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The Present Time.

Hail, Peace! thou that stainest
Thine olive blood bright;
That nighest ashamed
As a thief in the night;
Thy robes all sullied and torn, thine eyes bereft of light.

Thy path through the vineyards
Empurpled with gore,
Sweet France at thy presence
Rejoiceth no more;
Thou bringer of shame to youth's bright brows; disgracer of heads all hoar!

All hail, thou the queenly!
Thou comest in chains,
Suborned to the purpose,
And stern vengeful aims
Of might, the oppressor and lord of Right; to the power the master claims.

This Peace? Nay, 'tis silence,
Black stillness of Death,
The reaper, the stern one,
The robber of breath,
Of the tomb that closeth to ope no more on the hopeless soul beneath.

Praise God! None such is there.
All dead things must rise
To witness His power
That ruleth the skies.
He summeth each tear, each sob, each groan, each form that lifeless lies.

There remains but His Peace and Rest
For our dead in their thronged graves
And what vengeance is just and best.
He stills all the restless waves
Of passion in the troubled breast,
'Tis He condemns and saves.

One Year Ago.

One year ago: a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of golden hair—
Too fair to die.
Only a year: no voice, no smile;
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair—
Fair but to die!

One year ago: what loves, what schemes
Far into life,
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!
The silent pictures on the wall,
The burial stone
Of all that beauty, life and joy,
Remain alone!

One year—one year—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves solemnly on;
The grass grows green, the flowers bloom fair
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray,
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.
The vail, the vail, so thin and strong,
Twixt us and thee;
The mystic vail—when shall it fall,
That we may see,

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone!
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour—
Of God's sweet will.
Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear,
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year.

A STORY OF GEN. PUTNAM.

The eventful career of the sturdy, lion-hearted Israel Putnam has ever been the especial theme of historical interest to the American school-boy; and the romantic and unusual interests that color it are not likely to pass from his memory after attaining the years and sentiments of manhood. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the whole record of American history, colonial, revolutionary, or federal, can produce a character, who, in the quality of rugged, indomitable courage, is entitled to be named with "Old Put." With him this quality appears to have been an instinct, even to the point of recklessness; and the audacious affairs of the wolf's den, the powder-magazine, and the ride at Horseneck, seem to have occured merely from the ordinary exercise of this amazing quality by the man who, as his tombstone truly declares, "dared to lead where any dared to follow." In other words, his lofty heroism was no exceptional or erratic display; it pervaded his whole nature, and stood forth at once upon an adequate call to duty.

He was born, as is well known, in Massachusetts, but removed to Connecticut early in life, in which latter State much of his military service and several of his most conspicuous acts of daring were performed.

Western New York was settled during the early part of the present century, in great part by emigration from Connecticut. Many of the pioneers of the Genesee and Niagara are still to be seen among us, white-haired, and feeble in body, but enjoying with solid satisfaction the substantial fruits of their early industry and hardships. Going back only one generation from them, we find ourselves in the goodly company of the continentals and revolutionary patriots, with Putnam, Stark, Warren and the rest; and very many are the reminiscences of this initial period in our national history which might be gathered from the lips of these aged men as they received them from their fathers, of which written history has no knowledge.

I lately met one of these pioneers, a venerable and intelligent farmer of nearly four score years, who was brought by his father from Connecticut to his new home in the "Holland Purchase," so called in his childhood. The father was a soldier in the Revolution, and had served under General Putnam in his own State. The incidents and general recollections of his campaigns, as he had related them to his son, in the spirit of the veteran who delights to

"Shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won,"

were deeply interesting; and none more so than those relating to Putnam and his exploits.

"My father knew him well," said my informant, "and always spoke of him as the bravest man in the war. He never could mention his name without his eyes kindling and his cheek flushing with excitement; and he loved to talk about Putnam and his exploits above anything else.

From these incidents I propose to submit to the reader, in brief, the most interesting of the anecdotes of Putnam that I received from the source referred to. It is so perfectly characteristic of the man, as history paints him, and the way which it comes to me is so perfectly satisfactory, that I have no hesitation in expressing my entire confidence in its truth. It will be observed that the Indian adventure which forms the groundwork of the story bears considerable resemblance to one of Putnam's adventures which is minutely detailed in the histories, and which in one place I find succinctly stated as follows:

"The same year (1758), when returning to Fort Edward from an expedition to watch the enemy in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga, his corps were surprised by a party of French and Indians, and he himself captured and tied to a tree. While in this situation a battle between his own party and the enemy raged round him for an hour. The tree against which he was placed was part of the time in the hottest fire. A French officer, passing by, struck him in the jaw with the butt of his gun. An Indian amused himself for some time by hurling his tomahawk into the trunk of the tree, to satisfy himself how near he could come to the prisoner's body, and yet miss it. At length the party of French and Indians were forced to retreat, but carried with them their captive, whom the savages determined to roast alive. He was tied to a tree, and the fire was already blazing furiously, when his life was saved by the intervention of the French commander, Molang."

My informant was positive, however, that the adventure with the Indians which his father related to him was an entirely different one; and as its termination appears to have been so unlike this, and the early experience of Putnam in command of a company of rangers in the old French war was unquestionably filled with hazards and escapes not noticed by history, it appears to me that he is correct, and that the whole story may be taken as a new one. For greater convenience, I will allow the father to speak in the first person.

There was in my company, in the Connecticut regiment that I served in during the Revolution, a soldier by the name of Patterson. He was a young man, and his father and grandfather before him had served in Putnam's rangers against the French and Indians. His grandfather of course was too old to take the field in the Revolution, and his father was laid up with rheumatism, or something of that kind, so Rufus, my comrade, had to sustain the honor of the family in this war—and well he did it.

Three or four times during our campaigns when we happened to see General Putnam riding by the camp, or on the march, Rufus would say to me,

"Stephen, the first good chance I get, I'm going to speak to the General, and ask him if he remembers my father and grandfather in the old war twenty years ago."

I knew what he particularly had in his mind; it was an adventure that the General, then Captain Putnam, had with the Indians, in company with these men, father and son. I had often heard Rufus tell it, as they told it to him. It seems that Putnam was out scouting in the woods with only half a dozen men, these two with the others, when they were ambushed by a much larger party of Indians. The first volley disabled three of the men; the Pattersons escaped by flight; but Putnam, for some reason, was taken prisoner with the wounded men. The savages immediately proceeded to their horrible work of torture. Lying on the ground, unarmed, bound and helpless, Putnam saw his unfortunate comrades taken one by one from his side, stripped, bound to a tree and slowly tortured with a devilish ingenuity, the details of which are too shocking to repeat. When death had mercifully relieved the last of them from his torments, Putnam was himself tied to the tree, and the Indians began their caperings about him, brandishing their knives and shouting their exultation. The captive was fortifying his soul for the horrors of the fate that seemed to have overtaken him, and had abandoned all hope of earthly salvation, when it reached him in a most unexpected manner. The reports of two rifles were heard close to the ring of dancing Indians, and two of them fell dead. Two others were wounded by the same balls; and the savages, panic-struck at the suddenness of the attack, and probably thinking that a large rescuing party was at hand, took to flight and disappeared.

The rescuers, however, were only the two Pattersons, who, finding that they had effected their own escape by their fleetness, concluded that they could not leave their captain and comrades in the hands of the Indians without some attempt to deliver them. With a daring characteristic of the scout, they made their way in the darkness to a shelter within a few feet of the tree selected for the sacrifice, reaching the place just as Putnam was dragged up. The boldness and desperation of their attack insured its success. A few strokes of their knife released the captive, and the three hastened with all speed from the scene of their peril. After proceeding a few miles through the forest, Putnam halted, and told his companions that he had been without sleep for thirty hours, and that as a long and difficult tight lay before them to the nearest place of safety, he proposed to take just five minutes rest.

"Only five minutes, mind!" he said, giving to the elder Patterson his silver-cased watch. "We can spare that much time, and the sleep will do me wonderful good."

He lay down on the ground and instantly fell into a sound slumber, while his humble companions watched over him. So sound and refreshing was his sleep that they hesitated to wake him as he had enjoined; and full fifteen minutes had passed before they aroused him. He sprang up and looked at the time-piece; and discovering what time had passed, he flew into a rage, and reprimanded the men who had just saved his life, in the severest terms, and not without a few round oaths, for venturing to disobey his orders. They received it, on their part, without anger, as they perfectly knew the man, and understood that he was a generous friend as well as a zealous disciplinarian. From this point the escape of the trio to the nearest settlement was prosecuted without further remarkable peril.

Rufus Patterson frequently told me that since the disbandment of the colonial forces at the close of the French war; his father and grandfather had never met Putnam. I inferred, indeed, from all that he said—and he naturally liked to talk of the subject—that after this adventure they were detailed upon such service that neither of them was brought particularly to the notice of the captain again. They heard, in common with their neighbors, that Congress had made him a major-general, and they learned with eager interest, as the war went on, of the valiant service which their former Captain was giving his country in his high position; but being very poor as well as very humble, and, since the infirmities of the one and the lameness of the other, never traveling beyond their little garden, no opportunity had offered since the beginning of the war for a meeting with the General. My comrade, in telling me this, always concluded by declaring that before a great while he would seek out General Putnam and ask him if he remembered the Pattersons.

"Of course I wouldn't ask nor take any reward," he would add; "but the General is a great man now, and I should be proud to tell him that I am the son of one of the men who saved him from torture and death by the Indians, and a grandson of the other."

His opportunity came in the spring of 1779, I think; certainly, just before the British under Tyron invaded the State. It so happened that a brigade of Continentals was stationed within half a mile of the Patterson's house; and a change in the divisions brought our regiment into that brigade, much to the delight of my comrade. The morning we reached this place, and before Rufus had obtained leave to visit home, he received an order to be ready for muster and inspection at two o'clock, when General Putnam would review the brigade.

"Now is your time, Rufus," I remarked, as we were burnishing our accoutrements. But Rufus was a shy, bashful fellow, although a good soldier; and I anticipated that he would never summon the courage to address the General on this or any other subject. As it happened, he was saved the effort.

The General rode on the ground very early, the orderly's call had been sounded, and the companies were forming for roll-call. It was twenty minutes, at least, before the time for forming brigade-line, and the General spent the interval in riding about through the camps looking at the men and their quarters. He passed around among our tents accompanied by the Colonel and two or three other officers, all mounted. I perfectly remember how he appeared as he rode along in front of our company and looked sharply at us. He was middle-sized, neither tall nor short, strongly built, with a full round face, florid complexion, and eyes as keen as a hawk's. He wore his full uniform of major-general, and altogether made an imposing figure. I noticed also the horse that he rode. It was the same that afterward carried him safely on his wonderful ride down the declivity at Horseneck; a powerful, strong-limbed animal, black and handsome, and with a mettlesome eye and action.

Just as this horse and his rider reached the front of our company, the orderly-sergeant came to the name of Patterson on his roll, and called it aloud. The attention of the General was instantly attracted. He reined in his horse.

"Patterson—Patterson!" he exclaimed. "Is there a man of that name in this company?"

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant.

"Let him step out here."

Rufus took three paces to the front, and the General's eager, animated face changed its expression to something like disappointment.

"Humph—a young man," said he. "Did you have any relatives in the French war?"

"Yes, General," answered Rufus, speaking fast, between excitement and anxiety, "My father and grandfather were both in your company of rangers in Colonel Lyman's regiment; they have told me often about saving you from the Indians when—"

"Are they alive? Where do they live? How can I find them?" Putnam asked in a breath, interrupting the story which none knew better than himself.

"They are both alive, General, and live in that little house which you see yonder, with the roof rising above the top of the hill."

Both spurs went together into the sides of the black horse, and with a snort and a bound the animal was off at a mad gallop. The distance from the camp to the home of the Pattersons was, as I have said, about half a mile. The land ascended gradually towards the house, terminating in a hill, on the further side of which the dwelling stood. It was mostly fresh-plowed soil, and three or more stone fences crossed it at right angles with a line drawn straight from the camp to the house. The distance by the road was but a trifle further; but the General never stopped to inquire about that. He reached the fence with his aids about ten rods behind him. We heard him shout to the noble animal that carried him, and over he went at a flying leap, which drew a cheer from every man that saw it. The aids pulled up and went around by the road. We watched the fearless horse and rider, and saw them rapidly clear the heavy ground, taking the intervening fences in the same style, and presently disappear from sight over the brow of the hill.

The interview of General Putnam with the Pattersons was afterwards related to me by their housekeeper, who witnessed it. She heard a quick rap on the door, and opening it, saw Putnam, who was unknown to her, sitting on his horse.

"Are the Pattersons here?" he asked—"Tell them both to come out here."

"Here's an officer at the door wants to see you," the woman called to the elder of the two, who was sitting in the back room.

"Let him come in here, then," gruffly replied the old man, who rightly regarded his years, his infirmities, and his good service to his country, as entitled to consideration. "If he wants to see me worse than I do him, he can come where I am."

The General heard the reply. "The devil take your impudence!" he roared.

"And you too," sturdily returned the other.

"Do you know who I am?" the General asked, emphasizing the inquiry with an oath.

"No—and I don't care," responded old Patterson, with an expletive equally profane.

"Did you ever hear of Israel Putnam, you old rascal?" the General thundered, fast getting into a rage. The old man had been sitting where we could not see the other; but at the mention of his name he rose from his chair, and hobbled on his crutches out of the door.

"Putnam—Captain Putnam—General Putnam?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Good Lord, is *he* the man I've been treating in this shabby way, at my own door?"

While he was coming slowly forward, trying to see the face of his visitor with his imperfect vision, Putnam recognized him; and dismounting with a jump, he threw his reins to one of his aids who had just then rode up, and running into the house, caught the old soldier in his arms, crutches and all, and embraced him while the old man wept tears of pride and pleasure. The younger Patterson soon came limping in, and he was the recipient of a like hearty recognition by the bluff General.

The next hour was passed by these three in pleasant, familiar intercourse, during which the rescue of Putnam from the savages was thoroughly discussed, the Pattersons readily forgetting, for the while, that their visitor had any other title or dignity than that of their old Captain. He spoke in terms of the warmest gratitude of the inestimable service they had done him, and of his repeated and fruitless efforts to find them since that memorable escape; and, as Rufus afterwards told me, they both felt, when he had gone, that his visit was worth ten years of good, wholesome enjoyment to them.

"I suppose you haven't forgotten, General," said old Patterson, rather grumblingly, "what a savage scolding you gave me for letting you sleep ten minutes too long while we were escaping?"

Putnam roared with laughter. "Did I do that?" he asked. "Well, that was pretty hard; but you know my ways, of course. Obey orders, first, last and always; that is my motto, you know. But did you feel as though you would be likely to let the redskins do their worst with me the next time?"

"No, sir," replied the old soldier; "I never thought of such a thing. I wasn't angry a bit. I never had a commander like Captain Putnam; I liked his anger better than other men's praise."

General Putnam probably made due allowance for the old man's extravagance of speech and gave him credit for all he felt.

"You are poor, I should judge," he said, looking at the scanty furniture and bare floors.

"Yes, General, replied the son, "we have pretty hard work to live. It was hard before the war, when my boy was at home to help; but he's in the army, of course, fighting for his country, as his father and grandfather did before him, and as I would be doing now, but for this rheumatiz.

"I am far from rich myself," remarked Putnam; "but I've enough for myself and my family, and something to spare; and nobody has so good a claim on the surplus as you two. Get me a piece of paper." A scrap torn from a fly-leaf of a book was brought to him, on which he wrote some words. "I will renew it every year while you and I live," he said, as he handed it to the son.

One of the aids of the brigadier-general now came to report that the troops were in line, ready for review; and with a hearty shake of the hand and a "God bless you," General Putnam returned to the camp.

The paper that he had left was an order on the commissary of the brigade for a barrel of flour, a barrel of meal, and a barrel each of pork, beef and sugar, at the expense of General Putnam; commodities which, if not exactly worth their weight in gold, were, in these quantities, precious to the Pattersons beyond almost anything they could have received. The promise to make the gift an annuity was faithfully kept, and the two soldiers went to their graves blessing their old commander, and esteeming the balance of the debt of gratitude to be against them.

The French War Indemnity.

A German paper gives officially the manner in which the German claim against France is made up. It says:—Of course the exact expenses of the late war are not yet known, but we have some data to guide us in an approximate calculation. In November, 1867, a specified statement of expenditure in the campaign of 1866 was laid before the Prussian Chambers, with the express notification that the list did not comprehend the normal expenditure in peace times, but only the extra outlay required by the war. In that year the extraordinary disbursement for the army amounted to $1,750,070 thalers, and 60,566 thalers incurred in the indispensable work of uniting the telegraphs, exclusive of a further sum of 6,000,000 thalers for compensation to the districts exceptionally exposed to the burdens of war, and the treasury reserve of 27,500,000 thalers, which, having been exhausted in 1866, had to be replaced

The extraordinary expenses of the fleet amounted to 4,483,000 thalers and those of the secret service to 729,096 thalers. Compensation for interest on indirect taxes paid in advance was estimated at 229,108 thalers, and the collection of special war-imposts necessitated an expenditure of 84,070 thalers. The sum total will be found to be 120,905,010 thalers.

"At the same time we must not lose sight of the following facts. The late war lasted six times as long as that of 1866. The number of troops was at least double. The besieging of fortresses, for which in 1866 there was no necessity, absorbed great sums: Strasburg alone cost 2,000,000 thalers. The defence of the coasts was also attended with heavy expense. Again, in 1866, only a small part of the landwehr were mobilized. The non-mobilized landwehr amounted to 73,000 men, while the mobilized portion comprehended only 24 battalions of 800 men each, and 24 cavalry regiments of 648 men. The non-mobilized landwehr, in that year, had to perform the duty of the present garrison-battalions. In the last war with France we have had about 18,000 killed and 90,000 wounded. The widows and necessitous parents of the fallen soldiers will receive assistance from the state; the widow of a private soldier, 50 thls. yearly, with 30 thls. for every girl and 40 thls. for every boy; the wife of an underofficer of the lowest rank, 75 thls.; that of a sergeant, 100 thls., &c.

"The pension of invalids amount to 6-10 thls. per month for a private, with 3-10 thls. more, according to the nature of the wound.

"Farther, the costs of the late campaign were considerably increased by the distance of the scene of war. The removal and support of such a mass of French prisoners, the construction of barracks, and field-hospitals expressly for them, swallowed up enormous sums. The capture of German merchant ships, the bombarment of Saarbrucken and Kehl, and the expulsion of the Germans resident in France, caused immense pecuniary losses to German citizens. If all these items be computed it will be acknowledged that Germany, in demanding the sum of 5,000,000,000 francs by way of war indemnity, has asked no more than a bare equivalent for the burdens and losses of a war forced upon the German people by the criminal ambition of France."

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC.—The Missouri journals mention the death of an eccentric person, Horace Kiphart, not far from Rolla, in that State. He had been a Methodist clergyman; then entered the confederate service; after the war turned Mormon; soon went back to his old home; married a woman young enough to be his daughter, who died suddenly and mysteriously; and finally took up his residence in a cave in the Ozark mountains, and is believed to have perished for want of proper nourishment and shelter. He was a native of Kentucky, and in his 60th year.

Puddling Iron.

A correspondent describes the interesting method of puddling iron as follows: The pig-iron is put into a puddling-furnace presided over by a puddler and a helper. The helper attends to the firing and does the first part of the puddling,—that is, stirring the iron at the consistency of water. The skill is to know just the boiling-point, and then to separate the metal in the furnace into exactly three parts. This the puddler does by the eye and with his three tools called puddling-irons. With these he deftly kneads the three separate masses as so much dough. As soon as a mass is worked to the satisfaction of the puddler it is drawn forth, placed on a species of two-wheeled cart called a buggy, and put into the squeezer. Water runs continually on to this squeezer to keep it from melting. The water getting into the hot iron, steam is generated and terrific explosions occur, throwing sparks in every direction. A shapeless mass of metal goes into the squeezer and comes out in a plug half the original size. If during the revolution of the wheel of the squeezer the mass breaks, it is a sure test that the metal has not been sufficiently puddled, and much to the disgust of the puddler it is returned to the buggy and the furnace, and must be worked over again. Should the roll go through the squeezer unbroken, it is passed on into the rollers, which have grooves of various depths, and finally comes out in beautiful square strips.

To Revive our Shipping.

A bill of interest to the shipping interest of the country was introduced in the U. S. House, to be referred to the Committee on Commerce when appointed. It is the same bill that was before Mr. Lynch's committee of the last Congress to abolish compulsory pilotage, and which the committee failed to report. It will probably be reargued before the Committee on commerce next winter as soon as Congress meets. The following is a copy of the bill which was prepared by the New York Shipowners and Ship-Captain's Association:

That all masters or commanders of ships or other vessels, bound into or out of any port of the United States, who shall deem themselves capable of piloting said ship or vessel under his or their command into or out of any port of the United States, as aforesaid, shall not be compelled to pay any pilotage, half pilotage, penalty, or penalties whatsoever, to the licensed pilots of the several States, unless they are actually employed to pilot said ship or vessel by the master or commanders, as aforesaid, anything in the laws of the United States, or of the several States, to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE REDWOOD FORESTS of California furnish the ties used for the construction of railroads on the Pacific coast. Although pine and oak ties are used occasionally, yet wood of this description decays rapidly, and has to be replaced with the redwood. Railroad ties in San Francisco have, within a few years, declined from 65 and 60 cents to 40 cents for each; the supplies for the South American railway lines are drawn entirely from California, as the hard wood ties cut on the Andes cannot be used without boring out the spike holes with augurs. For the Peruvian railroads an immense stock of redwood ties is now piled up at Callao for future use. The original cost of the tie at San Francisco is 40 cents, but with freight and commission added, the charge is raised to one dollar at Callao. The ties are split out of the trunk and then hewn to an even surface. This method involves great waste, but the expense of sawing, it is stated, is fully equal to the wastage so that nothing would be gained by sending the trees to the mills. The demand for the redwood ties, it is asserted, will soon exhaust the forests of California.

A GREAT PARIS PRINTER AND HIS MEN.—Before the war, M. Paul Dupont, the great Paris printer, carried on a business of 5,000,000 francs a year. He divided ten per cent. of the net profits among his workmen, according to their individual merit, and not in regular proportion to their different salaries. This house, says Mr. Thurlow's recent report, has followed this course for twenty years, and claims the first place in the application of one of the happiest and most successful ideas of modern times. Each new hand, on admission, receives a silver medal worth five francs as a badge of office and link between him and his employer. This establishment has its sick and provident funds of all the usual kinds, its loans of honor to its workmen, its *Caisses de Retraite*, its savings banks, its schools, libraries, reading and singing rooms, its co-operative stores, its familisteries, gardens, baths, in short, every invention of modern days for promoting health, wealth, happiness, and religion. To use the words of M. Dupont himself, "It is more than a workshop: it is a family, composed of a thousand persons."

A FINE GIRL cannot be described. To tell the color of her eyes and hair diminishes the conception of her. To relate the elements of her dress is to weaken her by analysis. As she is, all life and flesh, and noble raiment wrapping her round, and every rustle of her robe the appropriate music to her movements, what is it like? At a ball, she is ennobled by the consciousness of her beauty and that all men feel it, forgetting for the time that money or power is its superior; and as for goodness, it is always supposed in the truly fine girl. Where she glides the eyes and the better thoughts of men follow. She is always most beautiful with her father, and suffers much disparagement when with any young man. The young man, somehow, appears to be ringing in. The young man is an interloper. Young man, go away from that fine girl.—*G. A. Townsend.*

A CALIFORNIA paper says it is deeply indebted to a Congressman for a copy of his great speech against the franking privilege, which, as he justly observes, entails an expense of millions of dollars annually upon the people to gratify the vanity or advance the personal interests of garrulous members of Congress "In a private note," adds the journalist, "the honorable Senator informs us that he has franked ten thousand copies of this document to his constituents, and he cannot entertain a doubt that it will be the means of his triumphant re-election. He may count upon us; we pledge him our enthusiastic indifference."

The "Heritage of Wo."

I was much horrified in going over the battle-field of Gravelotte to find many of the corpses of the poor soldiers quite exposed. The soil in front of the Wood de Jaumont, which lies between the village of Gravelotte and St. Privat, is very stony; and I have no doubt that in the month of August the ground was then so hard as to make it almost impossible for the Germans—upon whom alone fell the task of interring the heaps of slain—to spare the time to bury them deep. I could distinctly identify one poor fellow as a Zouave, and could make out the position in which he fell. The whole of his face had quite disappeared, but his blue jacket and red pantaloons and boots were scarcely injured. I could also discover another to be a Prussian; and from many of the graves one could see hands and feet appearing. For the sake of decency and humanity, measures ought to be taken at once (as I believe has been the case at Sedan) to bury these corpses deeper. The distress in the villages around is something too terrible to be described, especially at Rezonville, Gravelotte, and St. Privat. The houses have been denuded of everything—windows, doors, cupboards, and floors—all have been perfectly destroyed. So one may imagine what they have had to endure this terrible winter. One poor woman in the village of Gravelotte begged me to go into her cottage to see her daughter, a girl of 12 years old, who was dreadfully ill with typhus fever. She could get no doctor. The woman had nothing to give the child. There is no work to be done. The men cannot repair even their own houses, for they have no tools and no money. The farmers have lost all their horses and cattle and corn, and are therefore almost ruined. There is one loud lament throughout the land, and the poor say the worst is yet to come; for as many of the bodies have been buried in the little courtyards and gardens of the cottages, and with all the decaying humanity around them, they quite dread a pestilence during a summer, and doubtless one fears such must be the case unless immediate steps are taken to prevent it. Horses and seed are here the great demand. A French gentleman told me that unless the farmers can get the land ploughed and sew well in this district by the middle of March, they will get no harvest at all this year.—*War Correspondence.*

How a Boy Wakes Up.

There he lies in his crib, a nut brown cub of four years. He sleeps the sleep of healthy childhood. In the same position he lay when he dropped into unconsciousness, one arm under his head, one leg kicked out from under the coverlet. He is perfectly motionless. His round cheek pillows itself on the extended arm, and his leg seems to have been arrested in the middle of the last restless kick, as the curtain fell over his blue eyes, and he was fast asleep. You can scarcely perceive his regular respiration. A train of cars thunder by without noise—he might be carried across the street without awakening. It is morning; daylight streams into the windows; the sun shines on the hilltops. The sounds of stirring life are beginning to be heard about the house. Watch the boy. Still and motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips part with a shout—his legs fly out in different directions—his arms are in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring—in ten seconds he has turned a couple of somersaults, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is no deliberate yawning, no slow stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes, no gradually becoming awake about it. With a snap like a pistol shot he is thoroughly awake and kicking—wide awake to the top end of each particular hair. The wonderful thing about it is its suddenness and completeness.

CONGRESS has recently considered the suggestion that the valuable food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the United States are diminishing in number, to the public injury. And they have authorized the President to appoint from among the civil officers or employes of the government one person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the subject to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to serve without additional salary. His duties are to prosecute investigations and inquiries on this subject, with the view of ascertaining whether any dimunition in the number of the food fishes of the coasts and lakes of the United States has taken place; and if so, to what causes this is due; and also whether any protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be taken. The results of his investigations are to be reported to Congress. The heads of the executive departments are directed to aid the commissioner in the prosecution of his duties. And he is at liberty at all times to take, or cause to be taken, in the waters of the sea-coast, and in the lakes, such fish as may, in his judgment, be needful or desirable for the conduct of his duties, notwithstanding the existence of any law or usage of any State to the contrary.

Shopping in New York.

A lady who has been shopping in New York, says of an establishment: In the second story I saw the shawl department, where they had one worth $3,500. It had a very coarse appearance, and its value arose from the amount of needle-work laid out upon it. Only one of these highest-priced shawls has been sold this season, but of $3,000 style about twenty had been taken. From these lofty figures the salesman can come down to a $5 pattern. The first-mentioned are usually kept in large chests, which are locked up at night. The way these New York ladies dress may be judged from the fact that one of them ran, as I was told, a bill of $20,000 in two months. It may therefore, be understood that the business done here is not all cash, and indeed any person who is considered "good" can obtain a reasonable credit.

THE San Francisco *News Letter* says that "the Industrial School Committee report that one boy has escaped from the institution and got married and they don't know what to do with him. If the school is designed to be reformatory, he should be rescued and brought back; if penal, it would be well to let him alone."

Facts and Fancies.

The greatest nutmeg ever known met with a greater.

In some parts of Illinois strawberries have been in bloom all winter.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pope's pontificate will occur in June.

There are two rooms in Evansville tenanted by twenty-one persons and ten dogs.

Brigham Young is said to have lost twenty-seven mothers-in-law in five years.

The horse is a curious feeder. He eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

The seventh translation of the Bible into Chinese is now in progress at Peking.

Seventy-eight women are now regularly ordained preachers in the United States.

Miss Phelps says there is no use quarreling with a woman, the press, a railroad company, or the telegraph.

The Congregationalists have about 3,122 churches in the United States, and about 306,579 members.

In Schuylkill County, Pa., there are something over 200 collieries, with an invested capital of about $12,000,000.

The "human hair" exported from Bohemia to the United States during 1870, represented the value of $8,545.

The editor of the Dover (Me.) Observer is over 70 years of age, and has never been in a railroad car in his life.

A young lady went into a music store and asked the clerk if he had "Loving eyes." He replied, "I'm told so by the girls."

Don't let your cattle stray; they often wander to the most mysterious places; we once saw a cowhide in a shoemaker's shop.

A San Francisco Judge has dismissed a complaint against a man accused of stealing one goose because the word was spelled "goos."

People are begining to make their arrangements for the Summer. Quiet country places seem to have the preference this season.

The returns of income made this year are not to be published, and the officers administering the law are requested to keep them secret.

The whole length of all the railways in the world is 120,000 miles. The cost of the same was in round numbers ten billions of dollars.

A saloon in Kansas City displays the following in large letters: "Meet friendly; drink moderately; pay on delivery; part peaceably; call again often."

Dr. Dio Lewis recommends young girls who desire a handsome and queenly carriage, to carry a large book on their heads one or two hours every day.

The news comes from Europe that bonnets are soon to be larger. It is nearly time for the fashion to change, and they cannot well be made smaller.

A California lion was lately killed near Los Angelos, while gorging himself on surreptitious veal. It took seven rifle balls to destroy the monarch of the beasts.

An old lady of Wallingford, Ct., gave to a church fair, the other evening, a quilt made by herself, and containing two thousand one hundred and forty-six pieces.

An editor plaintively says that he has original poetry enough to shingle a meeting-house, but, as he has no meeting-house to shingle, the original poetry is useless.

Silk is said to be worth its weight in silver the world over. The purchaser of a heavy silk for a small sum of money is paying for dyestuff, and the dye soon destroyes the silk.

Forty years ago, Simon Cameron purchased for $100 a spur of the Broad Mountain in Pennsylvania. It is now worth $1,000,000, and he draws $100 a day mineral royalty from it.

"Papa, ought a teacher flog me for what I did not do?" "Certainly not my boy," replied the father. "Well," said the little fellow, "he did to-day when I didn't do my sum."

There is a Colonel von Werdhem at the head of the Twenty-seventh Prussian infantry regiment. He had six sons in the army. All of them fell on the field of battle in less than five weeks.

"Madam," said a pompous husband, whose wife had stolen up behind him and given him a kiss; "madam I consider such an act indecorous!" "Excuse me," retorted the wife, "I didn't know it was you!"

A number of merchants in Havre having pledged themselves not to employ any more German clerks, their former correspondents in Hamburg and Breman have notified them that they will henceforth transfer their trade from Havre to Antwerp.

A case of elephantiasis is trying the skill of the medical faculty at Waterville, Me. In this disease, which is very rare in this country, the patient's legs are swollen to an enormous size, the skin becoming hard and rough, and suggestive of the lower extremities of an elephant.

People who buy "No. 1" mackerel get those which when caught were thirteen inches long from the tip of the snout to the snotch of the caudal fin, and fat; No. 2 are fat fish less than thirteen inches in length; No. 3 comprise those which are thirteen inches and poor; while No. 4 are under thirteen inches and poor.

Some time ago a petition requesting Louis Napoleon to take up his residence at Ajaccio in Corsica and promising him ample protection against the authorities, was circulated in that city and numerously signed. The Prefect, however, had the signers prosecuted, and the courts sentenced the author of the petition to six months' imprisonment, and ten of the others to two weeks' confinement.

The Biddeford (Me.) *Journal* says family troubled by a neighbor in the same building borrowing things without leave in their absence, lately tried the experiment of leaving their kerosene can filled with water. The lady of the other part of the house got long after, called in to inquire where they bought *their* kerosene, for *hers* wouldn't burn. She had wasted nearly a bunch of matches, but could not light her lamp!

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