an informant, "in Professor Morse's later life, he substances. wanted a package of papers, which, he told me, were on his table. I secured a voluminous bundle of documents, and having brought them down, presented them to the Professor. "You have made a mistake; these are not the papers I wanted, Still, though they are of no moment now, at one time they caused me a certain amount of disturbance. They represent the vouchers paid by me

fleast well, and must have, during the last twenty years of his life, dispensed a fortune in small sums.—N. Y. Times.

## The Boyhood of William Pitt.

The second son of William Pitt, first earl of Chatham, was born May 28, 1759. at the pleasant little Kentish village of Hayes, near Bromley. There are some men who at a very early age give signs of the fame they are afterwards to obtain. We are told that Smeaton, when a child of six, made a windmill; that Cardinal du Perron, when only seven, asked for a pen to write a book against the Huguenots; that West, when a boy, exclaimed, "A painter is a companion for kings!" and that when mere youths. Hartley determined to write a book on the nature of man, Bacon a work on philosophy, Milton an epic poem, and De Thou a history. Young Pitt belonged to this precocious order. And at an age when most boys were reading Cæsar and toiling over the elements of algebra, he was a brilliant classic and a sound mathematician. "The fineness of William's mind," writes his mother, "makes him enjoy the highest pleasure that would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age." He had such exquisite quickness in grasping the meaning of authors, that his tutor once remarked, 'he never seemed to learn, but only to recollect.' Hawley, the poet, became acquainted with him whilst ordered sea-bathing at Lyme, and calls him a wonderful boy of fourteen;" indeed, so impressed was the poet with the conversation of his young acquaintance, that he regretted not having asked his opinion

npon an epic he was then writing.

The favorite son of his father, William Pitt was taught when a lad by his splendid sire how to recite, how to express his thoughts in severe English, and how to regard every subject, that interested him from its various points of view. He was fond of addressing an imaginary audience on the topics of the day, and declaiming from the sermons of Barrow or the speeches of Milton. "I am glad that I am not an eldest son," he said to his mother on her elevation to the peerage as Baroness Chatham, "for I want to speak in the House of Commons, like papa." Whilst paying a visit to the House of Lords the lad was introduced to Fox, and the great debator used to tell how, as speeches were delivered, young, Pitt, instead of being occupied by the structure of the chamber or the robes of the peers, was constantly turning round to him and saying, "But, surely, Mr. Fox, that might be answered thus:" or, "Yes, but he lays himself open to this retort." Never in the annals of biography was dawn more brilliant. The health of Pitt had in its youth

been so delicate as to exclude him from the advantages of public school life. He was educated at home until he reached his fifteenth year, when he was entered at Pembroke Hull, Cambridge, in the spring of 1773. His marvelious abilities soon brought him prominently into notice. Before he quitted the university there was not a Greek or Latin writer of note whose works he had not read. So desirous was he of not neglecting a single classic author, that he begged his tutor —Pretyman, afterwards Bishop Tomline -to study with him the obscure rhap-

Unlike many men who have attained to

a marked proficiency in the classes, Pitt was an excellent mathematician. quickness with which he solved the deepest problems was pronounced by one of his admirers to be unrivalled in the university. Study he loved with a devotion which admitted of no interruption. He attended the public lectures on civil law, he read hard at political economy, he studied experimental philosophy, and he educated himself in eloquence by dwelling upon the most brilliant passages in Livy, Thucydides and Sallust. At the age of seventeen he was admitted, after the fashion of his day, to the degree of Master of Arts, without examination, as the son of a peer. He did not, however, quit the university, but continued a few years longer at Cambridge, reading with his tutor and building up for himself that storehouse of learning from which in after life he so freely drew, to the delight of his followers and the dread of

his enemies. On the death of the earl of Chatham it became necessary for William Pitt to think of a profession. His brother had succeeded to the title, and the fortune of the late peer was only sufficient to sustain the new honors. With a younger son's provision of some three hundred a year, Pitt betook himself to the bar, and joined the Western Circuit. Shortly after he had been called a general election ensued, and with that confidence in himself which one of his characteristics, he stood as a candidate for his late university. He was defeated, being re-turned at the bottom of the poll. "Mansfield and Townshend have run away with the prize," he writes to his mother, but my struggle has not been dishonorable." The convenient system of close boroughs, however, now came to his rescue, and through the interest of Sir James Lowther, he was returned for Appleby. This was in the year 1780, Representative Statesmen.

How to TIE A Horse.-Incredible as it seems, not half the tavern keepers, hostlers or teamsters know how to tie a horse, either putting some clumsy knot that is troublesome to undo or make a hitch that is insecure. The proper way, after passing the tether round the thing to be attached to, is to make a half hitch, passing the end of the strap through the cop. If the horse, nibbling, pulls it, he merely ties the knot tighter. And to unhitch, it is only necessary to remove the end from the bow, and it is instan-taneously loosened. Not one-fourth of of the butchers or farmers know how to tie the legs of a calf or sheep for transportation. The majority of people, when they want to make the animal very se-cure, wind the cord tightly around the They represent the vouchers paid by me for lawyers, costs and expenses in defending my telegraph. I once took the trouble to add up these figures. I can't give it exactly now, but the aggregate ought to sum up something very close on to \$500,000." Professor Morse's charities were endless. All the impecunious of the United States made him their milch cow. He gave, if not wisely,