The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1868.

July.

Summer trails her splendor
Through the lengthened days,
Leaving blossoms tender
In the quiet ways.

In and out the clover
Hum the drowsy bees,
Bending bright heads over,
Poising on the breeze.

By the winding edges
Of the sunlit road,
Stand the dusty hedges,
Drooping with their load.

Up the slanting hillside
Flowers thirst for rain;
But the scorching noontide
Gilds the waving grain.

Nature drinks with pleasure
Summer's luscious wine,
Taking every treasure
As a gift divine.

MARGARET BARNES.
In the St Louis Republican.

Notes from Rome.

SPEECH BY THE POPE—LETTER FROM JUAREZ TO THE POPE—ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes, under date of June 19th:

"The 17th inst. was the anniversary of the pope's accession, and brought to the Vatican all the hierarchy and functionaries of the Eternal City, together with the diplomatic body, to present their congratulations to his holiness. Those of the Sacred College were delivered by Cardinal Patrize, the sub-dean, and drew from the holy father the following response: 'The war between good and evil is more ancient than the world. It commenced before the Creation, in the struggle between St. Michael and Satan. In the present day it rages with the same fury in Italy, where it is daily the cause of every crime and every spoliation. Against Rome, above all, evil directs its attacks, because it seeks to destroy, if possible, the center of Catholic unity. Happily, the incessant assaults and alarms of which we are the object have produced a salutary reaction. Henceforth our defense is not only in an elevated spirit, free from prejudice, in the prayers of believing and religious hearts, offered up for us to the Most High, and in the wishes expressed for our triumph: but the reaction is universal, and every day brings here from all parts of the world zealous priests and venerable bishops, who show themselves penetrated with the sanctity of the place, and exclaim, '*Vere locus iste sanctus est.*' Here they repose from their labors, and find consolation for the sorrows from which no one, alas! is free. But the holiness of the ground we tread imposes upon us all, and on each of us in particular, the duty of edifying the world by our actions. It is thus only that we can make a worthy return for the blessings which God has poured upon the land, blessed above every other. The Lord holds in His divine hands the scales in which not only our sufferings, but our actions, are weighed. Let these last be such as conform to His holy will, in order that modern Rome may be spoken of in the same terms which were applied to the Rome of old, '*Quod non possidet armis religione tenet.*'"

"The holy father has received an autograph letter from Juarez, the president of Mexico, deploring the differences which have arisen between him and the holy see. The Mexican ruler declares that it was exceptional circumstances which forced him into hostility to the church and her ministers, and that he avails himself of the first opportunity to seek a reconciliation. To effect this, he requests that some bishops may be sent to Mexico, promising to receive them with every honor, and he concludes his letter by supplicating the pope's benediction for himself and the Mexican people. The holy father has been propitiated by the appeal, and in the consistory of the 22d will preconize six bishops for Mexico. He will also announce the convocation of the Œcumenical Council for 8th of December, 1869. Among the questions to be submitted to the council the most interesting at the present moment is the policy of separating church and state. It is found that the Roman church is most flourishing in those countries, such as England and the United States, where it is not the established religion, as in France, Austria and Spain, in all of which it is losing its hold on the people.

"Yesterday the excavations at the Emporium Romanum, on the banks of Tiber, brought to light a noble archæological and historical relic, in the shape of an enormous block of Carrara marble, measuring five hundred and eighty-five cubic metres, and bearing a long inscription. The block was uncovered in the presence of the senator of Rome and a number of distinguished persons."

Gentlemen's Fashions.

SUMMER MODES.

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

Pale gray cheviot suits of thinnest fabric, for gentlemen, are the usual choice for costumes for the month. The cheviots for mourning suits are preferred to linen on one account, because the narrow fashion of trousers is not adapted to the latter material. The dress entirely of this pale, thin gray, with a rough straw sailor hat, or a drab high crowned beaver, the whole set off with a bright plain crimson necktie, and a small red flower on the lapel, has an air of style more impressive than any amount of georgeous dressing in the way of mauve shaded cassimeres, or dahlia-hued meltons. For cooler suits, the loose linen trousers and vest, with frock coat of light blue English cloth, or striped or dotted necktie of grenadine or gingham, and a white felt slouch hat, or sailor straw, are an advantageous selection. For full dress, pearl gray vest and trousers, with frock coat of blue cloth, is a costume which supplants the solemn elegance of black coat and white vest, except with gentlemen of the old school and western senators. Modern taste shirks a dress coat and full dress manners as often as possible.

Gentlemen have adopted the practice of carrying sun-umbrellas, a sensible idea for those who feel the heat, borrowed from the high authority of English fashionables, who appear at the Derby races with not only their large white sunshades, but with veils tied around their heavers to protect their faces from the dust and glare. The croquet umbrella, of white linen or muslin, lined with colored glazed cambric, having a very large clubliko handle, light for its size, is frequently carried, but the plain white linen is better, as it is serviceable for rain as well as sun.

Very slender, dark canes, hardly more than switches, with bent heads, carved in ivory, platinum, bronze, or gold stone, are fancied by young men, instead of the cudgels that have been the prop of their immature years before.

In linens, the hair-line cross-bar is a favorite pattern for neglige shirts. A serviceable style has the ground in light, solid colors, with a thread of white crossing or in stripes. The fronts of dress shirts are plain surfaces of double linen lawn, with a line of embroidery up the center.

The following by the funny man of the New York Herald is too good to be lost: "There was a fine meeting of Pendletonians the other evening. One of them cried out as the distinguished advocates of the popular Ohioan advanced on the stage—"Wash me clean!" "Wash me clean!" "Shut up!" cried a suppressor of turbulence; "you don't appear to be very dirty. Don't disturb the meeting." "Wash me clean! wash me clean!" vehemently and persistently exclaimed the ardent Pendletonian. "Put him out!" "Put him out!" A disturbance was brewing. At this juncture a mild and benevolent looking gentleman, with a high forehead, normal moustache and auburn locks, came forward and appealed for a moment's silence, which was accorded. He said—'No doubt, the audience labors under a mistake. My jubilant friend has recognized in me an old friend. His cries mean no derision to the assemblage nor insult to those grave old codgers on the platform. I am familiarly known at home, in Cincinnati, as Wash. McLean, and I flatter myself I am something of a clean-lipped champion of the illustrious son of Ohio." Then there were three rousing cheers for Wash. McLean and three more with a tiger for the man he celebrated.

To Bring the Drowned to Life.—Do not beat, roll, rub or shake them, or turn them upside down in order to let the water run out. Drowning is merely a suspension of breathing. To restore the drowned try to restore breathing. Do it thus: Have two tubes—quills will prove very well; insert these in the nostrils, press the nostrils against them and blow forcibly until the lungs expand and the chest rises. Then draw out the tubes and press the chest, so as to force the air out. Again insert the tubes and blow air in, and again force it out. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, at the same time rubbing forcibly the lower limbs. If you have not two quills, use one, closing the other nostril with the fingers and blow and press until breathing is established. Artificial warmth, wrapping in blankets, etc., is so much time lost. Try to establish artificial breathing, until you can make the lungs move naturally, and then the heart will begin to beat and life return. To be of any use, this effort must be made at once, immediately on taking the body from the water.

The South During the War.

LETTER FROM A SOUTH CAROLINA LADY.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

The following letter from a young South Carolina lady, describes some of the incidents of Southern life during the war:

"One can scarcely form an idea of the importance which the salt question assumed at the South during the war. Indeed it was one of the great questions of the day where salt could be obtained, or how it could be made. Both by the general and State governments every encouragement was given to its manufacture; the blockade-runner had every inducement to import it, for the price it commanded was enormous, and yet the supply fell infinitely short of the demand. In fact the poorer classes gave up entirely the use of this article, generally considered one of prime necessity. Along the coast the people could boil their own salt, but in the inland country this method of procedure was impracticable, and in that section an expedient was resorted to which will forcibly illustrate the scarcity of the desired article, by the pains taken to obtain even a small quantity.

"Every one had a smoke-house on their premises, and in these smoke-houses year after year the annual supply of meat for the family had been cured. Upon the earthen floors a great deal of salt had from time to time been spilled, and they had constantly been saturated with the brine which had dripped from the salted meat. Every housekeeper throughout the country had her ley leach, and many, in these times, had the earth from their smoke-houses, to the depth of a foot, taken up and put into the ley leach, and by the same process by which ley is made from ashes, the salt with which the earth was impregnated was extracted. This was afterwards boiled down and clarified, and an amount of salt by no means contemptible was thus obtained.

"In the inland country salt became quite a medium of exchange. I remember just now a bargain that my mother concluded with a country woman living some miles distant, upon the basis of salt, the terms of which were a chicken for a pint of salt. Upon an appointed day the chickens were to be 'kept up,' and my mother was to send the promised quantity of salt.

"The day being fine, Lucy and I went too for the drive, but on arriving at our destination we found the premises deserted. After waiting for about an hour for the arrival of some one, we grew desperate, and our driver having amused himself in the interim by an examination of the yard and its surroundings, and having in consequence discovered the number of chickens agreed upon put up in a coop, we concluded to appropriate them, and with commendable honesty left the salt which we had brought in an empty basket found in a cupboard. As no complaints were ever made, we concluded that our procedure had been satisfactory.

"As I have said before, the poorer classes gave up entirely the use of salt. I remember however, hearing an old lady, who was celebrated for her charities, say, that on one occasion two women came to ask her each for a pint of salt. The good old lady, who was generally in a state of siege from the numbers of petitioners who came to her, one for a little corn, another for a little bacon, etc., was on this occasion, to use her own language, 'worn out,' and informed her two visitors that she had no salt to spare. Nothing daunted, they told her that they would not go until she had complied with their request, and thereupon seated themselves with great *sang froid* in her front piazza. After an hour or so, the old lady gave them the quantity demanded, a comfortable dinner in addition, and they went on their way rejoicing.

FACTORY THREAD.

"A few miles distant from us was a factory which, before the war, had with difficulty maintained a feeble existence. Homespuns were manufactured there, and bunches of thread, but as the northern manufactures of both these articles could be obtained to better advantage, 'the factory' was little thought of. After the first few months of the war, however, it began to attain an importance which rapidly increased, until ere very long it became an object of great attention, and its proprietor one of the magnates of the community.

"This state of things had no doubt its advantages, so far as Mr. L—— was concerned, but on the other hand were corresponding disadvantages, for the pressure brought to bear on him by the applicants for his fabrics, who were so numerous that it was impossible to supply their wants, became onerous as the cares of royalty. The manufacture of homespuns was discontinued, and the whole power of the factory devoted to the spinning of bunches of thread. These were bought by all the housewives around, and made use of for the warping of their cloth, the filling being spun at home.

"In order to give satisfaction the proprietor of the factory resorted to various devices. At first he went upon the principle of 'first come first served.' In consequence of this persons from a distance of twenty and thirty miles would come and camp all night in the vicinity, in order that they might be the first in the morning. Others living at less distances would leave their homes at midnight or before daylight in order to arrive at the factory at the earliest dawn. Hereupon grew many disorders; the campers or their attendants made frequent excursions into Mr. L.'s orchards, etc.; and it was often impossible to decide who was really first.

"Much dissatisfaction also arose among those who, having at great inconvenience come miles, were forced to go away empty handed, for it was out of the question to supply the wants of all; in fact there was often a small mob and a bedlam around the factory, and therefore the principle of 'first come, first served,' was abandoned. In its stead another was substituted—that of drawing lots. Mr. L. determined to have repose, or as much repose as was possible under the circumstances, admitted no one henceforth within the enclosure of the establishment, all gates being firmly locked, save on Saturdays, and on that day he made up his mind to anything and everything. The thread made through the week was allowed to accumulate until that important day, at which time, at ten o'clock, all who came were admitted, and each one allowed to 'draw for a chance.' A number of prize tickets, equal to the number of bunches of thread for sale, were placed among a number of blanks, and any individual who drew a prize ticket was allowed the privilege of purchasing a bundle of thread at a very high price. A bunch of thread, let me say *en passant*, ran about twelve yards of cloth, if used. The price of the bunches, both for warping and filling, varied a little according to the fineness of the thread, and rose gradually up to fifty and sixty dollars a bunch. When Confederate money was taken no longer in exchange, provisions and specie were required.

"Had not the matter been too serious and painful, one might have been amused to see the triumphant and satisfied expression of those who drew prizes, compared with the downcast looks of those who obtained nothing, and who, in order to procure the coarsest clothing, would be obliged to come again—uncertain then of obtaining what they needed. While this regulation was in force, whole families of eight and ten would come together to the factory and each one draw. In this way, perhaps, several bunches of thread would fall to the lot of one family, while others would have none. This being the case, an order was issued that only one of a family at a time should be allowed to "draw,' and there was but little opportunity for evasion in a community where everybody knew everybody.

"Mr. L., however, despite his cares and trials, made money, and even Confederate money was better than no money at all. I remember that one winter three or four of his daughters made their appearance in new cloaks. That was something, surely, and more than the generality of their neighbors could afford. They were only cloth cloaks, to be sure, but then they cost five hundred dollars apiece.

CANDLES.

"Common tallow candles were very difficult to obtain, were used with great care, and sometimes could not be obtained at all. Fortunately on our place there was a great deal of lightwood. This was split up and burned a piece at a time in the chimney place, giving out a light by no means despicable. I have often read and worked by the cheerful blaze, and found it answer pretty well. Generally we had a limited supply of candles in the house, but on one occasion we had not one. Unluckily just at that time two handsome captains rode up one evening and asked for a night's lodging. Nothing was to be done but to entertain them to the best of our ability. I must confess that I was a little mortified when supper was served by the light of a torch in the chimney. Nevertheless we endeavored by agreeable conversation to make amends for other deficiencies.

Garden Surprises.—Let me note a tendency to revert to the surprises of the eighteenth century, which has begun to appear. You may remember there was not a garden in those days without its machinery borrowed from the stage. If you walked in one direction you set a fountain to play which drowned you, or you made a sedate statue rise, or you fell into some pit. The Dutch especially were conspicuous for the laborious ingenuity of these arrangements, and I believe they have never ceased to be popular in Holland. Gardens of this sort seem to be coming into vogue here. Electricity is made to play a considerable part in them. There are artificial flowers mixed with natural flowers; you cull one of the former, it immediately opens and a bird escapes from it; or, as you attempt to cull it, a giant appears. It would seem the fairy plays have not been without influence in reviving this old taste.

Across the Sierra Nevada.

FIRST PASSENGER TRAIN FROM SACRAMENTO OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

A correspondent of the Alta Californian gives the following account of the first railway passenger trip over the Sierra Nevada, eastward:

ASCENDING.

At sixty-seven miles from Sacramento we look down upon the well nigh exhausted placers and town of Dutch Flat; flat enough the town appears at this time. Two miles further on we reach Alta, at an elevation of 3625 feet above the sea, almost the height of the summit of Mount Diablo. Here we expected to, but did not, meet the descending train, which had been delayed by an accident on the other side of the summit, by which the cars between Reno and Coburn's, or Truckee, had been thrown off the track and smashed up, making it impossible for the passengers to reach the summit by stage in time to connect with the regular train on the western side of the mountain. Here the roofs of the houses begin to pitch sharply after the style of Alpine cottages—an indication that the snows fall heavily here in the winter. The mountain sides are covered with magnificent pines, which increase in size as we ascend to a point some distance above here.

The stream, far down at the bottom of a deeper canon, is now a saffron-colored thread, and we cling to the side of the mountain as a swallow clings to a cliff. Snow now appears on the heights but a little above us, and at intervals along the road, where there are deep cuts, long, sharp-roofed sheds of heavy timber, to ward off the snow, rise over the track. Passing Shady Run Station, we reach the first tunnel, 500 feet in length, 75 miles from Sacramento, and 4500 feet above the sea. The mountains are growing more rugged, and the snow fields come down to a level with the road.

THE HEART OF THE SIERRA.

Still up, up; the trees grow smaller, cedars, tamaracks and firs take the place of the noble pines, and we no longer see the red earth of the gold belt below. Gray granite rocks are growing plentier, and the small mountain peeks on either side of the road begin to show bald heads. We are in the heart of the Sierra—a barren, dreary, desolate country. It is not at all like the heart of the Andes—as Church paints it.

At Emigrant Gap, 84 miles above Sacramento, we meet the down train at last, and the road is open before us. Another tunnel, 300 feet in length. We pass Crystal Lake, and are at Cisco, a town of shanties, which was for a long time the terminus of the road.

We are 5900 feet above the sea, and still ascending. The pines have almost entirely disappeared, and we pass through many long cuts blasted through the solid granite spurs of the mountains. We traverse continuous snow fields and immense drifts, through which the road has been cut with shovels for the passing of trains. A few hours since we were among the flowers, ripe fruits and singing birds of the valley, sweating under the summer sun; now we are in the midst of dazzling snow fields, and the atmosphere and aspects of the scene are such as we might find in the mountains of New England on any fine winter's day. The streams which come down the sides of every precipice, and dash in foamy torrents down every canon, are cold as ice from the melting snows. Chinamen are swarming all along the road. They have nearly finished their work in this vicinity, and are packing up their traps preparatory to passing on over the Summit into the great interior basin of the continent. One hundred and two miles from Sacramento we reach Summit Valley, and stand 6800 feet above the level of the sea. Lift Mount Tama bodily from its base, and place it on the summit of Mount Diablo, and we could still look down by hundreds of feet on the double mountain height. The snow banks rise high above the road on either side. Two miles more and the cars reach the entrance of the great tunnel, 1650 feet in length.

THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRA.

We have scaled the great Sierra at last, and *ne plus ultra* might be written on the granite walls of the great tunnel before us. We are 7034 feet above the sea. The air feels cold and damp, but not oppressive, and we experience no inconvenience from its rarification at this great elevation.

The poet wrote:

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most clad in clouds and snow.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Though far above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

The ice and snow, and rocks, and white, fleecy, curling clouds, are all here, but there is not the shadow of a tempest; and if there was, why should he face it baldheaded? We will not stop to discuss that question, but merely ask it as we pass, and reserve the point for future discussion. The snow lies piled in immense banks above the tunnel, and rises in solid banks, with sheer precipitous sides, on either side of the track. A swarm of Chinamen are busy about the other end of the tunnel shovelling away the snow, which has come down in great slides, bringing with it huge granite rocks upon the track. The water pours down in torrents from numberless crevices and seams in the granite walls and roof of the long, dark, cavernous tunnel, but we struggle through on foot, and anxiously inquire after the prospect of getting the train across the mountain.

Two or three hours will clear the track. We wait with what patience we may, and at last at four o'clock the prolonged whistle of the good locomotive "Antelope," which has drawn us to the summit of the Sierra, is heard. "All aboard" shouts the conductor, George Wood, who has the honor of taking the first passenger train across the mountains, and the train moves slowly on. A halt for another slide; another start, another halt, and so on, slowly and carefully. The snow banks come down so close to the track that the eaves of the cars rake them on either side. It is the closest fit imaginable. Six more tunnels, ranging from 100 to 865 feet each in length, in many of which we see great masses of solid blue ice, hanging down from the wall like stalactites and stalagmites in the mammoth cave of Kentucky, are slowly passed through. We have descended 600 feet already, and, as we emerge from the last tunnel, the conductor exclaims: "By Heaven, we are over the mountains! This is a new road, finished this summer, and we shall have no more snow-slides!" It is true, indeed, the mighty task is accomplished, after years of toil and the expenditure of millions of money. Words fail us to describe our sensations; we will not attempt it.

DOWN THE EASTERN SLOPE.

And now the train with accelerated speed moves steadily downward toward the Valley of the Truckee. The steam is shut off, the brakes put down, and as the eagle sets his wings and floats noiselessly down, down, through the realms of air toward the earth from his eyre among the clouds, we slide swiftly and smoothly down the acclivities of the mountains into the Great Basin of Nevada. Donner Lake, as lovely a sheet of water as is to be found on earth, lies far below us among the pine clad hills, its bosom unruffled by a breath of breeze, and as blue and calm as the heavens above it. The road winds around the precipitous mountain sides, almost encircling Donner Lake as it descends, and following around a long canon, making a circuit of seven miles to gain advance of no more than a quarter of a mile, we reach the outlet of the lake, a swift, rushing stream of blue cold water. We have traveled 9½ miles and descended 783 feet since leaving the summit.

Now we descend rapidly, on one of the most beautifully smooth and solid roads on the continent, into the romantic Valley of the Truckee, whose mountain torrents come rushing and roaring out of the mountains from the southwards, hidden in which lies the loveliest sheet of water on earth, Lake Tahoe. The timber here is immense, and from this source the supplies for building the road for hundreds of miles eastward are to be drawn. Sawmills by the dozen, driven by the rushing river, line the banks of the stream for miles and miles, and the hills swarm with laborers of every nationality and hue—Europeans, Americans, Africans and Asiatics (the latter immensely preponderating in number)—engaged in cutting down and preparing the timber for the road.

As the first through passenger train sweeps down the eastern slope of the Sierra, John, comprehending fully the importance of the event, loses his natural appearance of stolidity and indifference, and welcomes with the swinging of his broad brimmed hat and loud uncouth shouts, the iron horse and those he brings with him. Well may he shout. Millions of his ancestors toiled for years on years to erect against the barbarian Tartar a barrier over which he should never break; the Tartar wave broke over it, and inundated his land at a single surge. Nature erected between the East and West a barrier such as in other lands "divides countries and makes enemies of nations," and John, with his patient toil, directed by American energy and backed by American capital, has broken it down at last, and opened over it the grandest highway yet created for the march of commerce and civilization round the globe.

The whistle sounds a long shrill scream, and the train arrives at Truckee Station—Coburn's—119 miles from Sacramento, and 5860 feet above the sea. The portion of the trip between this point and Summit Valley had until this day, June 18th, been made by stages. As we pass we see the jaded stage horses looking wonderingly, and, as it seems to us, joyously, at the swift speeding train; their weary toil through mountain snows and mud is over, and now the stagemen will pull down their stables and pack up their traps, the drivers will "fold their tents like the Arab," and horses and men will "as silently steal away" to be seen no more here forever. The Valley of the Truckee widens out little by little as we descend: the timber grows less abundant, the sage brush begins to make its appearance, and occasionally we see small patches of cultivated land. The grain on the western slope of Sierra is already ripe and mostly harvested; here it is but a few inches above the ground.

On one side, we saw summer; ripe and warm, and the harvest in all its rich abundance; on the summit, winter's snows and ice; and on this side the first faint dawn of early spring. Passing through two more tunnels, and crossing and recrossing the "exulting and abounding river," as it leaps full of fierce, fresh mountain life and energy down toward the desert plains, we emerge at last into the open, treeless country of Nevada, with the snow-clad hights of Washoe Mountains the wondrous Silver Lake before us. Just as the last faint light of day fades from the summit of the Sierra, the long, shrill, joyous shout of the locomotive announces our arrival at our journey's end, nineteen miles from Virginia, and we find ourselves one hundred and fifty-four miles from Sacramento, in Reno, a town of stores, hotels, saloons, gambling houses and livery stables, which has sprung up like magic within a month. The whole population, men, women and children rush out to welcome us. Thus ends the story of the first passenger train over the Sierra Nevada.

Habits of Royalty.

[Paris Correspondence New York Herald.]

The emperor and empress are very early risers. The latter is out in the grounds soon after sunrise. She meets the emperor under a particular arbor at about eight, and here they are joined at eleven by their son, who has by that time got through his morning lessons. Then they proceed for breakfast, not to the dining-room, but to the empress's favorite room, called "Chinese boudoir."

This is a perfect museum of Chinese importations from the Celestial empire, principally from the famed "Summer Palace," which your readers may remember was pillaged by the French. The only three things that are European in this exquisite room are the empress's portrait, her son's organ with a handle (a palatial hurdy-gurdy), and a very plain piano. All the rest is Asiatic, exotic, fantastical, absurd, gigantic. There are mandarins ripping up or down their stomachs, lanterns, magots, cameos, hardware, china, pagodas, big stone dogs grinning at each other. There are hats, mats, massive gold turrets, and polished shining copper in every shape. A remarkable statue there too is Cardier's negress, of bronze, gold, marble and onyx.

After breakfast ensues a little animated conversation and social pleasantness, when the family disperse. The emperor reads the papers and gives audiences, the empress generally drives and reads, while the prince returns to his play and studies.

At half-past seven the dinner bell calls every one to the gallery of Diana, opening on the orangery.

Sunday's mass is attended at the village, in the Trinity chapel constructed by Henry IV., which is a perfect jewel, and contains paintings, statues and marble work of the grandest description.

The emperor's sleeping apartment is the same which was occupied by Napoleon I. His bed is the same in which slept Louis Philippe, Charles X, Louis XVIII, and Napoleon I.

The empress's bedroom was Marie Antoinette's, and is hung with the same curtains which were torn down during the revolution by the populace because they were a valuable present from the town of Lyons to the unfortunate queen of France. A revolutionary *sans culotte* pegged them up round his room in mockery, but they were repurchased by Napoleon I. and have been carefully preserved ever since. This bedroom was called the apartment of the three Maries, it is now the room of the six sovereigns, thus named: Marie de Medicis, Therese Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, Marie Amelie, Marie Eugénie.

The emperor's study is furnished with things which belonged to Napoleon I. The small table on which he writes is the same on which the great man signed his abdication. It is much worn around the legs, as if scratched by impatient kicking of the toes or heels of his boots.

The empress's bathroom is coated with long sheets of painted pier glass in the style of Louis XIV. Her boudoir is lovely. It was decorated by Rousseau, painted by Barthelemy, and the locks were made by no lesser a smith than Louis XVI himself in the leisure hours of his palmy days.

Medical Signs of Dreams.

Dr. Hammond's Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence contains a long communication on "Dreaming," from which we extract the following:

"Lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Soft dreams a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often, in nervous fevers, announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams about fire are, in woman, signs of impending hemorrhage. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membrane and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstructions and disorders of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering indicate diseases in that part.

"Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head.

"The nightmare (incubus epithaltes), with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest. 'To these,' says Baron Von Faechtersleben, 'we may add that dreams of dogs, after the bite of a mad dog, often precede the appearance of hydrophobia, but may be only the consequences of excited imagination.'"

Dr. Forbes Winslow quotes several cases in which dreams are said to have been prognostics:

"Arnaud de Villeneuve dreamed one night that a black cat bit him on the arm. The next day an anthrax appeared on the part bitten. A patient of Galen's dreamed that one of his limbs was changed to stone. Some days after, his leg was paralyzed. Roger d'Oxteyn, knight of the company of Douglas, went to sleep in good health; toward the middle of the night he saw in his dream a man infected with the plague, quite naked, who attacked him with fury, threw him on the ground after a desperate struggle, and, holding him between his open thighs, vomited the plague into his mouth. Three days after, he was seized with the plague and died. Hippocrates remarks that dreams in which one sees black spectres are a bad omen."

A Photograph of the Sixteenth Century.—A photograph of a martyr of the sixteenth century has been lately exhibited in London and Paris. Of course that photograph was not taken from the living person, but came about in this wise: It seems that, in the year 1612, the Spanish Benedictine Monk Hadeo published an account of the martyrdom of a Moorish Christian, named Geronimo. He was taken prisoner by the Algerines in 1569, and refusing to embrace Mahomedanism at the command of his captors, was buried alive in the mud wall of a fort then being erected in Algiers. This fort was demolished not long ago by the French; and guided by the description of Geronimo's inhumation given by Father Hadeo more than two hundred and fifty years ago, an antiquarian managed to pick out of the ruins the very block of clay in which the body was imbedded. On opening the block, the shrivelled remains of the victim were disclosed, together with a perfect representation of his figure and features as they were impressed upon the yielding clay in his dying moments, three centuries before. Even the folds of the *burnous* and turban had been duplicated to the minutest wrinkle. From this mould, hardened by the suns of nearly three hundred years, a cast of the head and bust was executed, and from the cast a number of photographs were taken.

Philanthropy and the Fourth.—A dinner got up in fine style was provided by George W. Childs, Esq., proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger, on the Fourth of July, in the press room, for the newsboys, of whom there were 150 present, who seemed greatly to enjoy the good things that had been so generously provided by the above named gentleman.

The following sentiments for the boys to remember were printed upon cards, a copy of which was placed upon each plate:

Liberty is the right to do whatever you wish without interfering with the rights of others.

Save your money, and you will find it one of the most useful friends.

Never give trouble to your mother or father.

Take care of your pennies, and they will grow to be dollars.

Intemperance is the cause of nearly all the trouble in this world; beware of strong drink.

The poorest boy, if he be industrious, honest and saving, may reach the highest honor in the land.

Never be cruel to a dumb animal; remember that it has no power to tell how it suffers.

Honesty is always the best policy.

At the conclusion of the dinner each boy was presented with a box of confectionary to take home, and each one was provided with a palm-leaf hat.

Signor Blitz was present, and entertained the youthful company with a number of amusing tricks, after which the boys separated, feeling much gratified with all that had been done for them.

The Mifflin County Cave.

[From the Philadelphia Press, July 1.]

The good people of the little county of Mifflin, in this State, have been startled out of their accustomed quiet by the discovery in their midst of a remarkable cave, which promises, on a thorough investigation, to rival in its proportions and grandeur the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. In company with a party of ladies and gentlemen, on the morning of the 15th of June, We left Lewistown, the delightful and charming county seat of Mifflin, and after a half hour's ride through a beautiful and picturesque country, were set down within a few feet of the entrance, where its proprietor awaited us with candles and the agreeable announcement that the interior was already lighted. Each person having been furnished with a candle, we descended into the opening, where a refreshing air saluted us that gushed off from the caverns within. The entrance is easy, as is the whole transit, and the ladies who accompanied us found no difficulty in tracing their steps through the various windings of this great cave. Following closely upon the footsteps of our guide, after assuming for a moment a stooping posture to escape striking the wall above us, we were soon enabled to stand upright, and looking about, were struck with amazement at the immense archway that opened before us, stretching itself with its rocky sides forward to the distance of two hundred feet, rising above us thirty or forty feet, and extending in width as many more. Exclamations of surprise escaped the whole party, as each step discovered some new and varied beauty, and we were all soon lost in wonderment and admiration over the grandeur and sublimity of the scene.

Passing along through the first archway or chamber we found on all sides peculiar and beautiful formations of rock, from which hang stalactites of varied and numerous shapes and colors. Huge rocks are suspended from the ceiling with frightful gaps between them, and threatening to unloosen and hurl themselves below. The floor is tesselated with a hard crust-like deposit, which has branched out and shaped itself into a thousand fantastic forms, while all around are little alcoves or recesses, each containing some unique and striking formations of its own. At the end of this chamber we climbed up, with a little assistance, to an aperture which excited our curiosity, and pushing our taper through into the darkness, were enabled by a faint glimmer to catch the outlines of a deep cavern beyond, which the guide told us no one had yet explored. There are a number of these caverns which, being a little difficult of access, have so far baffled discovery, but which promise a delightful and rich treat to a party of hardy fellows whose fears will not get the mastery of them upon their approach to one of these dark chambers, that when lighted may be less forbidding than those already explored. With a sigh of regret at our inability to dispel the darkness that shadowed this mysterious gallery, we jumped down to see the "spring" around which the party were gathered. Some imagined they could see in its shape the resemblance to a butterfly, while others could detect in its outlines the exact figure of a heart. With this opinion our guide accorded, and we who were in the minority gracefully chimed in.

The water is clear and cold, about three feet in depth, and of which we had a refreshing drink. Upon the bottom is a strange composite, which looks as if a bushel of shelled peas had been thrown into the spring and settled themselves there. To the left of this is an arched recess, to which we gave the name of the "tunnel," from its rotund and symmetrical shape. In this is a second spring. Passing out through this tunnel we struck the second chamber, which forms a sort of gallery, connecting it with the first, it running perpendicularly to both. Here are several strange formations of rock and a cluster of cells. Opposite these is "the pulpit (was there ever a cave without a pulpit?) while to the left of this is a peculiar deposit which has fashioned itself into a perfect shelf, fitted into a three-cornered alcove, in which a lamp was placed that shed its beams athwart the pulpit; and in front of this hangs a thin, transparent, leaf-like stalactite, which being struck by the hand, rings like a bell. Reaching the end of this second gallery we entered a third and grand one. Here again ponderous rocks hang impending over your heads; the floor of solid stone is beautifully variegated with fantastic figures, and the side walls flash back the light from myriads of curious and brilliant crystals. On one side graceful stalactites hang down, forming, as it were, a rich and gorgeous curtain, while at another place a huge rock projects itself from the wall, upon which a large stalagmite has been shaped in the form of a dome or pillar, whose white surface, with a thousand glittering pendants that are suspended from below, refract the rays of light and make a most exquisite picture. Standing at one end of this grand chamber, and taking in at one sweep all its dimensions and beauty, it alone amply repays for the visit. Leaving this chamber we ascended by means of a ladder to a landing above, some twenty feet, and were here surprised and charmed by another of the beautiful shelf formations that looked as if a stream of water rushing down had been suddenly crystalized and turned to stone. Crawling up beneath this shelf, with a lady friend, an enchanting view met our eyes—crystals of varied shapes and colors, and a thousand stalactites that glistened and sparkled with myriads of bright rays before the blaze of the feeble light we bore with us, and which added to the gloom and the shadows of a great fissure that yawned to the left, down in which is a tall pillar, erect and stiff as if standing sentry in that lonely spot. While seated on the landing at the top of the ladder, one of the ladies sang some exquisite strains of sacred music, and as she ceased, and the echo of

"Oh, Thou great Jehovah!"

rang through the deep and hollow corridors, we almost felt the Almighty's presence, and an awful silence pervaded the party which no one dared to break until the last lingering sound had died away in the gloomy chasms below. Starting to our feet at length, we passed on, admiring at each step some new object, until we reached a low archway, about four feet in height and about fifty feet in length. At its terminus another chamber opened to view, upon the floor of which lie huge boulders of rock that had been tumbled down by some convulsion. One of these impeding our progress, was, by a slight effort, dislodged, and falling a few feet, awakened a whole host of echoes that went bounding away, reverberating and resounding in a hundred caverns around us. These heavy rocks are all covered with strange incrustations resembling coral, which greatly embellish and give them an exquisite coloring and beauty. Here some of the party becoming chilled from our long journey underground, and being apprehensive of colds, a retreat was ordered, and retracing our steps we were in a little while "picknicking" in the woods without. There are galleries or chambers below those we visited which have been entered for several hundred feet, and which by their very length frightened the explorers and drove them back, fearing lest they might be lost in its windings. But there is too much excitement and pleasure in such a pursuit to allow one's fears to repress the intense spirit for investigation which a visit to this cave arouses, and we therefore predict that startling discoveries will yet be made therein. There is every reason to justify this belief, too, in the character of the country thereabouts. It is all the peculiar limestone formation that is found in this cave, and the whole region is cavernous and abounding in sinking creeks, or as one of our party justly remarked, is perfectly "honey-combed." Within a few hundred yards of this cave is another, probably a continuation of it, in which we discovered ice six inches thick, so very cold was the air therein. Several other caves are in the immediate vicinity.

MEDICAL.

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