

Miscellaneous.

THE BATTLE OF SADOWA.

The accounts of this great battle now received give a very distinct, and, doubtless, a tolerably accurate conception of its main features. Since Waterloo so grand and important a battle has not been fought on European soil. The English and other European journals seem too dazzled and overwhelmed by it to make a calm and clear estimate of its real character and import.

Americans can, however, study this battle dispassionately, and without any controlling bias or prejudice. Taking the accounts of each side, we can even now make out a few salient features. First, we can see that the Austrian commander failed either in the nerve or the ability to handle large masses of men. His position was certainly a favorable one for great tactical movements, tenfold more so than, with two exceptions, any of the great battle fields of our war. The task imposed upon Grant, with his army of one hundred and forty thousand men, in the hills and thickets of Virginia, was far more difficult than that devolved upon Benedek at Sadowa.

Secondly, the Austrian general, unmindful of the repeated lessons taught by our war, neglected to improve, as he should have done, the natural strength of his position. Had Lee been equally negligent in this regard, the dashing charge of Hancock at Spottsylvania would have resulted not merely in the capture of a division, but in the destruction of the rebel army. Temporary defences are so easily and rapidly thrown up, and present such a barrier to the most vigorous onset, that it seems the height of folly for a General attempting to hold a commanding position, not to avail himself of them to the fullest extent.

Thirdly, after all that has been said of the immense advantages to the Prussians of their needle-guns, the victory appears to have been mainly due to the causes that have in all times given it—greater dash and persistence, and better leadership. These alone explain the Prussian victory, however much the needle gun and its moral effect may have added to its extent and completeness. The Prussians fairly proved themselves "the better men."

Fourthly, it seems a singular use of language to speak of this battle as a sanguinary one, especially in view of many of the desperate battles of our own war. The largest estimate of the Austrian losses in killed and wounded is not over ten thousand. The best estimates of the Prussian losses in killed and wounded do not range over five thousand. These are the results of an all-day's fight between at least four hundred thousand men. In the later years of our war such a proportion of casualties would have been regarded as indicating a moderate and comparatively bloodless battle. At the battle of Shiloh, it is the opinion of some of the ablest officers present that, of Grant's force of thirty-eight thousand, between six and seven thousand were killed and wounded before the capture of a portion of Prentiss's division, and after but a few hours' fighting. At the first battle of Cold Harbor, out of 33,000 men engaged, 3,925 were killed and wounded. At Fredericksburg our losses in killed and wounded were officially reported at 10,252. At Chickamauga our loss were still more severe, and they were at least no less, proportionately, at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Grant's losses in the campaign from the Rapidan to the James were still heavier.

By this comparison of what Wellington called "the butchers' bill," we can form some notion of the comparative significance of the term "sanguinary battle" in this country and in Europe. While we have frequently suffered casualties in the proportion of from one to ten to one to four of the men engaged, we find the total casualties in killed and wounded in this great battle are absolutely less than one to twenty of the men engaged. Such fighting may seem desperate to Europeans, but it is trifling when compared with the terrible conflicts in which American manhood vindicated itself at such fearful cost.—[N. Y. Evening Post.]

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE GUN.

The "needle gun," in use in Prussia, is a formidable weapon—described by the London Times as a converted Enfield on the Snyder system, with improved ammunition devised by the Woolwich Laboratory. This rifle possesses the advantage of being simple, safe, cheap, non-capping, and little

liable to get out of order. Moreover, it does not require such a reduction of the stock as to destroy the efficiency of a weapon which, for military purposes, is required to act as a pike as well as a fire-arm.

A portion of the upper side of the breech end of the barrel is cut out for the admission of the cartridge. This vacant place is closed, after loading, by a lump of steel, the "breech-stopper" or "breech-piece," which hinges upon one side of the barrel, and forms a false breech, against which the back end of the cartridge rests; the barrel is, in fact, shortened to this extent. A plunger or piston transmits the blow of the hammer through the stopper to the cap of the cartridge, which is withdrawn after firing by a little instrument which forms part of the stopper.

The cartridge is on the "central fire" system, the chief novelties being the case and bullet. As regards the former, the object has been to provide a case which shall uncoil or unwind to a certain extent on discharge. The bullet is a combination of various constructions, none of them original, but producing together a projectile of sufficiently distinctive character. It has the general form and appearance of the Enfield rifle bullet, with its hollow base and baked clay plug; it has the canneleures which originally characterized the Tamisier and the Minie bullets; and the wood plug in the head, to which Mr. Metford and Mr. Whitworth may lay some claim. The cartridge is perfectly impervious to moisture; it is safe, not liable to lead or foul; it admits of about fourteen rounds being fired in a minute; and it shoots from twenty to twenty-five per cent. better than the service Enfield ammunition.

A COSTLY VICE.—According to the Internal Revenue statistics, there is now annually consumed, in the United States, about forty-five million gallons of spirituous liquors—equal to one and a-half gallons to every man, woman and child. The wholesale price of the commonest article of whiskey is now in the neighborhood of \$2.25 per gallon. The retailers admit that they realize a profit of one hundred per cent. on their sales, and admitting that they tell the whole truth, which is not probable, the sum paid by "customers" must be at least \$4.50 per gallon. But it is really much more than that, for it is only the poorest class of drinkers who indulge in the cheapest article of whiskey. But, allowing that \$5.00 per gallon is the average which consumers pay for spirituous liquors—a sum probably too low by half—that would give, as the annual sum devoted to such liquors by the people of this country, two hundred million dollars. But that is not all. The expenditure for ale, lager beer, porter, bitters, and other liquors that do not belong to the first class, must be added to the said two hundred millions. It would be difficult to reach a satisfactory estimate upon the latter class of liquors, but it is quite probable that they bring the aggregate expenditure up very nearly to three hundred millions. And what do the consumers get in return for this vast expenditure? It leads them to dissipation, debauchery and financial ruin; it brings want and suffering upon their families; it induces depravity, vice and crime, and it leads, through mental, moral and physical prostration—to untimely death.—[N. Y. Sun.]

LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.—Among the numerous applications of photography, none is more interesting or more useful than those which are dedicated to the purposes of astronomy. When Arago detailed to the Academy of Sciences the progress of Daguerre, he predicted that it would one day be the handmaid of astronomy. His prediction has been completely fulfilled, and astronomers have largely availed themselves of the resources which it has placed in their hands. But none has been so successful in this direction as Mr. Warren De la Rue. With his thirteen-inch telescope he has obtained photographs of the moon, so perfect that they bear being enlarged to a diameter of 3 ft.; and they are found so exact when submitted to micrometrical examination, that they furnish correct data for the measurement of the vibration of the moon. They serve also as a foundation for the lunar map, 6 ft. in diameter, undertaken under the auspices of the British Association. Photography has enabled us to determine the relative heights and depressions of the mountains and ravines with which the surface of the moon is corrugated. Nor have the labors of the photographer been confined to our satellite, excellent pictures of several of the planets also have been obtained.—[Scientific Review.]

[From the Dollar Weekly Star.]

MARRIAGE OF JOHNNY BEEDLE;

OR,

MISFORTUNES OF A "LADY FAVORITE."

[CONCLUDED.]

Well, Johnny Beedle, what has brought you up here, right in the wind's eye, this morning?

Why, cap'n, I've got an idee into my head.

No! how you talk!

Ye see—the upshot of the matter is, I've a notion of settin' up store, and gettin' a wife, and settlin' down myself as a merchant.

Whoorah, John—that is two ideas—a store and a wife.

But I want a little of your help, says I.

Well, John, says he, I'll do the hand-something by ye. If you keep better goods than anybody else, and sell cheaper, you shall have my custom, and welcome—provided you'll take pay in sauce and things. Isn't that fair?

Oh yes, Cap'n.

And I wish you success on the other tack. No fear of that, I'll warrant. There's lots of silly gals afloat, and such a fine taut-rigged gentleman as you are, can run down in no time.

Oh yes, Cap'n; I have run down Hannah already.

My Hannah!

Oh yes, Cap'n; we've agreed, and only want your consent.

With this the old Cap'n riz right up on end, upset tub and frying-pan, and pointed, with a great red ear of corn in his hand, toward the door without saying a word. But his eyes rolled like all creation.

This raised my blood, and I felt so stuffy that I marched right straight off, and never turned my head to the right or left, till I was fairly home and housed.

Well, now, says I, my apple cart is upset in good earnest. And when I went to Doctor Dingley for comfort, he says:

John, I wash my hands of this whole affair, from beginning to end. I must support my character. I am a settled doctor in the town—and the character of a doctor, John, is too delicate a flower to go poking around and dabbling in everybody's mess. Mrs. Dingley, I warn you not to meddle nor make in this business. Let everybody skin their own eels.

Hold your tongue, you fool you, said she, did you ever hear of me burning my fingers?

However, there was underhand work carried on somewhere and by somebody. I don't tell tales out of school. I had no hand in it till one day Doctor Dingley, says he:

John, if you happen to be wanting my horse and shay, this afternoon, about three o'clock, go and take it. I never refuse to lend, you know. And I hope Capt. Peabody will gain his lawsuit with Deacon Carpenter, that he has gone down to Portland to see to. But that's none of my business.

Somebody, too—I don't say who—told me there was a certain Squire Darling, living in a certain town, about ten miles off, that did business and asked no questions. Well in this said town, just after sundown, a young man named Joseph Morey, was walking near the meeting house, with a sort of cream colored book under his arm, and heard something in the woods, this side, that if it wasn't a harrycane, he'd give up guessing. Such a crackling and squaking and rattling—such a thrashing and grunting and snorting, you never! He stopped and looked back, and Hannah and I soon came to light. There was an old white-faced horse come scrambling along out of the woods, reeking and foaming, with an old wooden top shay at his tail, and a chap about my size flourishing a small bean pole pretty well broomed up at the end. And says I,

Mister, can ye tell me where one Squire Darling lives?

Which Squire Darling? says he; there's two of that name.

His name is John, says I.

Faith, says he, they are both Johns, too, but one is a lawyer, and t'other a cooper.

Oh, then it must be the lawyer I want.

With this the young man gave a squint at Hannah and a wink at me, and says he: Come along; I am going right there now, and I'll show ye the Squire and fix things for ye.

Well, he carried us into a small one story house, a little further on, full of books and papers and dust, and smelling strong of old tobacco smoke. Here we sat down while he went about about our business. We waited and waited till long after dark, and were glad enough

to see him come back at last with a candle.

The Squire is very sick, says he, but I have over-persuaded him.

The next moment the Squire came grunting along in, all muffled up in a great coat, and spectacles on, and a great tall woman with him to witness for the bride.

Well, he went to work and married us, and followed up with a right down sensible sermon, about multiplying and increasing on the earth; and I never felt so solemn and serious. Then followed kissing the bride all round; then the certificates, and then I gave two silver dollars, and we got into the shay again and drove off.

After this, nothing happened to speak on, for about a month. Everything was kept snug, and Captain Peabody had no suspicions. But one morning at break of day, as I was creeping softly down Captain Peabody's back stairs, with my shoes in my hand as usual, I trod into a tub of water which was standing on the third step from the bottom, and down I came slam bang. The captain was going to kill his hogs, and had got up betimes, put his water to heat and was whetting his butcher knife in the kitchen.

The first thing I saw, when I looked up, there stood Captain Peabody, with a great butcher knife in his hand, looking down upon me like thunder! I want to know if I didn't feel streaked! He clinched me by the collar and stood me up, and then raised his knife over me as high as he could reach. I thought my last minute had come. Blood would have been shed as sure as rats, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Peabody. She stepped up behind and laid hold of his arm, and says she:

It's no matter, Mr. Peabody; they are married.

Married to that puppy! roared the captain.

Yes, sir, says I, and here's the certificate.

And I pulled it out of my jacket pocket, and gave it to him. But I didn't stay for any more ceremony; as soon as I felt his grip loosen a little, I slid off like an eel, and backed out doors, and made tracks home about as fast as I could leg it. But there was to be no peace for me this day. I was in constant worry and stew all the forenoon, for fear the captain would do something rash, and I could neither sit nor stand still, eat, drink or think.

About the middle of the afternoon, Doctor Dingley came bouncing in, out of breath, and says he:

John, you have been cheated and bamboozled! Your marriage ain't worth that. It was all a contrivance of Jack Darling, the lawyer, and his two imps, Joe Morey, and Peter Scamp.

This was all he could say till he had wiped his face, and taken a swig of cider to recover his wind; and he then gave me the particulars.

When Captain Peabody had read my certificate, he could not rest; but tackled up and drove right down to let off his fury upon his old friend, Squire Darling. The moment he got sight of the squire, he turned to, and called him all the loud names he could lay his tongue to, for half an hour. The captain downed the certificate, and says he:

There's black and white against ye, you bloody old sculpen.

The squire knew the handwriting was his nephew's as soon as he seed it, and the truth was brought to light. But, as the storm fell in one quarter, it rose from t'other. Squire Darling had smelt tar in his day, and hadn't forgot how to box the compass; and as soon as the saddle was on the right hoss, he set in and gave the captain his own agin, and let him have it about nor-nor-west, right in his teeth till he was fairly blown out. They shook hands then, and seeing Hannah and I had got under weigh together, they said we must go the voyage, and no time be lost in making all fast in the lashings, with a good fine square knot before change of weather. So the squire slicked up a little, got into the shay, and came home with the captain, to hold the wedding that very night.

How Doctor Dingley happened to be in town just at the nick of time I don't know. It was his luck, and as soon as he saw which way the wind was, he hiked up and cantered home in a hurry. After he had got through with the particulars, says he:

Now Mr. Beedle, it's none of my business, but if I had such a hitch upon Captain Peabody, I would hang back like a stone drag, till he agreed to back my note for two hundred dollars in the Portland Bank, to buy goods with, enough to set you up in a store.

I thought strong on this idee, as I was going over to Captain Peabody's; but the moment I showed the least symp-