The Elk County Advocate.

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher — ELK COUNTY—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY. — Two Dollars per Annum

VOL. I. — RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1871. — NO. 16.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan, it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin, we both of us were mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin' and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight.
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

—*Toledo Blade.*

AUNT JEM'S BONNET.

Did you ever watch a canary flying about in its cage, and turning its head knowingly from side to side, as if it were in deep meditation upon some subject through all its restless hurry? Well, very much after that same fashion, Miss Jemima Veer went flitting about in the little drab house under the hill one bright spring morning. She shook out the white muslin curtains with a tender respect for their old age, and arranged them so that the darns should not show, placed a cushion carefully over damages wrought by little feet in the seat of the old-fashioned rocking-chair, and dusted the tall clock in the corner as faithfully as if its long hand were not missing. In truth, that room was a sort of hospital for disabled furniture; but then the invalids all had such a cozy, well-cared-for look that one never thought of noticing their deficiencies; and the little brown-eyed, brown-haired woman who bustled about among them was as bright and cheery as need be. But this day there was an unsolved problem looking out from the eyes, and now and then Miss Jemima would come to a momentary pause in her occupation, and strike an interrogation-point attitude at the end of some mental question. At last she stopped by one of the windows, and drew from her pocket a somewhat faded green-and-silver purse—a lean, dyspeptic-looking purse, that flopped about in a downcast way, as if aware that it would be called upon to deliver up what it had not got. Miss Veer's thorough fingers searched its utmost depth, then turned it wrong side up and shook it, that no shirking penny might be hidden away in its corners. The amount in her hand was small enough when all was done. She counted it forward and backward, but it didn't grow any either way; so she closed her fingers over it, with the faintest breath of a sigh, and said, with a decided shake of her head:

"I can't do it. Teddy wants new shoes, Rob *must* have a jacket, and a bonnet isn't to be thought of."

Which didn't follow at all; for she thought of it more vigorously than ever after having ascertained beyond a doubt that there was no money to buy a new one. She did not need to look at the one she had worn all winter to see how shabby it was; she could *feel* that, even with it away up stairs in the bandbox. It had been twisted and turned, made and remade, from year to year, until it was "poor but respectable" no longer, besides being all out of season; and so her head, bereft of its ancient shelter, went seeking a new covering. When the house was all in order, and Rob and Teddy laudably employed in trying to plow up the back yard with the flour scoop, she went up stairs, and from among the cast-off treasures of a certain old red chest in the attic fished up a straw bonnet—immense in size, yellow in color, and of shape indescribable. She laughed at the effect as she tried it on before her tiny mirror; but, after all, it was not a laughing matter; indeed, it seemed more like a crying one as she turned the antique affair on her hand and wondered soberly what it would be possible to make of it.

Upon her meditations there suddenly broke the slight rustle of a stiff dress, and the sound of a footstep that spoke of dignity and one hundred and fifty pounds, and announced the coming of Aunt Hester. It was the only announcement that lady thought it necessary to make; for she entered without the formality of a knock, seated herself in the rocking-chair, or attempted to do so, but immediately resumed her feet again.

"Hum! I advise you to put that chair out of the way, Jemima. One can't be always remembering that the bottom is broken out," she remarked, severely: "unless, indeed, you intend it as a trap to catch your friends in."

"If that was the object, I'd set it just outside the gate, and try to catch them before they got in," Miss Jemima whispered, rebelliously, to herself, as she arose to bring forward another chair—a sound, substantial wooden one.

Aunt Hester surveyed it doubtfully, as if she suspected some deception, but finally settled herself in it, shook her black alpaca into proper folds, and said:

"I thought I would call to see how you were getting on."

It did occur to Jemima that if she had known of her coming she would have got so far on as to be out of sight; but she only answered, quietly, "About as usual we are, thank you, Aunt Hester."

"Aunt Jem! Aunt Jem!" cried Rob and Teddy, making a rush from the yard, getting terribly mixed up in the door-way, and each trying to explain the other's remarks before he had made any. "'Deed, Aunt Jem, we won't hurt it any—a rumbreller to build a barn with; 'cause we can't put our horses nowhere: and we want it top o' the chicken-coop. Say, may we?"

"Yes, dear, yes; but don't be so noisy, boys. Don't you see Aunt Hester is here?" answered Aunt Jem, indulgent but distressed.

"Yes; that's why we don't want to come in for," answered Teddy, with refreshing frankness. "Won't you please to hand the rumbreller out, Aunt Jem?"

Aunt Jem produced the umbrella, in full consciousness that her visitor was watching with grim disapproval, and was prepared for the speech that came next.

"You are spoiling those children, Jemima—completely spoiling them. I am really astonished at you."

It was a point upon which the lady's astonishment had become chronic, so Jemima did not attempt to lessen it, and a momentary silence ensued.

"Ah!" said Aunt Hester, in a more gracious tone, after her eyes had scanned every other article in the room, and rested finally on the bonnet. "What do you propose to do with that, my dear?"

"I don't know," answered Jemima, rather disconsolately.

"I recollect that bonnet. I thought it looked familiar, and I remember now. It was one my daughter Susan wore for a season or so, and then giving it to her mother," pursued Aunt Hester, growing complacent over the memory of by-gone benevolence. "It is a very excellent braid, with a great deal of wear in it. Out of shape, to be sure, but I think it could be made over into a very suitable bonnet for you."

The "very excellent" article had appeared old enough and ugly enough before, but it looked a trifle older and uglier still to poor Jemima now, though she scarcely knew why. She turned it about on her hand, and fell to wondering a little drearily why it was she never had any thing new—any thing all her own. It seemed to her that all her life she had been obliged to build upon other people's foundations, to make straight where others had gone crooked, and take up things where others had stopped. Her work never came to her in the raw material; it was always what somebody else had used, or spoiled, or begun. Back through the twenty-eight years of her life, so nearly as she could remember, it had been the same. Housekeeping cares had fallen early upon her childish shoulders, when her invalid mother died. Then there had been the constant planning and working to procure what her careless, improvident father did not provide, to economize where he wasted; a pretty sister to be snubbed by and worked for, until she made a runaway marriage with a gentlemanly scamp; and the same sister to console and care for during what remained of her brief life, when she came back, deserted and broken-hearted. Rob and Teddy were the legacies she left. Well, they were not Jemima's own, either; but they were a wonderful comfort to her. The very thought of them made her pause suddenly in the midst of her questioning whether she would not have builded better and more successfully if she could have laid her own corner-stones—reared a structure of her own instead of filling breaches in the broken walls of others. Those two little faces stopped the train of "might have beens," and made her murmur, woman that she was, "Dear boys! I wouldn't give *them* up for any thing."

"It can be whitened, pressed into shape, and made very presentable," broke in Aunt Hester's voice.

"True," answered Jemima, slowly, thinking of her life instead of her bonnet. "Yes, I hope it will be made presentable at last, though it does not look so now."

"Why, it's the best of braid," interposed Aunt Hester, with some severity. She fancied the remark was a slight disparagement of daughter Susan's taste—a thing not to be tolerated.

That tone aroused Jemima from her reverie at once. She discovered the good qualities of the braid immediately, and Aunt Hester, somewhat mollified, took her departure.

"Send it to a milliner's, and have it bleached and made over; advice very easy to give, but not quite so easy to take, under the circumstances," commented Jemima, left to herself again. "No, most excellent bonnet, you will have to submit to being sewed over by my own fingers, and to no others, and take such bleaching as I can give you. Pity, considering your past grandeur, but it can't be helped."

She was an energetic little woman, and so in a very short space of time she had arranged in the back yard a closely covered barrel, with a pan of coals sprinkled with brimstone placed in the bottom of it, and the antiquated straw fastened near the top, and left to whiten in the smoke. Rob and Teddy were duly advised of the contents of the barrel, and warned not to molest it; and then Miss Jemima went cheerily back to the house and her work of darning small stockings and planning for diminutive jackets. The out-of-door world was very lovely that spring morning, and she stole glances at it now and then through the little window—delighting in the fresh green grass and blossom-laden trees of the tiny yard in front, and watching with kindly, human interest the occasional passers-by on the road beyond. These last were not many, for it was only a quiet village road; but presently there passed a team with an unusual load—a large, heavy millstone. The driver walked beside it as it moved slowly along, and following it a short distance behind was another person, whom Jemima scanned more closely—a man some thirty three or four years of age, medium-sized, bronzed and bearded, and dressed in a plain suit of gray. There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance; nevertheless, he was a personage of some interest to the villagers as being the owner of the old mill over the hill. The former owner had failed to make it profitable, and for a year or two it had stood idle. When, therefore, it was known that it had been sold, and consequently there was a probability of its being again put in running order, there was a variety of opinions and some shaking of heads among the wise ones of the little place. There were even some who carried their disinterested kindness so far as to inform the new comer that it "wouldn't pay," he would "sink money," etc. To all of which Cade Barclay listened good-naturedly, answering each with a pleasant, frank, sunny smile, and then went steadily on his way, apparently quite undisturbed by their predictions.

Of the merits of the question or the man Jemima knew nothing; but there was a quiet, resolute air about him, a certain self-reliance and determination betraying itself even in his firm, quick step as he passed, that gave her the impression that he saw into his own affairs as clearly as others could for him, and made her fancy that she should trust his judgment as soon as that of the wisest of them all. The road wound up over the hill at the back of the garden, and team and owner disappeared from her view at the front of the house. So little that was new came to disturb the serenity of the place that it was not marvelous that the people indulged in speculations concerning this enterprise, or that Jemima, in her nook, should feel some interest in it. Her meditations were still tending in that direction, when suddenly there came a rushing, rolling sound, a crashing, a fall of breaking bushes, a scream from Rob and Teddy that would have done credit to two Indians, and then something struck the corner of the house, and caused it to fairly tilt and tremble.

Jemima sprang to her feet, and was out at the door in an instant. The boys were certainly not killed; she saw that at a glance; neither were they injured in limb or life, for the shouting and gesticulating were wild and furious.

"Aunt Jem! Oh, Aunt Jem, look! Just look!"

Aunt Jem did look—at the broken back fence, leveled currant-bushes, flattened flower-beds, and last at the front yard, where reposed the cause of all the mischief—the large millstone.

"It comed tumbling the hill right down on to our back yard, and some of the fence was there besides the currant-bushes, and Rob and me yelled, you'd better believe!" lucidly explained the astonished Teddy.

"It is a mercy you were not killed," began Aunt Jem's trembling lips; but Rob interrupted her with another vociferous "Oh, look!" and pointed to a brisk bonfire that was springing up in front of them. Jemima's bleaching apparatus had been overturned, and the coals emptied out of the pan had set the barrel in a blaze. A bucket or two of water soon extinguished the fire; but alas for the bonnet! it was woefully blackened instead of whitened, and burned beyond all possibility of making over.

The group gathered about the ruins in dismay, for the children were quick to detect the look of trouble in Aunt Jem's face, and even they understood the case well enough to know that articles destroyed were not always easily replaced.

"No one hurt, I hope?" said a voice just beside them—a manly voice, though a trifle hurried and anxious.

Jemima looked up, met the kindly, questioning glance of a pair of blue eyes, and recognized Mr. Barclay. She started a little, not having noticed his approach, but she answered, promptly, "No, Sir; no one hurt in the least."

"Really, I don't know how such an accident could have happened," he remarked, as if even yet bewildered by the affair. "There must have been some carelessness in loading the stone, I suppose; for when we were part way up the hill the wagon tilted a little, and the stone slipped off and came crashing down. Its force was mostly spent before it reached your place, but I see it has done damage enough as it is;" and his swift, comprehensive glance swept flower-beds and broken bushes.

"Nothing very serious—nothing but what a little labor will make right again," courageously and politely responded Miss Jemima, noticing the direction his eyes had taken.

"No, it won't," interposed Master Teddy; "'cause Aunt Jem's bonnet that she had a-bleachin' in the barrel is all burned up. It was goin' to be her Sundayest one, too; an' now she can't go to meetin' nor nothin'; only I'll lend you my hat, Aunt Jem."

"Hush, hush, Teddy!" whispered Aunt Jem, pressing the little fat hand that held hers, in appreciation of the offered sympathy, though her face grew suddenly rosy, and it required some effort to betray no discomposure. "No, Sir; there's not much harm done. I am thankful it is no worse."

"So am I. Some one might have been killed by it," he answered, gravely, stealing a curious glance at the charred barrel, meanwhile, and pondering Teddy's lament. Not very well versed in millinery matters was Cade Barclay. A sister he had never had, and his mother had been dead many a year. Where the neat, Quaker-like bonnets she had worn during her life-time came from it never had occurred to him to inquire; but he felt tolerably certain that they had not been conjured out of a barrel in the back yard. He knew that there were places where such articles were sold, and fancied that most ladies bought them. Brewing them at home, in barrels, struck him as rather an original plan, and, Teddy's lament taken into account, that it indicated a shortness of funds. He was very sorry for the mischief his rolling stone had caused, and this particular part of it seemed the most difficult to remedy.

"You must let me compensate as far as I can for the damage I have caused you," he began; but Miss Jemima so quickly and decidedly declared the injury of no consequence that there was nothing more to be said. His honest heart was still perplexing itself over the problem when a small specimen of the canine race presented itself to view, and Teddy caught it up.

"This is my dog; he came to live with us without nobody askin' him. Aunt Jem don't like him much 'cause he ain't a Newfounder; he's a rat terror."

"Ah! is he?" said Mr. Barclay, becoming suddenly interested. "Such an animal is very useful about a mill sometimes, where there are a great many rats and mice. I wouldn't mind giving five dollars for him, if you were willing to let him go. Would you sell him for that?"

"Yes, *Sir*," answered Teddy, promptly; and a bill was pressed into the little palm, and the dog transferred to its new owner.

Miss Jemima viewed this proceeding rather doubtfully; still as she was not consulted in the matter, and the gentleman appeared as much interested in the purchase as Teddy was in selling, she did not quite see how to interfere. The dog might be valuable; she really did not know. Mr. Barclay seemed well satisfied, and held fast to his purchase as if it were a rare prize, while he discussed with Miss Jemima the removal of the ponderous ornament from the front yard.

"You will, at least, let me come and help put this garden into order again," he said, as he turned away—a proposition that she could not hardly have declined, even if he had given her a chance to do so.

"Now, Aunt Jem, now you can have a bonnet; and not an old smoked one, either," said Teddy.

And Aunt Jem did have a new bonnet—a pretty white chip, with fresh, spring-like green ribbons, that it seemed a positive luxury to her to put on. She had not thought such a respectable bonnet could scarcely be purchased for so small a sum. Mr. Barclay had entertained some fears on that subject too, though he had offered as high as he had dared for the dog; but he was perfectly satisfied when he saw her come into church the next Sunday, leading Rob and Teddy. Was she to blame for the whole service because of those soft, becoming ribbons that framed her pretty brown hair and quiet face? No; she did not think about her bonnet; she only felt it; but when she was at home again, slowly untying the strings before her little mirror, she whispered softly to herself, "I do believe the Great Love that blesses all our lives cares for our happiness even in such little things as these, else all this wouldn't have happened so strangely."

It took a good many evenings to get those flower-beds into perfect order again, but Mr. Barclay persevered in his work with praiseworthy fidelity; and having bestowed so much labor upon them, it was natural that he should feel a more than ordinary interest in them, and visit them frequently all through the summer. There were many happy evenings spent in the tiny moonlit portico, while the conversation wandered to deeper than floral subjects; and he learned to look upon that spot as a little haven of peace, and gentle, thoughtful, unselfish Aunt Jem as the pleasantest of companions. So it happened that when the autumn came he won her consent to transplant her flower-beds and little boys to other homes.

Aunt Hester, who, like many another worthy lady, was an unconscious worshipper of success, greatly approved of Mr. Barclay. She was very gracious in her commendation of the arrangement, remarking, with an unwonted attempt at facetiousness, that she hoped Jemima would "ever believe again that rolling stones gather no moss."

Franklin and Whitefield—An Interesting Reminiscence.

In his biography of the celebrated evangelist Whitefield, just published in London, Mr. J. P. Gladstone gives this anecdote:

"It was not only the ignorant and excitable that yielded to the extraordinary fascination of Whitefield's oratory. No shrewder listener ever stood in that crowd than the celebrated Benjamin Franklin; and how little even he was able to resist the charm is shown by the amusing story which he tells of himself. Whitefield had consulted Franklin about the locality of his proposed orphan house, which he had refused to act on his advice; and the refusal had determined Franklin not to subscribe. 'I happened soon after,' says Franklin, 'to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give him the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.' If any one could have resisted the spell, one would have thought it must have been Chesterfield; yet even of him it is told that when Whitefield was describing a blind man groping his way unawares towards a precipice, till he stumbled on the edge in the act of taking the last fatal step over, the poor lord sprang up, springing forward in an agony from his seat, exclaiming, 'Good God! he is gone!'"

Something About Teeth.

Why do some people's teeth come out more readily than others? The reasons for this are various. About the middle of the last century Peter Kalm, a Swede, visited America, and wrote seriously about the frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages; and came to a general conclusion that "hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders." Mr. Catlin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, &c., noticed that North American Indians had better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way—that the reds keep the mouth shut, whereas the whites keep it open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tic-douloureux, looseness, decay, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Catlin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the Indians in this respect, and the white race specially in comparison with the red. He keeps his mouth open far too much; the Indian warrior sleeps, hunts, and smiles with his mouth shut, and respires through his nostrils. Among the virtues attributed by him to closed lips, one is excellent—when you have nothing to say, keep your mouth shut.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Sheriff Morse, of Portsmouth, last fall took possession of ten barrels of liquor in that city on an attachment, stored and locked them up. It is said a few days after he went to get the liquor, and found a gimlet-hole in each barrel, and all as dry as when they came from the cooper. An opening had been made up from the cellar from a narrow passage-way, and now the State is $1000 out by the operation.

The "Old Soldier of the Revolution."

An old New Yorker, in relating his recollections of the city, tells the following good story:

Many years ago, a little withered old man might have been seen seated on a box, standing on the sidewalk, on the northerly side of Chatham square, just at the commencement of the Bowery. I had frequently noticed him in passing along the square, and thought him the most pitiful and disgusting-looking object that I had ever seen. A coarse piece of brown pasteboard hung suspended from his neck, upon which was inscribed in large capitals the following: "I am a Poor Blind Soldier of the Revolution." With uncovered head there he sat, day after day, silently soliciting such contributions as the charitable public might see fit to bestow upon him. His general appearance denoted him to be a very old man, and very much enfeebled by age. Indeed, some of the Sunday papers had said that he was a hundred years old, but if he was he was certainly a very smart person for one of his age. Nobody seemed to know him, or from whence he came, but everybody talked about him, and wondered how he had managed to live so long. His head was one-half bald, and the other half was profusely adorned with long, flowing snow-white hair. His face was shriveled and wrinkled, and of a pallid and death-like hue. He looked, indeed, an object of pity, but more of disgust. Some of the papers had declared that he was a leper, and cautioned their readers not to go near him; others said that he was just what he pretended to be, an old Revolutionary soldier, and that it was a disgrace to the patriotism of the country to allow him to be seen in the streets begging. This state of affairs continued for months, without anybody being able to obtain a clue to his history. Some few shunned him as though he had the plague, but more pitied him and contributed to his relief.

One day I noticed a party of Bowery roughs skylarking on the sidewalk just below where the old veteran was sitting, and I hauled up for a few minutes to see the sport. They soon arrived in the vicinity of the man of unknown years, when one of the heartless scamps, losing all his love and veneration for things holy and Revolutionary, seized the whitened locks of the old man in his iron grasp, when lo! the centenarian, forgetting all his assumed infirmities, sprang upon his feet in a trice, and the next moment he went bounding across the square at a rate of speed never before witnessed in that locality, leaving his venerable locks and the outer skin of his face dangling in the hands of the brutal rowdy. And so the poor old blind soldier of the Revolution turned out to be a slender youth of seventeen, with a pair of eyes as sharp as a hawk's, and with racing abilities that it would be safe to bet on. The old Continentaler pointed down Oliver street, with several hundred dirty ragged urchins close upon his heels, and shouting at the top of their voices: "Stop that old Revolutioner—crackee! how he runs!"

The roughs had a jolly time over the Revolutionary relics left in their possession, and the lookers-on had a good time. It was, I doubt not, the last appearance of the young rogue upon that or any other stage in the character of a Blind Old Soldier of the Revolution.

John Wesley's First Sermon in America—History vs. Romance.

A short time since we copied in these columns a statement from the Brunswick (Ga.) *Appeal*, to the effect that a number of Methodist divines, together with some friends, proceeded recently to St. Simon's Island, to visit and have photographed the venerable live oak under the umbrageous branches of which John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, preached his first sermon in America. It is probable that the picture will be engraved on steel and offered for sale.

The live oak referred to, says the Savannah *Republican*, is a magnificent one, and has cast its shadow upon many a lively group in the flush times of St. Simon's; the Farmers' Club House, to which all the islanders were accustomed to resort on one day of every week, having stood in immediate proximity. For its beauty, the tree should be photographed, for there is nothing approaching it on the Atlantic coast.

But we never before heard that this monarch of the forest had a religious history. The Church of Frederica, established by Charles Wesley, not John, was originally located, and still stands—a portion of its original timbers being yet incorporated with the oftentimes renewed buildings—in a beautiful grove of live oaks, some half mile or more in the rear of the town, or the site of what remains but a few brick and tabby ruins.

John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, was occasionally at the Frederica settlement, aiding in the work of his brother—which, unfortunately, was not a very successful one—but his "first sermon in America" was not delivered on St. Simon's. His first religious ministrations in this country were delivered on Tybee, on the arrival of the immigrant ship that bore him hither, and consisted of thanksgiving to God for the safe deliverance of himself and fellow-passengers, having landed for the special purpose. This was in February, 1736. The party then came up the river, and John Wesley's "first sermon in America," according to his own private journal, was preached in the Court House in Savannah, on Sunday, March 7th, 1736, the text being the epistle for the day, the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

We dislike to spoil a handsome little photographic speculation, but this is history.

A Springfield (Mass.) man has collected 1,200 specimens of the eggs of 400 of the 700 varieties of North American birds known to the ornithologists, and has collectors busy still in gathering.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Among the emigrants recently arrived in this country from Scotland is a Collie dog, said to be able to control five hundred sheep. He is to be taken to Colorado.

Some very elegant parasols have just come into the market, which cost from $200 to $300. The tops are of lace, either black or white, and the handles of some are of carved coral, while others are of gold, with a vine of silver and gold leaves.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that "the dust produced in the manufacture of smoking tobacco, and which cannot be used as tobacco or snuff, may be sold by the tobacco manufacturers to farmers as a fertilizer for the land."

In Oswego county, N. Y., the ladies of a village have met and resolved that they "will not accept the company of any young man who uses tobacco in any form, unless the night is very dark and the road muddy, for the space of sixty days from date."

Henry Allen, of Pittsfield, Mass., who has been growing deaf gradually for the last six years, had a wasp removed from his ear recently, which he now remembers took up its abode there at the time the deafness commenced to trouble him.

A New Haven paper says "there is a horse chestnut tree in front of the old General Green place, on Water street, which blossoms only on the north side one year and the south side the next, while every seventh year it blossoms freely on all its branches." This year the blossoms are on the south side.

The most learned woman in the world is said to be Princess Dora d'Istra. She reads and speaks fifteen languages, has writen novels, historical and philosophical works, is an honorary member of ten learned societies—and is, notwithstanding, quite good-looking.

The rules of a Portland savings bank prohibiting the drawing out of a smaller amount than $1, a boy took the following mode of getting only 25 cents, which was all he wanted. He took the $1 and went out. In about five minutes he returned, deposited the extra 75 cents, and took his departure, highly satisfied at the success of his financiering.

One of the most costly and magnificent—and probably much the largest—photographic portrait lens ever made is one produced for Mr. Mayatt, the celebrated English photographer. It is an achromatic lens, ten and one-half inches in diameter, and will take portraits of any size, from the smallest miniature up to very nearly the full life stature. It is made of glass of the whitest and purest description, and its size admits so large a volume of light that photographs covering a space of ten inches by twelve inches may be done in eight seconds. In the open air, groups of fifteen to twenty persons—each face about the size of an English sovereign, and the whole picture two feet long and two feet wide—can be taken with an exposure of ten seconds. The cost of manufacturing this lens was upwards of one thousand dollars.

The production of sheet iron plates coated with copper and brass is a new branch of industry in England, which has excited considerable attention among manufacturers. It is claimed for this product that the plates present great advantages to the makers of finished goods, compared with tinned or galvanized plates, as they can be annealed as much as requisite during the process of stamping, without injury to the copper or brass coating; and that they also are superior to sheet copper or sheet brass, because articles manufactured from them are not so readily bent or dented as when they are made of brass or copper, and they can be burnished, planished, or spun, and so brought up to any required degree of finish. On this account the material is specially adapted to the manufacture of lamps, candlesticks, and all kinds of goods hitherto made by stamping from sheet brass or sheet copper, and at a greatly reduced cost.

It appears from recent statistics of the industry and manufactures of Birmingham, that the following wonderful results comprise the aggregate of one week's labor in that vast British workshop: 14,000,000 pens, 6,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 300,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 5,000,000 copper or bronze coins, 20,000 pairs of spectacles, six tons of papier-mache ware, 4,000 miles of iron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hair pins, hooks and eyes, and eyelets, 130,000 gross of wood screws, 500 tons of nuts, screw-bolts, spikes, and rivets, fifty tons of wrought iron hinges, 300 miles' length of wax for vestas, forty tons of refined metal, forty tons of German silver, 1,000 dozen of fenders, 3,500 bellows, 1,000 roasting-jacks, 150 sewing-machines, 800 tons of brass and copper wares, besides an almost endless multitude of miscellaneous productions, of which no definite statistics can be given.

What is called "heliographic printing" is proposed to be accomplished by the following method—a recent foreign invention—caseine or curd of milk being prepared in a peculiar manner for subsequent use in the formation of casting blocks, printing blocks, and in treating the surfaces of paper. The plan is to take the milk which has become sour and set by keeping and separate from it the grease and other extractive matters by the following process: The milk is churned when sour and set by natural causes and put into a bag and allowed to drain for about twenty-four hours, when boiling water is poured upon it, and it is then subjected to a squeezing process; after this the best result is obtained by pouring water at about half-boiling temperature upon it. It is again squeezed and allowed to stand until it is cooled down, and then washed well in clear, cold water, with continuous squeezing, to remove all the grease and milk as effectually as possible. When dry the residuum becomes hard and granular, and is the substance—caseine—which is the object of the invention.