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The Song of 1876.

Waken, voice of the land's devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awake! thy
Ring, ye shores to a song of ocean,
Rivers answer and mountains call!
The golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb,
That scolded its malice or murmured its fears;
She hath won her story;
She wears her glory;
We crown her the land of a hundred years!
Out of darkness and ill and danger,
Into the light of victory we,
Help to the weak and to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way,
Now Europe's orphan rest
Upon her mother breast;
The voices of nations are heard in the choirs
That shall cast upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the queen of a hundred years!
North and South, we are met as brothers!
East and West, we are wedded as one;
Right of each shall secure our mother's;
Child of each is her faithful son!
We give thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native land,
For battle has tried thee and time endears;
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a thousand years!
—Bayard Taylor.

A Revolutionary Hero.

Incidents in the Life of Gen. John Mead and his Family, of Horse Neck, Conn., During the Revolutionary War.

In Fairfield county, Conn., just where the State borders on New York, is situated the beautiful village of Greenwich, called in "ye olden time," Horse Neck, taking this name from a neck of land jutting out into Long Island sound, on which the Indians pastured their horses. Like most New England towns, Greenwich has a graphic colonial history of its own. When the Mohicans skulked through the forests, warring unrelenting wars. And later, during the Revolution, the town comes into notice as a point of Gov. Tryon's attack, and the bold escape of Putnam down the precipitous hill—an incident which will be remembered to the end of time. From the top of this hill the view of the scenery is grand. On the south is the sound, ever dotted with craft, and Long Island itself in the distance, with its bald sand banks. The appearance of the village from the sound is particularly fine, and always attracts the attention of passengers by boat. The first house in the village, approaching it from the west, by the old main route from New York to Boston, was the house of Col. Richard Mead, whose father—Dr. Amos Mead—was surgeon of the Third Connecticut regiment, at Ticonderoga, in 1759, as his powder horn still bears witness. The distance further on was the residence of Gen. John Mead, the subject of this sketch.

This hero of the Revolutionary war was born in Greenwich in the year 1725, and was the son of John and Elizabeth (Lockwood) Mead. In personal appearance he was short of stature and very fleshy so much so that the story is told that his tailor, having made a vest for him, by way of experiment buttoned it around himself and four other men. In character, he was firm and decided, sometimes looked upon as severe, but withal extremely just.

Gen. John Mead was a member of the Connecticut Legislature for nine years before the Revolutionary war, and after the war he died, making in all nineteen consecutive years. King George sent him a commission as captain, which he declined. When he entered the American army he was made major, and three months afterward was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel. Three years before the war he closed his eyes in general. At home he also held the office of probate judge. His captain's commission was at one time found among his papers, by the British and Tories, when they surrounded and plundered his house during the war, and by them carried off as evidence against him, should he, by any chance of war, fall into their hands.

During three years of the war he had command of the American lines at Horse Neck, and for a long distance either way. He saw some active service, and was with the army at New York when that city was short of stature and very fleshy, so much so that the story is told that his tailor, having made a vest for him, by way of experiment buttoned it around himself and four other men. In character, he was firm and decided, sometimes looked upon as severe, but withal extremely just.

His farm and residence at Horse Neck were below the American lines, which, with his position as officer, made it a place especially exposed. His house was repeatedly plundered, his cattle driven off, and his life and the lives of his family greatly endangered by the Tories and Cowboys; his buildings torn to pieces, his fences burned, and eventually he was compelled to remove his family to the adjoining town of Norwalk, afterward New Canaan. For his losses the State afterward gave him a large tract of land in Ohio, then considered of little value, and at his death it was divided among his children.

General John Mead was married, in 1755, to Mary Brush, daughter of Benjamin Brush, of Scotch extraction. By

this marriage he had nine children, as follows: John, Anna, Mary (twins), Elizabeth, Mary Ann, Alan, Seth, Benjamin (who died young), and Walker. Mrs. Mead died in 1785, aged about fifty-five, and he married again, Mehetabel, widow of Jonathan Peck. By this second marriage he had one child, named Mehetabel for her mother. This child could not have been more than four years old at the time of her father's death, and in his will he speaks of her as "my little daughter Mehetabel."

He died of dropsy, Dec. 3, 1790, and was buried in the old burying ground at Horse Neck, on the brow of Putnam's hill; but the spot is no longer known, for there is nothing to mark his last resting place. The burying ground itself is overgrown with briars and thorns. Quiet now, yet it overlooks the scene of Putnam's wonderful exploit, and tumult of the warriors on the plain below.

The majority of the father descended to his children, and the incidents connected with them serve to show of what stern material our "rude forefathers of the hamlet" were made.

Two anecdotes of the twins (Anna and Mary) come down to us. At one time when a raid was made on their father's house, and it was surrounded by Tory Light Horse, the family were at breakfast with some of the general's friends. They had barely time to escape through the rear door, though not entirely unperceived by their fierce pursuers, when one of them rode up to the door and demanded of Anna, then a girl about eighteen years of age, where they were hid. She refused to give a satisfactory reply, when he declared with an oath he would kill her, and getting off his horse, aimed a blow at her head with his sword. She dodged the blow, and his sword struck the door casing, "cutting it quite in two," says one report.

Finding he could not intimidate her, the cavalier remounted his horse, rode into the house, placed his foot under the edge of the table and tipped it over, breaking the dishes. Confronting a large mirror, he dashed his sword against the glass and broke it into a thousand pieces, at the same time exclaiming: "There's Congress for you." General Mead's son, Alan, was at that time a very small boy, and took refuge behind some evergreens in the fireplace. Being very much frightened at their wanton and boisterous conduct, he began to cry, when some of the cavalier said to him, "Stop your noise, or I will cut your head off."

Anna always declared that she would remember that man, no matter where she should see him; and, singular to relate, she met him frequently after the war closed, almost always at the same place.

At another time, when the oldest son John was home from the war on parole, it being very dry and the water at the house having failed, Mary went to a spring some distance in the rear of the house to rinse some clothes. While there, she saw her brother run from the back door in his shirt sleeves through the orchard, to a thicket that had sprung up from the roots of a tree that had been removed, and conceal himself only a short distance from her.

In a few minutes she was surrounded by British and Tory Light Horse, who demanded of her where her brother had fled to. She not giving the information, a lieutenant ordered her to draw her sword and place it at her breast, swearing he would take her life in an instant, if she did not reveal her brother's hiding place. Her presence of mind did not forsake her, and she explained that she came out there early in the morning, had not been from there, and thereupon the circumstances would not know that had taken place at the house. She was finally successful in convincing him that she did not know, and he left her; yet the place of concealment was within sight and almost within sound of her voice. Thus she succeeded in saving her brother's life.

Many more incidents of a resident of New Canaan. In the month of October, 1776, Hanford enlisted in a troop of horse under Captain Seth Seymour, whose duty it was to guard and protect the seacoast. On the thirteenth of March, 1777, Hanford, with twelve others of the troop, was detached as a guard to be stationed at South Fork, then called "Old Well."

The night was dark, and the weather inclement, and the officers in consequence negligent in their duties. In the course of the evening they were entirely surrounded by a party of British and Tories from Long Island, who came over in their boats, and the whole guard were taken prisoners. Hanford included, though he was the time but a little over seventeen years of age. The prisoners were conveyed across the sound to Huntington, from there to Flushing, and thence to New York. Upon their arrival in the city, they were incarcerated in the old Sugar House Prison in Crown, now Liberty street, near the old Dutch church, at that time used as a riding school for the British Light Horse. Of those who were taken prisoners at that time, all died in prison of smallpox or other diseases, except two, Ebenezer Hoyt and Levi Hanford, who lived to be exchanged.

In January, 1852, an advertisement appeared in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, stating that the author, David Barker, Esq., had in his possession a cane made from one of the beams of the "Old Sugar House" in Liberty street, and calling upon any surviving sufferer in that old prison to send in his name, that he might have the pleasure of presenting the relic to him as a souvenir to his declining years. To this call fifty-one responded, disclosing the melancholy fact that of those prisoners only five remained alive. Each of these applicants sent in his name, with a brief account of his imprisonment and sufferings. It appeared from these statements that Levi Hanford was confined the longest of the five, and was the youngest of the number when imprisoned. There being so many applicants for the cane, it was concluded to leave the choice to be determined by lot. When the decision was made known to Hanford, he at once gave up all hope of receiving it, saying that in all his life he never had any fortune in chance operations. The drawing, however, came off, and the cane fell to him. It

was transmitted to him by a grandson, and he received it in the ninety-fourth year of his age, with a deep feeling of pride and pleasure. He kept it constantly by his side, cherishing and preserving it till the day of his death as a memento of his early years.

The Story of Rip Van Winkle.

In a hollow of the Catskill mountains is the scene of Rip Van Winkle's encounter with the Dutch ghosts and the bewitching flagon. The story of Rip is one of the most charming of Irving's legends. He tells us that he was a good-for-nothing idler about the village tavern that stood in the evening shadows of those mountains, and was properly a henpecked husband. Rip feared nothing so much as Dame Van Winkle's tongue, which was sharp and lively when the good woman was irate. He was much away with his dog and gun hunting in the mountains. One of these occasions he heard the rumbling of the ghostly nine-pines among the hills, which echoed sounded in the ears of dwellers near; and he soon came upon a queer looking company, who were solemnly and silently engaged in that game.

They were doubtless the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson and his crew in carnal form. He was introduced to them by a man who was bearing a keg of liquor on his shoulder. That liquor was poured into a flagon, out of which the ever-thirsty Rip drank freely, fell asleep, and did not awake until twenty years had passed away.

When Rip awoke, his first thought was of his wife's tongue. "Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon!" he exclaimed. "What shall I say to Dame Van Winkle?" Alas! all had changed. His rusty gun barrel, without a stock, lay by his side; his dog was gone; his beard was white and flowing; and his clothes were rags. What could it mean? As he wandered back to the village, he saw nothing that was familiar to him—men, politics, the tavern, all were changed. Everything was a mystery to him, and he was a mystery to everybody. At length some recognition dawned in Rip's dim eyes when he was assured that death had silenced Dame Van Winkle's tongue. His story of the mysterious nine-pine players was finally believed; and "even to this day," said the romancer, "the Dutch inhabitants never hear of thunder, or of summer afternoons about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins."

Co-operative Vine Growing in California.

The vineyard men of Sonoma valley have taken the matter of wine making into their own hands, and hereafter the profits will inure to the benefit of the producers and not to manufacturers. Last year a number of the vine growers in and around Sonoma, with Senator Hill at the head, determined not to sell their grapes for \$12 a ton, the highest price offered by distillers and wine makers. Accordingly they joined in their capital and formed a joint stock company, about five hundred acres being represented. They rented a building and employed a thorough man to take charge of the business. They had a year made something over 200,000 gallons of wine and brandy, and instead of selling their grapes for \$12 a ton they were enabled to pay the stockholders as the rate of about \$20 a ton, and for Riesling grapes as high as \$37.50. This is simply the price paid to the stockholders for their grapes, and in addition to this they will receive a dividend from the wine sold. Each holder of a share of stock is entitled to furnish one ton of grapes. The company have an agent abroad who has made some very advantageous sales, although the wine is not yet ripe for market.

Such corporations as these will not doubt be eventually established throughout the State, and by this means alone can vine growers hope to get the value of their crops. It costs proportionately less to take care of a large lot of grapes than for each farmer to work up his own crop, and by this means the most improved machinery can be brought into use, and experienced men employed to take charge.

To Broil a Steak.

First see that the fire is clear and not too much of it; open wide all the drafts, to carry off all the smoke that is made during the process of broiling; then see that the gridiron is smooth and quite clean, rub it well with white oil or lard, lay on your steak. Do not pound it, nor, after it is on the fire, stick a fork into it, or the juice will escape. Neither salt nor pepper it; do that on the dish. Throw a little salt on the fire, and put over the steak; place the gridiron close on the range for the first few minutes, to carbonize the surface, then turn it over quickly to carbonize the other side. Now it should be exposed to a slower fire, to do which place two bricks on their edges, and rest the gridiron on them. The steak should be turned repeatedly and carefully, and when it feels rather firm to the touch it is rare, and if so liked it should be taken off, laid in a hot dish, on which one and one-half ounces of butter has been melted, less than one-half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of white pepper and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, well mixed; lay the steak on one side and then on the other. Serve immediately.

A Desperate Soldier.

The Spanish troops recently killed a man named Troilan Garcia, in Cuba, who was formerly a Spanish soldier, but having had some punishment inflicted on him by the commander of his detachment, deserted to the rebels, and at the head of a few chosen men had ever since devoted himself to the work of revenge on the particular company to which he had belonged. He had continually lurked in their neighborhood, picking off one straggler after another, until he had killed thirty-seven men of the company, besides the post-mortem officer who had punished him.

A French gipsy has married "the wandering geometer," a wonderfully thin man, attached to the show with which she travels. She wanted a husband she could see through.

THE BLACK HILLS.

Serious Condition of the Seeking Miners.—Movements of the Military Expedition.

Parties of frightened miners, who have hastily left the Black Hills, are pushing southward with all convenient speed, daily arrive at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, bringing melancholy stories. The mining settlements will soon be deserted unless the terror of returning across the open plains, which are now infested by bands of blood-thirsty Sioux, should counterbalance in the minds of the unfortunate the hardships and perils of remaining where they are. Food and ammunition they report to be very scanty there and held by traders at fabulous prices. Many of the repentant immigrants suffer from enforced fasting, except when they may chance to secure small supplies of wild game, which has become very shy. The majority of them have ventured and lost their all in seeking the fabled El Dorado. They are depleted not only in purse but in health and spirits. Those who have reached Cheyenne say that the Sioux are in the heart of the Black Hills skulking among the rocks and in the canyons, and opening a treacherous fire upon white men whenever they can reach them. They can neither hunt nor dig for fear of the unseen foe. John Kelly, Martin Deenan and John Golden, members of a party of sixty which camped on the Hills, relate their discovery of three white men on their onward way dead and scalped near Mountain City, twenty-five miles north of Custer. One of them had been tomahawked, and their wagon was riddled with balls. Dead horses and mules lay along the trail. In Cold Springs canyon they found the corpse of another invader killed by a wound given behind and scalped.

It is reported that Jim Sanders, a gallant scout and hunter, has been butchered by the Sioux near Iron creek, in the Black Hills. The returned miners, who are of course terrified by their experience, say it is impossible for the squatters to hold out against want and the Indians long. There are only two alternatives, to risk a massacre on the plains or to submit to be picked off and starved to death in the Hill country. The settlements have already lost by departure and *temeritate* two-thirds of their inhabitants. Custer City once claimed 1,200 souls and has now only 300. Hill City has 200 empty cabins and twenty miners; Mountain City six cabins and two inhabitants. The Deadwood and Whitecloud gulches, where there were 1,000 people, contain now but 200. Little Beaver and Bear gulches have about twenty-five men; in Bear gulch there are two women. This census was taken by Allen Haight, who was mail carrier for the miners.

In Agricultural Hall.

Agricultural hall is an immense Gothic-roofed, cathedral-like structure. The building is quite complete, but the work of arranging the goods for exhibition still progresses, and entire sections are yet filled with great piles of unopened packing cases containing articles which await arrangement in proper order. Near the entrance was a fine exhibit of Robert's Patent, an ever-ready brand of rifles. On the right hand side of the main avenue of the building is placed the vast collection of agricultural implements, from a grubbing hoe to a gigantic machine for pulling hay, plows, barrows, steam machinery for the performance of every kind of farm work, mowers for cutting the crops, and a host of other implements, the prairie, reclaiming the swamps and leveling mountains. With these we find in their proper sections specimens of every bird, beast, reptile and insect known on the American continent, with the different products derived from them, such as hides, hair, glue, etc. Each section presents its special exhibits, but not yet quite complete. Bread in its various stages of production, from flour to the crusty loaf, is there. Steam-cooked food for cattle, oat meal and all varieties of crushed grain are exhibited. On the right hand side of the building the animals of the prehistoric periods of the world's existence are presented in skeleton and model. Gigantic mastodons and saurians, great turtles and monster shellfish are shown to the wondering visitor. On the left hand side we find a fine collection of teas, coffees, spices, sugars and other groceries. Really the show here looks like a branch of the Centennial fair, complete in its equipment. African elastic guns, indiarubber and gutta percha lie in heaps within the spaces marked for their exhibition. Bird eggs and fishing nets, corals and pig iron appear to be crowded together without regard to difference of character. Yet all is order. There is no confusion of arrangement. Each section presents its special exhibits. Louisiana sends a tree loaded with the lumber, hanging most renders some of her landscapes so gloomy; but this hanging forest has a commercial value, and science has already converted it into a useful substitute for hair in mattresses and upholstery. Veterinary surgery is not neglected, for we find pieces of horse of every kind, from hide to hoof, exhibited, for the purpose of illustrating equine diseases, bad shoeing, etc. California sends her cacti and grain, as well as her gold quartz. Cincinnati her hams and packed pork. Spain shows a fine collection of hemp from Manilla—wine, oil, tobacco, woods of every kind and leather—but the specialties are not yet ready for visitors. Portugal has her fruits and cereals, wines, and even the corals to keep it safe in bottle until needed for consumption. Brazil sends woods, wines, cereals, tobacco, sugar, leather, skins, and has a cotton trophy well deserving of notice. Even Liberia sends specimens of her coffee and cocoa, with many curious things from the Gold coast.

Desolate Traveling in Spain.

A correspondent of the *London Times*, traveling through the Spanish province of Murcia, was struck by the loneliness of the journey and the absence of life and animation scarcely equalled in any other part of Europe. He says: "Another matter that would strike the stranger and cause a moment's uneasiness might be the fact that two civil guards, fully armed, accompany the coach, their rifle muzzles protruding out of the windows of the berlina, which seat they occupy, giving an id at once of insecurity and security. The road was once notorious for its bands of robbers, hardly a week passed without the coach being stopped and robbed; but now relays of civil guards posted along the roads have effectually cleared the distance of such pests. On an English highway, again one meets many a well ordered gentleman's carriage, and sees many an outlying house sleeping in its quiet bed of trees; but on these roads, of outlying houses there are scarcely any, save in the immediate suburbs of a town, and of carriage traveling there is a marvellously small amount. Indeed, with all classes, traveling is the exception and not the rule. Hundreds of the poorer classes have never seen a railroad, the nearest town or city. The thinness of the population also presents another feature in these parts, as do the gaudy and ever picturesque costumes of the women, contrasting with the snowy garments of their mates, as they work in the gardens.

Hating One Another.

Two Scotchmen occupied the same cottage, each being bound to keep his own side of the house well thatched. They were sadly divided religiously, one being a Burgher and the other an anti-Burgher. After repeated battles of words they were not on speaking terms. One day these men were at work on the roof, each thatching his own side, and they met at the top and were forced to look in each other's faces. One of the men took off his cap, and scratching his head said to the other: "Johnnie, you and me, I think, has been very foolish to dispute as we have done concerning Christ's will about our kirks, until we have forgot His will about ourselves; and so we have fought so bitterly for what we've the truth that it has ended in spite. Whatever is wrong, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to the civil, an' neighborly, unkind in fact, he has one another. No, no, that's the devil's work, and no God's! No, it strikes me that maybe it's w' the kirk as w' this house; ye're working on as side and me on the t'other, but if we only do our work w' the will meet at the top at last. Give'n your hand, an' neebor!" So they shook hands and were the best of friends ever after.

The Cat.—"Ma! does pa kiss the cat?" "Why, no! my son, what in the name of goodness put that in your head?" "Cos, when pa came down stairs this morning he kissed Sarah in the hallway and said: 'That's better than kissing that old cat up stairs, ain't it, Sarah?'" And that, people say, is the reason why Smith stayed in the hospital for nearly two months.

BADLY DEMORALIZED.

A San Francisco Earthquake and its Effects as Described by Bret Harte.

Bret Harte, in "Gabriel Conroy," in *Stephen's Monthly*, gives us the following idea of a San Francisco earthquake: The middle of the broad street was filled with a crowd of breathless, pallid, death-stricken men, who had lost all sense but the common instinct of animals. There were hysterical men, who laughed loudly without a cause, and talked incessantly of what they knew not. There were dumb, paralyzed men, who stood helplessly and hopelessly beneath cornices and chimneys that toppled over and crushed them. There were automatic men, who, flying, carried with them the work on which they were engaged—some whose hands were full of bills and papers, another who held his ledger under his arm. There were men who had forgotten the ordinary instincts of decency—some half dressed, one who had flown from a neighboring bathroom with only the towel in his hand that afterward hid his nakedness. There were men who rushed from a fear of death into his presence; two were picked up, one who had jumped through a skylight, another who had blindly leaped from a fourth-story window. There were brave men who trembled like children; there was one whose life had been spent in scenes of daring and danger, who covered paralyzed in the corner of the room from which a few inches of plastering had fallen. There were hopeful men who believed that the danger was over, and, having passed, would, by some mysterious law, never recur; there were others who shook their heads and said that the next shock would be fatal. There were crowds around the dust that arose from fallen chimneys and cornices, around runaway horses that had dashed as madly as their drivers against lamp-posts, around telegraph and newspaper offices, eager to know the extent of the disaster. Along the remaining avenues and cross streets dwellings were deserted, people sat upon their doorsteps or in chairs upon the sidewalks, fearful of the houses they had built with their own hands, and doubtful even of this blue arch above them that smiled so deceitfully; of those far-reaching fields of luxury which they had cut into lots and bartered and sold, and which now seemed to suddenly rise against them, or slip and wither away from their very feet. It seemed so outrageous that this dull, patient earth, whose homeliness they had adorned and improved, and which, whatever their other faults or vices, at least had not been their inheritance, should have become so faithless. Small wonder that the owner of a little house, which had sunk on the reclaimed water front, stooped in the speechless and solemn absurdity of his wrath to shake his clenched fist in the face of Great Mother.

The real damage to life and property had been so slight, and in such pronounced contrast to the prevailing terror, that half an hour later only a sense of the ludicrous remained with the greater masses of the people. Mr. Dumphy, like all practical, unimaginative men, was among the first to recover his presence of mind with the passing of the immediate danger. People took confidence when this great man, who had so much to lose, after sharply remanding his clerks and everybody else back to business, re-entered his office.

The Longing for Fresh Air.

The Virginia City (Nevada) *Enterprise* says: It is a curious fact that the one constant wish of an old "forty-niner," or any man who has lived much in the wilds, once he becomes seriously ill, is to be taken out into the open air. It being mentioned an evening or two ago in the mountains, a man came up to me, and begged to be carried to the mountains and "left under a tree wrapped in his blankets, several first settlers present gave their experience, and all agreed that it was the most natural feeling in the world. The moment they were taken ill they began to think of the wilds where they ramble in the days of their youth and strength. Several instances of the beneficial effects of a removal to the open air were given. One gentleman said that a year or two since he was taken seriously ill, and at once began to pine for the mountains. He said he could not get well unless he had on his ground near a pine, high up in the Sierras. His physician sent him to San Francisco, to San Jose, to Santa Barbara, and to all manner of places to which he did not want to go, and where he was lodged in houses and tenderly cared for as a sick man. He gained no strength, and finally took the matter in his own hands and went up into the mountains and camped out by the side of a big rock at the head of American river. In two weeks he was running, gun in hand, all over the mountains.

Another man who had long been ill in this city had himself carried to Lake Tahoe. Arrived there, he sought out a big pine tree, on the top of the tree, and under this he lay from morning till night every day for over a week, doing nothing but listen to the wind sigh through the leaves overhead, and each day fat accumulated on his ribs. One of the old miners of the days of "forty-nine" is almost well when you tell him that you will take him into the mountains where he may camp by a spring and sleep on the ground in his blankets every night.

Dogs in Nevada.

The worst nuisances are the little dogs; they are not much on the fight themselves, but are remarkably successful in starting and urging on fights. Two little curs will commence by snarling at each other, and in less time than a cat can wink its tail the surface of the full width of the street for the length of a block will be covered with a sea of surging, snarling, growling dogs, and out of the chaos it is possible that there may come one fully-developed, square-up-and-down dog fight, and then the little dogs take seats in the dress circle and watch the fun.

A Venerable Slab.

It is odd that just now a marble slab should be unearthed in the military park in Newark, N. J., containing the following inscription: "The citizens of Newark, in grateful commemoration of the nineteenth anniversary of American independence, have on this fourth day of July, A. D. 1826, deposited this stone as a foundation of a monumental memorial here to be erected; and when the dilapidation of time shall discover this inscription to future generations, may the light of the Gospel illuminate the whole world." The inscription has never been built, and the hope expressed has hardly been fulfilled.

The New Mexican Penitentes.

The New Mexican is very particular about his religious observances. Throughout the Territory the Penitentes, on Holy Thursday, file into the April twilight of the snow covered street to the doleful music of a shrill reed instrument played by an attendant. They are destitute of other clothing than a thin pair of drawers, and their heads and faces are hidden in white cotton wraps, so that their neighbors may not, by recognizing them, have cause to wonder what crime they expiate. The leader staggers under the weight of a heavy cross about twenty feet high, and his companions, shivering with cold as the wind beats their naked bodies, carry each bunches of the thorny cactus in their hands. The attendants place them in position, and at a given signal the procession moves, chanting a plaintive hymn to the time of the musician's pipe. At every second step the men strike themselves over the shoulders with the cactus, leaving a deeper scar with each blow, until the skin is broken, and the lacerated flesh pours its blood in a carmine trail on the snow. Several are bound at the ankles by rawhide thongs, a dagger, pointed at both ends, being secured between the two feet in such a way that when they stumble, it stays them in a most sensitive part. The sight becomes sickening with horror, and repressed moans of anguish fill the air as the cactus brushes fresh the streaming, quivering wounds. No one is allowed to retire, and when the cross bearer sinks to the ground from exhaustion, the attendants quickly raise him and urge him on again with his heavy burden. The cross is traced along the white road in crimson footsteps, and after parading the alleys of the town, the procession turns off toward a steep hill, in ascending which their bare feet are cut to the bone by the sharp projecting rocks. The eminence gained, preparations are made for a new and surprising torture. The cross is laid upon the ground, and the bearer is so firmly bound to it by lengths of rawhide that the circulation of the blood is retarded, and a gradual discoloration of the body follows. His arms are outstretched along the transverse beam, to which a sword, pointed at both ends like the dagger before mentioned, is attached, and if he allows them to drop a single inch from their original position, the weapon penetrates the flesh. Amidst the unearthly groans of the bystanders and the shrill piping of the musician the cross is raised, and the crucified turns his agonized face to heaven, while the blood slowly trickles from his wounds, and a livid hue overspreads his skin. How long he remains is merely a question of endurance, for eventually he loses consciousness, and not until then is he released. At the conclusion of this barbarous performance, which, occasionally results in death, the Penitentes return, and the celebration is brought to a close.

The Longing for Fresh Air.

The Virginia City (Nevada) *Enterprise* says: It is a curious fact that the one constant wish of an old "forty-niner," or any man who has lived much in the wilds, once he becomes seriously ill, is to be taken out into the open air. It being mentioned an evening or two ago in the mountains, a man came up to me, and begged to be carried to the mountains and "left under a tree wrapped in his blankets, several first settlers present gave their experience, and all agreed that it was the most natural feeling in the world. The moment they were taken ill they began to think of the wilds where they ramble in the days of their youth and strength. Several instances of the beneficial effects of a removal to the open air were given. One gentleman said that a year or two since he was taken seriously ill, and at once began to pine for the mountains. He said he could not get well unless he had on his ground near a pine, high up in the Sierras. His physician sent him to San Francisco, to San Jose, to Santa Barbara, and to all manner of places to which he did not want to go, and where he was lodged in houses and tenderly cared for as a sick man. He gained no strength, and finally took the matter in his own hands and went up into the mountains and camped out by the side of a big rock at the head of American river. In two weeks he was running, gun in hand, all over the mountains.

Another man who had long been ill in this city had himself carried to Lake Tahoe. Arrived there, he sought out a big pine tree, on the top of the tree, and under this he lay from morning till night every day for over a week, doing nothing but listen to the wind sigh through the leaves overhead, and each day fat accumulated on his ribs. One of the old miners of the days of "forty-nine" is almost well when you tell him that you will take him into the mountains where he may camp by a spring and sleep on the ground in his blankets every night.

Dogs in Nevada.

The worst nuisances are the little dogs; they are not much on the fight themselves, but are remarkably successful in starting and urging on fights. Two little curs will commence by snarling at each other, and in less time than a cat can wink its tail the surface of the full width of the street for the length of a block will be covered with a sea of surging, snarling, growling dogs, and out of the chaos it is possible that there may come one fully-developed, square-up-and-down dog fight, and then the little dogs take seats in the dress circle and watch the fun.

A Venerable Slab.

It is odd that just now a marble slab should be unearthed in the military park in Newark, N. J., containing the following inscription: "The citizens of Newark, in grateful commemoration of the nineteenth anniversary of American independence, have on this fourth day of July, A. D. 1826, deposited this stone as a foundation of a monumental memorial here to be erected; and when the dilapidation of time shall discover this inscription to future generations, may the light of the Gospel illuminate the whole world." The inscription has never been built, and the hope expressed has hardly been fulfilled.

Fashion Notes.

Fringes are very fashionable. Guipure laces are not fashionable. The coaching hat is the latest novelty in millinery. Alsace gingham is a beautiful new wash fabric. Riding hats are very tall and slightly bell crowned. Long sweeping Mercutio plumes are worn on coaching hats. Percales, cambrics, and all wash goods dresses are made up in composite costumes. Black garnet jewelry has been revived for second mourning and plain dentals. Gaudy bonnets require strings, for which barbes of lace or gauze ribbon are used. Gilt and steel buttons are coming in vogue for dressy costumes of silk and wool fabrics. English round hats are worn by young girls and capote bonnets by young married women in Paris. Fine double and single ostrich plumes are more worn this summer than they have been for years. Dark prune, dark blue, and dark brown are favorite colors for calico, percale, cambric and lawn, are more fashionable this summer than last. Marguerites with brown, black, or yellow centers and of various sizes are in demand for summer hat trimmings. A novelty just introduced is wool and silk gauze in all shades for the crowns of bonnets, for fichus, cravats and scarves. Oriental scarfs with arabesque and geometric designs following the Indian and Persian types are among the new evening wraps. The Dubarry coat, a garment resembling in shape a gentleman's swallow tailed dress coat, but trimmed with platings, lace, or other feminine garniture, is the rage of the moment in Paris. The latest novelty in lace is the Esther necklace, a production in American lace. It is made of Honiton, applique, round point or any lace preferred with lace lockets and lace charms hanging from it. The lace strings of opera bonnets are sometimes trimmed with chains of delicate flowers, such as daisies, forget-me-nots, violets, and buttercups, sewed flat on them to form garlands that encircle the face and neck.

The very long kid gloves, reaching almost to the elbow, worn with Oriental costumes, have seven buttons which form a row on the outer edge of the arm where the glove opens, instead of beneath as in the ordinary kid glove. English lisle thread gloves, well cut and fitting exquisitely over the hand and wrist, are preferred to kid for traveling and ordinary summer wear. They have three, four, five and six buttons; but those with three buttons really look best.

The Gainsborough is a handsome new hat in Panama chip. The crown is high, the brim droops on one side and rolls on the other. It is trimmed with a very long double ostrich plume, which is passed around the crown and sweeps the shoulder. From *Le Bon Ton* we learn that "round skirts are no longer worn except in the morning or traveling; for visiting, for walking, or for races all dresses are trimmed; a well bred lady holds her skirts up in her hand out of doors."

Curious Case of Poisoning.

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* gives the particulars of a curious case of poisoning which occurred in that village a few days ago. The wife of a prominent merchant was suddenly taken ill a short time after supper, and her symptoms rapidly growing more and more serious, a physician was summoned. It immediately detected symptoms of poisoning, and upon questioning into the character of the food the lady had eaten for supper learned that none of the family had been able to drink the tea that had been served that evening, on account of a peculiar taste, which rendered it nauseous and unpleasant. The singular flavor was first noticed by the lady, who had referred to, but not until her mother had drank half a cup of the decoction.

The doctor immediately made an investigation into the contents of the tea-teakettle, and found that a good sized cigar stub had been boiled with the water that had subsequently been used in making the tea for supper. Upon making this discovery the dangerous condition of the suffering lady became apparent, and most strenuous efforts were made to save her life. For some time it was feared that the poison would baffle every effort of medical skill, but a strong conviction finally triumphed, and at length the lady, who had suffered terribly, was declared out of danger. The cigar stub which caused all the trouble had been carelessly deposited on the hot water tank of the stove by the husband of the lady, and had subsequently been accidentally knocked into the teakettle without attracting any notice.

Describing a Pastor.

A blind phrenologist lectured the other night at a church in Troy. There was a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen present. At the close of the lecture a committee was appointed to select a candidate for examination. The lucky man was the Presbyterian pastor of the city. The blind man of science proceeded to say that the doctor was very kind of the fair sex—in fact, as Joseph said to Solomon, "immoderately fond of women;" that if his wife were to die he would lose no time in looking out for another; that he had a splendid appetite, loved good eating, and liked to "dine out," and was sure to make it understood when he did that the doctor was there, etc.

Some one in the audience wanted to know about his religion. The sightless scientist replied: "Publicly he is very religious, but privately he is not troubled with piety; he has a fine mechanical head, and while he would make a fine blacksmith, he would not make much of a preacher." Here the doctor turned very red in the face, and said: "Sir, I have been a preacher of the Gospel for forty years!"