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MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 5, 1866.

The Passes of the Mississippi.

LETTER FROM GEN. BEAUREGARD.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 22, 1866.

Dear Sirs: Permit me to answer some of the objections I noticed to the bill for excavating one or more of the passes of the river.

1. From the earliest surveys on record, the passes have always had the same depths of water, i.e. from 5 to 16 feet, at ordinary low water. The mean tidal rise there is from 14 to 20 inches, averaging thus about 11 inches. The two best of the six passes of the river have generally had from 14½ to 16 feet water at ordinary low tide. At present those two passes are the Southwest Pass and Pass à l'Outre. About twenty-five or thirty years ago they were the Southwest and the Northeast passes; some years before they were the Southwest and North passes. From these constant changes in the principal passes, it would be injudicious to limit the operations of the company to any one stated pass; for, a few years hence, one of the shallowest might be the most advantageous to operate upon. The bars move outward into the Gulf at the rate of nearly one mile in fifteen or sixteen years, and a remarkable fact is, that they maintain meanwhile their general form or outline. It is absurd to pretend that they ever had more than 16 feet water at ordinary low tide.

2. Any labor bestowed on the bars of the river to deepen their channels, must be constant; for, so long as the original causes which produced those bars exist, so long will the same depths of water return immediately after the cessation of work on said bars.

3. About the year 1830 the government expended $200,000 uselessly in endeavoring to deepen one of the Passes. In 1852-3 it expended (under my supervision) $75,000 to deepen the Southwest Pass. At first one, and then two boats were employed on that work for one year. The contractors lost heavily by their contract, but fortunately made it up by the greater facility in towing vessels over the bar, which was considerably improved. But, after the next rise of the river, the channel excavated filled up almost entirely. I will remark here, that the channels over the bars are always deeper when the river is low than when it is high, for obvious reasons. About the year 1856 the general government expended $235,000 in a vain attempt to deepen the Pass-a-l'Outre and to redeepen the Southwest Pass.

4. Before the war, about 2,400,000 tons passed annually in and out of the river. It is to be feared that it will be many years before that tonnage will reach again 2,000,000, which must be about equally divided between the two principal Passes. One third of this tonnage of each Pass (about 320,000 tons) belong to vessels drawing thirteen feet and less of water; these vessels could pass outside of the bayous of the new channel, and therefore would not be charged "toll." Thus only about 670,000 tons would pay the fifteen cents toll asked, which would produce about $100,000 per Pass, and not $1,000,000, as one member of the legislature has affirmed. Considering the great risk of failure, the large first outlay and the constant current expenses, even if the work be successful, I believe the gross revenue, as shown by the above figures, will be sufficiently moderate.

5. One honorable member states that he had been refused as one of the six associates in the undertaking. He is certainly mistaken if he refers to the proposed company, which is not yet formed, and which will not be organized until after I shall have been empowered by the State and Federal Governments to undertake the work. The honorable member probably refers to the company whose bill was presented to the Senate a few days since, asking eighteen cents per ton, instead of fifteen. I know nothing of those parties. I desire no monopoly of nothing which might injure the commercial prosperity of my native city. On the contrary, I believe I would benefit it greatly by giving from two to four feet more water in one or more Passes of the river, thus facilitating direct trade with Europe.

It will always be impracticable to obtain regular and constant annual appropriations from the State or Federal government to improve the mouths of the river. Only private enterprise can ever accomplish that desirable object. How is this to be effected? Only proper and encouraging legislation.

If Boston, Philadelphia, or New York had only from 14 to 17½ feet of water at high tide over their bars, how long do you suppose those obstructions to their commerce would remain unremoved? The whole Yankee and Southern people would be heavily taxed at once, to give those cities at least 25 feet water over their bars.

I could add a great deal more on this subject, but I will not tax longer your patience.

I remain yours very truly,

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

To Col. G. Williamson, and other members of the legislature, New Orleans, La.

A Word to Planters.

The sound and correct reasoning of the annexed article from the Memphis Appeal, will be duly and properly appreciated by all who have not too much "cotton on the brain:"

Many of our Southern contemporaries are engaged in urging planters against planting too much cotton, to the neglect of other farm products. We infer from this that the old cotton mania has taken possession of our people. If so, we apprehend that the still small voice of the newspapers will be heard but little heeded. If the experience of the four years passed under strict seclusion from the rest of the country, compelling the South to develop and rely upon her own resources is not sufficient to convince the Southern people of the impolicy of winding and starving themselves in order that the world may have cheap cotton, then would they not believe though one should rise from the dead.

Great has been the devastation of the South by the war, the lesson taught by it would compensate the wise man, if our people would but consider and profit by it. The lesson, we had supposed, was so plain and palpable, so clearly elucidated and brought home to the observation of every one, that it could not be forgotten during his generation at least. That lesson was that the South had all the means of positive independence within herself, and that she may grow richer by double, in growing one-third or one-fourth less cotton. Wheat, corn, all the cereals, in ample abundance for home consumption, can be grown all over the South; while her undeveloped mineral resources are abundant beyond belief. Never was there a country that so beseechingly invited man to diversify his labor; and we had supposed that it was only the existence of the institution of slavery, necessitating as it were the production of one staple, the cultivation of which was adapted to the negro, skill and intelligence, that could have induced any people to turn a deaf ear to the suggestions of nature. To fall back now into the old channel of raising only cotton, buying everything else, will be little better than fatality.

The outside world, we freely grant, is very much interested in having large crops of cheap cotton; but we of the South are infinitely more concerned in improving and developing the natural capabilities of our country. Instead of large cotton plantations, we want small, well cultivated, well stocked, well improved farms, with plenty of corn, and wine, and fat hogs and sleek herds of our own production. We want a diversification of our labor, whereby we may dispense, in part at least, with cotton as a means of commanding ready money. Under the old order of things, the Southern cotton planter was, in effect—though he little suspected it—but little more than a steward and overseer for the "lords of the loom" in New and old England. His inheritants of the burthen of African slaves, for whom he was bound to provide, and hence was under the necessity of furnishing them employment suited to their capacities, perhaps rendered it difficult to be anything else. But now that he has been emancipated and set free from this obligation, it will surely argue no lack of intelligence, if he voluntarily restores to the world servitude. If the world wants cheap cotton, let the world find it as best it may. The Southron, whether by birth or adoption—if he is worth a dollar, is sure that he has contributed his due proportion to that specific philanthropy.

Let each man betake himself to that way of life which will and climate invite him, and become a living, railsplit, independent farmer and citizen, satisfied that he may—with well stocked farm, his own growing, stock of his own raising—be comparatively wealthy, saving no one, but an exchange of wealth, happiness and real independence, and that he may assimilate our wasted Southern lands by a proper direction of agriculture in the south.

Cotton, Not Diversified.

[From "Vox Populi" of Yesterday.]

Cadmus of your road, we refer me to the author of the following lines:

"A PROPHECY—LAND AND ITS CONTENTS.

There lie jewelers jewels!—dans dose of them selves;
There are booksellers finally said on their shelves,
Horizontally there lie upright politicians;
Dose a dose with their patients lie faultless physicians;
There are horse drovers quietly whipt underground;
There bookbinders done up in boards are fast bound;
There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a birth;
There men without legs get their six feet of earth;
There lawyers repose each wrapt in his case;
There seekers of office are sure of a place;
There defendant and plaintiff are equally cast;
There shoemakers quietly stick to their last;
There brokers at length become silent as stocks;
There stage drivers sleep without quitting the box."

G., Edinburg.

A Voice from a Man in Gray.

The Richmond Enquirer says: Our readers will remember that several weeks ago, Senator Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, caused a wonderful assassination story to be published in the Washington papers. "A man in gray," with streaming locks, and bowie knife as long as your arm, called on the honorable Senator at the witching hour of night, and threatened to sever the tender cord which held him in this terrestrial hemisphere, unless the Ohio statesman signed a recommendation which the man in gray held in his hand. The Senator refused. The man in gray brandished his scythe blade, and by way of completing the dramatic picture, the honorable gentleman "sprang to his feet, seized his pistol, and placing it within a short distance of his head, ordered him to leave." He went. A few days thereafter, the Chronicle, "by authority," contradicted the above story, and stated that the man who called upon this gentleman from Ohio was an individual named Fleming, that he insulted the Senator, and was by him kicked out of the room. Now, the genuine Yankee can't stand "hooting," even if done with French calf skins, by a Congressman. He must have his revenge, even if he has to go to law about it. Therefore, this last statement has called forth the "man in gray," a Mr. W. L. Fleming, who turns out to be a "good Union man," and an old chum of the honorable gentleman from Ohio. In his card in the Star, he says:

Now I wish to say that I am the mysterious stranger in gray—that my name is Fleming—and that the story put forth by Senator Wade in regard to that interview is from beginning to end a fabrication of the honorable Senator's brain, as ridiculous as untrue, as I shall demonstrate before I am done. It has so happened that this story was circulated for weeks before it came to my knowledge, and then I only learned it through a friend who wrote to me inquiring about it. What end Senator Wade had in view in starting this absurb story, whether from an itch to figure before the public as a personage of such importance as to be a mark for assassination, or whether for some villainous purpose he wished to put a brand of infamy on an humble person like myself, who has done him good service in years past, is known only to his own conscience.

On the night in question I called on Senator Wade—not, as stated, to get a situation in the navy, but to see him in regard to the course adopted by the Navy Department of discharging civilians—master workmen—from navy yards. Senator Wade declared that he would have nothing to do with me—that I had, at Charlestown, Massachusetts, last winter, told things about him and Kansas affairs that should not have been told. Said I: "Judge Wade, what did I say?" He told me to go to Senator Wilson, who would tell me all about it. I told him that I had seen Senator Wilson, and that he had shown me a letter from Mr. Harding, a workman in the machinist department, Charlestown, which came through the hands of Charles Field, chief clerk of the yard, alleging that I had divulged certain things in regard to Kansas affairs prejudicial to Senator Wade. I told Mr. Wade that the statement was untrue. At this time, there being a strong smell of gas in the room, I called Mr. Wade's attention to it. He got up and opened a door, and raised a window, and sat down to reading a newspaper. Said I: "Judge, what makes you so cross to-night? We have always been good friends since 1857, and strong free States men together, and now you are giving me the cold shoulder." I then got up to spit in the fire, and being something of a tobacco chewer, I took out from a large piece of tobacco and a common sailor's jack-knife—a blunt pointed, wide-bladed affair, about as fit for stabbing purposes as a tallow candle—and having cut off a chew, returned it to my pocket and took my seat again, saying, as I did so, "Judge, those men in Charlestown have told you a lie."

As he still seemed inclined to be sulky, and to profess to believe that I had talked about him in Massachusetts, I bade him good night civilly, and opened and closed the door after me and went away. He did not follow me, or even rise from his seat, and as to the story he has told about drawing a pistol on me, the story he has told since about kicking me out, I have only to say that had he drawn a pistol, it would have speedily have found its way out of the window, and had he attempted the kicking process, he would have followed the pistol in the same direction. I am a tolerably patient man generally, but, like most hard-headed, able-bodied Yankee mechanics, should not stand kicking more than a week without getting my dander up. But there was no occasion for any such deeds of valor on his part, and he certainly attempted nothing of the kind.

I have taken pains to minutely recount my incident of my interview with the Senator, to the best of my recollection, and I now submit it to an impartial public to judge as to its truthfulness as compared with the statement of the honorable Senator.

Late "News" by Telegraph.

The Mobile Times has a special grape-vine telegraphic correspondent, who sends the following "nuse," which is just about as reliable and important as the most of that sent us by the real telegraph:

GREAT NEWS—TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE—GEN. GRANT SHAKES HANDS—THE FENIANS—MARKETS—OTHER THINGS.

[Special Telegraphic.]

The following "nuse" is special to the Mobile Times, having been taken by our own artist on the spot:

WASHINGTON, Feb.—Fred. Douglas was here yesterday, and was received with vociferous applause on the floor of the House. He was in the house at the time. The house got up when he came in.

The President's veto on the bill to let the freedmen's buro do just as they are a mind to, was also received with great applause, and the galleries were cleared in consequence, the speaker declaring that it wouldn't do to applaud. The galleries was cleared.

The Tribune's special correspondent expresses the opinion that the galleries was cleared.

Zack Chandler, of Michigan, got *full* of enthusiasm and—stuff! and things.

Gen. Grant shook hands with several gentlemen at Willard's to-day, and smoked several cigars, a box of which have been presented to him by the citizens of the North. The report that Gen. Grant is going to live with his family in "that log hut" that was moved from Virginia to the Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is a base fabrication, a false lie, and is believed in official circles here to be a *canard!*

There is a report from Philadelphia that the Fenians have captured Johnson's Island, released the "rebels," taken the Suspension Bridge, and seized Salt Lake as its base of operations. But it lacks confirmation.

It is now said that the Fenians design taking Ireland.

There are vague rumors that England is opposed to the Fenian movement, and sporting men offer to bet on it.

Gen. Grant shook hands yesterday.

PENNSYLVANIA, Feb.—A new oil well has been discovered in this State. This is getting to be a great bore.

Governor Brough is dead.

The water at Pittsburg is higher than it was before it rise. It is now up with the price of board.

CINCINNATI, Feb.—A man fell off his horse while riding yesterday and lost a new set of teeth. Damage slight.

The citizens of this city have presented Gen. Grant with a residence.

The suspension bridge across the river to Kentucky is being built. It is a suspension bridge. It will be suspended. Work was suspended on it during the war.

MARKETS.—Pork is lively and heavy.

Ashes light.

Whisky going down.

Iron firm.

Gen. Grant shook hands yesterday.

NEW YORK, Feb.—A lot of people were on Broadway yesterday. No reason is assigned for the rash deed.

The Herald's special says that if the cholera comes, and there is great fatality, there will be a good many deaths, and Broadway will not be so crowded.

The hotels do not receive strangers with carpet bags.

Barnum's museum is burned. He "shows" still and is happy.

The "loyal league" club indorse the Chicago platform. So does the freedmen's bureau.

Gen. Grant shook hands here yesterday.

Horace Greeley has got a new hat.

"Arrah-na-Pague," an Irish drama, by Dion Boucicault, was successfully enacted by Solon Shingle at the theater that does not advertise in the Herald.

A. T. Stewart is interested in dry goods, which is up. He is also into a libel case.

James Gordon Bennett's political tendencies in the next Presidential campaign are not known.

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New York is the largest city in the Northern States.

CHICAGO, Feb.—This is the most enterprising and modest town of the great west.

Grain is plenty and nominal.

Nominal means ——

Whisky is extracted from grain, and after from barrels.

It's up, then down.

Chicago has, it is estimated, drank up more lager this season, than any time during the same length of time, during the time past.

Crime is steady.

Pork is more'n 'tis in Cincinnati.

Several railroads center here.

The horse railroad was thrown off the track while on the down grade yesterday.

Chicago is resolved to wipe out St. Louis.

The Chicago Times is not suspended nor extirpated.

Gen. Grant shook hands yesterday.

BUFFALO—There are no buffaloes here. They are farther west. All such reports are false and unreliable, and not believed in official circles, nor in Fenian circles.

Niagara Falls still continues to be the greatest waterfall outside of New York.

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CHICAGO, Feb. 23.—The current topic is the speech of President Johnson, published verbatim in this morning's Republican. The radicals denounce it, though in measured terms, the accompanying speech of Secretary Seward acting as a sedative. The conservatives, generally, think well of it, and are in turn very bitter in their denunciation of the President's Congressional enemies. The Republican is exceedingly fierce, calls it a national disgrace, and intimates that the President was drunk. The Times is as violent the other way, and asserts that it is the duty of the President to arrest Sumner, Thad. Stevens, Wendell Phillips and others like them, and punish them as traitors. The Journal regards the speech as being an exhibition of ill-temper, but admits that the President makes a very strong case in some respects, while he is weak in others. The Tribune is silent; note word editorially concerning this great event.

[Missouri Democrat.

Printing by Steam.

[From the Mobile Advertiser.]

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This incidental remark of the pressman, which he uttered while he held in his teeth a venerable pipe filled with the genuine perique—he lived in Louisiana for a time before the war, and of course thinks the only kind of tobacco fit for a gentleman to smoke is perique—has set us a-thinking of the wonderful improvements that have been made in the printing press within the last half a century. If Dr. Franklin could "revisit the glimpses of the moon" to-day, and see one of Hoe's cylinder presses in operation, inking the type, placing the sheets to receive the impression, and then piling them up when printed, he would look upon his whole career as a printer in the light of a miserable failure. The press on which he printed his paper in Philadelphia was made of wood—most probably of mahogany. It took him a day or so to strike off one edition of his little weekly, which could hardly have consisted of more than 1000 copies, each sheet about the size of a sheet of ordinary foolscap. He inked his type with two large balls made of sheep skin and stuffed with wool. The whole operation was wretchedly slow, if Poor Richard had only known it; but he didn't know it, for then, as now, everything was fast or slow by comparison only, and there were no comparisons turning up in that line to render themselves odious. Under the circumstances, he would have been perfectly justifiable in feeling as sorry for Faust and Guttenberg as the printer or pressman of to-day does for him.

Long after Benjamin Franklin left this world, printing presses precisely like his were still used, and that, too, for printing daily papers, and if they were not thought to be the *ne plus ultra* of that sort of mechanism, the world at large was not aware of the fact. Some forty years ago, the two political parties in North Alabama were headed by the Winstons and the Pooles. The most prominent and influential member of the latter was a young gentleman destined to become a United States senator, the governor of a neighboring State, a member of the Confederate Congress, and the author of "War of the Rebellion; or Scylla and Charybdis." Political times were brisk in North Alabama at that period, and young Poole thought that a printing press in Tuscumbia might be made an instrument of much good to his party. Besides, like many other men at this time of life, he had an ambition to become an editor. He accordingly went or sent to New York or Philadelphia, and had a press brought out. The name of the newspaper printed upon it has long since been forgotten, but the press itself, which was made chiefly of wood, and was not materially different in construction from the one used by Ben. Franklin, still stands in the office of the North Alabamian, at Tuscumbia, or did a few years ago, at which time it was made to turn out as neat a specimen of job work as you would care to see. We may add that Mr. Foote's recollections of his editorial career can hardly be the most pleasant of his life, for although that career was very brief, lasting but three or four months, it saw him involved, as he once told the writer of these hasty paragraphs, in half a dozen fights, and he quit the profession in disgust. But all this by the way.

The 29th of November, 1814, will be ever memorable in the annals of the art preservative as the day on which the first newspaper was printed by steam. That paper was the London Times, of which John Walter, the son of the founder of that journal and the father of its present proprietor, was the manager. He had an idea that something better than the hand-press could be made, and was more than willing to encourage every invention in this line. And thus it came about that the power of steam was brought into requisition and a mighty revolution in the art of book and newspaper making was inaugurated. An ingenious printer named Konig had invented a press to go by steam, and in 1814 Mr. Walter consented to test its value. But such was the hostility of the pressmen in the Times office to all such inventions, that it was necessary to make the experiment in an adjoining building. The patentee and his assistant worked quietly for several months, getting their machinery ready for the final test. The night of the 29th of November, 1814, was one of much anxiety to Mr. Walter, for his pressmen had threatened violence to any one whose inventions should throw them out of employment.

It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press room, and announced its occupants by telling them that the Times was already printed by steam; that if they attempted any violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued till employment could be procured. He then gave them copies of that morning's Times, and they had the pleasure of reading the following announcement in its columns:

"The reader of this morning's Times holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the Times newspaper, which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts, far exceeds all human power in rapidity and dispatch.

"After placing the form upon the press, little more remains for man to do than to watch the unconscious motions and keep it supplied with paper.

"Itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the newly inked type, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself distributes to meet the ensuing sheet now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated motions are performed with such a velocity of movement that no less than 1100 sheets are impressed in an hour."

The pressman of any popular daily newspaper of to-day would look upon Mr. Walter's "system of machinery" as a miserably slow coach, if he were compelled to run it; but fifty years ago it was justly considered wonderfully fast, for the lightning presses now in use were then undreampt of in the philosophy of the craft.

The Princess Alexandra's Christmas Gift.

An English paper tells a little story of the Princess Alexandra, which admirably illustrates her domestic habits, her amiable disposition and kindness of heart. Crossing the hall of Marlborough House late one afternoon, a few days before Christmas, her royal highness observed a young girl of singularly delicate and refined appearance, waiting, and also standing, though evidently fatigued and faint.

The Princess kindly told her to sit down, asked her errand, and discovered that she had brought home some garment which had been ordered for the children, and which the Princess, who is much interested in sewing machines, and understands their merits, had desired should be made upon the Grover & Baker machine. Interested in the model, intelligent appearance and gentle manner of the girl, her highness desired her to follow her to her room, which she did, without having the remotest idea who the beautiful condescending lady was.

After an examination of the articles, the Princess asked who it was that executed the work? The girl modestly confessed that she herself had done the most of it. The Princess said it was done very nicely, and finally drew from her protege the simple facts of her condition; how she had an invalid mother, whom she was obliged to leave all alone, while she went to the shop to work; how the fashionable rage for the Grover & Baker sewing had suggested to her to become a finished operator on the Grover & Baker machine, with the hope, oh! very, very far distant, that some time she might have a machine of her own, and be able to work at home, and earn something more than the bread for the poor sick mother.

The Princess rang the bell, ordered a bottle of wine, some biscuits and oranges packed and brought to her. Meantime, she had asked the wandering, bewildered child, for she was little more, where she lived, and took down the address upon her tablets with her own hand. She then gave her the delicacies which had been put into a neat little basket, and told her to take them to her mother.

On Christmas morning, into the clean apartment of the invalid mother and her astonished and delighted daughter, was borne a handsome sewing machine, with a slip of paper, on which were the words: "A Christmas gift from Alexandra."

It is said the Secretary of the Treasury has received large numbers of the new five cent currency, which contains the likeness of S. M. Clark, superintendent of the printing bureau, and who figured in the treasury scandal case some time ago, with the word "shame" written with ink over Clark's face.

Magnificent Cotton Swindle—Shrewd Operations of a Couple of Country Rogues—Arrest of a Suspected Party, etc.

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The 29th of November, 1814, will be ever memorable in the annals of the art preservative as the day on which the first newspaper was printed by steam. That paper was the London Times, of which John Walter, the son of the founder of that journal and the father of its present proprietor, was the manager. He had an idea that something better than the hand-press could be made, and was more than willing to encourage every invention in this line. And thus it came about that the power of steam was brought into requisition and a mighty revolution in the art of book and newspaper making was inaugurated. An ingenious printer named Konig had invented a press to go by steam, and in 1814 Mr. Walter consented to test its value. But such was the hostility of the pressmen in the Times office to all such inventions, that it was necessary to make the experiment in an adjoining building. The patentee and his assistant worked quietly for several months, getting their machinery ready for the final test. The night of the 29th of November, 1814, was one of much anxiety to Mr. Walter, for his pressmen had threatened violence to any one whose inventions should throw them out of employment.

It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press room, and announced its occupants by telling them that the Times was already printed by steam; that if they attempted any violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued till employment could be procured. He then gave them copies of that morning's Times, and they had the pleasure of reading the following announcement in its columns:

"The reader of this morning's Times holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the Times newspaper, which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts, far exceeds all human power in rapidity and dispatch.

"After placing the form upon the press, little more remains for man to do than to watch the unconscious motions and keep it supplied with paper.

"Itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the newly inked type, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself distributes to meet the ensuing sheet now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated motions are performed with such a velocity of movement that no less than 1100 sheets are impressed in an hour."

The pressman of any popular daily newspaper of to-day would look upon Mr. Walter's "system of machinery" as a miserably slow coach, if he were compelled to run it; but fifty years ago it was justly considered wonderfully fast, for the lightning presses now in use were then undreampt of in the philosophy of the craft.

The Princess Alexandra's Christmas Gift.

An English paper tells a little story of the Princess Alexandra, which admirably illustrates her domestic habits, her amiable disposition and kindness of heart. Crossing the hall of Marlborough House late one afternoon, a few days before Christmas, her royal highness observed a young girl of singularly delicate and refined appearance, waiting, and also standing, though evidently fatigued and faint.

The Princess kindly told her to sit down, asked her errand, and discovered that she had brought home some garment which had been ordered for the children, and which the Princess, who is much interested in sewing machines, and understands their merits, had desired should be made upon the Grover & Baker machine. Interested in the model, intelligent appearance and gentle manner of the girl, her highness desired her to follow her to her room, which she did, without having the remotest idea who the beautiful condescending lady was.

After an examination of the articles, the Princess asked who it was that executed the work? The girl modestly confessed that she herself had done the most of it. The Princess said it was done very nicely, and finally drew from her protege the simple facts of her condition; how she had an invalid mother, whom she was obliged to leave all alone, while she went to the shop to work; how the fashionable rage for the Grover & Baker sewing had suggested to her to become a finished operator on the Grover & Baker machine, with the hope, oh! very, very far distant, that some time she might have a machine of her own, and be able to work at home, and earn something more than the bread for the poor sick mother.

The Princess rang the bell, ordered a bottle of wine, some biscuits and oranges packed and brought to her. Meantime, she had asked the wandering, bewildered child, for she was little more, where she lived, and took down the address upon her tablets with her own hand. She then gave her the delicacies which had been put into a neat little basket, and told her to take them to her mother.

On Christmas morning, into the clean apartment of the invalid mother and her astonished and delighted daughter, was borne a handsome sewing machine, with a slip of paper, on which were the words: "A Christmas gift from Alexandra."

It is said the Secretary of the Treasury has received large numbers of the new five cent currency, which contains the likeness of S. M. Clark, superintendent of the printing bureau, and who figured in the treasury scandal case some time ago, with the word "shame" written with ink over Clark's face.

Gran has been heard from. The following is the latest intelligence from Havana. Several operas have been given, and on one particular night the production was "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Madame Muzio (*nee* Lucy Simons) and Lotti in the cast, and before the first act was half over the audience were thrown into convulsions of laughter, and even went to the extremity of guying the harmless little North American tenor by joining uproariously with him in his solos. The *fiasco* was complete—especially, we are informed, in the case of Madame Muzio, whose quantity of voice is not at all equal to its quality. The curtain was rung down upon a scene of laughable fright on one side and absolute uproar on the other. Thereupon the authorities interfered, seized the receipts, and ordered them to be paid over to the municipal poor fund, fined the astonished peripatetic center, Gran, fifty dollars as the price of his managerial temerity, and ordered Signor Muzio, the musical director of the troupe, to substitute two acts of "Traviata" for the unperformed balance of "L'Elisir." This prompt action served somewhat to restore order in the house and saved the company, or at least the manager, from being promptly consigned to Moro Castle—the Fort Lafayette of the Cuban waters."

A sensitive foreigner committed suicide at New York a few days ago, because he was so mortified that his cousin had come to this country and gone into business as a mule driver.

COAL AND MINING COMPANY.

UPPER OUACHITA, COAL AND MINING COMPANY.

Splendid Opportunity for Investment.

This Company was organized in 1857, and prior to the breaking out of the war expended considerable money in the establishing of Oil and Paraffine works. These works were, however, interrupted by the breaking out of the war, and much of the Company's property was destroyed by one agency or another before the return of peace.

The real estate belonging to the Company consists of 2148 acres of coal lands, situated on the Ouachita river, above and below Wilmington, in Union county, Ark., which adjoins Union parish, La. Two seams of coal are open to inspection when the water in the river is low. The upper seam, which is about 2½ feet in thickness, is 80 feet above the level of the river bed. Coal from this seam has been analyzed by various chemists, and proves to be extremely rich in oil and paraffine. The lower seam corresponds with the level of the river bed, and is 5½ feet in thickness, as shown by an exposed foot on in the river bank, near Chenyville. Each acre of this seam should yield 240,000 bushels; in all, 429,840,000 bushels, which, at a royalty of one cent per bushel, would be worth over Four Million Dollars.

A force of 50 miners, mining at the rate of 100 bushels per day, would produce 125,000 bushels per month, or 1,500,000 per year—enough to fill 6000 barrels of oil, at 25 cents per barrel, would yield a revenue of $1,500,000. Allowing the cost of transporting and transhipping to market must be deducted. A towboat, running at an expense of $100 per month, capable of 8 trips, would make these trips with four barges, between New Orleans and the mines, per month, or twice that number of trips to the mouth of Red River, where it is contemplated to establish a depot for the supply of Natchez, Memphis, Vicksburg and intermediate points on the river. These trips do carry 2500 barrels each, and the total freight, at the rate of 25 cents per barrel, amounts to $625 per trip. The mining at four cents per bushel, or ten cents per barrel, would be $600,00, showing the following results:

500 bbls. coal, at 75c. per bbl $375,000
Deduct expenses for mining and freight 79,000

Net profit $342,000

Throwing out the old $12,000 for contingencies and incidentals, the net profit of the enterprise would be equal to a dividend of 50 per cent. on the whole capital stock of $600,000, on which the company proposes to operate.

In order to show the value of the coal from the upper seam, which is greatly inferior to that of the lower seam, the following is submitted:

ANALYSIS OF PROFESSOR J. L. RIDDELL.

This was certify that, by analysis, I find a compact, dark brown, rather friable specimen of coal, from the Ouachita river, Arkansas, by H. C. Morris, to contain, when deprived of moisture in one hundred parts by weight:

Volatile combustible matter, producing gaseous oils, etc., by distillation 59.30
Fixed carbon 32.20
Ash 8.50
..... 100.00

There can be no question of the great value of this coal, if it can be easily mined and cheaply transported to market.

J. L. RIDDELL, Professor of Chemistry
Medical Department, University of La.

PROFESSOR GESNER'S ANALYSIS, ETC., OF COAL FROM OUACHITA RIVER, ARKANSAS, FOR THE UPPER OUACHITA COAL COMPANY.

This coal is of a blackish brown color, partially shining, fracture uneven and imperfectly conchoidal—specific gravity somewhat variable, averaging from 1.280 to 1.100, water being 1000.

100 parts, by weight, yielded, as an average of four experiments, volatile matter, condensed into amorphous oil and water oils and uncondensed gas 59.80
Fixed carbon 34.10
Ash 6.00
Traces of sulphur—loss 0.10
..... 100.00

The coal was submitted to dry distillation in an iron retort and gradually heated up to 800 degrees Fahrenheit. The volatile matters were passed through a powerful condenser, and the results from 100 lbs. of coal was 3.35 gallons of crude tar, and 1.5 gallons of 47.60 gallons of crude oil per ton. The oil was thick and of the consistence of butter when the thermometer was at 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

I then distilled the crude oil and treated it by my method for the production of hydro-carbon or lamp oil and paraffine. The results was as follows:

Lamp oil 1 gallon 1½ pints nearly, or at the rate of 25.6.8 gallons per ton. Lubricating oil 2 pints 6 ounces fluid, or 6 gallons per ton nearly. Paraffine 1 gallon, or 7 lbs., 140 lbs. to the ton.

The lamp oil was tested in one of the ordinary coal oil lamps, and is equal in its burning properties to any in the market. The lubricating oil is also good. The paraffine is of superior quality. Its melting point being higher than that of the paraffine made from other coals. The coke from the coal will supply nearly all the fuel required for the manufacture of lamp oil and paraffine.

Fifty pounds of coal was also tried in regard to its heating or evaporating efficiency and for the production of steam. For these purposes it is equal in value to other coals. It might be very fairly tested by weighing it in a stouchoven to certain number of hours against any other kind of coal in general use, and the comparative value in a furnace for making crucibles. It gave a strong and durable heat.

The Ouachita coal does not ignite instantaneously in burning, nor does it crack and fly to pieces. Bars of cast iron of each mass alone on the fire. These are much thicker and of more mass outside the heat is strong and well continued. The coke also affords very strong heat, and retains the fire longer than any I have ever seen. The coke from 140 lbs. will continue to burn 24 hours and over. The ash is nearly white, and chiefly composed of clay, lime and silicia.

It will be seen by the foregoing that the Ouachita coal is valuable for the manufacture of oil and paraffine. It is also adapted to a stouchoven or for fuel. It ignites quickly, and may be mixed with other kinds of fuel when steam is required at short notice. Its application to practical purposes I have no doubt will secure for it a high market.

ABRAHAM GESNER, M. D., Chemist.
24 William street, New York, Oct. 17, 1865.

It will be seen that a ton of this coal will produce
160 pounds paraffine, worth 50c. per pound $79 00
25 6 8 gallons lamp oil at 80c. per gallon 19 00
6 " lubricating oil, at $2 per gallon 12 00
..... $110 00
Outside cost of production 25 00
Profit per ton $76 00

The profit on ten tons, or one day's distillation, would be $760, which in one year of three hundred working days would be $228,000. This, added to estimated profit of mining and selling 600,000 barrels of coal, would make a grand total of $560,000. It must be remembered also that the surface land is excellent and well wooded; that two cotton plantations there on have been extensively worked; that above the upper coal seam there is a vein of stoneware inches of the best porcelain, or pipe clay, yet found in the United States; that there are indications of petroleum, pronounced exceedingly favorable