

## GENERAL GARIBALDI.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Italian Patriot.

A prominent Italian resident of New York who knew Garibaldi well, having sailed all over the world with him, has been giving some interesting reminiscences of the dead patriot. Speaking of the time when Garibaldi resided on Staten Island, opposite New York, Mr. Morosini, the gentleman referred to, said:

"I afterward met Garibaldi on Staten Island. He was then the guest of Antonio Meneci, at Clifton, and of course was living at his ease. Such a life didn't satisfy Garibaldi, and one day he said: 'Come, let's do something.' The only thing we could think of that would pay was candle-making. We bought a lot of molds and rigged up a place in Mr. Meneci's cellar for the business. We also put in a boiler, and then we sent to New York for a barrel of tallow. The business flourished to such a degree that we were finally obliged to hire a man to help us. His name was Patrick Fitzpatrick. Instead of one barrel we bought three barrels at a time. I remember very well how Garibaldi and I, accompanied by Pat, used to go down to the Vanderbilt landing and wait for the boat to bring our barrels of tallow. When the boat arrived we lifted the barrels on to a car and rolled them home. Candles at that time were in great demand. Our customers called them 'dips.'"

"How long did Garibaldi and yourself keep up this business?"

"About a year. After that Garibaldi was engaged as captain of the Peruvian ship Carmen. He took me along with him, as I was a favorite with him. I had received what is called a liberal education, and Garibaldi had not. But he was by nature a student, and his knowledge surpassed by far that of the majority of those who have had all the advantages of a regular education. We made two voyages to China in the Carmen. Although I was only an able seaman before the mast, during my off-watches Garibaldi used to invite me into his cabin to play dominoes. I was brought up, as I have told you, in the Austrian naval academy, and I don't think I ever saw a finer sailor than Garibaldi was. He understood both the science and the art of navigation."

"Was he as kind to the rest of the crew as he was to you?"

"He was kind to everybody, yet he never flattered any one. In fact he seldom opened his mouth on any subject. But his looks and his acts spoke louder than words. I don't believe there was ever a man who served under him but would have given up his life for him."

"Garibaldi looked more like an Englishman than an Italian. He was short, broad-shouldered and muscular. He had a reddish beard and a florid complexion. But the most remarkable thing about his personal appearance was the leonine expression of his face. His nose ran straight down from his forehead, there being no indentation between the forehead and the bridge of the nose such as is found in the great majority of persons. When angry, the resemblance of his face to that of a lion's was still more marked. Other people were always discussing Garibaldi's battles in his presence, but he seldom, if ever, had a word to say. I remember one time when he got out of patience at the prattle of a group of soldiers that we here sometimes call the 'Home Guard.' Firing up, he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, it is not by words that you will ever liberate your country; it is this!' and he struck out a blow from the shoulder that would almost have knocked down an ox."

"Was Garibaldi ever master of any other vessel than the Carmen?"

"Garibaldi was a sailor at the age of eight years. At fifteen he was captain of a small vessel. While in this country he was appointed captain of the ship Commonwealth, in which I sailed with him to England and subsequently to South America. I never can forget the time when we went up to North Shields, at the mouth of the Tyne, to take on coal before sailing for South America. We were all barefooted, Garibaldi as well as the rest of us. But the men who brought the coal on board wore shoes with soles nearly an inch thick and full of hob nails. That was the only time that I ever saw him show any sign of fear. Each time that one of those coal-carriers passed him Garibaldi's bare toes would curl up and he would call out to me, saying, 'Nanni—that was his nickname for Giovanni—'look out for your toes.' Speaking of his having no fear recalls to my mind many times when we seemed to be in danger of going to the bottom of the sea. When everybody else was giving up in despair I have seen Garibaldi going about as cool and collected as if he was at home in his drawing-room."

"Garibaldi barely escaped being assassinated by two Frenchmen while we were in South America," continued Mr. Morosini. "We were at Callao, in Peru. Garibaldi was dining in a public house and of his companions asked him how

it was that he was enabled to defend Rome against the invasion of the French army. In the course of his answer he was interrupted by a Frenchman, who exclaimed, 'That's a lie, and you're a liar.' Garibaldi preserved his temper. He ascertained that the man who had insulted him kept a variety store in the neighborhood. The next day he called at the store, accused the proprietor of being a coward, and challenged him to a fair fight. Both the proprietor and his partner seized weapons. Garibaldi instinctively made a motion as if to draw a revolver at which both of the Frenchmen fled. There were hundreds of Italians sailors in the port, and the news that Garibaldi had been threatened spread among them like wildfire. In half an hour the store of the two Frenchmen had been gutted and its contents scattered to the four winds. The two Frenchmen would have been killed if they had not concealed themselves. At that time it was a dangerous thing to stir up an Italian on the subject of the revolution."

### Baby Monkeys.

Monkeys when first born are almost as helpless as human infants. Sleeping and looking about and being nursed occupy their first fortnight. The mother is attentive, and at the first sound runs away with her baby in her arms. At the end of the first fortnight the little one begins to get about by itself, but always under its mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself; but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge.

When about six weeks old the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk, and is taught to provide for himself. Its powers are speedily developed, and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising.

The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education, and should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death.

"The care which the females bestow upon their offspring," says DuRoi, "is so tender and even refined that one would almost be tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational rather than an instinctive process. It is a curious and interesting spectacle, which a little precaution has sometimes enabled me to witness, to see these females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their childish outcries, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness a time and attention that in many cases the children of our own species might well envy."

M. d'Obouville states that the parents exercise their parental authority over their children in a sort of judicial and strictly impartial form. "The young ones were seen to sport with one another in the presence of their mother, who sat ready to give judgment and punish misdemeanors. When any one was found guilty of foul play or malicious conduct toward another of the family, the parent interfered by seizing the young criminal by the tail, which she held fast with one of her paws till she boxed his ears with the other."

### All's Well That Ends Well.

"All's well that ends well" would be a very appropriate title for a little romance of real life which has ended happily in Paris. The son of a rich gentleman residing in the Faubourg St. Germain had fallen desperately in love with a pretty, amiable, but dowdy girl. The course of true love ran smoothly enough so long as the young man's father was not aware of what was going forward; but when his consent to the marriage was asked he flatly refused to give it. A last meeting took place, vows of eternal constancy were interchanged, and the lovers separated. The young lady, deeply affected by the parting, took the rash determination to drown herself and her sorrow in the Seine, and about twilight one day she carried out her intention. A gentleman walking along the quays at the time saw her struggling in the water, and without a moment's hesitation plunged in to the rescue. The would-be suicide was saved, but the most curious part of the story is that the gentleman who saved her chanced to be the father of the man she loved. The denouement of the affair can be easily guessed. The stern parent's inflexible resolution to refuse his consent to the union gave way under the emotion he felt at the drowning accident. He conveyed the poor girl home, sent for his son, told the delighted young people that they were free to take each other for better or worse, and that the wedding might take place as soon as the young lady had recovered from the effects of her immersion in the river.

The product of lead in the United States for the year 1881 is estimated at 110,000 tons, worth 41 cents per pound in the Eastern markets, and having a total value of \$10,500,000. The value of the lead product of Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Arizona was \$6,361,000.

## SEA-GULLS AND CRICKETS.

How the Crickets of the Mormon Frontiers Were Saved from Destruction.

The Salt Lake (Utah) Herald says: There is no bird for which the old farmer of this country has more genuine affection than the utterly valueless—in a marketable sense—sea-gull. This rather pretty bird was quite abundant in this valley the present year—in fact, it is stated that only once before were there so many. In the fields a few miles below the city, a week or two ago, thousands of them could be seen. They followed the plowman along the furrow and were almost as tame as chickens. Wherever there was a newly-plowed field, there you could see the gull, and as fast as a furrow was turned up the birds would fly behind the plowman and commence devouring the insects which were thus exposed to sight. They seemed perfectly fearless. And they have good reason to be fearless here, for the farmer looks upon them as his friend, and they seem to understand fully that he holds them in that light. They fly all about him, within three or four feet, and while perhaps unwilling to submit to being caught, they will allow any other familiarity that can be practiced, for they themselves will take a great many good-natured liberties. They will not touch grain, or anything that the farmer desires should remain untouched; they only eat the worms and insects which are injurious to the soil and to crops. Years ago a law was passed, making it an offense to kill one of these birds. The law is probably yet on the statute books, but it is literally a dead letter, because there has been no occasion to call the law into life. A farmer—in fact, any person acquainted with the habits of the sea-gull—would almost think of wantonly killing one of his own chickens as of intentionally harming one of these queer birds. As before stated, a law was passed by the legislature, making it an offense to kill a sea-gull; it was passed for this reason:

In the second year after the pioneers had arrived here—in 1848—the large black crickets common to these mountainous regions made their appearance in this and some other valleys in clouds—figuratively speaking. They did not fly, but came hopping down the mountain-sides in myriads. So vast were their numbers the mountains were black, and seemed literally alive with the great big, black, ugly things, each one about the size of a large man's thumb. It was at the time when the crops were promising; everything looked green; the future outlook seemed bright, and the heart of the sunburnt and toil-worn pioneer grew lighter as the prospects of a plentiful harvest and greater comforts grew more and more tangible with each day's growth of the heavy grain. But blacker than the clouds of coal-black crickets which came hopping down the mountain slopes in countless numbers, leaving barrenness and desolation in their wake, were the clouds of despair which filled the heart of the weary husbandman as this new and unlooked-for curse came slowly but surely toward the pride, the joy and the promise of the early settler—his field of waving corn and grain. The foe was utterly unconquerable so far as human efforts were concerned; there was nothing the heart-sick farmer could do but stand idly by and see the labor of the season destroyed. Children gazed with wonder and terror; women looked with eyes full of tears, and strong men watched with hearts of despair. It was an awful hour. But lo! a wonder! The sky is filled with large birds; they fly toward the scene of the disaster, and they light in the fields where the crickets hold supreme sway. Then comes a change. At once the flocks of birds begin to eat the crickets. From morn till night they continue, never ceasing. When filled until they can hold no more they vomit up the black mass and again continue to eat the crickets. This is kept up day after day, until not one of the devouring host is seen; the crops are saved, and the birds fly away. This bird was the one which could recently be seen in the fields, and which was then more abundant than at any time since the event above mentioned. It was not surprising that the pioneers should return thanks to God for his succor, and that forever after the sea-gull should be looked upon as a dear friend, to be protected and encouraged.

Mrs. Dudley was shopping in a Chicago dry good store. She is a sister-in-law of the mayor of that city and altogether reputable. She was astonished when a clerk accused her of stealing a handkerchief, and refused to submit to a search. They dragged her shrieking and struggling into a private room, tore open her clothes, and did not find the handkerchief. When her husband was told of this he hurried to the store and gave the clerk a thrashing. He also brought suit for \$10,000 damages, but as the clerk was likely to be confined to bed for a week by his injuries, he consented to let that fact and \$500 satisfy him.

## LYNCH LAW IN COLORADO.

How a Prayer-Meeting Wound Up with a Double Hanging.

"I don't think the frontier ever witnessed a lynching so bold as that of Betts and Browning," said Mr. Hickman, the receiver of the land office, at Lake City, to a Denver Tribune reporter. "You will remember the cause. Sheriff Campbell attempted to arrest the two men, you know, while they were in the act of stealing some furniture from a house. He was shot and killed instantly—an assistant who was with him identifying the faces of the murderers by the light of a match which was struck when the demand for surrender was made. The murder was committed on the 26th of last month, the day we were to have celebrated the Odd Fellows' anniversary. The sheriff was the founder of our lodge, and instead of a celebration we had a funeral. A better fellow than Campbell never lived. The murderers were the keepers of a dance hall. They were arrested that morning and put in jail. Campbell's two brothers, who were mining at Pitkin, eighty-five miles away, were telegraphed to come to Lake City to attend the funeral. That afternoon, the 27th, a rumor was circulated in the streets that there would be a prayer-meeting at the house of the dead sheriff at 11 o'clock. I had not the slightest suspicion of the intention, and was among the 100 men or more who congregated near the premises. I was not there long before I had learned the purpose of the advertisement, and was not slow in washing my hands in the affair. The men had met to lynch the murderers. The plan was given out boldly, and as boldly executed, as the next day when I arose the information I received before I had reached the breakfast table was that the lifeless bodies of the two men were hanging from the cross beam of the Gunnison river bridge, below the city."

"Did you hear how the vigilantes proceeded?"

"From the gossip which was circulated after the excitement and precaution had died out, I believe that at least 100 men were in the lynching party. I will tell you the occurrence as I framed it from mixed reports. From the 'prayer meeting' the vigilantes went to the jail. The guards, apparently, offered no resistance, and Betts and Browning were taken out. The hands were first bound to their sides. Some of the representative church members of the community are said to have been in the throng who demanded the eye for an eye and the tooth for a tooth. I do not know how true that was. Well, while the men were being bound, one of them asked if there was not a friend in the crowd. A young gambler who had been a frequenter of the dance hall, and a friend to the doomed men, shouted that he was a friend, and made a break toward the prisoners. Somebody placed the cold muzzle of a pistol against the side of his head and told him to skip the town instant. I believe that the incident was a true bill, because the courageous youth was not seen in the city until a week later. Everything was done quietly, dispassionately. The two men were marched down the Gunnison road after midnight. Neither of them weakened, even when the bridge was reached and the cruel nooses were placed about their necks. An effort was made to save Browning, many insisting that he did not fire the fatal shot, and should not be lynched for complicity in the murder. Browning would have been turned loose had it not been for the fact that he said he would be avenged upon the witness of the murder. When he made this threat he was deemed a better man dead than alive, as everybody knew that, although a quiet man, he was desperate. Just as the hanging was ended, and I understood it, while the ropes were being arranged for the pulling, the two Campbell brothers arrived at the scene, having rode the eighty-five miles by buckboard and in the saddle that day. The murderers were asked if they had sought to say, and both coolly replied that they had not. They were hanged to a beam which crosses above from truss to truss of the bridge. The bodies were allowed to dangle there until late in the day. They were planted, however, before the remains of the sheriff were interred."

"Was there any indignation expressed against the lynching?"

"Not the least. On the contrary, the people all thought the act a good one, and all that could be heard in the way of comment indicated a feeling of relief and satisfaction."

The Cincinnati Commercial tells a big story of a big walnut tree. In 1864 an Indiana man, as the story runs, bought the tree for one dollar, and he subsequently sold it for sixty-five dollars. The buyer sold it to a Cincinnati lumber-dealer for seven hundred dollars. The Cincinnati dealer sold it to a New Yorker for \$2,200, and he cut it up into veneering which he sold for \$27,000.

The arrears of rent in Ireland are estimated at \$30,000,000.

## "Rattlesnake Joe."

An old man in leather leggings, hunting jacket and tremendous boots, clutching a long rifle in one hand, and a heavy tin can under his left arm, excited considerable wonderment among the idlers at the Broad street station, as he stepped from the smoking-car of the express train from the Philadelphia and Erie railroad, deposited his armlod on the station floor, and asked for the address of a prominent druggist. The old man's hair, which had evidently been whitened by the wifters of more than the allotted threescore and ten years of life, was long, and hung in tangled locks about his shoulders. A heavy beard hid his features, and he would have made an excellent subject for a portrait of Rip Van Winkle. In Cameron county, where this curious old man lives, he is known as "Rattlesnake Joe."

He sometimes spends years in the mountains without being seen by any creature, emerging from his retreat to bring the fruits of his toil to this city in the old tin can he brought with him on Thursday, which was filled with beautiful amber-colored rattlesnake oil. His daily vocation consists in catching the deadly reptiles, skinning them, and reducing their fat to oil, which is sold in Philadelphia and elsewhere for an almost fabulous amount. The mountains of Cameron county swarm with the snakes, and with only a pair of hard leather boots and a long stick pronged like a tripod, old Joseph Martin goes out through the tangled thickets of the mountain side, seeking the sunny side of old logs and small rocks, turning over the one and rolling the other down the deep gulches, looking for the venomous rattlesnakes, which he pins to the ground with his stick; then catching them by the back of the neck with one hand he cuts off the head with a knife. His rifle furnishes him with daily food. The snakes are kept for several days, or until enough have been obtained to fill an old pot at his hut, when the fat is boiled down into oil. A dozen rattlesnakes will not make more than a quart of a gill of oil, which is used by physicians in extreme cases of rheumatism, and upon very delicate mechanical works, such as small and valuable ladies' watches. Superstitious people attach a great deal of value to rattlesnake oil in cases of sickness, and imagine that it will cure all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Old Joe Martin, although not the only manufacturer of the oil in this State, is the most famous, and it is said that he has been on the mountains in Cameron county for a quarter of a century. No one knows what he does with his money. As he does not drink he must have accumulated quite a fortune by this time. A well-known lawyer of this city, who has spent much time fishing for trout in the neighborhood of Joe's hunting grounds, says that there is an old story of his having once been very rich. He was crossed in love, his confidential agent running away with all his money and his sweetheart as well, which drove him to his strange mountainous life. This is the first of a backward season. Next!—Philadelphia Record.

## Lightning's Freak.

A gentleman from Paris, Texas, gives the particulars of a strange and thrilling event connected with the recent storm which visited that place. While the cyclone was passing north of the place the air seemed impregnated with electricity. The lightning descended like an avalanche of destruction, doing great damage. Trees, houses and persons were destroyed by it. Wallace Hill, a young man, was on his way to the city in a wagon, and when he reached the suburbs the storm was at its height. Suddenly a bolt of lightning fell from the clouds above upon him. He was instantly killed. Portions of his clothing were stripped from the body. But the strangest phenomenon was the fact that a branch of a tree under which he had taken shelter was photographed across his breast in vivid red. The work was perfectly done, the branch of the tree showing distinctly, and the shape and delicate vein in the leaves being plainly visible. The freak has occasioned considerable comment in the neighborhood.

## Satisfactory Explanation.

"No, gentlemen," exclaimed a middle-aged man, who was talking to a crowd on Austin avenue, "nothing in the world could induce me to allow one of my children to enter a school door, for the reason that—"

"You hire a teacher to come to the house," interrupted one of the crowd.

"No, it's not that. It's because—"

"They are too sickly to go to school," exclaimed another, excitedly.

"No, that's not the reason, either. No child of mine will ever attend school, because—"

"Because you don't want them to be smarter than their daddy."

"No, gentlemen, the reason is because I've not got any children."—Times Siftings.

**Immeasurable Love.**  
Go count the sands that form the earth,  
The drops that make the mighty sea;  
Go count the stars of heavenly birth,  
And tell me what their numbers be,  
And thou shalt know Love's mystery.  
No measurement hath yet been found,  
No lines or numbers that can keep  
The sum of its eternal round,  
The plummet of its endless deep,  
Or heights to which its glories sweep.  
—Thomas C. Upham.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

How to serve a dinner—Eat it.  
The horse often says "neigh" when he means "yes."

The watermelon is like a book. It isn't read until it is opened.

What word of seven letters will read the same backward? "Reverber."

The "tender leaves of hope" are those taken when she hopes he will come again.

"The parting gives me pain," as the man said when he had a troublesome tooth extracted.

If a boy gets on the wrong "track" it shows that his father's "switch" has not had a fair chance.

In 1869 Bismarck wrote a poem. Justice is slow but sure, and he is now stricken with neuralgia.

"I'm sitting on the 'style,' Mary," as the fellow said when he coolly sat down on his sweetheart's bonnet.

Of all the duels fought in Paris last year but eight resulted seriously. Our youth should be induced to give up baseball for dueling.

A Miss Spence, of Illinois, went out the other morning to get some meat for breakfast, and eloped with a railroad man. She'll find him tough.

Buffalo Bill has made nearly \$100,000 this season. A broad brimmed hat, long hair and fancy top boots pay as well as brains in some professions.

"There is no evil without its compensation," said the young man; "the shorter the summer, the less interest there will be to pay on the ulster."

Americans are great scribblers. Even the lunatics on Blackwell's Island edit and publish a paper. And they are not the only lunatics engaged in the business.

When a man tells a story that he thinks is funny, and nobody laughs, why does his face naturally fall? Because it is pulled down by the force of gravity.

"Concentrate all your energies on one thing and you will succeed," says the philosopher. How about the man who devotes his whole time to the problem of how to make a living without work?

Small Boy—"Say, pa, can't I go and see the show?" Hard-hearted father—"No, my son, but if you want to see as fierce-looking animals as ever showed their teeth, just eat a piece of mince pie and a couple of cucumbers before going to bed."

Don Carlos, the would-be king of Spain, and his wife have parted. The cause of the disagreement is not given, but the neighbors say she used the royal scepter to stir soap with, and set a hen on fourteen duck eggs in his kingly crown.

"Do the wonders of nature ever move you?" asked the philosopher of the man who had the habit of skipping away in order to save paying rent bills. "No," was the reply, "I get moved for half rates. I have a yearly contract with an expressman."

"I met Mr. Miggles to-day," remarked Mrs. Chippick. "He's quite a changed man. I hardly knew him, he's so chipper and lively." "Indeed," responded her husband, gravely. "How very strange! I read in the paper that his wife sailed for Europe last week."

They were discussing religious questions. Said Brown: "I tell you that if the other animals do not exist after death neither does man. There is no difference between man and a beast." "If anybody could convince me of that it would be you, Brown," replied Deacon Jones, demurely.

The poet Dryden was so engrossed with his books that he found little time to devote to his family. Upon one occasion his wife said to him: "I wish I was a book, and then you'd pay me some attention." Whereupon, it is said, that the poet ungalantly replied: "I wish you were an almanac, my dear, I then could change you every year."

To church the two together went,  
Both, doubtless, on devotion bent.  
The parson preached with fluent ease,  
On Pharisees and Sadducees.  
And as they homeward slowly walked,  
The lovers on the sermon talked.  
And he—he deeply loved the maid—  
In soft and tender accents said:  
"Darling, do you think that we  
Are Pharisees and Sadducees?"  
She flashed on him her bright blue eyes  
In one swift look of vexed surprise,  
And thus he hastened to aver,  
He was her constant worshiper:  
"But, darling, I insist," said he,  
"That you are very fair—Lena,  
I know you don't care much for me,  
And that makes me so sad—you see."

About 90,000,000 pounds of rice are produced annually on the swampy river banks of the Southern States.