

power of the destroyer which had seized my body, and promised me in the name of the Lord, that I should not die but live to finish my work which was appointed me upon the earth. I soon began to recover. The poison and mortification left my system and centered in my arm, and was drawn from my arm thro' the aid of charcoal poultices, moistened with a strong decoction of wormwood, ragweed and wild sage; the dead flesh was removed from my arm with instruments and lunar caustic, and in a few days I was well again.

I have occupied considerable space in referring to those peculiar circumstances which have attended me during life, and to sum the matter up it stands thus:—I have broken both legs—one in two places—both arms, my breast bone and three ribs, and had both ankles dislocated. I have been drowned, frozen, scalded, and bit by a mad dog—have been in two water wheels under full head of water—have passed through several severe fits of sickness, and encountered poison in its worst forms—have landed in a pile of railroad ruins—have barely been missed by the passing bullet, and have passed through a score of other hair-breadth escapes.

It has appeared miraculous to me, that with all the injuries and broken bones which I have had, I have not a lame limb, but have been enabled to endure the hardest labor, exposures and journeys—have often walked forty, fifty, and on one occasion, sixty miles in a day. The protection and mercy of God has been over me, and my life thus far has been preserved; for which blessings I feel to render the gratitude of my heart to my Heavenly Father, praying that the remainder of my days may be spent in His service and in the building up of His kingdom.

PAULSEN THE CHESS-PLAYER.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal writing from Chicago says of the unparalleled chess feat recently played out in that city by Mr. Paulsen, as follows:—

The most stupendous achievement in chess the world ever saw has just been successfully performed in this city, and Louis Paulsen now stands peerless. On Monday evening he commenced playing blind-folded ten simultaneous games against Chicago. His opponents were carefully selected from among the most skillful players of the Chess Club, who used every exertion to check-mate their gallant antagonist.

Mr. Paulsen sat apart from every one on the stage of Light Guard Hall, with his back to the tea boards. Two gentlemen of this city, acted as tellers, and circulated among the players, calling aloud each move on the different tables, which were designated by their respective numbers from one to ten. Mr. Paulsen would reflect a few moments, and then without apparent effort, announce his own move in return. His attitude and bearing were like those of a person in a trance. His head thrown slightly forward—his eyes closed—his figure motionless—and nothing to indicate life save an occasional working of the face when a skillful step was taken by an adversary or a sudden coup de bataille contemplated by himself. The progress was slow, of course slow. At the close of the first evening, however, enough of his surprising ability was displayed to make even the most experienced of his opponents feel nervous, and induce them to use every tactic to out-manoeuvre him. During the second evening his advantage over several was clearly to be seen. The spectators became much excited, but the sympathies of those who had no friends playing, were plainly given to that single, silent man, thus pitted against a host of foes.

Mr. Paulsen could at any time recapitulate the precise position of each piece upon every board, and when an occasional difference arose concerning some disarrangement which he detected, his assertions had in all cases proved correct, while those who had their eyes open were forced to acknowledge their error. It was evident that his astonishing memory and concentration enabled him to recall at will each move made from the first upon either board, and thus bring it as clearly to his mind's eye as if it were bodily before him. The third evening was expected to finish this unprecedented feat. The audience was on tip toe with excitement, and every one seemed uncontrollably worked up, except he upon whom all interest centered. The self-command exercised appeared miraculous, and none would have suspected what an intense, powerful stretch must have been upon that singular brain. Calmly he sat, as if casting some problem in simple interest rather than performing a labor of herculean magnitude.

Throughout he was subjected to one unfairness, which, however, serves now only to heighten his glory. Not alone did he play against ten opponents, but fifty—as by a strange license, a few of the audience were allowed to mingle with the players, and at each table two or three deeply versed in chess seated themselves to advise those whom Mr. Paulsen's brilliant attacks had discomfited. He thus battled with the combined strength of the entire city opposing him. Every player, too, expected him to make the assault, while

their chief effort was to fortify a position as to the impregnable.

At 11 p.m., game nine resigned. In fifteen minutes game five did likewise, and game two was drawn at its player's request. Mr. Paulsen then made some dashing, splendid attacks upon the rest, and might, doubtless, have finished there, but the midnight hour interrupted. He agreed to continue, but all thought it best to adjourn, and give those who wished an opportunity to play out at the Club room on the next evening.

Mr. Paulsen rose quickly when this decision was announced, seemingly not jaded in the least. He is rather an ordinary looking man, with a decidedly German cast of features, and nothing but a singularly broad head to indicate uncommon powers. The games were finally finished last evening—Mr. Paulsen beating five of the remaining seven, and consenting to draw the other two, though he might have won even them, as their players were losing coolness. Ten games blindfolded is without a parallel. Mr. Morphy never attempted but seven, and this is out-done. The whole city is filled with wonder. The victor is decidedly a lion of considerable attitude, and his achievement cannot probably be excelled under equally trying circumstances.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

Billy Bowlegs and the Florida War.

The air of romance which attaches to the native children of our forests, it matters not to what tribe they may belong, has induced us to furnish our readers with a faithful portrait of Billy Bowlegs, the last King of the Everglades.

Since 1835 the Florida Indians have occupied a large share of public attention, and almost fabulous sums have been expended by the United States Government in a useless endeavor to drive them from their island homes among the morasses and lagoons in the interior of the country. The first hostilities originated in the opposition of the Mecasukians and most of the Chiefs of the Seminole nation to the execution of the treaty of Payne's Landing. It was stipulated in this treaty that the Seminoles should surrender their lands to the United States and emigrate west of the Mississippi, in consideration of a certain sum of money which was to be paid them on their arrival at the banks of the river. About the time that preparations for their removal were completed, John Hext, an influential Chief, who had favored the movement, died, and Osceola became the controlling spirit of the Mecasukians.—From that period the minds of the Mecasukians and of the Seminoles were inflamed against the whites, and active outrages became frequent. The most disastrous of these was the massacre of Major Dade's command, consisting of two companies of Artillery, on the 28th of December, 1835.

From the date of this massacre, the war was continued under Gen. Clinch, Brig. Gen. Call, Gen. Gaines, Col. Twiggs, Gen. Scott, Gen. Jessup and Gen. Taylor, till 1839, when Gen. Macomb, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, invited the Indian Chiefs to a conference, and such arrangements were entered into as induced him to believe that the war would speedily be terminated. His hopes, however, proved to be ill-founded. Shortly after the conference, and in violation of its provisions, trains, travelers and plantations were attacked. Lieut. Col. Harney, at Charlotte Harbor was surprised while asleep, and of thirty dragoons who were with him only six escaped. Harney saved his life by rushing out from the rear of his tent without waiting to dress himself, then running for several miles and swimming to a fishing boat.

This surprise was effected by two hundred and fifty Seminoles, under the command of Billy Bowlegs, and it was indeed the first time that the hero of our sketch appeared in any prominent position as a leader of his savage followers. When in this city a few days since, somebody asked Billy if he knew Gen. Harney. He replied, with a drunken swagger, "O, yes—I make him run like h—l, one time!"

The reply is curiously illustrative of the fact that savages more readily acquire the vices than the virtues of civilization. Shortly after the Harney surprise, the Legislature of Florida made provision for the employment of bloodhounds to track the Indians to their lurking places, and thirty animals of approved breed were imported from Cuba.—But among the waters of the Everglades they proved wholly useless, and the Government was saved the reproach of outdoing the savages themselves in savage strategy.

In 1840 Gen. Taylor obtained permission to retire from the command in Florida, and Gen. Armistead succeeded him. During that year and the following, when Col. Worth had the chief command, skirmishes were frequent and the forty-seven thousand square miles of territory occupied in part by the Indians were kept in a constant state of alarm. During 1842 a number of chiefs were invited to a feast and were made prisoners while partaking of it. Another chief, with eighteen warriors, was decoyed on board a vessel and secured, and great numbers of the Indians, being thus deprived of their leaders, surrendered and consented to emigrate.

At this period Billy Bowlegs and other chiefs from the South, among whom was the venerable Sam Jones, "the Fisherman," came in to negotiate a treaty of peace. But Billy proved to be more wary than any of his peers.

"With side-long, never-ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning marked at once."

he was cautious about placing himself in the power of the whites, and for a considerable

time he kept the attention of the government officers engaged by his rude but skillful diplomacy. Col. Worth, deceived by appearances and hollow promises, proclaimed the war over in April, 1842, but no sooner had he resigned the command, which was assumed by Col. Vose, than guerrilla conflicts broke out afresh on the part of the Indians. In these movements Bowlegs had the credit of being the chief agent and director, and it is certain that he resisted large promises of reward in case he induced his people to emigrate.

Conference after conference was had, and Billy, by his frequent intercourse with the whites, acquired quite a fluent use of the English and Spanish languages. Indeed, he pretended to be quite a savant among the redskins of the Everglades, and it is said that he obtained the prettiest of his two wives by means of a fraud founded on his educational assumptions.

It appears that one of the braves of his tribe had a young and pretty wife, who attracted the attention of Billy, much in the same manner that the psalmist king of old was attracted by the beauteous wife of his servant Uriah. Nor does the parallel end in mere "passional attraction." Each compassed the death of a husband for the accomplishment of an unhallowed purpose, and in no respect does the case of the savage appear worse than that of the psalmist.

As the story runs, Billy pretended to have received a letter informing him that the husband of a pretty squaw was about to betray the Seminoles to the whites, and he at once preferred against him the charge of being a traitor. The brave indignantly denied the charge, but Billy showed the letter which he had received, and read from it, in English, the most convincing proofs against the culprit. Thereupon the surprised brave questioned Billy's ability to read. But Billy replied, that he was willing to have his skill in reading and writing English, put to the severest test, and if a letter which he would write in the presence of the chiefs of the nation, were not immediately understood by the officers of the neighboring Fort, he would himself stand impeached and allow the prosecution to fall.

And Billy, with his wicked foresight, knew what he was about. When at the Fort a few days previously he asked the officer in charge to write what he would dictate, and the officer consenting, he had written, "I, Billy Bowlegs, King of the Seminoles, can read and write the English language." Billy then told the officer that he wanted to play a joke off on some of his people, and if any of them came to the Fort with a letter bearing his autograph, to read or translate it in the words which had just been written.

So when a messenger was sent with Billy's letter the officer at once understood and read it as per previous agreement, and the result was the conviction and execution of the pretty squaw's husband. Then Billy comforted the pretty squaw and she became his wife.

After Col. Worth was brevetted Brigadier General and returned to the command, innumerable petty treaties and hollow truces were agreed to by Billy, until finally, during Mr. Fillmore's occupancy of the Presidential Chair, he was induced by Gen. Blake to pay a visit to the great White Chief at Washington.

So Billy, with a few of his chosen braves, made his first tour through the white man's territory, and manifested the usual indifference of the Indian stoic whenever evidences of the white man's skill were presented for his admiration. The steamboat was pretty good, but he preferred the canoes of the Everglades; and the locomotive went pretty fast, but he had a little black pony that would beat it.

When taken into the Presidential presence, he observed to Mr. Fillmore, "You, big Chief, and I'm King of the Seminoles: Let there be a friendship between us."

After he had become tired of Washington, Gen. Blake took him to New York, which he acknowledged was considerable of a village. One day he was shown the principal harbor defences, and he observed of the guns that they might do very well there, but they would not be worth a rush among the Everglades.

On his return to Florida he expressed his willingness to emigrate, and a friend of ours who spent an evening with him in the quarters of Gen. Childs at Tampa Bay, informs us that he conducted himself in the presence of the ladies with marked propriety.

But Billy's promises to emigrate were not fulfilled, though repeated time and again to Capt. Casey, the Indian Agent at Tampa Bay. Every year his warriors were becoming less in number, and his predatory power and prestige were consequently diminished.

The last of Billy's outrages which attracted much attention, occurred about two years ago. It was the attack and massacre of a party with two wagons, under command of Lieut. Hartsoff, between Fort Deynard and Fort Simon Drum. The party was surprised on a palmetto hummock, and all were killed with the exception of the Lieutenant, who, single handed, kept the Indians for some time at bay, he firing from the shelter of a wagon, while two of his wounded companions kept his weapons loaded. At length, however, he was wounded in the right arm and breast, and, concluding to give up the unequal contest, he ran for a neighboring thicket, where there was a pond of water surrounded by a tall growth of rushes. Into this pond he crawled and lay down in the water; and though pursued by the Indians and called upon by Billy to come out and surrender, he managed to escape the notice of his savage foes, who left him to his fate about the time that a new danger began to threaten him in the shape of a hungry alligator. Two days afterwards he was found by a party from Fort Simon Drum, in an almost dying condition.

The recent agreement with Billy to emigrate was never ratified by the venerable Sam Jones, who declared that two wagon loads of money would not induce him to leave. On the morning of the 4th inst., Col. Rector left Fort Myers in charge of Billy and the rest of the voluntary emigrants and captives, numbering in all one hundred and sixty-five.

According to Billy's statement, there were left in the country three parties of Indians—one known as the boatmen, consisting of twelve warriors and their families; and the third, the Tallahasseees, numbering about eight warriors, with their families. The boatmen Billy left with great reluctance, (or he asserts that they would have emigrated willingly if they could only have been found.)

Billy and his followers arrived at the Barracks, below the city of New Orleans on the 14th June, on the steamer Gray Cloud; and for a few days the last King of the Everglades was lionized by the wonder-mongers of the Crescent City. But he defeated most of the arrangements which were made on his behalf by his continual drunkenness, and his tendency to beg was rather inclined to moderate the admiration of his visitors.

Ere this, Billy has arrived at his new home in the Indian territory west of Arkansas; and the contest with the Florida Indians, which lasted for twenty-three years, and cost the United States Government, directly and indirectly, a hundred millions of dollars, may now be considered as at an end.

Mr. Rarey Taming a Zebra.

(From the London News of the 26th May.)

The great novelty of the day was the introduction of the zebra of the African desert, the latest pupil in Mr. Rarey's school, and one with which, although he ultimately expects to drive him through Hyde Park, he yet makes his account to have a great deal of trouble.—The specimen introduced was the most beautiful four-footed beast we have ever seen, with his perfect symmetry of form, bright glossy coat of the richest cinnamon and deepest black, and a pair of eyes that flashed lurid fires as he made his appearance in the lists.—This pupil is still only in the rudiments, and yells in a most uncivilized manner when politely requested to go through his task. But he does it nevertheless, lies down when he is told—though not with the grace and readiness of his more civilized schoolfellows—turns over with a helpless whine of despair and sense of subjugation, and finally admits that even he, the hitherto untamable steed of the desert, has at length found a firm although gentle master. Now, we must confess that when at first we heard that Mr. Rarey was going to introduce the zebra to his pupils, we had a shrewd suspicion that something like a theatrical coup was contemplated, and that some venerable "woolly horse," who had perhaps graduated in a circus, was about to be introduced for the sake of novelty and attraction. But all suspicion of that sort was dispelled when we saw this wild ferocious animal, so beautiful and yet so terrible in his beauty, follow the great horse-tamer reluctantly into the ring. There was something positively unearthly in the scream with which he saluted the company, and the fact of the barricade being only breast high set at least one person who was present about making nervous calculations as to his probable stock of agility. As he lay upon the ground he kept up a low whining soliloquy which a person acquainted with the Hottentot language might, perhaps, have translated, "It would give me intense gratification to devour this fellow where he stands, and to kick out the brains of these impertinent lookers-on immediately, but, unfortunately, there is no justice for zebras' so I have nothing for it but to lie down and to behave myself henceforth and for once be a civilized quadruped and a gentleman." A strong color of probability was given to this translation by the subsequent conduct of this beautiful and now subdued demon. He retired slowly and with dignity, rather sad than sulky in his deportment, gave only one flying scream as he passed thro' his stable door, had one gentle nip at the groom, who held it open for him, and subsequently permitted a lady of distinction, who was present, to stroke him down as he lay in his stable exhausted after his recent exertions, or possibly, conning over his lesson against the next instruction day. This terminated the day's lecture or lesson, whichever it may be called. All present expressed themselves not only completely satisfied, but profoundly impressed with the soundness and novelty of Mr. Rarey's system, and retired with the most favorable reminiscences of himself, of his clear natural intelligence, his obvious earnestness and faith in his discovery, and of approbation of the kindness, gentleness and forbearance which he never failed to inculcate as the great leading characteristics of his school.

GRUB IN SHEEP.—Make a common elder squirt-syringe, lay the sheep upon its back, and inject about two tablespoonfuls into each nostril, of a decoction of strong tobacco juice, and you will find it the best and safest remedy.—Ohio Cultivator.

TO COLOR BLUE ON COTTON.—For 5 pounds of cloth take 2 ounces of copperas; put in water sufficient to cover the cloth; keep it scalding hot two hours; take out the cloth, turn out the copperas water; rinse the kettle, put 1 ounce of prussiate of potash in soft water; when dissolved, put in the cloth; let it lie two hours, then take out the cloth and add 1 spoonful of oil of vitriol, stir it well; then again put in the cloth; let it lie a few minutes; take it out, rinse thoroughly in cold water.—Rural New Yorker.