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ALEXANDRIA, LA.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8, 1871.

A Jubilee Year.

The New York Observer, now one of the most widely circulated papers in the country, will soon enter upon its 50th year, having been established in the beginning of the year 1823. It has a record of which its founders and conductors may well be proud. It has been of the most fearless and unswerving advocates of sound principles in religion, in morals, in education, and in politics. Although not political in its character, it does not hesitate to expose and denounce corruption in whatever party it exists, and to hold the rulers of the land to a strict account for the administration of their trusts. It dignified the present year by issuing a Year-Book, which is an encyclopaedia of information in regard to matters in Church and State which can only be gathered from an extensive library. This Year-Book was presented gratis to every prepaying subscriber, and the Publishers announce another volume for the coming year, a New Year-Book, which will be more complete than the last. It will be sent free to any one who pays his subscription for 1872. Copies of the paper sent free to all applicants. New subscribers will receive the paper until January free.

For the present, at least, we can announce a fair river from this point down. It has been slowly, but steadily rising since our last. The boats can now come up with good freights and at low prices. But it so happened that we were all the week, without our mails. Sunday no less than nine touched our wharfs, and stirred the placid waters of old red considerably. We learn that the river is on a stand at Carolina Bluffs, sixty miles above Shreveport, and that it is again falling in the Lakes and upper Red River.

We trust the well meaning and charitable portion of our community will bear in mind, that the Ladies' Catholic Fair, given to pay off the debts of the Church, comes off to-day and to-morrow. The Committee have spared no pains in their commendable efforts to make the Fair a pleasing and attractive entertainment, well worthy the favorable consideration of our people. A few dollars from all will be heartily welcomed and enhance a good undertaking.

We have nothing new or good to report of the times and prospects in Rapides. Our cotton crop we are now convinced, will not be more than a fifth poor crop. As for corn, not more than one planter in five will have corn to run them until Christmas day. Most of the sugar mills are rolling, the yield of the cane, so far, is not much; but good sugar is being made.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves, at their outset in life, in a good comfortable business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to them, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against him who starts with a fortune.

Governor Bullock, Georgia's C. D. Chief Magistrate, left the State for New York a few days since, and there sent in his resignation. He pleads as his excuse for this course, that the Democrats, who are his enemies, having a majority in the Legislature, will impeach him and cause his arrest. And further he has no idea of being thus caught by them.

We are luxuriating in the finest weather ever seen on the top of this earth—all we can now brag on for our own material interests.

The Rapides for this trip went through to Shreveport and Jefferson. She will wheel into line in her regular trade next week.

Our thanks, for New Orleans papers, are due the clerks of the Right Way, Cherokee, Rapides and D. L. Tally.

Particular attention is directed to the notice of the Pacific Fire Company No. 1. They know how to do the nice thing.

Death of Colonel Samuel F. Marks.

From the Planters' Banner we learn with regret of the death of Colonel Samuel F. Marks, at Brashear, on Monday, October 16th, at 8 P. M. aged 64 years.

The deceased was well and favorably known to the people of Louisiana, and in his day, has filled many important offices, both civil and military. He has served in both branches of the Legislature, was twice elected State Auditor, was for several years Post Master of New Orleans, and was an officer in three wars. He commanded a company in the Indian Florida war, was Colonel of the Andrew Jackson Regiment, from this State, during the Mexican war, and served as Colonel of the 11th Louisiana C. S. Regiment during the late civil war. Since the surrender he has been living in the Attakapas country in private pursuits. During his lifetime he has been popular with the masses and always filled the trusts confided to him with fidelity. He died at a ripe old age and many of our old population will remember the good old Colonel for long years.

CHARITY IS NOT SLEEPLESS.—It is not charity to give a penny to the street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man, out of employment, for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a poor seamstress to starvation price; to let her sit in her wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her piteous remembrance if the storm delays her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relative into your family and make her a slave of all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man who is out of work into the streets with his family, because he can not pay his rent. It is not charity to exact the utmost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you—the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only crime is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner, not though you bestow your alms by the thousand.

We are again under obligations to the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, for the October number of Blackwood's Magazine. Its contents are, as usual, highly interesting: 1. Fair to See—Part X. 2. American Books. 3. Cornelius O'Dowd—Charles Lever on Scott. The Internationals.—How to Tether Them. How They Do These Things at Vienna. 4. New Books. 5. Tronville and the Calvados Shore. 6. The Maid of Sker—Part III.

The editor who makes his newspaper the weekly bulletin of his own egotism, is as wasteful of great opportunities as the artist who should spend talents and life in painting portraits of himself, and he who makes it the vehicle of spite, detraction or abuse, wrests the noblest of engines to the most ignoble of uses. Such use of a newspaper is as base a perversion of great or graceful means, as hacking a tree with the priceless blade of Damascus, or wiping one's dirty boots with "my lady's kerchief, of finest embric."

HEAVY MESS PORK AND EXTRA Lard for sale by HENRY A. BLOSSAT.

Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, publishes a letter maintaining that the first want of the South is to have a reliable, honest and exact information of her territory and population widely disseminated in Europe, and a second is the formation of companies of land proprietors to clear titles and procure such information, which is then to be conveyed through responsible agencies.

J. Ledyard Hodge, confesses himself to be a defaulter to the "best government the world ever saw," to the amount of \$450,000; he says that it was caused by speculations with a certain house in New York. He states where he can be found, but has no excuses to offer.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Timms, parse girls." "Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively person, and double number, kissing mood, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation ease to matrimony, according to general rule."

A Michigan school committee recently reported that the excessive punishment of a lad was not actuated by malice, but occasioned by an "undue appreciation of the boy's pantaloons."

COAL OIL and PUROLINE OIL. For sale by H. A. BLOSSAT.

"What do you ask for that article?" inquired an old gentleman of a pretty shop girl. "Two dollars." "Ain't you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so!"

Some girls are like old muskets. They use a good deal of powder but will not go off.

Be Guided by What You Know.

There is an old proverb which says, "Experience is the safest guide." To this guide the sick and ailing naturally turn when casting about for the means of relief. They inquire what a medicine has done for others, before they adopt it themselves. Of all the remedies and preventives in use, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the test most triumphantly, and hence its immense popularity and vast sales. The sufferer from indigestion is sure to find some one among his friends who has been cured of that ailment by the famous vegetable stomachic. The victim of fever and ague, liver complaint, constipation, nervous prostration, or general debility, has only to make inquiry in the neighborhood where he resides in order to discover what this standard restorative has effected in cases similar to his own. In the published testimony to its merits he will find a volume of proofs of its sanitary properties, which it is impossible for his common sense to resist. He tries it, and the effect it produces on his system adds another to the host of witnesses in its favor. Thus, its reputation, founded on facts, not assertions, continually grows and spreads. Charlatans and impostors, some of them mere local tricksters, and others who take a somewhat wider range, attempt to thrust into the hands and down the throats of invalids, their haphazard concoctions, as substitutes for the tonic which for so many years has been a medicinal staple throughout the United States, Spanish America, Canada, and the West Indies, but only succeed to a very limited extent. In this reasoning age, the people, having ascertained what is really deserving of their confidence, decline "running after strange gods."

The Muscular Strength of Insects.

The strength of an insect can be finely illustrated by a feat that was once performed by a beetle—*Oxytelus macinon*—a variety that is quite common in the United States. The beetle, for want of any bed at hand, was put beneath a quart bottle full of milk upon a table, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to the surprise of all in the room, the beetle began slowly to move and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it readily moved a weight one hundred and twelve times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's which weighs twelve thousand pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within against the side.

We have another instance of insect power that is quite as remarkable as the one just related. A small kind of carabus, an elegantly formed ground beetle, weighing three and a half grains, was once fastened by a silk thread to a piece of paper, a weight having been previously laid upon the latter. At a distance of ten inches from its load, the insect was able to drag after it, upon an inclined plane of twenty-five degrees, very nearly eighty-five grains, but when placed on a plane of five degrees inclination, it drew after it one hundred and twenty-five grains, exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load.—[Exchange.]

A SAD STORY.—Two daughters of a Southern planter are now slaves in Brazil. The planter emigrated thither at the close of the late war, and was unsuccessful. The Brazilian laws are such that when a citizen becomes in debt, if he has no property, his children are sold as slaves, and prices they bring going to the payment of the obligations. Our friend, says the Nashville Republican Banner, when he reached Brazil, unwisely became naturalized as a South American citizen, and subject to the laws, thus, by his own volition, expatriating himself from his native country and its protection. He became involved in debt to some Brazilians. His children were sold as slaves. Thus, his two daughters, now grown Tennessee young ladies are slaves, doing menial work for unlettered masters and mistresses in Brazil, their price paying a devoted but unfortunate father's debt. The amount of the debt, we understand, is \$1,200 in gold, and steps have been taken to have the amount put into the hands of the father.

Among our new advertisements will be found that of Henry Foreman; this gentleman, though comparatively a stranger in our midst, is doing remarkably well. We can account for it in this wise.—That he is an excellent workman. In his trade he does not neglect the fair sex. In order to show off a pretty foot, your shoes must fit well and he can fit you to perfection. Give him a trial.

Six hogheads of new sugar the first of the crop of 1871, reached our Town on Monday. It was made on Cova Bend Plantation.

New Orleans Market.

COTTON.—The sales to-day embraced 4350 bales, at stiffer prices until towards the close, when they were less buoyant: Good Ordinary.....17 1/2 @ 17 1/2 Low Middling.....18 @ Middling.....18 1/2 @ Strict Middling.....18 1/2 @ Good Middling.....18 1/2 @ The market opened with a good demand, only a moderate supply, and factors asking 1/4c. above yesterday's quotations, which restricted the movement. A moderate amount, nevertheless, changed hands, partly at previous rates, but mostly at an advance of 1/4c. Later in the day holders were less stringent in their pretensions, and the demand became more lively, resulting in sales to the amount noted above. A considerable portion of the business was done on the basis of 18 @ 18 1/2c. for Low Middling, but towards the close prices were easier.

SEAGAR.—Received 73 bbls. The demand is good, especially for the better descriptions, and the supplies were all sold at 7 1/2c. for inferior, 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4c. for common, 9c. for good common, 11 1/2c. for fully fair, 12 1/2c. for choice, and 12 1/2c. for yellow centrifugal. The new crop now coming in is mostly very poor in quality, and shows the lack of sufficient attention in manufacturing on the part of the planters. They send their product too soon to market, and the Sugar arrives here green and soft and undrained, making it unmarketable and unmerchandise. Molasses also comes here very poor, and shows much neglect as to quality.

MOLASSES.—Received 421 bbls., 25 half bbls. The demand is fair, and the supplies were all sold at 45c. for common, 54 @ 55c. for fair, 50c. for fair to prime, 57 @ 58c. for prime, 60c. for strictly prime, and 62 @ 62 1/2c. for strictly prime to choice.

FLOUR.—Is in better demand and the market has shown much more animation to-day. About 25000 bbls. were sold, of which 25 and 25 superfine at \$6 1/2, 85 double extra \$6 95, 100 low treble extra at \$7, 42 and 60 treble extra at \$7 1/2, 100 good treble extra at \$7 20, 30 and 50 do. at \$7 52, 68 treble extra at \$7 20, 200 good treble extra at \$7 50, 75 do. at \$7 62, 100 choice extra at \$8, 25 and 50 choice extra at \$8 50, 50 do. at \$8 75, 25 do. at \$9, 50, 50 and 100 treble extra on private terms.

CORN.—Is in fair supply and moderate demand. 3000 sacks were sold to-day, of which 100 mixed and white mixed at 82c., 700 red mixed at 82 1/2c., 700 mixed at 83c., 400 white and yellow in burlaps at 83c., and 100 white at 82 1/2c. bushel.

OATS.—Are in good supply and fair demand, 1200 sacks were sold to-day, of which 300 St. Louis at 51c., 250 and 500 choice at 52c., and 100 choice Galena at 53c. bushel.

BRAN.—Is dull, with holders asking \$1 40 @ 100 lb.

HAY.—Is dull. 400 bales were sold, of which 55 ordinary at \$26, 118 prime at \$25, 100 do. at \$30, and 75 at \$33 per ton.

Set the loving kindness of God before your eyes, and think of the faithfulness of it. God's loving kindness never passes a minute. It has been as constant as the flight of time; never a moment but there has been love for that moment; never an hour, but there has been the hour's portion of loving kindness. You have often forgotten the Lord, but he has never forgotten you; you have turned aside from your fidelity ten thousand times, but he never once. If he had dealt with you justly, and not graciously, he had long ago divorced you from his heart; but you are as dear to him now as ever, and you shall be dear to him when Heaven and earth shall pass away. Well, what then? Why, then, as constantly seek to serve him. Let every day have duty, and let each day's duty be your pleasure and privilege. Do not be receiving without also giving out, but as the sovereign goodness of God comes to you without a pause, and there are no miscarriages in divine grace, so let there never be any forgetfulness, negligence, or delay in your gratitude, and the obedience which springs of it.

LIFE AND DEATH.—Life is but death's vestibule, and our pilgrimage on earth but a journey to the grave; the pulse that preserves our being begins our dead march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it steadily outward to the depths of death. To-day we see our friends in health; to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we close his eyes. We rode in a chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few hours the fast black chariot must convey us to the home of all the living. O, how closely allied is death to life! The lamb that sported in the field must soon feel the knife. The ox in the pasture is fattening for the pasture. Trees do but grow that they may be felled. Yes, and greater things than these feel death. Empires rise and flourish; they flourish but to decay; they rise but to fall.

Saturday Night.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a look of hate; how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a promise lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven, how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now which last Saturday night held the rarest treasures of the heart!

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man in business! Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged wife on life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts flying by!

Leave your books with complex figures, your dingy shop! Rest with those you love, for heaven only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears, and in silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless Heaven for giving his weary children so dear a stopping-stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday.—[Exchange.]

A LESSON IN CONVERSATION.—If our talk is to prosper, the subject of it must be led up gradually, and what is more, naturally; the conversation reaching it by easy stages, and as one may say, in the course of nature.—And this leading up, must, you are entreated to remember, be the work of destiny, and by no means brought about by you who wish to profit by it. Next in magnitude to the fault of dragging in your subject neck and heels, is the error of leading up to it yourself in a forced and unnatural manner. You must wait for your opportunity. Self-control and patience are as necessary to the attainment of conversational, as of any other distinction. You must be patient then, but you must also be vigilant; a combination of qualities rare but indispensable to those who would be great in anything. You must be ready when that opportunity which has been spoken of does come, to seize it and hold it fast. You must hold your remarks, your description, your story, or whatever it is, in check, as a skillful glider does a deerhound, but you must be ready to let it slip when the right moment comes. If that moment is missed, your chance is gone. Not the proverbial motto, not Queen Anne herself, are more utterly dead than is a subject which has once been disposed of and dropped. You can not revive it; to assert that such a resuscitation is possible would be to mislead many unoffending and, perhaps, deserving people. If a good thing comes into your head after the opportunity for letting it loose upon society has gone by the best thing you can do is to gulp it down altogether or keep it by you, in case a use for it should come in the course of time.—[Cornhill Magazine.]

HOW A SHERWOOD MAN GOT AN OFFICE.—The following conversation between a well-known official and his friend took place recently, in front of the Custom House:

"Where have you been?" "To Washington, to see the President, for the purpose of securing an appointment to office." "Did you get the appointment?" "I did." "Well, since you are an official, I advise you to go and get a new stove-pipe hat; if you and your friends can't afford the expense, I will lend you fifty cents to get the coruscations ironed out of the shabby one you now sport. It looks as though a Britton, a hill, or Horace Greeley had fallen upon it." "No, I will not smooth away a wrinkle; I will wear it as it is, and bequeath it to my heirs as a rich legacy. It was the cause of my appointment." "The cause of your appointment! How so?" "Well, you see, when the President saw me with this hat on, he mistook me for a relation, and immediately gave me the position I asked for." "He thought you his relative on account of your hat! How?" "What, he saw the 'dent's' in it!"

HAY, CORN AND OATS, for sale by HENRY A. BLOSSAT.

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRINTER.—May be shed with lightning, and be compelled to walk over lightning.

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye stone. May every day of his life be more despotism than the Dey of Algiers. May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty woman. May he be bored to death by boarding misses practicing their first lessons in music, without the privilege of seeing his tormentors. May 240 nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night. May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of caterwauls under his window each night. May his cows give sour milk, and his churn ransid butter. May his business go to ruin, and may he go to hell.

We direct attention to the advertisement of A. W. McLaurine.

The Political Crisis of the State.

The political situation in this State grows daily more involved and interesting. Since our last survey of the condition of the two opposing Radical factions, there has been a visible change in their spirit, relations and prospects. Very momentous results, affecting the future of our State, will depend upon the further development of what appear to be the present condition and circumstances of these factions, and the use which may be made thereof, by the mass of the honest and intelligent of our State. This quarrel has always been looked to as presenting the only chance and means of a combination which would restore to its share of power and influence the more decent and respectable of our people, and arrest the fearful prevalence of corruption, fraud, and all forms of vice and dishonesty in every branch of our local government. Events are rapidly hastening the solution of this problem, and it is time that our sober-thinking citizens were giving to it their most profound and dispassionate consideration. It is quite apparent that the division in the Radical party in this State is permanent and irreconcilable. The hope of Presidential intervention for its settlement has fled. The President, after coquetting with both factions, has at last yielded to the personal influences which are always strongest with him, and Brennus-like, throws his sword into the scale which bears the fortunes and fate of the Custom-house faction. Recent successes of his party in the States appeared to have decided his course in this matter. The order has gone forth that the Turner Hall faction must be slaughtered. *Carthago delenda est!* The State government must be stormed and carried in the interest of the faction which will give the electoral vote of this State to Grant. The Turner Hall faction placed its support of the President on conditions and contingences that have not happened. The Custom-house iniquity and outrage have not been punished or even condemned by the President. The party which demanded this as their *sine qua non* must now choose between a whining, pusillanimous, unconditional submission, or a resistance and reorganization of their forces on a new base and strategy. Which will they do?

There are conspicuous and recent examples in other States to guide to results which might save them from utter annihilation, and enable them to defy and successfully resist and overcome the Presidential intervention. Can not the same reproof which was administered to Grant in Missouri be repeated in Louisiana? If it be attempted, and especially if, as there are strong hopes, it proves successful, the condition and prospects of our State would wear a far more hopeful aspect than they now do.—[New Orleans Times.]

DEATH WATCH.—Mr. Davis says: "The authorities upon this subject disagree, and I refer the matter to you. Harris, in his Treatise, speaks of it as being a Neuropterous insect, and Webster calls it a beetle. Probably there are two kinds of insects called by the same name."

Probably most people have heard the ticking sounds in the walls, especially of old houses, exactly resembling the ticking of a watch, and to which has been given the ominous title of the Death watch. It is now pretty well determined, as Mr. Davis suggests, that this sound is produced by two very different kinds of insects; one a small insect belonging to the Neuropterous genus *Psoocus* which is the one spoken of by Harris, and the other a small beetle, referred to by Webster, belonging to the genus *Anobium* in the family of *Plinidae*. As these sounds are usually heard at the pairing season in the spring, it has been conjectured that they are a love call between the sexes; somewhat analogous to the drumming of the partridge.

The manner in which this sound is produced is not very well understood. Some have described it as being caused by the insect striking its jaws upon the surface on which it stands; but Mr. Westwood came to the conclusion, from a long series of observations, that it is produced by the larvae gnawing their way through the wood on which they feed.

This systematic sound, produced by an unseen cause, was regarded in former and more superstitious times as the warning of some mysterious power, betokening death in the family. It is surprising how widely this superstition has prevailed. The poet Gay alludes to it in the following line: "The solemn Death-watch clicked near the hour he died." It thus appears that these obscure insects were really the first spirit-rappers; and if there be any honor attached to that priority, it should be fairly allotted to them.

Heaven on Earth.

When gifted girls in their hours of musing cast the horoscope of their lives, and paint a rosy future, the picture is not perfect unless it contains the model home. Those that are flighty and romantic may use the language of Claude Melnotte and see in their dreams, "A palace lifting to eternal Summer its marble walls, from out a gloomy tower

Of coolest foliage musical with birds Whose songs should syllable their names." But the average American girl is too sensible for that. She knows that palaces are no every day structures in our work-a-day world, and recent events in Europe have taught us that those who live in palaces are not the happiest of mortals; but she does sketch a pleasant village or country home, a front yard odorous with roses and bright with violets, a parlor with warranted brocade and cozy arm-chairs. The gentleman who is the central figure of this scene is intelligent, virtuous and noble; he is all considerable, fidelity and truth; his home is the dearest place on earth; he never leaves his door without a kiss; his eyes dance with delight when he drives at the front gate; their love like old wine gains flavor and mellowness as the years pass on, and wrapped in the warm folds of an affection ever fresh and ever gaining, they forget that Adam was expelled from the eastern gate of Paradise, that the earth was cursed, that Sarsar frosts may sear the tree of life and its golden fruitage at the height of its succulence. Now, dear girls, this sketch is not taken right out of one of Bulwer's novels as it seems to be. In the numerous and gratifying letters that pour into this column week after week, this edifice catches glimpses of many a home as bright as hope and as warm as love can make them. Nothing can so surely replenish the fountain of domestic sweets as the consciousness of growth in the true honor and worthy achievement, and this must be mutual. The lamp of love must be trimmed and filled with odorous oil; the garden of the heart must be tilled and fertilized and irrigated. The wife who would absorb more and more of the large heart of a noble husband, must do it by an ever growing and more resplendent womanhood.

Let the girl who would change this dream into reality determine that neither the demands of the kitchen, the outcry of the nursery, nor the platitude of the parlor shall ever keep her from feeling her intellect with the pure food of knowledge, and warming her heart with perpetual aspirations toward things higher and better. Where two persons are united in the pursuit of what is noblest and best, where their hearts are full of gentleness and warm with charity, they will not need novels or roses or glowing tapestries to make their home a heaven. Their honeymoon will run into the years of blackening hair and wrinkling cheek. Goodness has made them superior to physical attractions, and in no unimportant sense they have already entered within the pearly gates.—[Exchange.]

How is this for High?

Mr. Gray, of Boston, recently discovered a non-explosive illuminating fluid. To show how safe the new compound was, he invited a number of his friends to meet him in his rooms, whether he had brought a barrel of the fluid which he at once proceeded to stir with a red-hot poker. As he went through the roof accompanied by his friends, he endeavored to explain to his nearest companion that the particular fluid in the barrel had too much benzine in it; but the gentleman said he had an engagement higher up, and could not wait for the explanation. Mr. Gray continued his ascent until he met Mr. Brown, who informed him that there was no necessity for him to go up higher, as every body was coming down; so Mr. Gray started back to be with the party Mr. Gray's widow offers for sale the secret for the manufacture of the non-explosive fluid at a reduced rate, as she wishes to raise money enough to buy a silver-handled coffin with a gilt plate for Mr. Gray.

THE ASSIGNMENT OF RETIRED NAVAL OFFICERS.—An important question has arisen under the order of the Secretary of the Navy of September 1, 1871, relative to the assignment of retired naval officers, in which is involved the scope and meaning of the act of July, 1864, amendatory of the act of December 21, 1871, to further promote the efficiency of the navy, which provides that the first section shall not be so construed as to retire any officer under the age of sixty-two and whose name shall not have been borne upon the Navy register for a period of forty-five years after he had arrived at the age of sixteen. Admiral Poor, who was recently retired is but sixty-one years of age, and he had claims that he is entitled to full pay up to the time of his sixty-second year. This is the first case that has arisen under the amended act in which the construction of the law is doubted. Admiral Poor's case has been brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy; and, as the amended act is somewhat obscure a decision of some one of the law officers of the Government will be had on this point.

A gentleman who lately held a high government office in New York having "unaccountably disappeared," the old question, which is ever presenting itself, is asked: "Who is she?" No answer—as yet.