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THE DAILY CRESCENT

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SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1868.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

"THE BEST AUTHORITY."

After years of industrious and unremitting search I have tracked this mysterious party to what I believe to be his very domicil and stronghold. In almost every city of consequence upon the continent I have heard of him, but never before has the trail been so warm or the contact so imminent as now. Yet I cannot say more.

Though I am "within one of him" almost hourly—though I am continually stepping into places from which he has just departed—I am not prepared to state that I have him fairly in view as yet. Though every one here is in daily communication with him—though he pervades every nook and corner of this peaceful village—alas! I cannot pledge myself to any further information.

Would that the want of acquaintance were mutual! Would that the Best Authority were ignorant of my existence! But it may not be. He knows me—he has marked me for his own—and I, who have been the pursuer, am now the frenzied and terror stricken victim of pursuit.

Interesting rumors grew into semi detraction; they gradually thickened in quality and numbers, and all my most cunning devices to bring about a rencounter and thrust the falsehood down the teeth of the Best Authority have been thwarted and circumvented, until my rage has become desperate. I seriously believe that, should I meet the Best Authority in my present state of mind, I would plunge something into his midriff—if he has any.

Where does he get his information, and why does he pervert it so atrociously after he does get it? for there is always a flimsy basis of truth in his stories. I think I have the right to demand thus much.

How did he find what I wrote to a friend in a distant State, and what my friend said about it? How does he know what virtuous burghers say to their spouses after bed-time, and by what means does he ascertain the exact amount I lose at "draw?"

How did he find out what I said to Mincing when we were fishing on the lake? Perhaps—horrid suspicion!—it may be Mincing himself! But no; he is known as a perfectly harmless ass, who couldn't remember what he was told if he tried.

No! no! there is something about this which is altogether frightful, and my flesh creeps when I contemplate it. For instance: The other evening, on my way to a small gathering, I said to my companion:

"Miss Buller's a fine girl, isn't she?"

Two hours afterwards my partner said to me: "Oh, Mr. Blinker! I hear you are to marry Miss Buller—now don't deny it; I have it from the best authority."

Then he is here, I thought; and straightway I gave up everything in the search. There was Clabton, a pompous donkey, whose only ambition in life is to conceal a density which he has just shrewdness enough to suspect; it couldn't be him, because he never talked. There was—but just then I happened to turn: I saw, standing by a window, a small man of a cadaverous habit, who fixed on me a dull and phosphorescent stare. Heavens, I thought, that must be him at last. What an unearthly gaze, and I thought of the lines—

"I fear thee ancient mariner,
I fear thy glittering eye."

But the small man had disappeared. Malédiction! he will escape, and I bounded on wildly on to the gallery.

He had not fled; there he was, leaning over the balustrade, and giving unmistakable evidences of sickness. He turned one stupid orb upon me and muttered thickly, "Isn't it awful to reflect, amidst all this gaiety that we're passing away—hic!—that some day we must *throw up* all things—hic?"

Bah! It was Fitzass. The next day I heard I had taken Miss Buller on the gallery and been rejected then and there.

I met Mincing. "Now look here, Mincing; collect your faculties and tell me where you heard *that* lie?"

"Well, old Mrs. Prowler told us at breakfast; she said she got it from —"

"Who?"

"The Best Authority."

"Damn the Best Authority!" I shrieked savagely, and Mincing shrunk from me as if I had blasphemed.

Now, I ask, if this is not enough to produce madness; to experience these things daily, hourly; to have the most foolish and exasperating topics in circulation about yourself, and to be constantly meeting people who have just heard them, and who calmly announce their faith in the Best Authority! I ask, if a free American citizen is to be slowly tormented out of his senses without appeal?

I call on the Best Authority to stand forward and produce himself—to give an account of himself; where he lives; what are his means of subsistence, and whether he is married.

I call upon him to give me satisfaction—the satisfaction of one deadly gaze upon his features, and of grappling with him the next moment in the death struggle. QUERUS.

FINE PORCELAIN PICTURES.—Mr. Jno. H. Clark, the popular photographer, 101 Canal street, is having made some of the finest porcelain pictures it has been our good fortune to see. Mr. Clark is having the able assistance of Mr. A. G. Wedge, who is an experienced artist and proficient in all the branches of the business. This is a fine opportunity to get a good picture taken, and we advise our readers to take advantage of it. His prices are in keeping with the times. Call and see his specimens.

A large number of trains started east from Salt Lake last week, to convey emigrants from Europe to the "Promised Land."

BRAZIL AS I SEE IT.

BY COL. RICHARD A. STEWART.

Special Correspondence of the New Orleans Crescent.]

RIO DE JANEIRO, May 10, 1868.

After an absence of three months I find myself again in the city of the Southern Cross, and have spent some hours in reading letters from friends, some of whom are entreating me to send forward all the information of interest relative to Brazil, while some others fully anathemize me for want of interest in the welfare of my friends at home. I am also in receipt of a budget of letters, cut from nine newspapers, and my attention is specially called by one of the writers to that taken from the Mobile Advocate—and I am significantly asked if, after reading the editorial in the Advocate, my ink will not dry in my pen?

I confess that the reading of these letters is quite enough to dry up the confidence one has in man, much more "his ink." Indeed they show Brazil so very different from the Brazil I have been writing about, that I am like Rip Van Winkle, ready to ask, "Who am I and what country is this I am in?" In my stay in this country for the last ten months I have certainly used some industry to inform myself on every subject of interest to my oppressed Southern friends; but I find myself far in the distance when compared with others who have taken in hand to inform the world "and the rest of mankind," of Brazil and the Brazilians. Among the causes I may venture to state as the chief one of my failure, the fact that I expected to find a country and people very similar to our Southern States—for after all is told and written, the world is pretty equally balanced; and then I did not come to this country to penetrate dark avenues or search for dark spots, which I opine may be found to some extent in every land and among every people, for I had learned in my early boyhood that the sun had spots on its face. In the twenty-seven letters I have sent the CRESCENT, nine I fear were lost at St. Thomas. My purpose has been to write facts relative to the land, its location, its products, value, the manner and mode of cultivation, the river and sea navigation, the arts, science and literature of the country, its political condition, etc. But I see so much published, purporting to be reliable information on Brazil, I begin very strongly to suspect that my eyes are on the verge of falling me, and I shall have to call on the professor of optics of St. Charles Hotel notoriety, to remedy the evil, for every fact I have stated in the letters published in the CRESCENT that has reached me, is controverted by that of all others, the most unanswerable argument, that of *bold assertion*. It is true that writers, from different stand points, may see through different mediums, but in these instances, I take in hand to show that not one of these correspondents saw from any point, and claim the indulgence of the readers of the CRESCENT, who desire truth relative to Brazil.

I have advised no man to seek a home in this country. I state facts as they present themselves, and leave men to act upon their better judgments.

Through the kindness of influential friends I have been enabled to form pretty extensive acquaintances for the short time I have been in this empire. In my travels and intercourse with gentlemen I have gathered many facts of interest.

The Mobile Advocate indorses some of the correspondents referred to. Let us take a peep at the Advocate: "There is no regular organized government in Brazil;" "no society;" "but little cultivation among the people;" "no way of making money;" "the people scarce know the meaning of the word kindness," etc. I will inform the Advocate that Brazil is under a well organized, democratic constitutional monarchy, and, except the executive department, is a fac simile of the government of the old United States. No people ever breathed more freely than do the people of Brazil, and many of my countrymen have assured me that they only know of the government in acts of kindness. As far as I am competent to judge, I consider the society about equal to that of our Southern States. Indeed, all seem to be early impressed with the great similarity between this and our people. I never knew a people who dressed more elegantly, or who have finer manners—or more given to hospitality, or more temperate than the Brazilians. It is true, if an emigrant upon arriving at Rio spends his time at the coffeehouse Americana, boring every gentleman who will submit to hear his oft repeated tale of the loss of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, lost by the revolution in the States, he will not very likely increase his capital. But if he has a year's support and will pitch into work with a free good will, determined to succeed, I do not know of any country where he can do so well. The gentlemen whom the Advocate indorses arrived here, where they remained some weeks, took passage on a sea vessel for St. Paulo, where they remained a short time, returned to Rio by the same line of steamers, and took a sailing vessel for the United States, their stay being a little over three months in Brazil. They neither spoke the language of the country nor entered private circles of society. Now, I ask, are these gentlemen competent to give the history of Brazil and the Brazilians? As for Col. Edwards, admit all he states to be true: He visited the Reberia; the people asked six dollars an acre for their land; the houses had no chimneys (I never saw one in Brazil); negroes seemed to be on an equal footing with the whites (I wish the same could be said of the whites in the Southern States). He then, as I understood, took a mule, traveled two hundred miles on a road over mountains to collect a Mississippi debt from a friend who had settled in that far off region, knowing that no foreign debt could be collected in Brazil, and, therefore, consoled himself with the happy thought that no judgment but that of the last day would disturb his quiet. He then returned to Rio, and left for the United States, doubtless hoping that he might find his oath of allegiance that he let slip out of his fingers on his voyage out here. Mr. Crawford sent his *wife* back to New York, followed her in the next steamer, and never was out of Rio; nor was Mr. Bowen until he left in disguise, the foot of the policeman closing upon the track of the swindler. Lastly, I will notice a Missouri transplant from down east:

"I am," he says, "fully convinced that there is no such thing as honesty on the part of the men or virtue on the part of the women."

All well educated men acknowledge that the women are the glory of the land and pride of the country. Nothing can be more revolting to good taste than to hear of such sweeping denunciations against female character. We could with as much propriety calumniate the sun, which gives life to nature, because of the clouds that glide over its effulgent face. At the close of one of Miss Fanny Wright's free love lectures in New York, a kinsman of our hero approached her and confessed himself a convert to her doctrines, and proposed a union with her upon her principles. "Ah," said she, "you mistake me. I had reference to men and women, and not to *monkeys* and women." I can hardly think it possible that a man capable of such calumny could find even cause for suspicion of general female unchastity.

The chambers (congress) assembled three days ago. The emperor in his speech stated that at an opportune day he will propose a plan to regulate slavery. This subject was brought before the chambers a year ago, but fell stillborn, without giving evidence of a healthy breath. When we reflect that the government owes a debt of over four hundred millions of dollars; that the war with Paraguay is still in progress, and being so lost on the part of Brazil that nothing but an honorable victory can sustain her national character, it is not probable that anything short of a gradual emancipation, terminating with the present century, will be entertained even by the leaders of the abolition party. Indeed, they have seen the islands of England and France made desert wastes, and the more recent acts of the United States which have proved so mischievous in that country, that they would be most stupid, indeed, if they did not learn wisdom from their neighbors.

The news that an emigrant steamer, in the Nathan line, was to leave New Orleans on the 11th of April, and consequently expected here to-morrow, has excited the deepest interest with government and people. The emigrants will be received with open arms.

We are in the midst of coffee picking, which will probably last twenty-five days. Sugar planting, under the cultivation of the few Louisianians that are engaged in it, bids fair to surpass any of which we have any knowledge. This is the beginning of winter—June here corresponding to January north of the equator. Very soon throughout the sugar district will be heard the telling puff of the engine, and the curling smoke from the sugar house will rise as in days of my youth. Sugar commands a price equal to that in the United States, notwithstanding it would only class with our cistern bottoms. It is beyond my power of calculation to say how much a Louisiana planter can realize to the hand in the cultivation of sugar. But as the products of the soil will come up in their turn in a number of articles I will have in early preparation for the CRESCENT, I must discuss the subject for the present.

News reaches here to-day from the seat of war which may be summed up as follows: The Paraguayans attacked the Brazilians, and were repulsed after a terrible battle, leaving over five hundred dead on the field. I doubt very much if ever two armies met in battle commanded by more efficient officers than the Paraguayan and Brazilian armies.

You must bear in mind that I am eating bread in the sweat of my face, and excuse the shortcomings of untutored youth. R. A. STEWART.

13th.—P. S. I open this letter to say that I spent two hours, at their request, with the leading emancipators to-day. You may rely upon the opinion I gave on the subject of slavery. It is not in contemplation to bring on immediate emancipation. Amen. R. A. S.

ANNUAL EXERCISES, ETC., AT DR. LYON'S SCHOOL, CHATAWA, MISS.

Special Correspondence of the New Orleans Crescent.]

ALBERT LYON'S SCHOOL,
Chatawa, Miss., June 24, 1868.

In the intervals between some of the many enjoyments now presented at this place, I snatch a few moments to give to your readers an idea of how very much a few days leave of absence from town can be improved.

First on the list of pleasures comes the trip up. The starting of the cars is a luxury in itself, for at the first puff of the locomotive away go thoughts of business, of hot, dusty streets, of perspiration and mosquitoes, and in their stead appear visions of cool shady avenues of trees, of running brooks and crystal springs, of the relaxation of all the too binding laws which control "society"—in short, of bodily and mental rest and recreation. With my mind filled, then, with such delightful ideas, I on Monday last rolled slowly out of the Jackson Railroad depot, and with the blissful consciousness that a whole week should elapse before I should again behold it, took a last glad glance at that venerable smoke-begrimed edifice, and then turned all my thoughts to the coming pleasure.

Manchac, glittering in the light of a sun low down in the horizon, must remain undescribed, and its beauties, already well known to every Orleanois, uncatalogued, for another task awaits my pen.

As we arrived at this place at 9½ P. M., it is a fact that needs no demonstration that the objects possessing most the power of attraction were supper and bed. I succumbed to their influence. *Verb sap.*

I shall not now attempt to give anything like a description of this piney woods school. To many of your readers it, its surroundings and its history, are well known, and those of them who have not heard of it already could be but ill satisfied with a letter writer's necessarily brief description of an institution of its importance. But to the unknowing I will say that the occasion of the enjoyments alluded to above, as now making the school particularly attractive, are the annual literary exercises and other entertainments presented by the young gentlemen of the school to their friends, both as an evidence of what solid progress they have made and as a token that absence from home has not conquered the desire to please "home folks." These "exhibitions" have heretofore proved very pleasant and highly beneficial to the boys, and have also given to the patrons of the school an opportunity to watch for a short time the manner in which its work is done. In view of these facts Mr. Lyon determined that, notwithstanding the "hardness of the times" and universal "tightness" of money matters, he could not deny his boys or his patrons the pleasure which he knew they both derived from these yearly reunions. Last night, therefore, the train from the city brought up quite a number of the boys' friends, both ladies and gentlemen, some of whom, having been here before, knew they were going to have a good time; others, whose first visit to Chatawa it was, being just as assured of enjoyment, from the representations of their companions.

This morning, after a saunter around the grounds to see what the school looked like, a glance at the boys undergoing the customary morning "inspection" and a most substantial breakfast, made trebly enjoyable by country air, early rising and the morning walk, we all assembled in the schoolhouse to hear literary exercises which the boys had prepared for their visitors' entertainment. Before the exercises commenced, Mr Lyon stated that in justice to the boys he must assert that the only connection he had had with the various essays, addresses, debates, etc., to be presented, was to make the appointments, the boys themselves, without a hint or a suggestion from him, doing the work for which they were now to be awarded the praise or blame it merited. Master Beauregard then stepped forward on the pretty leaf adorned rostrum at the end of the room, and in graceful phrase told us how glad his comrades were that they had received the encouragement of our presence, and promised in their behalf that their best efforts would be used to repay us. The other young gentlemen of the school then followed with various literary displays, each of his peculiar talent, each effort eliciting the applause of the gratified audience.

Two prize essays this year as last, were read. The winner of the "Schoolmate's Prize" was Master G. B. Underhill, who well treated his subject, "The Beauties of Nature." A superb edition of Byron's Poems, purchased with contributions of the pupils of the school, was his reward. Hopewood School, an institution for young ladies, in this neighborhood, presided over by Mrs. Howard, had been chosen by the boys to give the subject for a prize essay and to decide upon the merits of the competitors for it. The theme selected was "The Elements of True Greatness"—a difficult one enough for a school boy to treat, but which the young gentleman whose essay was judged best (H. Pickles) handled excellently. The composition would do credit to a much older brain, and is one of which I am sure not only its writer, but Mr. Lyon and the whole school must feel proud. A copy of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was the prize which he received from the hands of Mrs. Howard, who rightly judged that nowhere could the study of greatness of character be better pursued than in the perusal of the life and deeds of William the Silent. Then succeeded a debate concerning the relative power of love and fear as incentives to action, in which C. S. Pitkin supported the superior power of love while G. B. Underhill advocated the claims of fear to the first place in the list, and advocated them so well that the committee of decision (Drs. Knapp, Chandler and James,) awarded to him the palm. The conclusion of the exercises was an address by the orator of the day, H. Pickles. The subject chosen, "What is a Republic?" having been discussed, Master Pickles said for his class-mates the word which for them it was evident it was hard to speak, the cold word "farewell." He paid a well deserved tribute to Mr. Lyon's mother, Mrs. Stevens, whose truly mother like care, he said, had made the boys almost forget that home was far away. The exercises over, the boys soon sought out each his own friend, and soon the school-house walls were ringing with merry laughter while the light jest, the ready pun and quick repartee were mingled with words of commendation to the boys who had each done well his allotted task and congratulation to their parents whose faces testified how well they were repaid for their trip to Chatawa.

To-night the boys are to give their friends a dramatic entertainment, consisting of such light pieces as the time snatched from their studies during the past month has allowed them to prepare. But speaking of the past month's labors reminds me that I omitted to tell who was this year the successful competitor for the certificate given annually to that boy whose combined excellence, scholarship and good conduct during the last month of the session prove him most worthy of it. This certificate is signed by all the teachers and scholars, and the "parchment," as the boys call it, is therefore doubly prized, both as the token of hard work well rewarded and as being associated with pleasant reminiscences of comrades and instructors. Master George Chiapella was this time the fortunate one, and judging from his schoolmates' remarks, he had well earned the distinction.

A base-ball match, a pic-nic and a grand ball are what the boys are to-morrow to present to us, and on Friday, the labors of the session having been delightfully closed in festivities, the old school-house will be left to itself for two months, and singing

"Good bye Latin, good bye Greek,
Good bye school for many a week,"

the boys will, nothing loathing, scatter in all directions, to be reunited again not till next September brings another year's work to be commenced.

And now, my reader, don't you think I have fulfilled my promise of telling you how pleasantly a few days may be spent? And I have give only the outline. The pleasure written on the face of every boy, the keen enjoyment of everything experienced by the visitors here, the consciousness of everybody that they are having a good time and are determined to make the most of it, are items that can't be catalogued and must be seen to be appreciated. I would I could dwell for a little while on these things—on the delight of breathing the pure country air; on the refreshing greenness of all around, so grateful to city eyes; on all the elements which make rural life pleasurable, none of which are lacking here; but, "*tempus fugit*," the mail will close in a few moments, and there remains only time enough for me to subscribe myself faithfully the CRESCENT'S EXCALIBUR.

Mrs. Pollard publishes a card reiterating the charges against her husband of ill treatment, renouncing all connection with him hereafter. She also states that the allowance which Pollard falsely said was provided for her had been stopped.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

GRASSHOPPIANA; OR, ESSAYS ON BUGS AND THINGS.

BY FENBYN PENNIFEATHER.

ESSAY II.

I believe it is given up even by the light and thoughtless that roaches are of two kinds. By this I do not mean that they are "more than kin and less than kind," for they are quite the reverse. No, dear reader, I mean what I say, though perhaps not at all times saying what I mean, and what I mean when I say that roaches are of two kinds is simply this—that there are two kinds of roaches. These are: cock-roaches and hen-roaches. Of this fact I feel confident though of the means of distinguishing them I am uncertain.

The roach is of an indefinite color somewhere between bismarck and butternut. They have a tremulous, undecided sort of step in entering a room as though they were a trifle doubtful of their welcome.

Roaches as a general thing have very few friends. With respect to them people have rather more prejudice than partiality. Still they exist and make themselves felt. (They ate a man's toe off the other night in the Third District.)

And speaking of this reminds me they will eat almost anything. Old books, hair-brushes, pearl-powder, pillow cases and French blacking, they are particularly fond of. They tried a German dictionary a few evening since, at the house of the lady who trusts me for board. In the morning the result was three pairs of cross-eyes and sixteen broken jaws. It was too hard for them.

Some persons dislike to acknowledge them in the house. Such a one is the lovely Malvina. She screams and turns over the chairs when one approaches, and then she complains of their proclivity for flying in at the windows. I, of course, acquiesce; but I notice it is the only house where they are allowed in the parlor. I don't mean at all that they do not fly in at the windows. No, dear reader, not for a moment would I insinuate such a thing. In fact, I am firmly convinced, or would be if it was necessary, that they do fly in at the windows. Still, as I say, other windows of my acquaintance are more fortunate; and I have heard of such a thing as roaches taking up a residence with people. By the way—as we are speaking generally—what trouble some persons put themselves to in order to prove they are not on speaking terms with truth.

Roaches are very disagreeable—especially in the butter—but they are blessings (in disguise) compared to the *reptilia monstra lectifera* of the naturalists, or bed bugs of the boarding houses. With regard to these last, however, I will spare the feelings of my perusers until my next, when I hope to produce an effusion worthy of those which have been produced from me in such profusion, to my great confusion, by the subjects of my —, etc., etc.

New Orleans, June 26, 1868.

PRIZE ESSAY—"ELEMENTS OF TRUE GREATNESS."

BY HENRY PICKLES—READ AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF ALBERT LYON'S SCHOOL, CHATAWA, MISS., JUNE 24TH.

The mind pauses, restless and wearied, as it has in vain pored o'er the hidden mysteries of historic lore, searching uselessly for that one human being, who throughout all ages, and under all circumstances, in every form of government and through all struggles, has combined all those elements which render him deserving of the enviable title, truly great! In vain has it essayed to affix the glorious crown on the brow of one whom it can with impartiality denominate worthy of the reward.

Oh, nature, thou weak and frail goddess, why hast thou rendered thy servants so wayward?

Like most of compounds, true greatness is composed of many elements, all of which are absolutely necessary to the formation of an entire and perfect whole. It is capable of no alteration; so its primary parts must remain unchanged till it has ceased to be. Various ages have placed a higher standard upon it than others; and it has been almost unceasingly from the foundation of the world receiving new additions, and the standard has been continually increasing. There was a time when to be valiant in war was to be truly great; when the most worthy champion of Mars was looked upon as a fit candidate for the glorious appellation. Advancement of civilization has thrown this theory to the winds. There was a time when wisdom alone constituted greatness, but this has now been made to constitute only one of the elements. Each age has had its hero, on whom it has poured all the honors and distinctions which are appropriate to him who worthily wins the precious boon. But Truth still demands her right, and allows no consideration to be made for any cause, which might palliate the almost stigma resting upon that age which has failed to produce her personation of greatness. She cries aloud against the attempts of nations to shroud with the honorable distinction one whom is the least wanting in the qualifications necessary to the fulfillment of her imposed laws.

The qestion has urged itself upon us—What is true greatness? In what does it consist? And what are the elements necessary to its formation? Shall the one answer to all be in the form of an example: He who rushes heedlessly into the frightful carnage and rescues, by his personal prowess and masterly activity, his wounded and bleeding country, scattering far and wide her powerful enemies? In this respect he is great, but more *is* required. Shall we bow in acknowledgment before him who by untiring efforts and dexterous skill, has succeeded in raising his native land from the depths of ignorance and slavery to the pinnacle of fame and glory? Truly is he great, but yet the standard is not reached. Shall we lay the reward at the feet of him who throughout his life has been a devoted disciple of Minerva; giving time, health and means to the attainment of knowledge? Not yet; still more is required. The brain becomes wearied in propounding such questions and itself attempting the answer, until the heart an reason speak and cry aloud: Away with such baubles as man has offered as fit candidates for the most noble of honors. Give to him who leads the life of a true Christian, filled with generous self-sacrifices and disinterested works of good; give to him who holds the laws of his God before the gaze of man and bids him there behold what alone can give him true greatness; tells him to follow the dictates of conscience and the will of God, uniting his love to his Creator and his duty to his fellowman. True greatness consists, rather in greatness and purity of the heart and soul than in the weak and sinful works done in the body. Man's deeds, when prompted by his nature, are at best but feeble essays for a mighty end. Yet who is that being, who has attentively read the pages of ancient and modern history in search of a near approach to true greatness vainly? Who is he that cannot from among the many noble soldiers, glorious writers and firm legislators, choose one whose life is a type of greatness, though not perfect? Who has read the history of the Great Alfred, and can find in him nothing but foul corruption; unequaled as a soldier and patriot, terrible in war, and yet so mild in peace; uniting goodness of heart and soul with greatness of action; the greatest writer of his age, and the inventor of customs and articles which have not, even at this date, been superseded by superior productions? He soared far above the level of the common herd, and stood forth a type worthy of the imitation of many even in this age of civilization and social and political advancement. Here is a combination of many of those elements which aid in the composition of true greatness.

Who has pondered the wisdom and self-sacrifice of Solon and Lycurgus, the law-makers of Greece, whose lives were but one scene of devotion to their country, the result of whose labors made Athens and Sparta the models of the world, and around whose heads there rests the halo of greatness and whose memory has been cherished in the loving hearts of their countrymen throughout all time and under all changes, without feeling that they were indeed great? But why confine ourselves to the pages of ancient history? Has the modern world become so debased that it can boast no hero? Has the tide swept backward in its flow carrying with it all characters worthy of remark? Where, then, shall we place George Washington? In what category shall we inscribe that glorious name? Shall we let it pass as unworthy? Where, then, can we find a superior? Shall we let it be forgotten, or attribute it to the times? God forbid that an American would ever desire to erase from his memory one to whom the hearts of everyone of his countrymen bow in praise and acknowledgment. Even from his youth he spurned such actions as would lead him from his God; and the heart of his youth was not changed by years. Devoted to the welfare and interest of his country he thought no sacrifice too great for him to make—no danger too imminent for him to undertake in behalf of his countrymen. He lived a man; he died a Christian hero! No! Christian principles, goodness of heart and soul, power of mind and cultivation of genius, are not unworthy of the title "True Greatness."

Let imagination burst the cerements which bind it down to the cold realities of this life, and with lively fancy picture before the inquiring mind the hero whose name should be gilded with the bright and glorious appellation, "Truly Great." And as it gradually descends to reality, whose shall be the name which shall show forth in blazing characters of gold? Shall it be one of the ancient heroes of war or champions of literature? Shall it be the far-famed Ulysses, or in later dates the wise Socrates, men who, in their times and state of civilization, were first in the rank of the aspirants for greatness; or shall we descend to more modern times—Napoleon, great in war, and later, Goethe, who stood high above all competitors of his time in literature? Shall we come to the present and name the beloved hero of the South, Thomas J. Jackson, a Christian and a soldier? But why endeavor to fix upon one who shall bear the laurel. Truly all have claims to more or less of the elements; but the mind acknowledges itself incapable of deciding who shall be the superior. In the last century there lived the Christian Howard, the great philanthropist, who spent his whole time and means visiting the prisons of Europe, and showing his truly Christian zeal in comforting and assisting those who were inclosed within the dungeon walls; truly, here is true Christian greatness, developed to a far extent. His death, which happened in the beginning of the present century, was indeed a loss to those poor sufferers, who had been objects of his charity and attention. Similar to him, and a noble representative of her sex, stands the woman who has a just claim to greatness—Florence Nightingale, a woman given to charity and good deeds.

If we allow ourselves to consider the difference of education in different ages, permitting the low standard of early days, we could doubtlessly choose from each period a truly great man; but such is not our privilege; the criterion is the same for all ages and times; it makes no allowances for the state of the world at any period; the height to be ascended ere we reach the glorious acme of greatness, ere we can stand at the very pinnacle of ambition and have placed in our hands the glorious crown scintillating with the gems of hard-earned labor, was the same then as now—"win and wear it" is imprinted on blazing characters upon its very front.

Retracing our steps, viewing the herein made comparisons and desiring to let our ideas of true greatness as nearly approached rest on some men who, if they have not fully attained the required standard, have approached so nearly that the remaining part can be well overlooked; men combining the bravery and skill of a warrior, and putting this skill to a proper use, delivering with it their country from their oppressors; and men of true Christian principles as far as developed in their time and letting their "light shine before men," and in very nearly every respect reaching the proper criterion—we refer to Alfred the Great and our countryman, George Washington. With them goodness, and purity of heart and soul was united to the requisites of warriors and statesmen. Others might be chosen from out the list, but we prefer to let it rest here with these two men; others may have reached the standard in many respects yet failed in others. And, in closing, we bow in humble praise of worth to those two noble specimens of the human race; to them we hand the powerful sceptre—it is their brows which we shall crown with glory and honor, and we hold them up before the world as examples worthy of imitation, and as types of men, in every sense of the word; their names and their praise is sung by minstrels in every clime. ESPERANCE.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS, ETC.

Paris has 148,000 shade trees.

Jerusalem has 22,000 inhabitants.

The State of Maine has over 1500 lakes.

The town of Winchinden, Mass., annually manufactures $1,000,000 worth of wooden ware.

Dr. Hamilton, of Athens, Ga., raised 45 bushels of wheat on one acre this season.

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Iron Company turns out a ton and a half railroad spikes per day.

Of the 53,400 children yearly born in Paris, 18,000 are put out to nurse in the provinces.

The New York Central Railroad employs 95 telegraph operators, of whom 21 are ladies.

Last year, 2733 bales of cotton were raised in Illinois.

The Hudson River Railroad Company has laid 120 miles of steel rails.

The annual wheat crop of France is about 300,000,000 bushels.

There are 6,400,000 spindles running in the manufactories of the United States.

The sarsaparilla diggers of Yucatan are said to be descendants of the Aztecs.

In 1749, Georgia, then a British colony, produced 20,000 pounds of raw silk.

The British West Indies receive annually about 350,000 barrels of flour from the United States.

The St. Louis brewers pay $300,000 annually for hops.

The consumption of tea in the United Kingdom for 1868 is estimated at 156,000,000 pounds.

There was 23,323,000 gallons of proof spirits distilled in the United Kingdom during 1867.

Since the last election in Massachusetts 2770 liquor shops have been opened in that State.

The wool crop of California for 1868 is estimated at 12,000,000 pounds.

The New York Evening News boats of having a circulation of over 100,000 copies daily.

There are 171 German newspapers in the United States, of which 46 are dailies.

In France 8,000,000 pounds of cheese are annually made from the milk of sheep.

The receipts of the Western Union Telegraph Company last year were $7,000,000.

The fifty breweries of St. Louis make annually 200,000 barrels of beer.

The city of Philadelphia consumed last year 80,000 beeves, 175,000 hogs and 368,000 sheep.

The town of Suez, on the Red sea, has 20,000 inhabitants.

The thimble was invented by the Dutch, and was brought to England about 1695.

There is $260,000,000 capital invested in the production of cotton cloth in the United States.

There are 4,000,000 acres of the vine in cultivation in France, yielding an average of 1,200,000,000 gallons of wine annually.

The production of petroleum was about 11,000 barrels per day in 1867, and the consumption 13,000 barrels per day.

The Island of Madeira produced 7000 pipes of wine in 1867. The crop is expected to reach 10,000 pipes in 1868.

Robert McCormick, of Staunton, Va., has invented a machine which will seed cherries at the rate of a gallon in four minutes.

F. G. Foster, of Wake county, N. C., has invented a type setting machine said "to equal the capacity of six compositors."

A gentleman of New Hartford raised last year 100 bushels of Goodrich potatoes on one-quarter of an acre, and sold them for $200.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company have manufactured 319,540 sewing machines.

The annual production of raw silk is estimated at $215,000,000, of which $141,000,000 worth is raised in Asia.

Statistics show that the people of France annually take 7899 tons of snuff, and smoke 18,441 tons of tobacco.

Upwards of $300,000 have been expended in establishing and stocking artificial fish ponds on Long Island.

There are in the United States 150,241 teachers in the common schools, of whom 100,000 are women.

England consumes annually 80,000 tons of cheese, of which 30,000 tons are received from the United States.

There are in the United Kingdom over 3000 collieries, in which are employed 320,000 men and boys.

A farmer in Greene county, N. Y., recently sent to market 1400 pounds of maple sugar which he had made in four days.

A million pounds of the extract of beef are annually made in the countries bordering the river Platte. One pound of the extract contains the essence of twenty-five pounds of beef.

A new variety of cotton is being cultivated in Georgia which yields 2500 pounds per acre, and is worth ten cents per pound more than ordinary uplands.

In France there are seventy farm schools, and in Belgium one hundred such institutions, and agriculture is the most fashionable calling in the kingdom.

Daniel Shall, of Herkimer county, N. Y., obtained 180 pounds of choice honey, last year, from three swarms of bees. The honey was sold for 30 cents per pound, netting $18 per swarm.

There are 72 newspapers published in Mexico, of which 18 are daily, 4 tri-weekly, 6 semi weekly and 44 weekly. Two dailies are printed in French and 1 semi-weekly in English.

SOUTHERN PLASTIC SLATE ROOFING COMPANY. This style of roofing is becoming more popular every day, and is being adopted by a number of our wealthiest and most influential citizens. The company is now prepared to do any work in this line, and guarantee it equal in every respect to the best standard roofs, and at much less cost. They are also prepared to repair old tin and shingle roofs, making them fire and water proof. Those who contemplate building should bear this in mind, as it is economical, safe and permanent. The office of the company is at 91 Magazine street.

WILEY & SOUBY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—The attention of our up-town readers is directed to the advertisement of Messrs. Wiley & Souby, whose gallery is at the corner of Magazine and St. Andrew streets. These gentlemen are practiced and experienced artists, and they are prepared to do in the highest style of the art any work intrusted to them. Allow them a chance to display their skill by giving them a sitting.

Absence.

BY FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

What must I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet hour of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretense
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee
In worthy deeds each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heaven yard flights, all high and holy strains
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
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