

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

EX. 1: 4-14.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage."—EX. 1: 14.

Central Truth.—Nothing can thwart the good purpose of God concerning his people.

After six delightful months with the life of Christ, as recorded by Luke, we turn once more to the Old Testament. The change may seem to be great. And it is. Nevertheless, we shall find ourselves in but another and a most instructive part of the same Bible. The New Testament is rooted in the Old; and the best understanding of the former is possible only to those who are at home in the latter. All Scripture is profitable.

The last half of last year was devoted to the Book of Genesis. We then traced the story of the Creation, Fall and Promise; of the covenant with Noah, and the call and life of Abraham; and of God's dealings with Isaac, Jacob and Joseph. We saw the family of Jacob settled in Goshen, the most fertile part of the land of Egypt. Joseph had already risen to the highest office in the gift of the king, and his brethren were soon made keepers of the royal herds. The lessons of last year closed with the death of Jacob and of Joseph. It is at that point that we take up again the thread of Old Testament history.

The Book of Exodus (signifying "going out"), which is now for some time to occupy our attention, is so called from the leading event recorded in it—namely, the departure of Israel from the land of their oppressions to be replanted in the good land promised to their fathers.

The present lesson deals with two principal facts,—(a) the wonderful increase of Israel in Egypt, and (b) the means used by the new king to check their growth. To bring the first of these into bolder relief, the writer goes back to the descent of Israel in Egypt. Israel was then a little flock. The male descendant of Jacob numbered seventy, though, counting women and servants who were admitted to the covenant and reckoned Israelites, the whole number was probably several hundreds. But now they had wonderfully increased. Observe the climax: they were fruitful, they increased abundantly, they multiplied, they waxed exceedingly mighty, the whole land was filled with them. In part this was due to natural causes. But it was also in fulfillment of prophecy and promise. To Jacob it had been said: "Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great nation" (Gen. 46: 3). God was now making good his promise.

The second principal point of the lesson relates to the attempt of the new king to thwart the divine purpose.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the whole, or greater part, of the sojourn in Egypt was spent in bondage. By some, the time of that sojourn is supposed to have been two hundred and fifteen years; by others four hundred and thirty years. Whichever view is correct, Israel there enjoyed many free and prosperous years. It was after this that the new king arose. Doubtless he was of a new dynasty; perhaps a foreign power coming in to supplant the one which had gone before it. This would explain his ignorance of Joseph, or his indifference to the services he had rendered. It would also help to explain his dread of an alien people, like the children of Israel, within its borders.

It does not appear that this new king desired to destroy the objects of his dread. As slaves they would be of great value to him. Accordingly he set himself to cripple them. He laid upon them great burdens. He did not take away their fields and flocks, but made their lives bitter with hard bondage. He set them to making brick, digging canals, and building treasure cities. Greek historians tell us that the Egyptians boasted that their great works were the products of the labor of captives and slaves, and not of their own people.

But here it is to be noticed that the more they were afflicted, the more their people grew. The Lord does not forget his promises.

Nothing is here said of the reasons for the divine permission of these cruelties of the king and sufferings of his own people. In part, he may have designed to teach the nations some great lessons. The end certainly did show that, however, long wickedness may be tolerated, he is still and ever on the side of the oppressed, and sure to punish the oppressor. In part, his purpose may have been to correct his people for their sin, particularly that of idolatry; to bind them the more closely together, and especially to make them willing to leave a land unsuited to the moral development of the great nation he meant them to be. Their afflictions were needful for their purifying, and to make them willing to go in the Lord's way.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God never ceases from his watchful care of his own people. To whatever land they go he follows them, to bless them when faithful, to correct them when they fall into evil ways, and to prepare them for the better things he may have in store.

2. It is always safe to take God at his word of promise, not despising the day of small things. His resources are not few, nor are they weak. He can cause that "a little one shall become a thousand and a small one a strong nation."

3. One of the lessons most frequently and startlingly impressed upon us in the older books of the Bible is the shortness of life and certainty of death. "Joseph died and all his brethren and all that generation." So it will soon be said of us.

4. We are also reminded of the brevity of earthly fame. If not forgotten, Joseph was soon disregarded. Not even the great services he had rendered could perpetuate his memory among those who had most reason to remember him. It is certainly better to seek the honor which cometh from God, than the shallow and short-lived praises of men. The world will soon forget us.

5. The devices of worldly men, however powerful and crafty, can never destroy the Church, nor hinder its growth. Their very opposition may be a means of promoting its increase.

6. That which wicked men call wisdom is often proved to be but a poor and fruitless cunning, serving to defeat the very purposes they have at heart.

7. God makes use of the afflictions of his people to work out their highest and most enduring good. By the hostility and opposition of wicked men he corrects their follies and drives them to himself. By experiences of sorrow and suffering he purifies them from sin, and makes them meet for a better inheritance. It is by the same means that he makes them willing at length to go forth to its possession.

8. The life of Israel in Egypt was a striking prefiguration of many a believer's experience in the world. He goes down into its arena much in the same spirit as that which took Jacob to Egypt. He goes to better his fortune. And he may do it. The world proves a Goshen of comforts and good things. He grows to love it. By it he is weakened and corrupted. Then it begins to prove a place of felt bondage. And God lets him feel the bitterness of that bondage, until, humbled and brought back, he is made once more to desire a better portion, and is prepared for departure to it. The world was not meant to be our home. If we are indeed of God's true people, he will somehow bring us out from it.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, YAKIMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, May 7, 1881.

EDITORS CENTRE DEMOCRAT:

Nearly every mail brings me letters from all parts of Pennsylvania containing inquiries concerning this country—the climate, soil, &c. I find it impossible to answer each letter separately, and yet wishing that all may know what kind of a country we have in this north-west corner of the United States, I address myself to you in the hope that my letter may possess sufficient interest to warrant its publication in the DEMOCRAT. I may tell some things that may seem fabulous, but I am willing to vouch for their correctness.

A glance at a map of the United States will show you that Yakima (pronounced Yack-i-maw) is situated at the mouth of the Ahtanum, on the Yakima river, and with the exception of Ellensburg, a very small village, is the farthest town on the north western frontier, east of the Cascade mountains. It has a population of five hundred, and is located precisely as Milesburg is in the Bald Eagle Valley. Rattlesnake mountain lies immediately south of the town, and where the Ahtanum empties into the Yakima there is a gap in the mountain through which the Yakima runs, precisely as does Spring creek between Bellefonte and Milesburg, while north of us is the Yakima mountain and Cascade range, which in the picture fills the place of the "Ridges" and Allegheny mountain. This valley, known as the Ahtanum west and Moxsee on the east side of the Yakima river, is about forty miles in length by twelve in width. Ten years ago it was nothing but a barren sage brush plain, supposed to be worthless because it produced nothing but sage brush, bunch grass, jack rabbits and prairie chickens—of the latter two there are hundreds—and was only occupied by horses and cattle and their herders. But a settler came in whose necessities required him to cultivate the soil in order to maintain his family, and the result was that he discovered the land heretofore considered worthless for agricultural purposes, was more productive than any he had ever seen or heard of before. To-day the valley is covered with fine farms, that will produce four times as much to the acre as the best farms in Nittany or Penns valleys. There are many other valleys in this district, which extends from the Columbia on the south to the British line on the north, and from a point forty miles east of Columbia river to the summit of the Cascade mountains, but this one is a fair sample of all of them.

The average crop of wheat is 40 bushels to the acre, while seventy bushels to the acre have been raised; of barley the crop is from sixty to ninety bushels, and all other cereals in like proportion. Corn does well, better in fact than anywhere else on this coast, but as our nights are always cool the yield is not so large as east of the Rocky Mountains, where the nights are warm and the country is refreshed by frequent showers of rain. The soil is especially adapted to the raising of root crops, and will readily yield from six to eight hundred bushels of potatoes, beets, turnips, carrots or mangel-wurzel to the acre, and old settlers, whose word is entirely reliable, have told me that it would produce still larger crops. Last summer, which was an unusually dry one, Timothy Lynch, who lives eight miles up the valley, raised 760 bushels of potatoes on one acre, and Mr. Briggs, who lives in Kittitas valley, forty miles north of us, raised 840 bushels of mangel-wurzel on one acre. When I came here in October last to open this office, I found on exhibition at the place of business of Mr. Adkins two squashes, some times called sweet pumpkins, weighing 60 and 80 pounds respectively, beets from 20 to 25 pounds, potatoes—peerless—5 to 7 pounds, turnips 16 to 25 pounds, tomatoes 1 to 1½, about same as at home, cucumbers 1 to 1½ feet in length and thick in proportion, red pepper pods 8 to 10 inches in length, onions grown from the seed in one season (never use "sets" here) as large round as an ordinary saucer, very sweet and free from the strong, biting taste of those raised in the eastern States and in my opinion finer flavored than those raised in the Bermuda Islands, and they are celebrated, sorghum stalks 14 feet high, and a sun flower stalk 20 feet high with a flower on it 18 inches in diameter, an apple limb with apples hanging on it like a cluster of grapes, and other

fruits—such as plums, prunes, peaches and cherries—in like proportion. Fruit trees begin to bear in three and four years after they are set out. The great trouble is that our fruit trees bear too much and the branches are constantly breaking with the weight of fruit.

Our soil is a rich sandy loam, slightly impregnated with alkali. It is deep, but light, and grows heavier with cultivation. The country is of basaltic formation and all the valleys have the appearance of having been at one time immense lakes, and I doubt not they were. The land is broken and sowed the same season. Crops are always put in in the spring of the year. Our farmers are at the present writing still putting in spring wheat. In my opinion winter grain would do best. The plow used here is very light and throws a furrow of only 12 inches, and our farmers only plow 3 and 4 inches deep. This is a mistaken idea, however, as the land dries out too quick.

This country is a lazy man's paradise, and will bring to any one willing to work half as hard on a farm as he does in Pennsylvania a fortune.

This land district is traversed by numerous mountain streams, somewhat like Spring creek, but much larger; being fed by snow mountains the water is much colder. All of them have a great deal of fall and hence run with great force and rapidity, thus affording excellent water power. The Yakima between this place and the mouth of the Natchee river, seven miles distant, has a fall of ninety feet. Our streams are all filled with trout from the tiniest to those weighing five and six pounds. Of these there are five kinds: silver scale, blue scale, salmon trout, pink spotted with a red streak along the side, known here as mountain trout, and the "Dolly Varden" or the pink and yellow spotted trout, such as you have in the east. The spots on these latter are not so bright as on the eastern brook trout, but otherwise I can discover no difference in them. To catch them one does not have to whip out a fly to do it. One can have sufficient trout for a meal by an hour or two fishing any time.

In the northern part of this county several gold mines, both placer and quartz, are in course of development, and the most sanguine expectations prevail among the miners interested in them, and it is confidently expected that the Swauk and Peshastan districts will ere long spring into sudden prominence, and equal if not exceed the most valuable mines that have ever been developed on this coast. Should the expectations of those working these mines only be partially realized it is safe to predict a bright future for the business interests of this county. The mining interests of these districts have already become an item of interest and considerable importance to the merchants and farmers of the county and of this place, where the miners purchase their supplies. The largest nuggets, or "chips" as the miners term them, which have yet been found, were valued respectively at \$250, \$400 and \$700, the latter having been found by a Chinaman, and all were found in the "clean up" last Fall before the snow set in. This Spring in one "clean up" a nugget worth \$237 was found by parties who were ready to give up their mine in despair. As yet there is no improved machinery in these mines, the crushing being accomplished by the old fashioned "arrastros" of Spanish origin. The gold found in these mines is remarkably pure and is worth from \$17 to \$18 per ounce.

Aside from all other advantages Yakima's greatest blessing is found in its healthy and delightful climate. Owing to its peculiar situation and topography it is in this respect wholly different from any other section of the country. By its close proximity to the Cascade mountains it is protected alike from the cold winds and early frosts to which those counties lying east of the Columbia river are subject, while the melting snows of Mount Ranier and Adams, in plain view, though eighty miles distant, which rise in awful grandeur and majesty like high white pillars in the west, impart to the summer atmosphere a cool and invigorating quality that is both wholesome and agreeable. The winter just past, here, as elsewhere, was one of unusual severity. The worst known in twenty years, but yet in all my life I never passed one where the temperature was so equable and pleasant. There were no cold, damp southeasters, no penetrating, narrow freezing north-westers and no "blizzards."

The atmosphere was dry and agreeable, and no wind. It was cold without feeling so, and when you stepped out of doors the inclination was to inhale as much of the pure air as your lungs were capable of holding and when they were fully inflated one felt buoyant, good natured and as though it was pleasant to live. But three nights did mercury fall below zero and those three were the most glorious and exhilarating moonlight nights I ever saw.

On the 15th of February a strong warm wind from the southwest began blowing—called in this country a "chinook wind"—and the snow disappeared before it like magic, and since then we have had most delightful weather, such as you usually have in the latter part of April and during the month of May. Our fruit trees have budded and blossomed and been in full leaf for a month.

Strawberries are in bloom and we expect to have numerous festivals eating them within the month. I am told, by the way, that they grow so large here that it is an absolute fact that in preparing them for the table they slice them as one would a raw tomato. I have seen them in Oregon as large as a hen's egg.

All crops in this country are sowed or planted in the spring. Wheat sowed this spring is already up and looking as well as any winter wheat I ever saw. Some of our farmers are still sowing wheat, oats and barley.

This country, like all others, has its drawbacks. For instance, timber there is none except small groves on the immediate banks of the streams and in the mountains, the latter being twenty-five miles distant, viz: the Simcoe and Cascade. The Yakima and Rattlesnake are entirely void of timber. Our houses are all of the "box" order and there are but two or three plastered houses in the country and only one built of brick. Our lime is obtained from Puget Sound,

via Columbia river, and it has to be hauled from The Dalles, Oregon, on wagons, and when it reaches this place is worth four cents a pound. Our houses are, as a rule, built of inch boards, stripped, and instead of plastering, the insides are covered with a thin muslin tacked on and then papered. There is not much privacy in them as a word spoken in one room is heard in all others in the house and in consequence the boys and girls do most of their "sparking" on the "front gate." They serve as a protection but are not excessively warm on a cold winter's day. In this connection I will say that notwithstanding our extreme northern latitude our winters are milder than in Virginia and about the same as in Northern Alabama. Snow rarely ever lies on the ground more than three weeks and usually in the month of January. Stock runs on the range the year round and as a rule is never fed. They are left to shift for themselves and generally come out all right. This winter, however, was an exception to the rule. It snowed heavily about the 1st of December and crusted and remained until February 15th, and in consequence thousands of cattle and hundreds of horses were starved to death in the range because they were unable to move through the crusted snow to places where grass was to be found. But those who wintered through, and came out poorer than Job's turkey this spring, are now as fat as any grain fed animals in the east. The native bunch and rye grasses of this country, with which the hills and valleys are now green, are more nutritious than corn and will fatten an animal quicker than corn. Farmers who fed out their grain during the winter to keep their stock from starving, are now plowing with horses whose only feed is the bunch grass they get at night in the pasture after a hard day's work, and yet they keep in good condition.

Another drawback to the country is lack of rain during the summer months. For weeks and weeks not a cloud will be seen in the sky, and the atmosphere is so clear that we can see a mountain a hundred miles away as distinctly as you can see Muncy mountain from Bellefonte. In fact a person from the east can form no idea of distance by sight, as objects seemingly only a mile or two away are more apt to be ten or fifteen miles distant. This has been my experience.

The timber on the streams in the valleys is tamarack, or Balm of Gilead, alder and black willow, with some birch and choke cherry, either of which makes tolerable fence rails and stove wood but is fit for but little else; in the mountains, however, there is some oak and an excellent quality of sugar pine, fir, tamarack and cedar, the latter being white, light and buoyant and straight grained.

Any one having a little money after he has reached this place can do well in any kind of business, but a man without means here, as elsewhere, has a hard time of it, although assistance will be extended to him more willingly, if he is worthy, than in the east, as all of the early settlers have gone through the trials of frontier life and are generous and hospitable to a fault. What is their's is their friends. No one will take a mean advantage of a newcomer's necessities as it is not considered honorable, and he who does it runs the risk of being "fired out" as the natives term it.

Good American horses are worth \$100 each. The native Cayuse ponies, a cross between the French Canadian and Mustang, can be bought for from five to fifty dollars each. They are mostly owned by the Indians and they must need money very bad before they will sell a good horse. These ponies are anywhere from 10 to 15 hands high, compact, with fine limbs. They are very hardy and tough and will carry a man weighing 180 pounds sixty and seventy miles in a day and hunt their own feed at night and keep fat. I have seen them in pack trains carry 250 pounds each. Like an Indian, however, they are not entirely trustworthy, and will "buck" on the slightest provocation. I have driven a span of them from this place to The Dalles, a distance of 110 miles inside of twenty hours, including stoppages, and, with one night's rest, driven them back in the same time. The horses of this country are much harder than in the east; they have strong firm hoofs and such a thing as corns and flat feet are unknown. As a rule they are not shod, except they are rode or driven long distances. They have larger and better lungs than do the eastern horses and have greater endurance. The lops and walk is the only gait for a riding horse here, and our "vaqueros" or "cow boys" always ride like John Gilpin.

We have some Indians, but they are good ones and are mostly employed in the hop yards, of which we have the finest in the world, or by stockmen as herders. Some of the Indians have herds of horses and cattle of their own that run up into the hundreds. The Indians are now largely in the minority and fully realize that the "Boston men," as they call the Americans, are the rulers. They are great gamblers, and the very worst ones seem content if they have a pony and sufficient "chickamin" (money), to indulge in their favorite pastime, a game of "monte." They will spread a blanket on the ground and gather around it and play until they have lost everything, blankets, ponies, and all but sufficient clothes to hide their nakedness. The Indian women (cloochmen they are called here) are industrious and are the washer women of the country. They are all dirty, but ours are not so bad as those of the plains east, and a visit of a few minutes inside one of their wick-e-ups—the romantic wigwam of the story books—is sufficient to try the strength of the strongest stomach. As a rule they wear no covering on their head, always have a blanket of the gayest color around them and are fond of beads and shell jewelry. They are particularly fond of abalone shells, found on the northern coast of California.

We have several settlers from Pennsylvania, among the number Hugh and Josiah Wiley, of Brookville, Jefferson county, both of whom have fine improved farms up the Ahtanum. One of our best citizens is John Weikle, a "Pennsylvania dutchman," who was raised and has relatives in or near Harleton, in Union county. He has the

best house, finest farm and largest and best kept horses in the country, and says he is going to have a "big, red Penns Valley barn with white blinds," before another winter. He also owns a large herd of cattle on the range. He drops in to my office frequently to have a chat about home, as he still calls it, and says as soon as the Northern Pacific railroad is completed he is going back to visit the home he left thirty years ago.

I also found on my arrival here Alex. Mullin, of Osceola, who is fast becoming an old settler. He has been in this particular locality about a year and has adopted the costume of the granger, a duck suit and white sombrero hat with a rim that is very overhanging. He talks the Chinook jargon like a native Yakima Indian, and were he to meet his father he would probably give him a surprise by addressing him in this style: "Kla-how iam six! 'Gata mika?' 'Kah mitlite miku muck-a-muck?' All of which means: Good morning? How are you? Where is there something to eat? Alex. and brother Harry have entered adjoining quarter sections, containing 160 acres each, of as fine land as ever laid out of doors—a rich sandy loam, twenty feet deep, that will produce anything that can be grown in the middle or western States. Alex's friends will be glad to learn that he is prospering and bids fair eventually to become one of our most prosperous and substantial grangers.

My letter has grown to a wonderful length, but should it prove worthy of publication and will answer the many inquiries sent me, I shall be most happy and in the future may have something more to say. Very respectfully,  
R. B. KINNIE, Register.

THE ART OF WAR.

AS FULLY EXPLAINED BY MARK TWAIN.

At the late reunion of the Army of the Potomac, in Hartford, to the regular toast, "The benefit of judicious training," Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) responded as follows: "Let but the thoughtful civilian instruct the soldier in his duties, and the victory is sure."—Martin Farquhar Tupper on the Art of War.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I gladly join with my fellow townsmen in extending a hearty welcome to these illustrious generals and these war-scarred soldiers of the Republic. This is a proud day for us, and if the sincere desire of our hearts has been fulfilled it has not been an unpleasant day for them. I am in full accord, sir, with the sentiment of the toast, for I have always maintained with enthusiasm that the only wise and true way is for the soldier to fight the battle and the unprejudiced civilian to tell him how to do it. Yet when I was invited to respond to this toast and furnish this advice and instruction, I was almost as much embarrassed as I was gratified, for I could bring to this great service but the one virtue of absence of prejudice and set opinion. Still, but one other qualification was needed and it was of only minor importance. I mean knowledge of the subject. Therefore I was not disheartened, for I could acquire that, there being two weeks to spare. A general of high rank in this army of the Potomac said two weeks was really more than I would need for the purpose. He had known people of my style who had learned enough in 48 hours to enable them to advise an army. Aside from the compliment, this was gratifying, because it confirmed an impression I had had before. He told me to go to the United States military academy at West Point and said in his flowery professional way that the cadets would "load me up." I went there and staid two days, and his prediction proved correct. I make no boast on my own account—none. All I know about military matters I got from the gentlemen at West Point and to them belongs the credit. They treated me with courtesy from the first, but when my mission was revealed, this mere courtesy blossomed into warmest zeal. Everybody, officers and all, put down their work and turned their whole attention to giving me military information. Every question I asked was promptly and exhaustively answered; therefore, I feel proud to state that in the advice that I am about to give you as soldiers, I am backed up by the highest military authority in the land—yes, in the world, if an American does say it—West Point.

To begin, gentlemen, when an engagement is meditated, it is best to feel the enemy first, that is, if it is night, for, as one of the cadets explained to me, you do not need to feel him in the daytime, because you can see him then. I never should have thought of that, but it is true—perfectly true. In the day-time the methods of procedure are various, but the best, it seems to me, is one which was introduced by Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant always sent an active young man redoubt to reconnoiter and get the enemy's bearings. I got this from a high officer at the Point, who told me he used to be a redoubt on Gen. Grant's staff and had done it often. When the hour for the battle is come, move to the front with celerity—fool away no time. Under this head I was told of a maxim of Gen. Sheridan's. Gen. Sheridan always said, "If the siege train isn't ready, don't wait—go by any train that is handy; to get there is the main thing." Now, that is the correct idea. As you approach the field, it is better to get out and walk. This gives you a better chance to dispose of your forces judiciously for the assault. Get your artillery in position and throw out stragglers to the right and left to hold your lines of communication against surprise. See that every hod-carrier connected with a mortar battery is at his post. They told me at the point that Napoleon displayed mortar batteries, and never efficiency he wouldn't give a handful of brickbats for a ton of mortar. However, that is all he knew about it. Everything being ready for the assault, you want to enter the field with your baggage to the front. This idea was invented by our renowned guest, Gen. Sherman. They told me that Gen. Sherman said that the trunks and baggage make a good protection for the soldiers, but that chiefly they attract the attention and rivet the interest of

the enemy, and this gives you an opportunity to whirl the other end of the column around and attack him in the rear. I have given a good deal of study to this tactic since I learned about it, and it appears to me it is a rattling good idea. Never fetch on your reserves at a start. This was Napoleon's first mistake at Waterloo. Next, he assaulted with his bomb-proofs and ambulances and embarras, when he ought to have used a heavier artillery. Thirdly, he retired his right by *recochet*—which uncovered his pickets—when his only possibility of success lay in doubling up his centre, flank by flank, and throwing out his *chevaux de frise* by the left oblique to relieve the skirmish line and confuse the enemy—if such a manoeuvre would confuse him, and at West Point they said it would. It was about this time that the Emperor had two horses shot under him. How often you see the remark that General So and So at such and such a battle had two or three horses shot under him. General Burnside and many great European military men, as I was informed by a high artillery officer at West Point, have justly characterized this as a wanton waste of projectiles, and he impressed upon me a conversation in the tent of the Prussian chiefs at Gravelotte, in the course of which our honored guest just referred to—Gen. Burnside—observed that if "you can't aim a horse so as to hit the general with it, shoot it over him, and you may bag something on the other side, whereas a horse shot under a general does no sort of damage." I agree cordially with Gen. Burnside, and heaven knows I shall rejoice to see the artilleries of this land and of all lands cease from this wicked and idiotic custom. At West Point they told me of another mistake at Waterloo, namely, that the French were under fire from the beginning of the fight till the end of it—which was plainly a most effeminate and ill-timed attention to comfort, and a foolish division of military strength; for it probably took as many men to keep up the fires as it did to do the fighting. It would have been much better to have had a small fire in the rear, and let the men go there by detachments and get warm, and not try to warm up the whole army at once. All the cadets said that an assault along the whole line was the one thing which could have restored Napoleon's advantage at this juncture, and he was actually rising in his stirrups to order it, when a sutler burst at his side and covered him with dirt and debris, and before he could recover Wellington opened a tremendous and devastating fire upon him from a monstrous battery of vivandieres, and the star of the great captain's glory set to rise no more. The cadet went while he told me these mournful particulars.

When you leave a battlefield always leave it in good order. Remove the wreck and rubbish, and tidy up the place. However, in the case of a drawn battle it is neither party's business to tidy up anything. You can leave the field looking as if the city government of New York had bossed the fight. When you are traversing the enemy's country, in order to destroy his supplies and crippled resources, you want to take along plenty of camp followers. The more the better. They are a tremendously effective arm of the service and they inspire in the foe the liveliest dread. A West Point professor told me that the wisdom of this was recognized as far back as scripture times. He quoted the verse. He said it was from the new revision, and was a little different from the way it reads in the old one. I do not recollect the exact wording of it now, but remember that it wound up with something about such and such a devastating agent being as "terrible as an army with banners." I believe I have nothing further to add but this: The West Pointers said a private should preserve a respectful attitude toward his superiors, and should seldom, or never, proceed so far as to offer suggestions to his general in the field. If the battle is not being conducted to suit him, it is better for him to resign. By the etiquette of war it is permitted to none below the rank of newspaper correspondent to dictate to the general in the field.

Coughed Up a Bullet.

General William J. Bolton, of Norristown, a week or two ago, coughed up a bullet which he had carried in his body for seventeen years. It was received on the 30th of July, 1864, the day of the famous mine explosion at Petersburg. He was then Colonel of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, which had been detailed as a forlorn hope to lead an assault upon a fort to the left of the crater. From that time until Friday, May 20, he carried the bullet in his neck, where it caused him considerable pain, especially in damp weather, and obliged him always to sleep on the left side. About two weeks ago the pain became worse and he could feel some sharp object cutting its way through the tissues toward the throat. One evening he was compelled to close his store before the usual hour and to go to bed, where the foreign substance felt, to use his own expression, "like a fifty pound weight." Still it did not occur to him that the bullet was working out. His idea was that some fragments of his shattered jaw bone had detached themselves, and he thought that they were cutting into his throat alarmed him. Mrs. Bolton also became uneasy, and yielding to her persuasion he determined to consult a skillful surgeon on Friday.

About the middle of the afternoon, while waiting on a customer, he had occasion to stoop and was seized with a fit of coughing which nearly strangled him. Instinctively he placed his hand over his mouth, and to his great astonishment the next cough drove out the bullet and it fell into the palm. It was somewhat stained with blood and was covered with mucus, but its dislodgment was not followed by any bleeding and caused him immediate relief. When the bullet was washed off it was found to be somewhat corroded with rust, which had covered its surface with sharp ridges, sufficient to account for the pain it produced as it worked its way through his flesh. It split of the loss by rust it still weighs 273 grains. The General intends writing to his friend, Dr. Sherlock, that the prediction of seventeen years ago has been fulfilled.