

## Miscellaneous.

**ANOTHER FRENCH PAMPHLET.**—The *Gazette de Cambrai* states that the following seditious pamphlet was found at the lodgings of a hawker, who was arrested in the village of Neuilly for singing the Marseillaise, and for having sold a seditious song concluding with "Viva la Republique!"

"What is a king? He is a reasonable animal without feathers, who walks on two paws. He is a man paid by his weight—sometimes 100,000,000f., like Louis XIV.; sometimes 24,000,000f., like Louis XVII.; sometimes 12,000,000f., like Louis Philippe; sometimes 30,000,000f., like Napoleon. He is a man to whom thirty millions of individuals are given to be cared no more nor less than a flock of turkeys—not at one sou a head, but at one franc; a man who quietly enjoys the produce of his flock without forgetting to shear them sometimes, and each of whom he transfers after his death to his son or relative—a man who has a right to put innocent men to death, because it is his pleasure to do so—to convert infamous favorites into bishops and generals—a man who caused people to tremble formerly, but who now amuses them—a man who is one day raised by barricades, and the next day overthrown by barricades."

**A SOUTHERN "CHARACTER."**—A writer in the *N. O. Picayune* writes as follows of a preacher he saw in Upper Georgia:

After throwing his eye around the house in a threatening manner, with "Oh, you miserable sinners," expressed in every lineament of his round face, he went on in a serious voice: "My brethren, in order to check all idle curiosity, I will state that my name is Elijah Browser, from Jessamine county, Kintuck, [sniffle,] and I'm free to confess, without fear of successful contradiction, and I'm here to-day to say, and it will at once occur to every intelligent and reflecting mind, when I make bold to tell you that I have been preachin' now purty nigh gwine on three year, and on an average of five hundred sermons a year; that I have preached to the sojers, to the injuns, to the orfins, [sniffle,] to the niggers, and to the woodchoppers of Spaldin county; but never, no never, [blubber,] has I seed in all that time so ill-mannered, so sinful and depraved and devil-hugging a congregation as this one here settin' before me to-day; and I want to tell the young men and women a settin' back there agin the melojun, that comes here a courtin' and a flirtin' and a passin' of notes round the melojun, and a laffin, and a gigglin, and a flyin' in the face of Providence, that the laws of the State throws around me certain protection, and I am goin' to have it. And what's more, if the thing aint stopped I am goin' (for I've got their names) to call out their names from the pulpit next Sunday, and present 'em to the grand jury moreover."

**FRUIT TREES.**—Never prop up a tree loaded with fruit, to prevent the branches from breaking down. Any branch or tree which requires propping, has more fruit than it ought to carry, either for the good of the tree or the good of the fruit. The first thing to do is to remove the smaller, poor or knotty specimens. If this is done before growth has ceased, and sometimes after ripening has commenced, the improvement of the remaining portion will more than compensate for the reduction in number. In those regions where the peach bears only occasionally, the owners often attempt to get all they can, by allowing an over abundant crop to remain.—They will get quite as many bushels by removing one-half or two-thirds, and obtain an immense superiority in flavor. Many cultivators have observed that the last ripening peaches on a tree are incomparably better than the first—merely because they are not crowded. How much better would they be by removing the crowding portion before ripening. If you wish to have good, healthy, uniformly growing trees, not destroyed by premature age, do not let them overbear.—[Exchange.]

**REMEDY FOR CURRANT WORMS.**—Communicated to *The Rural New-Yorker*, May 24, by H. Stanton, Jr., Syracuse, N. Y.: "We have recently made an important discovery here which we wish to make public for the benefit of everybody in general, and their currant bushes in particular. The ravages of the terrible currant worm can be completely stopped, and the

enemy destroyed by the simple application of road dust. We tried it last year with perfect success, and the same this year so far. Gather the dust when it is dry and fine, and keep it for future use. As soon and as often as the worm makes an attack sprinkle it on and throw it up under the leaves so that it will adhere to both sides. The best time is when the dew is on in the morning. Remember, road dust from the street or highway. Try it."

**SHOWER OF WORMS.**—At a grand review of returned veteran troops, held in Philadelphia on the 10th of June, which was attended by thousands of ladies, dressed in their gaudiest attire, a tremendous thunder storm occurred, and the rain poured down in torrents. Mingled with the drops were scores of worms, which fell upon, and became entangled among the ribbons and artificial flowers of the ladies' bonnets.

**HOW GRANT GOT INTO THE WAR.**—A well-known correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, who writes under the signature of "Burleigh," thus relates the story of Grant's entrance into the United States army at the outbreak of the rebellion:

Four years ago this very month, Mrs. Grant lived in her quiet home in Galena. Her husband was Mr. Grant, the leather dealer, a plain, modest, reliable man, without much apparent force, who attracted very little attention anyway. The war had commenced. The flag had been shot away from Sumter, and shot out of a rebel cannon at Memphis. One morning Mr. Grant called on Congressman Washburne, who resided in Galena. He told Mr. W. that he did not feel right—that he could not sleep nights, that he felt that he was not doing his duty. Mr. Washburne asked him what was the matter. Mr. Grant replied, "I am doing nothing for my country. I have been educated at the nation's expense; but here I am at home doing nothing. I don't know what to do. I am no politician. I don't seem to be wanted anywhere, yet I feel as if I was fit for something if I could only find my place." Mr. Washburne invited his neighbor to accompany him to Springfield, where an important consultation was to be held at the request of Gov. Yates. On the morning of the fourth day Mr. Grant called at Mr. Washburne's rooms, and said to him: "Nobody knows me here—there is nothing for me to do—I am going home." "Hold on a day longer," said Washburne. The next day an important discussion was held in the council chamber. At Mr. Washburne's request Mr. Grant was called in. He held an interview with the State authorities for thirty minutes, and then went out. As the door closed, Gov. Yates cried out, "Washburne, who is that man? All I can do for him now is to put him on my staff. You can go home and raise a regiment, and I'll commission him as colonel." The thing was done. The rest of the story the world knows by heart.

**LABOR STATISTICS OF PARIS.**—The *Paris Revue des Deux Mondes* publishes some curious statistics of the industrial classes in Paris. The Chamber of Commerce of that city in 1860, made a census which showed that Paris contained 101,000 establishments, employing 416,000 workmen. The classification of these establishments showed that 29,069 were devoted to feeding Paris; 5,378 to building Paris; 23,800 to clothing Paris, and 7,891 to furnish Paris. Printing and engraving occupies 2,759 establishments; gold and jewelry, 3,191.

The number of workmen employed shows that in Paris, the great principle of industry, co-operation, is imperfectly understood. There are very few large establishments. Each of the 101,000 firms employs an average of five workmen. Only 7,492 employ more than ten hands; 31,480 employ from two to ten; and 62,196 employ but a single hand, or none out of the family. The 416,000 work-people are divided into 236,000 men, 105,000 women, and 25,000 children. Of these eighty-seven in every one hundred can read and write; twelve in every one hundred can neither read nor write; and those who can only read count as one in one hundred. If the proportion of those who can read and write is large, there is, nevertheless, the grave fact that 50,000 workmen are incapable of signing their names.

The day's work is less than twelve hours in 7,000 establishments; in 37,000 more than twelve hours; and in 20,000 there is no fixed limit. The wages average 4f. 51 per day. This was, how-

ever, in 1860, when the census was made; the receiver concludes that in 1865 the great development of industry must have raised the average to 5f. a day. In examining the question of wages, it was natural to make inquiries as to the periods of "slack work" and of absolute cessation. The result proved that out of the 101,000 establishments, 64,000 continued without interruption throughout the year. The remaining 36,000 suffered more or less from slack work and no work at all. In some of these the slack season endures from two to four months; but as these periods are regular in their recurrence both master and man can provide against them.

**CANNOT PLEASE EVERYBODY.**—"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the South. There is such a cry out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I stop much longer in this North quarter."

So the Wind flew from the South, and the sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please to turn me from the South," said the weathercock to the wind again.

"The potatoes will all be spoilt, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here, rain it will, and, what with the heat and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the wind shifted into the West, and there came soft, drying breezes day after day.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said the Weathercock.

"Here's a pretty to do! such evil looks as I get from eyes all around me the first thing every morning! the grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to the gardeners, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

"What!" cried the Weathercock; "why, everybody has caught cold, and everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the East Wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "let them find fault; I see it's impossible for you and me to please everybody; so in future I shall blow where I like, and shall go where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that we shall satisfy more than we can do now, with all our consideration."

**ANOTHER DISASTER IN RUSSIA.**—To the severe losses and great distress caused by the conflagration of villages in Russia, are now added those which are occasioned by land slides. The *St. Petersburg Gazette* says:—A landslip lately occurred in the village of Poretzky, in the Government of Simbirsk. At five in the afternoon a thunder storm broke over the place; torrents of rain fell during an hour and a half, when suddenly the mountain skirting the left bank of the Soura, and on which part of the village was situated, opened with wide crevices and began to sink down on the side of the river. A dreadful scene of confusion and terror succeeded. The peasants rushed from their tottering houses; the troops were ordered to quit their quarters, whilst the mountain still kept settling down towards the river. During the night the chasms increased, and many houses were next morning imbedded in their depths. The river was covered with new islets, and a complete scene of desolation presented itself to the eyes of the inhabitants. Very many families are plunged by this catastrophe into great distress.

**COCHINEAL INSECTS SENT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—The *Hawaiian Gazette* of 24th June says:

Through the persistent exertions of Dr. Hillebrand, we are able at length to announce the receipt here, by the *Polynesian*, of a quantity of these insects, apparently in a lively and healthy condition. They are from Guatemala where the cochineal is raised with care, and forms an important article of commerce. In the absence of Dr. Hillebrand, the Minister of the Interior has charge of the insects, which will be disposed of in the manner best calculated to insure their preservation and dissemination in our islands. In Guatemala the domesticated cochineal (*coccus cacti*) is reared solely upon the plant known to botanists as the *cactus cochini*. It is collected three times during the year, the insects being detached from the plants on which they feed by a blunt knife; they are then put into bags and dipped in boiling water to

kill them, after which they are dried in the sun, and though they lose about two-thirds of their weight by this process, about 600,000 to 700,000 pounds are carried annually to Europe, each pound being supposed to contain 70,000 insects. It is principally used in the dyeing of scarlet, crimson, and other high priced colors. The price of cochineal in London is quoted in Morgan's *British Trade Journal* for April, 1865, at from 4s 7d to 2s 7d per pound according to quality.

**HOW THE SULTAN PUTS DOWN A REBELLION.**—In Northern Syria the people of Anti-Taurus have been in rebellion against the Turkish Government for many years. The only solitary act of authority which the Sultan has attempted there with success, during these years, was carried out under the pressure of the United States Government. An American missionary, Mr. Coffing, was murdered there, and only one of his murderers was caught and executed. The other was protected by one of the independent Chiefs of this District. As he would not give him up, the United States Government demanded the arrest and punishment of the Chief. They pushed it so far that this Chief was decoyed by the Turks into a snare set for him, at a dinner party, arrested and sent to Constantinople. Since that time, these rebels have taken the offensive, and at last, some weeks ago, an army of 20,000 or 30,000 men was fitted out to subdue this Asiatic Montenegro. But on the approach of the advance divisions of this force, the rebel chiefs sent in deprecatory letters, declaring their great desire to obey the Sultan, etc. This dodge has succeeded to a charm. The army has been recalled, and the two chiefs are to come to Constantinople, receive the rank and title of Pashas, and be appointed each to the government of his own district. This ceremony being over, they will return home and do exactly as they have done before. Moreover, the old chief arrested at the instigation of the United States Government will undoubtedly be set at liberty and go back with them. This would have been an easy way to put down Jeff Davis.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

**EFFECTS OF LIGHTENING ON CHURCHES.**—A church in Malton, Yorkshire, England, was struck by lightning, lately, during the service, though little damage was done beyond frightening the congregation. The lightning left the conducting rod near the base of the spire; thence it struck across the lead with which the roof is covered, and, entering above the organ, an explosion followed, like the crack of a pistol.

During the same storm another church was struck at Ogley Hay, near Birmingham. The preacher was interrupted in his sermon by the electric fluid striking the roof of the church with a tremendous crash, scattering the mortar between the rafters in a cloud of dust, and dashing some pieces of wood with great force to the floor of the church. The church has but a centre aisle, and that a narrow one, but there the rubbish fell. The escape from sudden death to several persons who were sitting on each side of the aisle, and who were but a few inches from the spot where the wood fell, was remarkable.

An old gentleman named Marble, in Lynn, Mass., has, under the direction of a spiritual medium, been employed for ten years in drilling out a solid granite rock in Lynn, and is still at it, in the expectation of finding "Kidd's treasure." The old fellow, aided by a relative, drills and hammers away, turning the laborious passage now in one direction, now in another, according to the hints obtained from the "unseen intelligences." It is said his theory is that by some great upheaval of nature the original cavern under Dungeon Rock was closed up, imprisoning its contraband gold and three of the pirates. He had \$10,000 when he commenced operations, which is pretty much "sunk" by this time.

—A wild man is exciting the inhabitants of Niagara County, N. Y. Organized bands of men have been out to take him; but hitherto, by his fleetness, he has eluded them.

—The fact that wild game overruns Virginia proves how soon a country can fall back into its original wilderness when cultivation ceases. Deer and bear are reported to have reappeared in districts where they had not been seen for many years prior to the commencement of the war. Quails and rabbits literally swarm in the desolated settlements of Virginia.