

**PRICE OF TWO POTATOES IN 1808.**—The following anecdote of the first Napoleon, is related in a letter from a correspondent, who was a considerable time in the French military service, and who vouches for its authenticity.

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp and listening to the talk of the soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roasted potatoe above all things," said the emperor to the marshal; ask the owner if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged.

"They are mine,"

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier, "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two Napoleons if you sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter; and, going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell a potato.

"Not by a long shot," answered the grenadier; "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," repeated the grenadier; "besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I then?" inquired Napoleon.

"Bah!" said the grenadier. "The little corporal, as they call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier; "but if you would have me come and dine with you when you get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night."

"Done," said Napoleon, "on the word of a corporal!—on the word of an emperor!"

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time. There are the two largest ones; the rest I'll eat myself."

The emperor sat down and eat his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking, "The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterwards, Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the Tuilleries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying that he had been invited by the emperor.

"Let him in," said his majesty.

The soldier entered, presented arms and said to Napoleon: "Do you remember once having supped with me off my roasted potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the emperor; "and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan lay another cover on your table for that brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms, and said: "A grenadier of the guards does not eat with lackeys. Your majesty told me I should dine with you, that was the bargain, and trusting to your word, I have come hither."

"True, true," said the emperor, "Lay a cover here near me; lay aside your arms, *mon ami* and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went to his usual place, took up his carbine, and, turning to the emperor, presented arms, "A mere private," he said, "ought not to dine at the table of his emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon.

"I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the soldier.

"Vive l'Empereur!" he shouted, and then withdrew.

**POVERTY IN FRANCE.**—It is computed that there are a million beggars and vagabonds in France. In a recent work, Hugo says there are thirteen hundred thousand peasants' cottages that have but three openings; eighteen hundred and seventeen thousand that have two

—the door and one window; and finally, three hundred and forty-six thousand and cabins, with only one opening—the door. And this in consequence of what is called the excise upon doors and windows. In these poor families, among the aged women and the little children, dwelling in these huts, how abundant is fever and disease! In Isere, in Var, and in the Upper and the Lower Alps, the peasants have not even wheelbarrows; they carry the manure on their backs; they have no candles, but burn pine knots and bits of rope soaked in pitch. And the same is the case all through the upper part of Dauphine. They make bread once in six months, and bake it with the refuse of the fields. In the winter it becomes so hard that they cut it up with an axe, and soak it twenty-four hours, before they can eat it.

**SMOKE FOR THE CURE OF WOUNDS.**—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends as a cure for wounds in men and animals. He says: "I cut my foot with an axe. The lady of the house, seizing the foot while it was yet bleeding freely, held it over a pan containing smoking tag locks. In a few minutes the bleeding stopped, and the smoke was removed, and a bandage applied to protect it from accidental blows. The wound never suppurated, and consequently never pained me. I have seen the remedy tried in many similar results. Let the reader bear in mind that no liniment or salve, drawing or healing should be applied. You have merely to smoke the wound well, and nature will do the rest. I suppose the smoke of burning wood would produce the same results, but it would not be so manageable. There is a principle in the smoke of wool, which, when applied to the flesh, coagulates the albumen, thus rendering it unsuceptible of putrefaction. The same principle stops bleeding by coagulating the blood. It promotes healing, and may be applied with decided benefit to all ulcers, wounds and cutaneous diseases."

### Varieties.

—A family of the name of Holt, in the State of New York, on instituting ancestral researches in order to complete a genealogical history, have recently found themselves to be descendants and legal heirs of Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who died at his country seat at Belgrave, England, leaving an estate estimated at thirteen millions of pounds sterling, still unsettled, awaiting proofs of heirship.

—A Yankee down East has invented a machine that will reap, thrash and grind; also, spin cotton, scrape potatoes, rock the cradle, whittle shingles, whistle Yankee Doodle, play checkers, see visions, dream dreams and puff itself in the papers.

—Mrs. Isaac Tetro, of Washington, Massachusetts, gave birth a few days since to the twenty-fourth child. She is only forty-five years of age. Her husband ought to be possessed of a fortune to support such a family, at the present price of provisions.

—The Vicksburg *Herald* says: "There is at Davis's Bend a great experiment in progress of what the freedmen may be expected to do hereafter. There are about seventy-five farmers working land on their own account, and making about 1,200 acres of cotton, beside as much more corn. This trial is a success. They will make on an average from \$2,000 to \$5,000 each this year. There is scarcely one failure among the seventy-five lessees, many of whom were slaves three years ago."

—The smallest steamboats on the Mississippi river cannot get over the rapids at Keokuk. The *Constitution* claims that Keokuk is the head of navigation.

—The pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Chicago, Rev. Zephaniah M. Humphrey, was lately garroted and robbed of a valuable gold watch, which had been presented to him by his former parishioners in Milwaukee. The present congregation of Mr. Humphrey, on learning of the loss, immediately presented him with another watch, and also with a revolver and a solid hickory cane, in order that he may hereafter deal literal "apostolic blows," should occasion demand.

—Rev. Ira D. Clark, pastor of the Baptist Church in Northampton, Mass., accepted the offer of a parishioner—to give him a load of wood if he would cut it—and, with a little more than a day's labor, there was a cord and a half of wood at the parsonage, all cut by the minister's hands.

—For the first time in our varied experience, we saw on Tuesday a barrel of flour hauled up Government street in a hearse! The public stared, but the driver drove on. When we came to recollect that flour was five and six hundred dollars per barrel, and that the struggle for bread was one for life and death, we better appreciated the connection between the hearse and the barrel of flour. —[Richmond Examiner.

—"Why does the operation of hanging, kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied: "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh," replied the Doctor; "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

—In 1862, Southern cotton was imported into England to the extent of 15,000,000 of pounds. Last year, the amount was 56,000,000. Another statement makes the increase from 46,000 to 130,000 bales of 4 cwt.

—"John, how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as to trade horses."

—"Why so, Dick?"

"I'd cheat somebody most shockingly before night."

—With a double vigilance should we watch our actions, when we reflect that good and bad ones are never childless, and that, in both cases, the offspring goes beyond the parent—every good begetting a better, every bad a worse.

—A madman had been addressing letters in cypher to the King of Prussia. He could not for some time be discovered, and some consternation was felt, as no man could find a key to the cypher. He was, however, accidentally discovered, and gave the required key, which showed a great deal of ingenuity in the construction of the cyphers, and that they were respectful letters and rather elegant in thought.

—A chunk of lead weighing 1,000 lbs, was lately taken from a mine in Iowa.

—"I have a place for everything, and you ought to know it," said a married man, who was looking for his boot-jack after his wife was in bed. "Yes," said she, "and I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

—The famous swallow painted by Carl Venet on the ceiling of the Cafe Foy, Paris, is the cause of a law suit. The landlady opposed at a late bankruptcy sale of the tenant's effects the right the latter claimed to sell it. The tenant founded his claim on the fact that the swallow was painted after the lease he holds was signed and the landlord contends that, by being painted on the ceiling, the swallow has become *une propriete immobiliere*—i. e., a fixture. The affair has been provisionally decided in favor of the plaintiff, who, should he gain his suit, will not have much to boast of, for the original swallow has long since disappeared under at least twenty different coats of paint.

—The rebel General Hood is described as a thin stooping man, with a wooden leg and a wilted arm, and an expression of settled melancholy. It is said that he is never known to smile—certainly he has had of late no great reason to be hilarious.

—A committee called upon a flourishing licenced victualler to solicit a subscription for the support of a clergyman. "Can't do it, gentlemen," was the reply: "I gave five pounds to the Rev. Mr. P. yesterday." After much persuasion, however, they succeeded in getting him to put down a like amount for the Rev. Mr. R., and departed with thanks; but a minute afterwards he was overheard giving the following directions to an assistant, "Draw off five pounds, worth of liquor, and fill with water. Take it out of the row of casks next to those that you watered yesterday for the Rev. Mr. P."

—A new species of silk worm, which feed on the leaves of the oak, has been introduced into France from Cashmere.

—Over \$1,500 worth of pearls have been found during the past two weeks in the Winooski River, near Montpelier, Vermont.

—The book of nature is always beautiful; but it gets short of leaves in autumn.

—It is now distinctly ascertained that in many parts of Australia, "leads" (as they are termed by the miners) of "wash dirt," consisting of submerged river beds, exist hundreds of feet below the present surface of the earth, and many companies are now engaged in profitably working these extraordinary deposits. Than the lowest deep, there is yet, in the opinion of the miners, a

lower deep of auriferous "gutters," and they manifest now little respect for the teachings of geologists, who, until corrected by later experience, were in error in asserting that, as a rule, gold would never be found in large quantities far from the surface.

—The London *Punch*, although it views the matter in a jocose light, tells some home truths in summing up some of the "sweet uses of adversity." This is the catalogue:

You wear out your old clothes.  
You are not troubled with visitors.  
You are exonerated from making calls.

Bored do not bore you.  
Sponges do not haunt your table.  
Tax-gatherers hurry past your door.  
Itinerant bands do not play opposite your windows.  
You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries.

—A child, speaking of his home to a friend was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied: "Where mother is!"

—A man who practiced somewhat at the bar—of a saloon—asked a lady why she was so fond of peeping into a looking glass. "Sir," said she, "the glasses that I look into help me to improve my appearance, while those you look into, injure yours."

### DESERET ALPHABET.

Long.	Short.	Y	h	L	eth
ə	e	+	7	p	8 the
3	a	2	g	b	8 s
ə	ah	↓	7	t	6 z
ə	au	↓	g	d	0 esh
0	o	7	c	che	s zhe
0	oo	9	g	4	ur
2	i	0	k	0	l
ə	ow	0	ga	7	m
U	woo	p	f	4	n
Y	ye	e	v	U	eng

890 w6 704724, 739 109. 744. 14.

Y44 71 DJL Q72 70 728 871 87  
L044 Qw4 DJL Q7248 Y76 W74Q,  
7271 06 43D746, Q744446,  
7276 Y44 7076, 79 84471 7487 87  
428743D74 w6 Y76 7076 7774 87  
74L. Y44 W78 4447848 DJL 87  
L044 Qw4 979 87 704, Y44 47-  
7406 W78 20U777, 7w4 87 70Q  
w6 87 74L. Y44 Y0 DJL 8747 87  
74L W78 87 4w4 w6 Y76 70L;  
Y44 W78 87 844L w6 Y76 0778  
DJL Y0 8U3 87 W7044: 7w4 87  
727 874477 Q724L, 871 87 L044  
Qw4 DJL Q06 8 Q437 8747874  
7271 87 7076; Y44 87 W7044  
W76 Y0 8747477; Y44 Y0 W76  
8734 87 7076, Y3, 064 77 70 80  
87 871 Y0 7287 8747477 87 W70-  
44 84 744. Y44 4447848 DJL  
87 87 Q44L w6 Y76 Lw746, Y44  
73L77448 87 Q744L w6 Y76  
4346. Y44 844 DJL 87 W76  
874L W78 87 W7, Y44 87 L7744  
DJL L4 844 W78 87 W74; Y44 87  
Q07, Y44 87 Y771 L444, Y44 87  
727177, 79Q744: Y44 3 L77L 844  
DJL L04 87. Y44 87 Q0 Y44  
87 834 DJL 704: 834 Y771 W746  
DJL L4 844 79Q744; Y44 87  
L44 DJL 07 8740 L4Q 87 w08.  
Y44 87 87Q771 844 DJL 763 w7  
87 Y0L w6 87 787, Y44 87 W044  
44 844 DJL 771 Y76 797 w4 87  
Qw4744876 844. 83 DJL 7w7  
Y747 7w4 8747477 77 0L 74 Y0L-  
704774; 7w4 87 74L DJL 87 77L  
w6 87 7w449 w6 87 L044, 76 87  
W0746 Q764 87 80.