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Across the Street.

I do not know it if she knows
I watch her, as she comes and goes;
I wonder if she dreams of it.
Sitting and working at my rhymes,
I weave her sunny hair at times
Into my verse, or gleams of it.

Upon her window-ledge is set
A box of flowering mignonette;
Morning and night she tends to them,
The senseless flowers, that do not care
To kiss that strand of loosened hair
As prettily she bends to them.

If I could once contrive to get
Into that box of mignonette,
Some morning as she tends to them!—
Dear me! I see the sweet blood rise
And bloom about her cheeks and eyes
And bosom, as she bends to them!

—*Aldrich*

Jean, the Cobbler.

A merry wight, and fond of his ease,
While he sings his songs and strokes his knees,
And light as the air which sways the leaves,
Is Jean Valjean, the cobbler.

Through the summer day he sits and sings
Of the olden days and of ancient things,
Of the dames of yore and of bygone kings—
Sings Jean Valjean, the cobbler.

The birds are singing in every tree
Till the air is filled with the melody
Of song as light and gay and free
As Jean Valjean's, the cobbler.

With the waning shadows the bird in its nest,
And Jean in his cot, each seek the rest
Which sweet sleep brings, with no cares oppressed,
Ah! happy Jean, the cobbler.

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

The First Gun that was Fired for American Independence.

From Old and New.]

"On the 19th day of April, 1775, a day to be remembered by all Americans of the present generation, and which ought, and doubtless will be handed down to ages yet unborn, the troops of Britain, unprovoked, shed the blood of sundry of the loyal American subjects of the British King in the field of Lexington."

These words are the prophetic introduction of the "Narrative of the Excursion of the King's Troops under the Command of Gen. Gage," which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts sent to England a hundred years ago. With infinite care the Congress drew up depositions, which were sworn to before "his majesty's justices of the peace," that, with all legal form, they migat show to all the world who were the aggressors, now the crisis had come. Then they intrusted the precious volume of these depositions to Richard Derby of Salem, who sent John Derby with them to England. The vessel made a good run. She arrived on the 29th of May with the official papers and the Essex *Gazette*, which had the published accounts. The Sukey, Capt. Brown, with the government accounts, forwarded by Gen. Gage, did not arrive till eleven days after. Meanwhile, Arthur Lee and all the friends of America in London were steadily publishing the news of the "ministerial" attack on the people, and the people's repulse of the army. The public charged the government with concealing the news.

All parties had had fair notice that the crisis was coming; and they had a good chance to guess how it was coming. On the 30th of March, by way of seeing how people would bear the presence of an army, and how the army would march after a winter's rest and rust, Earl Percy, with five regiments, marched out over Boston Neck into the country. Boston people can trace him by walking out on Washington street, where the sea water then flowed on both sides, up the hill at Roxbury, on the right of the church, and heeding Gov. Dudley's parting stone, which still stands, let them take Center street, "to Dedham and Rhode Island." Along that road to Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy marched, his drums and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." The spring was very early. Some soldiers straggled, and trampled down gardens and fields that were planted, perhaps since last fall. From Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy led them across to Dorchester; and by the Dorchester road, they came home. Very indignant was the Provincial Congress and the committees of safety at this first "invasion" of the country; and all people guessed that Concord would be the point of the next "excursion," because at Concord was one of the largest deposits of stores which the Province of Massachusetts had collected in its preparations against the British empire.

As early as Feb. 9 the Provincial Congress had intimated their intention of stopping such "excursions." They had appointed the celebrated "Committee of Safety," with the express purpose of checking them. Of this committe:

The business and duty it shall be, most carefully and diligently to inspect and observe all and every such person or persons as shall at any time att mpt to carry into execution, by force, an act of the British Parliament, entitled "An act for the better regulating the government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England" * * * which said committee, or any five of them, provided always that not more than one of the said five shall be an inhabitant of the town of Boston, shall have power, and they are hereby empowered and directed, when they shall judge from such attempt or attempts are made, to alarm, muster, and cause to be assembled with the utmost expedition, and completely armed, accoutred, and supplied with provisions sufficient for their support in their march to the place of rendezvour, such and so many of the militia of this province as they shall judge necessary for the end and purpose of opposing such attempt or attempts, and at such place or places as they skall judge proper, and them to discharge as the safety of the province shall permit.

This, it will be observed, was full preparation for war, only the Provincial Congress meant that Gen. Gage should strike the first blow.

Meanwhile, our friends Bernicre and Brown, whose sad tramp to Worcester we traced in the last number of *Old and New*, were sent to see what there was at Concord. They left their journal behind them, when, the next year, the English army evacuated Boston; and so we are able to trace their march to-day.

And so it happened that on the evening of the 18th of April, when, it was supposed, most of the Boston people were in bed, about eight hundred soldiers—grenadiers, light infantry, and marines—were embarked in the boats of the navy, very near to the place where the old Providence station stood, where then the tide rose and fell. Remember that there was no bridge at that time from Boston on any side.

The little army was ferried across to Lechmere's Point, not far from the insane asylum of to-day; lost two hours in going so far, and then took up its silent line of march through Cambridge, by what is still remembered as Milk Row. At the tavern in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, the rebel committee of safety had been in session the day before. Dear old Gen. Heath, then only "our colonel," whose memoirs come in in the most entertaining reading of the time, had been there. But he had gone home to Roxbury. Here is his account of what happened to those who stayed:

On the 19th, at daybreak, our general was awoke, called from his bed, and informed that a detachment of the British army were out, that they had crossed from Boston to Phipp's Farm in boats, and had gone toward Concord, as was supposed, with intent to destroy the public stores. They probably had notice that the committees had met the preceding day at Wetherby's Tavern, at Menotomy, for when they came opposite to the house they halted. Several of the gentlemen slept there during the night. Among them were Col. Orne, Col. Lee, and Mr. Gerry. One of them awoke and informed the others that a body of the British were before the house. They immediately made their escape, without time to dress themselves, at the back door, receiving some injury from obstacles in the way in their undressed state. They made their way into the fields.

Heath had met on his way home officers who tried to keep the news of the "excursion" from reaching Concord; but the country was alarmed, and Col. Smith sent back to Boston for a reinforcement. Gen. Gage had expected the request, and had ordered the first brigade under arms at four that morning. These orders were carried to the first brigade-major's. He was not at home; and, when he came home, his servant forgot to tell of the letter. At four o'clock no brigade appeared. At five o'clock Col. Smith's express came, asking the reinforcements. On inquiry, it proved that no orders were given; and it was not till six that a part of the brigade paraded. They waited till seven for the marines. Is not all this like a village muster to-day? At seven, there being still no marines, it proved that the order for them had been addressed to Major Pitcairn, who was by this time far away, and had indeed begun the war already, without knowing it, by firing his pistol on Lexington common. So the half of the brigade waited, and waited, till the marines could be got ready, and when they were ready, at nine o'clock, started over Boston Neck; for now they had no boats; so that they must e'en go six miles round by land, as every Bostonian will see. So they came to Dudley's parting stone, playing "Yankee Doodle" again; but when they reached the stone this time they took the right hand road "to Cambridge and Watertown." A Roxbury boy, who sat on a stone wall to see them pass, prophesied thus to Percy, referring to the history of his noble house:

"You go out by 'Yankee Doodle,' but you will come back by 'Chevy Chase.'"

While the half brigade was waiting for the marines on what is now Tremont street, its line crossing the head of Beacon street, a little boy nine years old, named Harrison Gray Otis, was on his way to the old school in School street, where Parker's stands to-day. Here is his account of it, printed for the first time. It is, so far as we know, the only glimpse we have of Boston life on that memorable day:

On the 10th of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay's buildings, through Tremont street, and nearly to the bottom of the mall, preparing to take up their march for Lexington. A sergeant came up to me as I was going to the school, and turned me off, to pass down Court street, which I did, and came up School street to the schoolhouse. It may well be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up four yards only from the schoolhouse door. As I entered school I heard the announcement of "*deponite libros*," and ran home for fear of the regulars. Here ended my connection with Mr. Lovell's administration of the school. Soon afterward I left town, and did not return until after the evacuation by the British, in March, 1776.

Col. Smith and his eight hundred had pressed on meanwhile. The alarm had been so thoroughly given in Lexington that, at two o'clock, the militia had assembled (one hundred and thirty in number); and John Parker, their captain, had ordered them to load with powder and ball. This John is the grandfather of our Theodore, who will appear two generations afterward. No sign of any troops; and the men were dismissed, with orders to assemble again at the beat of drum. Most of them thought that the whole was a false alarm. But Gage's officers, in the advance of the English column, came back to it on its march, and reported that five hundred men were in arms. Major Pitcairn of the marines had command of six companies of light infantry in advance. He caught all of Parker's scouts, except Thaddeus Bowman, who galloped back to Lexington common, and gave to Parker tidings of the approach of the column.

Parker ordered the drum to beat; and his men began to collect. He ordered Sergeant William Monroe to form them in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting house. The English officers, hearing the drum, halted their troops, bade them prime and load, and then marched forward at double-quick. Sixty or seventy of the militia had assembled. The tradition is, that Parker had bidden the men not fire till they were fired upon, but added, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." Double-quick on one side; on the other, Sergeant Monroe forming his men as well as he can. Major Pitcairn in the advance. "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't ye lay down your arms?" He saw a gun flash in the pan. The men did not disperse. Pitcairn declared, till the day he died at Bunker Hill, that he gave no order to fire, that he commanded not to fire; and it seems to be admitted that he stuck his staff or sword downward, as the signal to forbear firing. But some in his party fired irregularly, and hurt no one. Then came a general discharge from the English line, and many men were killed or wounded. The militia returned the fire—some before leaving their line, some after—and the war was begun. Here is Capt. John Parker's account of the fight, one of the papers which Capt. Derby carried to London:

I, John Parker, of lawful age, and commander of the militia at Lexington, do testify and declare, that on the 19th inst., in the morning, about one of the clock, being informed that there were a number of the regular officers riding up and down the road, stopping and insulting people as they passed the road, and also informed that a number of the regular troops were on their march from Boston, in order to take the province stores at Concord, I ordered our militia to meet on the common in said Lexington, to consult what to do, and concluded not to be discovered, nor meddle, or make with said regular troops if they should approach, unless they should insult or molest us; and upon their sudden approach I immediately ordered our militia to disperse and not to fire. Immediately said troops made their appearance, and rushing furiously on, fired upon and killed eight of our party, without receiving any provocation therefor from us.

MIDDLESEX ss., April 25, 1775.

The above-named John Parker personally appeared, and, after being duly cautioned to tell the whole truth, made solemn oath to the truth of the above deposition by him subscribed before us. WILLIAM REED,
JOSHUA JOHNSON,
WILLIAM STICKNEY,
Justice of the Peace.

That is the way those people went to war. They fought one day; and then they made depositions to secure the truth of history. Henry Clay was greatly amused when a New England historian told him of these depositions. He heard the story in some detail, and then said, "Tell me that again."

But they did not stop for depositions then. The militia retired: some here, some there. The English troops fired a volley on the common, and gave three cheers. Col. Smith came up with the main party; and they pressed on to Concord. Two of their party had been wounded. Major Pitcairn's horse was struck by a ball; and, after the column left Lexington, six of the regulars were taken prisoners. The musket of one of them is in the station house to-day.

Meanwhile, the Concord militia had the alarm, and had formed. The minute men, and some of the militia from Lincoln, the next town, had joined them. Some of the companies marched down the Lexington road till they saw the approaching column. They saw they were out-numbered; and they fell back to a hill, about eighty rods, distance back of the town, where they formed. Col. Barrett, their commander, joined them here. He had been at work that day, executing such commands as these, given by the committee of safety the day before. They are worth looking back upon as illustrations of the preparations of those days.

April 18. 1775.

Voted, That part of the provisions be removed from Concord, viz.: fifty barrels of beef from thence to Sudbury, with Deacon Plympton, a hundred barrels of flour (of which what is in the malt house in Concord be part), twenty casks of rice, fifteen hogsheads of molasses, ten hogsheads of rum, five hundred candles.

* * * * * * *

Voted, That the musket balls under the care of Capt. Barrett be buried under ground in some safe place: that he be desired to do it, and let the commissary only be informed thereof.

Still finding himself out-numbered, Col. Barrett then withdrew his force over the North bridge, and the little English army marched into the town.

Three of their companies were stationed at the bridge; three companies were sent to Col. Barrett's house, two miles distant, to destroy the magazines. Did they find the musket bullets? No. Another party was sent to the South bridge. In the center of the town they broke off the trunnions of three new cannon, destroyed what stores they could find, among others some wooden spoons and trenchers, which appear quite conspicuously in all the accounts. But from all such work all parties were called by firing at the bridge.

All this time, the minute men had been pouring in on the high grounds where Col. Barrett had formed his men. They saw at last that the troops had fired the town, in one place and another. The court-house was on fire. Capt. William Smith of Lincoln volunteered to take his company, and dislodge the guard at the bridge. Isaac Davis, of the Acton company, made the remark, which has become a proverb, "There is not a man of my company that is afraid" to go. Col. Barrett ordered the attack, bade the column pass the bridge, but not to fire unless they were fired upon. Again the passion for law appeared: "It is the king's highway; and we have a right to march upon it, if we march to Boston. Forward, march!" They marched to the air of "The White Cockade," the quickest step their fifes could play.

Laurie, in command of the English party, crossed back on the bridge and began to take up the planks. Major Buttrick, who commanded the attacking party, hurried his men. When they were within a few rods, the English fired, in three several discharges. Mr. Emerson, the minister of Concord (who, also, will appear two generations afterward), came nearer the soldiers than those that were killed. Three several discharges were made by the English; and Mr. Emerson "was very uneasy until the fire was returned." Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer were killed; and then Major Buttrick gave the order to fire. The English retired. The Provincials crossed the bridge, and part of them ascended the bold hill which visitors to Concord remember, behind the meeting house, on the right of the town. The English party under Parsons returned from Barrett's, and crossed the bridge again; but they were left to join the main body without offense.

One English soldier had been killed, and several wounded. Col. Smith delayed his return till he could find carriages for his wounded; and it was noontime before he began his return. Meanwhile, north and south and west, couriers had been speeding, announcing that the Lexington militia had been fired on. The minutemen, the country through, had started on their march. They did not know what point to strike. They did not know what they were to do when they came there. But they marched; they were determined to be in time; and in time they were. The populous country between Boston and Concord was in arms. The men knew every inch of ground, and, after they had had their shot at the regulars in one place, ran across the country, and tried them in another place. "They are trained to protect themselves behind stone walls," wrote Gen. Gage to the ministry. "They seemed to drop from the clouds," says an English soldier. Poor Smith and his party, after thirty miles of tramping, came back to the Lexington common, in no mood for giving three huzzas there. They made quick marching of it, and were there by two. They left Concord at noon.

"A number of our officers were wounded," says Bernicre; "so that we began to run rather than retreat in order. The whole behaved with amazing bravery, but little order."

Here Percy met them with his late reinforcement; here they rested, and then resumed their retreat, to receive just the same treatment in every defile. At West Cambridge, the Danvers company—observe Danvers again—the flank company of the Essex regiment, had come up. Fifteen miles they had marched in four hours across Essex county. It was sunset before the head of what column was left across Charlestown Neck. All Boston was on Beacon Hill, watching for their return. Through the gathering twilight, men could see from the hill the flashes of the musketa on Milk Row; and Percy had to unlumber his field-pieces, and bring them into use again. It was at West Cambridge that Dr. Warren so exposed himself, that a pin was struck out of the hair of his carlock.

Heath was by this time exercising some sort of command. The head of the English column was at Bunker Hill, when an aid of Pickering's rode up to him to announce that the Essex regiment was close behind him. Danvers had gone across country; the rest of the regiment had marched direct to Boston. Heath judged that it was too late for any further attack. The English, on their side, planted sentries at the Neck. Heath planted them on the other side, and ordered the militia to lie on their arms at Cambridge.

But, long before this time, the news of the march had traveled north and west and south. The memory of the rider "on the white horse" is still told in tradition, reminding one, as Gov. Washburn has said, of the white horse in the Revelation. The march and retreat were on Wednesday. On Sunday morning they had rumor of it in New York; and on Tuesday they had a second express from New England with quite a connected story. The story was so definite, that they ventured to send it south by express as they received it from New Haven. To Elizabethtown, to Woodbridge, to New Brunswick, to Princeton, it flew as fast as horse could carry it. The indorsements by the different committees show their eager haste. It was in Baltimore on the 27th. It was in Georgetown, S. C., on the 10th of May.

It told how the king's troops were besieged on Winter Hill; how Lord Percy was killed, and another general officer of the English, on the first fire. "To counterbalance this good news, the story is, that our first man in command (who he is, I know not) is also killed." No man since has known who "our first man in command" was. There was no commander all day long.

The dispatch was all untrue. But it told of war, and it fired the whole country. On the 20th of April an army was around Boston and the siege had begun.

A Boy Frightened to Death.

It is believed by many that a boy to be kept in his place needs a severe shaking up or a terrible box on the ears once in a while. Many fatal results have ensued from this treatment. A strange and unexpected effect resulted from frightening a boy in St. Louis. William Murphy, a boy nine years of age, attending the Humboldt school, one day left school at noon, apparently in as good health as ever. Skirmishing with other boys along the road home, he finally struck one of his playmates. Immediately thereupon a teamster named John Meyer caught him by the arm and gave him a good shaking. The boy appears to have been so thoroughly frightened that he became sick and commenced vomiting. He was taken home, but failed to recover, and died the next morning. Meyer, who is a married man about forty years of age, was taken into custody.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

The United States had they Remained Under English Rule--Their Future.

The New York *Herald* says: We sometimes wonder what would be the condition of these States had we remained under the monarchy. Suppose the ministers of George III. had foreseen that in another century the American colonies would be more populous than the mother country, and had permitted to our ancestors all the privileges of Englishmen; suppose they had granted us a parliament and a separate autonomy like that possessed by Canada and Australia, a militia and revenue systems, and all in a spirit of frankness, fraternity and equality. Such a thing is probable enough, and wisdom a hundred years ago might have held us in the same ties which unite Canada to the mother land. Would human progress have been as largely benefited as we think it has been by the United States of America? We have no doubt that we should have grown with the growth of the British Empire and shared in its prodigious prosperity and grandeur. The same sun would have ripened our harvests; the same seas would have floated our ships. English wealth and energy would have built our railroads and canals. English valor would certainly have achieved as many triumphs over the Spaniard and the Mexican. But we question whether liberty would have been as nobly served. We should have had our share in the tremendous wars with Napoleon. The battle of the Nile or of Trafalgar might have been the battle of the Narrows or of Hampton Roads. For a quarter of a century we should have had to defend our coasts against the navies of Europe and the Mississippi against the ambition and enterprise of Napoleon. Our sons would have marched with Wellington from Lisbon to Waterloo. We should have had our share in the enormous costs of that prolonged war. We should have been taxed as heavily as during the rebellion, and in our young days, when we could ill afford the burden. The Bastile would probably not have fallen, and liberty, which received such an impulse from the shot which was "heard round the world," would have been thrown back for another century.

England is no weaker, America is certainly greater, because of the results of the war which began on the soft bank of the little Indian stream a hundred years ago. Our separation from England was like the separation of the young man from the old home, which is too narrow, too conservative, for his fresh-mounting hopes. It was our time to go out into the world and make our way. We could have wished that the separation had been friendlier, but it was better, perhaps, that we should have had our time of hardship and suffering. The century which has passed has been full of achievement as well as of duties ill done, if we must confess it. There are many things we proudly remember, many that we would cheerfully forget.

We begin our new century a truly free nation, republican in the highest sense, under one flag—freedom, equality and justice. In entering upon this new era let us not omit other duties. Growth is the first condition of modern freedom—growth in virtue, manliness, courage and the higher attributes of patriotism. Let us forget, so far as can be forgotten, all that remains to the past that is not national in the truest American sense. Let us remember in the felicitations of the time that men of the North and the South stood side by side in the dark days; that a Virginian commanded our ancestors to victory. If we could only be one again as we were when Washington and Putnam and Wayne were our generals; when New Englander and Virginian and South Carolinian stood in the embattled lines in defense of liberty; if we could only begin the new century remembering nothing but the suffering and the glory of the Revolutionary past, we could feel that this anniversary was a blessed day indeed.

This can only come, as come it will, by cherishing a truly national spirit. Patience, courage, frankness, will do it all. God, who rules in all affairs, and in the hollow of whose almighty hand the nations are held, has disposed of events to our own good. It is His will—it has finally believe—that these States have a grander mission than would have been possible even under the ægis of the mighty empire of England—that the Southern States have a nobler destiny than could have befallen the Confederacy of their proud and barren hopes. Let us strive that when we come to another centennial day of independence and union we shall be one as we were in Revolutionary days, and we shall honor with ever-increasing reverence the memory of the devoted men who had the courage to strike the first blow for independence, and whose glory is to-day the first thought of every American heart.

The Mormon Massacre.

A Utah correspondent of the Chicago *Times* says that a woman was indirectly the cause of the Mountain Meadow massacre which was such a horrible incident of the early history of Mormonism. He says that Parley P. Pratt, one of the "twelve apostles," was sent on a mission to Arkansas in 1847, and while there converted to his doctrine a woman named McLean, who deserted her husband and eloped with him to Utah. Afterward Pratt again visited Arkansas and abducted three of the woman's children from their father, who subsequently met and killed the abductor. The story is that Brigham Young prophesied vengeance for this, and that among the immigrants who were slaughtered—by the Mormons as is generally believed, though Brigham's followers lay the crime to Indians—were several neighbors of McLean, one of whom, it is charged, assisted in the killing of Pratt. It is also said that among the victims from Missouri were two who had been concerned in the killing of Joseph Smith in Nauvoo. Two prominent Mormons named Dame and Lee are now in custody awaiting trial on the charge of being the leading actors in the massacre, where one hundred and twelve men, women and children were brutally murdered after the men had given up their arms on the promise of protection from the Mormons.

Too Unanimous.

The Washington *Star* gives the following sketch of a conversation between a decapitated postmaster of a Southern city and the Postmaster-General. In reply to the query of the ex-P. M. as to the cause of his removal, Mr. Jewell said: "Well, that's a pointed question, and I will give you a straightforward answer. You were removed because you were altogether 'too unanimous;' you talk too much, write too much, and slash around generally too much for the good of the service." "Well, Governor," said the ex-P. M., "is there any hope of a reconsideration of my case?" "None in the world, so far as I am concerned," was the Postmaster-General's reply.

A MIXED FAMILY.—An elopement in Millbury, Mass., had no novel feature, but it called attention to a strangely complicated family. The wife who eloped was twenty-one years old, having been married seven years, and the husband whom she left was sixty-seven. The husband's two sons by a previous wife are married to his recreant wife's two older sisters, and her brother is the husband of her husband's daughter.

From Sea to Sea.

The survey of the Niagara route across the Isthmus of Darien and its minute inspection last year by competent engineers, under the auspices of the Interoceanic Canal Commissioners, have dissipated all doubts as to its feasibility. The fact has been established that a ship canal can be constructed from Greytown, on the Atlantic, to Brito, on the Pacific, and the question that will arise is whether the route recently surveyed can be made more practicable and at less cost, and whether its situation would present greater advantages to the commercial world at large. The Aspinwall-Panama line has certainly the merit of being much shorter, for while that by way of Nicaragua is one hundred and eighty-one miles in length, including sixty-two miles of actual canal, the other would be only forty-one miles from ocean to ocean. It would perhaps be premature at this stage to state with certainty which would be the better line, for the reason that though we are in possession of all the estimates of the Nicaragua survey, for they have been already made out with great care and accuracy, the cost of the Aspinwall-Panama route can only, at the present time, be roughly guessed at, and cannot, therefore, be set forth definitely until all the details of the work of computation and allowance shall have been completed—matters which will require much studious calculation. It is known, however, and admitted that the estimates from the recent survey will be much lower than those for the Nicaragua canal; next that the Panama line has the advantage in point of distance, and that so far as has been determined no serious engineering obstacles are encountered on the line. With these facts in view, therefore, there can be no hesitation in saying that the line just surveyed has everything to recommend it, and that should the proposed cost of its construction be very much lower than that of any other line yet surveyed the choice would be in its favor. This, however, is a matter of conjecture and must remain so for at least a month or two, when the entire official reports of those attached to the expedition will be made known. Whatever may be the result, however, it is certain that of all the surveys heretofore made under the auspices of the United States government the two most worthy of consideration at this day are those referred to, and should ever a canal be made the selection will hardly fall outside of these.

Recklessness from Liquor.

A gentleman tells the following story to illustrate the fact that drinking liquor, in however small quantities, makes men reckless: A proposition was made to embark in a business enterprise, and I agreed to meet the gentlemen interested on the next Saturday evening.

According to appointment I went, and found the party assembling in a private parlor. There were four present beside myself. The business was opened by the gentleman who had waited upon me, and the plan of proposed operations set forth. It was a novel thing, and no one seemed inclined to go ahead. All were anxious to make money, but they didn't want to run any great risks. In short, they handled the subject warily—very much as a boy handles a freshly-caught snapping-turtle.

By-and-bye I saw two of the gentlemen whispering together, and pretty soon one of them went out. When he returned he was followed by a servant who brought bottles and glasses, which were placed upon a side table. The gentleman hoped I had no objection. I told him, not the least. They must excuse me, that was all.

Three of the party indulged. One kept me company in abstaining. After the first social glass the bibulous trio lighted cigars and talked of various matters. By-and-bye they took a second drink; and very soon after this they were ready for business. One more drink—just a drop—and the subject of the speculating scheme was again brought forward.

Presto! Those three men, only a little while ago, so timid and careful, had become very heroes of business daring. Risk? Pshaw! Who cared for risk? Was ever a great game won without risk? They were ready to venture any amount, and anxious to go ahead.

I came away, leaving them making the golden figures bigger and bigger; and from that time I have heard no more of the proposed venture. Honestly and candidly, I believe that those two or three glasses of liquor upset what might have proved a profitable piece of business. But, whether that be so or not, certain it is, that it required only those three social drinks to completely demoralize the business forces of three good business men.

How Big Men Began Life.

Cornelius Vanderbilt began life with an old pirogue, running between Staten Island and New York city, carrying garden stuff to market. With two or three thousand dollars raised from that source he entered upon steadily increasing enterprises, until he amassed the enormous sum of $50,000,000.

A. T. Stewart first bought a few laces at auction, and opened his way to success in a dingy little shop in Broadway, near the site of his present wholesale establishment. Years of rigid honesty, shrewd management, and wisdom in things both great and small, have made him the monumental merchant of the nineteenth century.

Daniel Drew, in his early life, was a cattle driver, at the munificent rate of seventy-five cents a day, and he has now driven himself into an estate valued at from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000.

George Law, at forty-five years of age, was a common day laborer on the docks, and at present counts his fortune at something like $10,000,000.

Robert L. and Alexander Stuart, the sugar refiners, in their boyhood sold molasses candy, which their widowed mother had made, at a cent a stick, and to-day they are worth probably $5,000,000 to $6,000,000 apiece.

Marshal O. Roberts is the possessor of $4,000,000 or $5,000,000; and yet until he was twenty-five he did not have $100 he could call his own.

H. B. Claflin, the eminent dry goods merchant, worth, it is estimated, from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000, commenced the world with nothing but energy, determination and hope, and see how magnificently he has invested them.

Death from Football.

Sydney Branson, a young man of great promise, died in England the other day from injuries received while playing football. The rector of Wasing, near Reading, writes to the London *Times* about the young man's death: I have too much reason to speak with bitterness of this game of football, against which I had warned him only the week before. He was the last remaining hope of my old age, and he was about to be married to my only child, who is now in a most critical state from the misery caused by this terrible event. I am sure if the mothers of England could have watched by that dying boy's side, and witnessed the agonizing pangs, the fearful tortures arising from his internal wounds, and the misery of parting with those now desolate ones, to whom he was everything in life, they would, with one voice, as they think of their own children, cry aloud against this most pernicious game.

IN A MINER'S HOME.

A Correspondent Passes a Night with Them --How They Live.

A Reading *Eagle* correspondent says: I have read of miners, and have seen them since my visit here, but I never had an opportunity of living with them and partaking of their hospitality until Monday night.

In the first place the conveniences of this life, such as are met with in the cities, are unknown here. The coal regions may be classed as the ragged edge of civilization. You see no brick houses here, excepting in the boroughs and larger villages. When I speak of the regions I refer to these wild mountains and valleys where they mine the black diamonds; the homes of the coal miners, and the various pathways traversed by the company's lateral roads. In other words, I mean the districts where the miners actually live. Their homes are one and two story houses, of stone, logs and frame. You find no carpets covering their floors, nor fine clothing upon their backs. The furniture is plain and simple, and their habits are in accordance with this. Their food consists of bread, potatoes, and goat meat. I was given the best quarters the miner had to spare, and I slept on the attic, or loft as they call it. You may be surprised when I tell you that near my bed hung a large hunk of dried goat meat, but such is a fact. They had killed a goat during January, hung it there, and have been using of it since. The meat is still sweet and nourishing.

When I arose in the morning our breakfast consisted of bread, coffee, fried goat meat, goat milk and fried potatoes. Butter is a rarity here. After breakfast I concluded that the miner and his family wouldn't starve much if they kept on in that way. You will see that I have changed my opinion respecting the condition of these men. I have been reliably informed that the miners' association were well provided for this strike, and while there may be some who are in a destitute condition, the majority are not alarmed. There are storekeepers about here who are willing to furnish groceries and flour to the men without money.

Then, again, it must be remembered that the expenses of miners' living is not much. He pays nothing for fuel, and his family costs nothing for fine clothes. His rent amounts to little, as most of them own their homes. He raises goats and chickens and they pasture and feed on the mountains. From these he gets milk and eggs. Flour and potatoes he must buy. For meat he can kill one of his goats. Now, that's the sum total of his expenses, if you don't consider his mug of ale which is about all the luxuries he has, if smoking a pipe of tobacco is not considered.

In all my travels, I have never seen a class of men so firmly united, and so determined in their purposes. They cannot be said to be antagonistic to the railroad company, in a criminal point of view, for I very much doubt whether a single miner would in any way do anything to endanger the life of a railroad man, or willfully destroy the company's property. Of course there are bad men in all communities, and if there are outrages committed I am positive that is is not done through the sanction of the old heads of the regions.

Coming up from Locust Gap the other day on an engine, we saw a party of men on the track ahead, signaling the engineer to stop. About three hundred yards ahead they had fastened a sill or a tie across the tracks. The miners came up along the engine, and, after examining who was on board, they removed the obstruction and allowed the engine to pass on. That's the way they do it. They were looking for somebody who had been willfully misrepresenting them, and if they had laid hands on him, he might have been severely handled.

You have, doubtless, heard much of the "Molly Maguires." What is a Molly? I saw one to-day, and I will describe him. He is one of the many idle men who never work, if the mines are in operation or not. Half a dozen of them will get together and make threats. Probably they will dump over twenty or thirty cars, or burn down a telegraph station, and then wait for the regular newspaper report of the terrible "Molly Maguires." The miners despise them, for their cause is injured in their losing the sympathy of the outside community. On this they depend a great deal.

The great question in the regions is, whether the miners shall take into their association the members of the other union who have been suspended by the company. You will understand there are two societies here, one composed of the miners and the other composed of railroaders, laborers and mechanics. Members of the latter union were suspended by the company because it was thought they were lending help to the miners. Now the miners are considering whether they shall admit the suspended railroaders into their association for mutual protection.

Writing for the Press.

Write proper names very plainly.

Write on only one side of the sheet.

Be brief in statement and sparing in comment.

Write with ink—not with pencil, when it can be avoided.

The most convenient sized page (manuscript) for compositors' use is what is known as "commercial note."

When you have nothing to say on any subject, say nothing. Don't string words together for the sake of filling pages of manuscript.

"Short items and lots of them," was the homely rule given by a country editor to a correspondent, once upon a time; and it's a capital one.

Avoid "puffs" for this one and that, and save the editor the trouble of "cutting them out" o your letter. A puff that he doesn't write himself, is an abomination to the editor.

Don't attempt "fine writing;" and don't (if you have any regard for other people's feelings) say "eve" for evening, "scholar" for pupil, "pants" for pantaloons, "gents" for gentlemen, or "Sabbath" for Sunday.

You can keep the authorship as nearly a secret from the public as you please; indeed, nobody need know you write for the newspapers unless you choose to let them know yourself. The editor won't tell—rely upon that.

Always calculate upon your letter reaching the editor at least a day before his paper goes to press.

Up in a Balloon.

The death of the two aeronauts in France, which seems to have resulted from the extreme rarefaction of the air at the height (26,000 feet) to which they ascended, gives a warning to aeronauts that any distance beyond 20,000 feet is dangerous. At the previous ascension of the Zenith, although it did not attain so great a height, some of the party suffered from dizziness, and two of the pigeons were found dead in the cage, while the third was almost lifeless. Mr. Glaisher ascended to a height of 35,000 feet, whereupon he became insensible and his assistant nearly so, and it was only by promptly opening the valve that the latter saved their two lives. The brothers Schlangintweit climbed to a height of 22,259 feet on one of the peaks of the Himalayas, and they describe their sufferings as very intense.

Knew They Were Oysters.

A man named Horter lived out in Colorado a few years ago, says Max Adeler, but as his health was bad he was ordered to spend a year or two at the seashore. He was born in the far West, and had never seen an oyster in its shell. He bought a cottage down at Atlantic City, and went there to live early last spring. A few days after his arrival he saw a man going by with a cart-load of oysters, which Horter mistook for stones. Stones are mighty scarce at Atlantic, and as Horter wanted some to make borders for his flower-beds, he asked the man what he would take for his load. It struck Horter that the price was high, but he bought the lot, and had them dumped down by his gate. The next day he stuck eight hundred of them in the sand in his garden, around the beds, and when the job was done, he thought it looked uncommonly handsome.

A week afterward there were three or four warm days, and Horter remarked that the sea-breeze smelled very strong; and he told Mrs. Horter that he thought there must be a dead whale lying somewhere down on the beach. The next day the smell became more offensive, and Mrs. Horter said that it was an outrage that the authorities didn't clean up the streets and remove the garbage that poisoned the air. On the following day the weather was extremely hot, and the stench became perfectly terrific. Mr. Horter said there must be a dead rat somewhere in the weather-boarding, and he got the carpenter to come and remove some of it. But he found nothing; and upon going away he remarked to Horter that that sauerkraut they were cooking for dinner was the deadliest sauerkraut for smell that he ever encountered.

The stench grew stronger all that night, and on the next morning a committee of neighbors waited upon Mr. Horter to say that if he would kill that skunk he would confer a personal favor upon them, and upon the people of the county generally; for they could smell him twelve miles up country. Then Horter told them how perplexed he was about the matter, and said he would only be too glad to have the cause of the trouble detected. So the committee made a tour of inspection, holding their noses. When they got into the garden they perceived the oysters all gaping wide open and evolving an awful smell absolutely in fumes. One of the committeemen, grasping the fact that Horter planted these oysters, imagined that he was crazy, and suddenly climbed over the fence and went home. The others remained and asked Horter what on earth he meant by laying those oysters around in the sun in that manner.

"Oysters!" said Horter. "Oysters! you don't mean to say those are oysters! Grashus! Well, well! that beats all! I was wondering what made all those stones split even down the middle. I couldn't account for it. And so those are oysters! Why, I thought oysters always came in cans!"

That afternoon he buried the shellfish deep in the sand and the smell ceased. Then he sold out his cottage and moved to Long Branch. He told Brown, his next-door neighbor, that he knew they were oysters all the time and he did it for a joke; but he moved because the people seemed to see too awful much fun in it.

Man and Wife.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is much human nature and good sense in it: Harmony in a married state is the very first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affection uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and the determination of each to consider the love of the other of more value than any other earthly object whatever on which a wish can be fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any wish when weighed against the affection of one with whom we are to pass our life. Opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation; this only takes place when all the oppositions are put, as it were, in a pouch, which, while it is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when full it is complete. It would puzzle either to say who, because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect itself. The affections are wearied out by a constant stream of little obstacles. Other sources of its discontent, very common, indeed, are the little purpose of husband and wife in common conversation—a disposition in either to criticize and question what the other says—a desire always to demonstrate and make the other feel in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a different light from what we do, leave him in the quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? Let it pass for the present and wait a softer moment and conciliatory occasion of reviewing the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to the little rule of prudence.

The Boy on Labrosse Street.

When a Labrosse street boy, the Detroit *Free Press* says, is playing "hop-scotch" on the walk, and his mother comes to the door and asks him to split some wood, he replies that he will be along in just one minute. At the end of ten minutes she opens the door and says:

"Wilyum, I want that wood!"

"I'm coming right now," he replies, and then goes on hopping here and there on one leg.

Another ten minutes flies away, and she opens the door and says:

"Wilyum, if you don't get that wood you know what your father will do!"

"Just ten seconds!" he calls back, and he enters upon a new game.

The next time she calls she says:

"Young man, it's almost noon and I can't cook dinner without that wood!"

"I know it—I'm coming now," he replies, and he stands on one foot and holds a long discussion with the Johnson boy as to whether the game of "hop-scotch" is as good a game as base ball. He has just started to hop