The New Orleans Crescent.

SUDNAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 6, 1868.

The Carpet-Bagger.

COMIC SONG FOR THE TIMES.

I'm a gay old carpet-bagger!
Oh! don't you understand?
'Mong the colored folks I swagger,
Down in the cotton land.
Now, I got no edication;
Of brains I does not brag,
But I owns a big plantation—
All in my carpet-bag.
I'm a gay old carpet-bagger!
Oh! can't you understand?
'Mong the colored folks I swagger,
Down in the cotton land.

In the North I was nobody—
Oh! don't you understand?
Now I drinks my wine and teddy—
King of the cotton land;
For I drives the old slave-master—
He calls me "scalawag;"
While he cusses, fast and faster
I fills my carpet-bag.
I'm a gay old carpet-bagger, etc.

I'm the loyal carpet-bagger
Who rules the cotton land;
I'm a happy scalawagger—
Oh! can't you understand?
For to Congress goes some mornin'
This curst old scalawag,
And I pays 'em back for scornin'
My loyal carpet-bag.
I'm a gay old carpet-bagger, etc.

But I hears a storm a-comin'—
Oh! yes, I understand!
Now we'll all get kicks for bummin'
Around the cotton land.
For I hears the nation's thunder—
We've lost our game of brag;
I'm off with spoons and plunder,
All in my carpet-bagg.
I'm a gay old carpet-bagger, etc.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

The Democrats at La Crosse, Wis., nominated Gen. A. G. Ellis for Congress yesterday, to run against Gen. Washburne.

In all sections of the country the honest men of the Republican party are abandoning that foul organization and joining the Democracy.

Mr. Boutwell has returned from his hole-in-the-sky, and will preside over the State Radical convention at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 9th.

The "Boys in Blue" in New York city are bitterly fighting among themselves, and that is the only fighting they ever do except when they take off their shirts.

Speaker Colfax writes that he will leave Denver on the 8th and reach Washington on the 18th instant, so as to be on hand for the session, in case Congress reassembles on the 21st.

It is reported that Herr Ringel, the lion tamer, who was so seriously injured at Madison, Indiana, last week, died from loss of blood on the boat between that point and Cincinnati.

The Republican congressional convention of the second Wisconsin district has nominated B. F. Hopkins for re-election, by acclamation. Hon. Amasa Cobb was likewise renominated in the third district, and Hon. Philetus Sawyer in the fifth district.

The Democratic State convention to-day nominated the following presidential electoral ticket: At large—Judge Carmichael, John Thompson Mason; first congressional district—Albert Constable, Walter T. Allinger, C. C. Daltam, Chas. G. Roberts, Geo. Peters.

Hassanuts Shiosso and Shianodo Quanitich, two officers of high rank in the Japanese army, who have attended Monson Academy, in Massachusetts, for the past two years, have been ordered home, in consequence of the civil war in China. Three of their countrymen remain at Monson.

A Rutland, Vt., dispatch of the 3d says: The vote in 117 towns, about one-half of the State, stands: Page (Rep.) 23,331; Edwards (Dem.) 8351; Republican majority 14,950. The towns to be heard from will, it is thought, increase the majority in the State to 30,000. The net gain in the 117 towns is 4835.

The following nominations were made by the Democratic convention of Massachusetts: For governor, John Quincy Adams, of Quincy; for lieutenant governor, Reuben Noble, of Westfield; for secretary of State, Charles Bumblecomb; for treasurer, Henry Arnold, of Adams; for auditor, A. F. Devereaux, of Salem; for attorney general, Wm. C. Endicott, of Salem. J. G. Abbot, of Boston, and Jno. R. Briggs, of Sheffield, were chosen presidential electors.

There is great rejoicing among the New York Democrats at Hoffman's nomination. A hundred guns were fired in the park, and several impromptu meetings and processions were organized at the hotels and other public places. Both parties agree that the nomination is very strong, and will be difficult to beat. Many Democratic clubs are ratifying the nominations, and obeying the excise laws.

Hon. W. P. Noble, the regular Democratic nominee for Congress in the Sandusky, N. Y., district, has withdrawn from the canvass, in consequence of the refusal of a part of the Democracy to support him, and a convention is called to meet at Clyde on the 9th of September, to select a new candidate. Hon. Robert Lee, the candidate of the party who refused to support Noble, will probably withdraw in favor of the nominee of the convention.

In Michigan, which will reduce the Radical majority to less than five thousand, if not go wholly Democratic, the campaign is being conducted to a splendid consummation. Senator Doolittle is making magnificent addresses. Friday night he spoke in Detroit to about six acres of Democrats, and Sam Weller's proposed microscope of "double distilled million hextra power" could reveal no thread on which to hang the Radical Congress, except the single cord which they deserve.

The Natchitoches Times says: We are again constrained to invite the attention of the New Orleans press to the necessity for an immediate revision of the Democratic electoral ticket of the State. To our certain knowledge, over one-half the gentlemen nominated for electors are disqualified from holding office, even if elected, under the third section of the fourteenth amendment, which is de facto, at least, a part of the United States Constitution. The people look to the press of their chief city for relief. They know nothing of the State Central Committee, except through their repudiated nominations for State officers in March, 1868, and of the electoral ticket now complained of. A blind fatality seems to follow them, and the people are beginning to think that the fortunes of the party in the State have been intrusted to those who are either incompetent or unfaithful.

How "Dexter" Looked and Acted at the Preliminary Trial.

[From the Turf, Field and Farm.]

As a gentleman said to us on Wednesday, he looks as if he had been carved out of a mass of finely tempered steel. His muscle is immense, swelling out boldly and denoting power before which even Hercules would have quailed. Going into Dexter's box, we noticed that the horse appeared somewhat nervous. His coat glistened like satin and his eyes were unusually bright—full of vigorous fire. Noble quietly remarked: "He knows there is something to be done, and is impatient to do it. We kept the hay away from him last night and reduced his allowance of water, and he is well aware what the drawing process means. If he could speak he would say: 'I know I am to put forth greatest exertion to-day; I am ready, and will do my best.'" Dexter is a horse of intellect as well as muscle, consequently he reasons and draws conclusions with a degree of correctness from certain facts. He is strong in his affection. When Peter groomed him he would tolerate anything from him, obey his voice and motions. But Peter deserted him for Bashaw, Jr., and Dexter, fickle as a woman, has found a new love. His new groom has acquired wonderful control over him. In his presence he is as docile and patient as a lamb. If a stranger should be holding Dexter by the bridle, let Jimmy call, and, with a rapid bound the horse would break away from the strange hands, and, galloping to his constant attendant, arch his neck, then softly lay his head upon the erect shoulder and receive the kind caress. On Wednesday, when Jimmy entered the box and lowered with the pulleys the harness from the ceiling, Dexter looked around, stretched his limbs, arched his neck, and every muscle quivered with excitement. The groom commenced a soft, low whistle; the horse looked earnestly in his face, gradually grew quiet, then, with an intelligent expression, squatted and relieved himself, as if he perfectly understood that in the trial about to begin no superfluous matter must be carried. The harness was quickly thrown on his back, and in a few minutes Dexter the invincible, Dexter the great, Dexter the mighty conqueror of Time, was led from his box. Booted for the race, he came through the door with a proud, lofty carriage, and was attached to the sulky.

Gentleman (to boatman,) "You must often, I should think, get wet; do you not?" Artless boatman: Yes, yer honor, we does, werry wet, werry wet indeed; but I'm werry dry just now, yer honor, and no mistake."

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS, ETC.

[Prepared for the New Orleans Crescent.]

Hungary is said to have 12,000 000 sheep.

The lake shore grape crop is estimated at 7,000,000 pounds.

Chicago owns shipping, steamers, etc., to the amount of 96,153 tons.

The apple crop in the neighborhood of Hartford Conn., is estimated at 200,000 bushels.

The net revenue of the railroads in British India, last year, was £11,685,000.

Mark Twain has made $10,000 by his work, "Jumpin' Frog of Calaveras."

It is said New York city has one hundred trades' unions, representing 40,000 workmen.

British India has nearly 4000 miles of railroad, which cost £75,000,000.

There are nine establishments in Massachusetts for the manufacture of spool cotton.

Horace Greeley receives $7000 per annum as leading editor of the Tribune.

Bureau county, Ill., has planted one hundred miles of Osage orange hedge this season.

A fund of $40,000 has been subscribed for the Connecticut industrial school for girls.

Mr. Paxton, of Natchez, Miss., is cultivating 40 acres in castor beans this season.

Norwalk, Ohio, takes one newspaper for every two inhabitants.

New York city consumes 25,000,000 gallons of milk annually.

The hay crop of the United States is estimated at 25,000,000 tons.

During the year ending the 31st ult., Plaquemines sent 4,697,000 pounds of rice to market.

It is estimated that there are 225,000 threshing machines in the United States.

The crown jewels of France are valued at 29,000,000 francs.

The national debt of Denmark is about $72,500,000.

There are nineteen colleges in Oxford, England, the oldest dating from 1229, the latest from 1714.

Last year Great Britain received from all other countries 63 960,000 bushels of wheat.

Smyrna, whence comes our dried figs, is a city of 60,000 inhabitants.

At the late Chicago exposition twenty diplomas were awarded to various persons for fine wools.

Cuyahoga county, Ohio, has 1000 acres of grapes.

In 1852 the telegrams sent in France numbered only 48,105; in 1867 they numbered 3,213 995.

Long Island N. Y., has a total of enrolled and licensed shipping of 33,340 tons.

During last year the deposits in the British post-office savings banks, amounted to £4,643 905.

San Francisco has received 30,000 codfish from Alaska.

Fifth avenue, New York, boasts of having $1,000,000 worth statuary and paintings.

Cincinnati employs 430 teachers, whose salaries last year amounted to $317,550.

The receipts of wool in Chicago, during the year ending April 1st, 1868, were 11,218,000 pounds.

In Switzerland 20,000 women are employed in watchmaking.

At the recent Turners' festival in Hartford, Conn., 500 barrels of lager beer were drank.

England exported in 1867 more than 4000 horses, valued at nearly $1,000,000.

Italy has raised $32,000,000 from the sale of church property within the last eight months.

Cuba has 1365 sugar estates, 996 coffee estates, and 9482 tobacco fields.

Great Britain exported last year woolen and worsted fabrics valued at $60,746,000, and linens to the value of $37,365,000.

Paris consumes annually, per head, of population, 180 pounds fresh meat, 327 pounds bread, 43 gallons of beer and 43 gallons wine.

Krupp, of Essen, Prussia, annually turns out more than 60 000 tons of cast steel. His establishment occupies 450 acres, and employs 8000 men.

The island of Cuba has an area of 47,278 square miles. The population is estimated at 1,414,000, of which 365,553 are slaves.

It is expected that Canada will this season export 750,000 bushels of barley more than last year.

Cuba has more than 200,000 free negroes, who, like free negroes everywhere, contribute little or nothing to the wealth of the country.

During the first five months of this year Great Britain received more than 5,000,000 bushels of wheat from the United States.

Philadelphia claims to be the second manufacturing city in the world, London only exceeding her in extent and variety of products.

In the United States $30,249,207 are invested in the manufacture of liquors, and $19,622,318 in printing and publishing.

A dry goods firm in Paris spends annually 100,000 francs in advertising, and has done so for the last twenty years.

On Valentine's Day, 1867, there were 997 900 valentines sent through the London postoffice, and in 1868 the number rose to 1,119,142.

Cleveland, Ohio, has a library of 10,000 volumes, and a population of 80,000 persons, of whom only 700 are members of the library association.

The public gardens at St. Bruno, France, have succeeded in raising vanilla from the seed. The quality is said to equal the best imported.

Prof. Liebig says: "Four quarts of beans, two pounds of corned beef boiled to rags in 50 quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to 40 men."

In Philadelphia, on the 20th ult., nearly 100,000 pounds of dried blackberries were sold at 17 to 20 cents per pound.

George W. Gift, of Memphis, says: "Five acres of onions, properly cultivated, will yield more clear money than fifty acres in cotton."

J. Van Buren, of Clarksville, Ga., says: "The scuppernong grape will yield from 1500 to 2000 gallons of wine per acre."

The total appropriations for West Point since its establishment, March 16th, 1802, has been $8,552,339.

Cuba produces annually 4,900,000 pounds of cocoa, 50 000,000 pounds rice, and 125,000 pounds arrowroot.

A gentleman in Nashua, N. H., has an artificial fish-pond, in which he has 500 trout, averaging from one-half to two and a half pounds each.

Great Britain annually obtains from foreign countries from $400,000,000 to $500,000,000 worth of food of all kinds.

A house in Salem, N. C., has shipped North 1000 barrels of dried blackberries, netting about $30 per barrel.

A telegraph company, principally Americans, are preparing to lay down a wire connecting the ten principal cities of China.

The capital invested in mining and manufactures in the United States is estimated at $1,000,000 000; and the value of farms in the United States is estimated at $6,400,000,000.

It is estimated that the consumption of silver throughout the world, in the manufacture of silverware, watches, jewelry and the arts, amounts to 100,000 ounces per day.

The New York Atlas says: "There are 30,000 women in this city who labor night and day for a pittance upon which no tender hearted philanthropist would attempt to support a favorite cat."

Thirty-nine gentlemen recently attended a clam bake at Gregory's Point, Conn., whose aggregate weight was 8766 pounds. The weight of clams eaten by the party was omitted by the reporter.

A co-operative sewing machine society, established in Baltimore last November, has already distributed 15 machines, costing from $55 to $85 each. Each member secures a machine by paying a small weekly sum.

Diamonds, it is said, have doubled in value in the last twenty-five years. Three firms in New York each sell $1,000,000 worth of them annually. Private persons in that city are said to own $20,000,000 worth.

During the year ending April 1st, 1868, Chicago received 2,258,512 bbls. of flour, 13 483,000 bushels of wheat, 25,223,000 bushels of corn, 12 659,000 bushels of oats, 1,276,000 bushels of rye, and 2,300,000 bushels of barley.

Forty miles of the track of the Pacific Railroad require to be covered with sheds to protect it from the snows of the Sierra Nevada. Twenty-eight saw-mills are supplying the lumber, more than 30,000,000 feet being required.

The annual produce of the chase in the province of Archangel, Russia, amounts to about 400,000 squirrels 22,000 ermines, 40,000 hares, 3000 foxes, 70,000 braces of woodcocks, 10,000 wildgeese and 12 000 swans.

A gentleman living on the line of the North Carolina Central Railroad last year set out 50,000 peach trees, and this year 125,000 more. He intends shipping his fruit to the New York market.

The capital invested in manufactures in the United States amounts to more than $1,000,000,000, distributed as follows: In the nine Eastern States, including New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, $661,050 377; in the fifteen Southern States, $164,948 279; in the Northwestern States, $156,663,450; in the Pacific States, $24,678,534.

SAILING OF THE CORTES.—The steamship Cortes, Capt. Nelson, sailed last evening for New York, full freighted, $32,680 in specie and the following passengers:

Mrs. Laudson and 3 children, Mr. Elliott and wife, J. G. Clark, J. Batchelder, H. Suberg, David McCoard, Dr. Warren Stone, H. Schamber, J. Day, T. Codyre, W. Kitch, F. McLaughlin, and 10 in the steerage.

RUSSIAN FUR COMPANY CLOSE THEIR BUSINESS. A commissioner of the Russian Fur Company purchased the ship Winged Arrow, which was to sail from San Francisco on the 1st, for Sitka to take aboard the late employés and troops, about three hundred. The company transfers them to St. Petersburg, which closes the business of the Russian Fur Company in Alaska.

The Victim of an Idea.

DEATH OF LIVE-FOREVER JONES, THE MENDICANT MADMAN OF LOUISVILLE—THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER OF HIS TIME—THE STRANGE STORY OF A STRANGE LIFE.

[From the Louisville Courier, 1st.]

In one of the wards of the city hospital, on Sunday morning, died Leonard Jones, one of the most eccentric characters of our day, and one, whose strange, wild, erratic career has made his name familiar in every household in Kentucky. His history is one that, were it fully written, would form a curious chapter in the story of mankind, and would not fail to attract the attention of students of human nature everywhere.

Born in Frankfort, Virginia, on the 3d of July, 1802, he was seventy-six years of age when he died. He was but twelve years of age when his father moved to Kentucky and settled in Henderson (now Union) county. When a young man he joined the Methodist church, afterward leaving the Methodists and became a member of a Quaker society in Mercer county. At one time he speculated in wild lands in this State, amassing with his brothers and the lamented Elijah Hise, a considerable fortune. He afterward made a trip to Clark county, Indiana, and purchased a large portion of the Clark grant lands, in connection with several other gentlemen.

His acquaintance with the Shakers did not seem to wear well, for he subsequently abandoned them, but his erratic mind did not long want for food it seemed always to crave. It was all of thirty years ago when Jones first imbibed the live-forever idea, which eventually made him so famous and gave him the sobriquet which remained attached to him ever after. All that time an aged fanatic named McDaniel was traveling through the State preaching the novel doctrine that "man by faith could live forever." Jones happened to attend one of McDaniel's meetings, and no sooner had the strange doctrine been presented to his mind than he became an enthusiast in the new faith. Well versed in the oracles of God the travelling lunatic and the born madman were not wanting in plausible argument in advancing their ideas, and certainly two more honest and earnest believers never lived. Thenceforward they traveled together, preaching their doctrine wherever they went, and so inspired servants of God ever worked more zealously than they, until one day old McDaniel was taken sick and died after a short illness, quite contrary to his doctrine, and Live-forever Jones, the sole disciple of the new faith, was left to battle alone with an incorrigible world. Some one asked Jones if his faith were not shaken by the death of McDaniel. "No," he replied; "but I was very much embarrassed to preach his funeral!"

With the persistency of a martyr, he clung to this marvelous doctrine. He believed what he styled the "high moral" was the exponent of God on earth, and entitled to administer all the offices and monopolize all honors. He was, therefore, a candidate for every vacancy, though he wanted no office. When Mr. Buchanan was running for president, Jones announced himself as an opposition candidate, but he was not elected, and as the clerks had failed to put his name upon the poll books, he declared the election illegal. He applied to Chancellor Logan, and at a very informal court obtained a written injunction upon Mr. Buchanan. He also contested the election of Mr. Lincoln, and asserted that the untimely death of the president was retributive justice for not giving Leonard Jones, the morally elected candidate, the seat in the White House. He also claimed to be the morally elected governor of Kentucky, and looked upon the death of Helm as a vindication of his theory. Numberless were the suits he instituted in the Chancery Court against national and State office-holders, and at every session of the court the cases of Leonard Jones vs. James Buchanan and Leonard Jones vs. Abraham Lincoln, were duly called, but were always at the heel of the docket and invariably went over until next term at cost of defendants.

It was a part of his creed, that only by a highly moral life, with fasting and prayer, could any one live forever, and well he lived up to this lofty mark. He had no vices, and was not even intemperate. Occasionally extreme hunger would carry him beyond his doctrine, but he would never eat in the presence of any one, and when discovered would denounce the food as "moral poison." Though he formed associations with many erratic minds, he never, we believe, had one disciple to his faith. Believing he was called to preach the new principle, through a life of extreme poverty, hunger and rags, he went about proclaiming it wherever he could find a listener. When pressed by hunger he would borrow from a friend, but this was the last thing he would do, sometimes suffering excruciatingly before he would ask. Never forgetting a debt, he always paid, when he could, and probably did not owe three persons in the world at his death.

No political meeting ever passed off within a hundred miles of Louisville that did not hear from Live-forever Jones. Though a warm sympathizer with the South, he believed himself the only man who could save the country, and though his speech was usually the last, it was always there. The antics he would cut in emphasizing his remarks were grotesque in the extreme, and we have seen him jumping straight up and down for several minutes at a time, varying the exercises by whacking the table with his cane and drowning his own voice in the racket he made. Sometimes a band of music would undertake to play him down. He always waited and had his say to the rollicking, shouting crowd, that was ever ready to applaud and extol him. His speeches never got into print, however, and he was always at loggerheads with the reporters for leaving him out.

Liver-forever frequently visited the police court, and seemed to take great interest in the proceedings. He has more than once interrupted the court during its session and been committed to jail for contempt. He was, however, always released in a few hours. His high moral principle would often lead him to imagine that injustice was being done some of the prisoners on trial. In such cases he would bounce from his seat, and, swinging his right arm high over his head, vehemently denounce the court and commonwealth's attorney in unmeasured, yet not profane, terms. He believed it was his mission to see that every man got his rights before all tribunals.

He always went to the poll on election day, and the judges would receive his ballot and pretend to deposit it. We do not recollect of any indignity every being offered him at public meetings. When George Francis Train spoke here with Cady Stanton and Susan Anthony, Live-forever accepted Train's banter to the audience for a free discussion, and pitched into him hotly. For some time the eccentric Train was off the track, and endeavored to reply, but his voice was drowned by the thundering tones of Live-forever. The audience finally told Mr. Train that he was talking to a crazy man, whereupon Live-forever remarked that Train was the craziest of the two, and left in high dudgeon.

He was well acquainted with the great men of our country, and knew almost every prominent family in Kentucky. Beyond a remarkable knowledge of the scriptures, his information was limited and gained only from his long and varied life rather than from study. He often counseled his friends to throw aside books, alleging they would only cloud the mind. His memory was very retentive, and he remembered trifling occurrences of fifty years ago with great distinctness. A fine conversationalist, he was sometimes truly eloquent, and until his mind would lose itself in the labyrinth of ideas of its own creation, he could hold an audience with some of the best speakers of the day. He was honest, truthful, generous and candid. Some have thought it strange that he should at all times be without clothing, and apparently in want of food, when so many generous persons contributed to relieve his necessities. The public generally did not know what his more intimate friends knew—that he gave away as fast as he received. You might give him a dollar or five dollars at the postoffice, and before he would go a square he would give it all away if he happened to meet with objects which he deemed more needy than himself. At one time his friends in Paducah gave him a horse along with a saddle and bridle, that his travels might be made easier, but, falling in with a bare-footed beggar between Paducah and Mayfield, he generously dismounted and made the poor devil a present of both horse and accompaniments.

Some of his sayings had a dry humor about them which could hardly have been looked for in a person of his peculiar make-up. He frequently said he had left the Quakers in disgust, and left them disgusted.

His personal appearance would have marked him anywhere for what he was. His long, thin, white hair fell to his shoulders, unkempt and wild as his unshorn beard, and his old hat and dilapidated clothing evidently never belonged to any one but Live-forever.

The family from which he sprung was one of ability, but much eccentricity. There were six sons and two daughters. One brother, Dr. Levi Jones, resides in Texas, and is a man of fine talent. Another brother, Rev. Laban Jones, was a distinguished preacher of the Cumberland Presbyterian church; a third brother was a physician of prominence in Paducah. A man of wealth, and an old member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was thought to be less eccentric and possessed of a better balanced mind than any of the other members of the family; but Paducah was horrified one morning at the intelligence that Dr. Jones had cut his throat from ear to ear, and had died in a few minutes. Through his other brothers and sisters he had numerous relatives throughout the State, all respectable and prominent families.

Long exposure and self-neglect at last did its work with Live-forever Jones. Some eight or ten days previous to being taken to the city hospital he was attacked with pneumonia, and neglecting to apply to his friends for assistance, he was soon beyond the reach of earthly help.

When he arrived at the hospital he was almost completely prostrated, and utterly helpless. He was offered stimulants, but stoutly refused all medicine and food, he declaring his disease was not physical but mental and moral, and that he needed no medicine. Some of the attendants pulled off his shoes preparatory to making him as comfortable as possible, but he quickly put them on again, and would not permit a single article of his clothing to be removed. Up to his last moments he lay in his old stained suit of linen, with his old hickory cane which he always carried attached to his coat by a cotton string. He was persistent in declaring that he was in perfect physical health; and when asked whether his then condition did not conflict with his theory of an eternal life on earth, he replied that he, like other mortals, was heir to sickness, but that it could not result fatally with him. He partook of no food, and only by force was made to take any stimulants whatever.

From the moment his head touched the pillow in the hospital ward on Friday, to the moment of his death on Sunday morning, he never rose. He passed peacefully away—to the last no sign escaping his poor wandering mind that he realized his condition or that he was ever to leave the beautiful world to which he believed he had been sent as a Messiah for the redemption of his race.

Thus died one of the most remarkable madmen that ever lived—a deformed child of nature, who could no more have avoided his strange fate than he could have reversed the great law which he so long believed had been suspended for his especial convenience, and the happiness of his imaginary disciples. Though incapable of good, he was equally incapable of harm, and let us believe that with

"Life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace."

When the clods dropped upon the poor coffin that enclosed his body the sextons were alone, and no man was there to weep or sigh over the last on earth of Leonard Jones. His Master only was there, the winds moaned, his only dirge, and the heavens dropped the only tears that fell upon his grave.

A Genuine Old Salt.

Mark Twain writes the following story for the Chicago Republican:

Anchored in the harbor of Panama, we found the opposition steamer, America, in command of Capt. Ned Wakeman, "mariner for forty years." I made a voyage with him once. It was very late at night, but we borrowed the captain's gig and boat's crew and went out and paid the old gentleman a visit. He was as tempestuous of exterior, as hearty of manner and as stormy of voice as ever—and just as good a man as exists anywhere. His legs, and arms, and back and breast were just as splendid as ever with grand red and blue anchors, and ships and flags, and goddesses of liberty, done in the perfection of the tatooing art. A stranger would have thought his ship's crew must be at least a mile away when he shouted:

"Bear a hand there, men! Stand by to take the painter! Assist the gentlemen up! Glad to see you—glad to see you *all* gentlemen! You are as welcome as the flowers of May!"

We sat down in his private cabin.

"You have been lying up here at anchor a good while, Capt. Wakeman. You must be getting tired of it."

"Tired of it! It's no name for it, sir—no name for it. Been here six months, sir. Never was so tired of a ship before since I made my first voyage. I didn't know what ships *was* then. I went down to New York city; never been out of the interior of the State in my life before. But *I* wanted to go to sea, you know. *I* been a reading all sorts of cussed bosh about sailors and voyages, and adventures, and I thought it was beautiful, don't you see—beautiful! Found some more boys there from different places, and *they* wanted to go to sea. We cruised around the streets a while, and one day we see an old gentleman—a venerable noble looking old Daniel come to judgment he was—and when he backed his sails and ranged up alongside and give us a friendly hail, I knowed that a man with that figure and that voice couldn't own less than seven churches—I *knowed* it, sir. He smiled a smile, he did, that was as lonely as Barnegat light in a storm, and he put his hand down gently on my head, so, and says, as sweet as a syrien:

"'Wouldn't you like to go on a beautiful voyage to sea, my son?'

"'Yes, sir,' says I—'we all would.'

"'Ah—noble boys—noble youths. What is your name, my little man?'

"'Edward, sir—Edward Wakeman.'

"'Ah—Edward. Beautiful name. Had a dear brother once, by the name of Edward. Dead now. Oh, God! Where do you come from, Edward?'

"'Come from the interior, sir.'

"'Ah—from the interior, is it? Lovely country—lovely. Had a cherished nephew born in the interior once. And what is your name, my little man?'

"'Johnny, sir—Johnny Barker.'

"'Ah Johnny. Touching name. One of the blessed apostles named Johnny. And where do you come from, Johnny?'

"'Connecticut, sir.'

"'Connecticut, did you say? Ah, happy clime—glorious clime—how I have longed to visit that celestial spot. And what is your name, my little man?'

"'Augustus William Mayberry, sir.'

"'Augustus William. Stately name—beautiful name. Had a beloved relative by the name of Augustus William. Tore up in a carding machine. Oh, God!—And where do you come from, Augustus William?'

"'New Hampshire, sir.'

"'Let me embrace you, noble State—banner State of the world. Had a worshiped uncle hung there once—unjustly—unjustly. Well, now, Edward and Johnny—beautiful name—name of blessed disciple—and Augustus William—get your little things ready, and take 'em aboard the Polly, down at the slip. And get you some nice warm mittens and some nice warm socks, to keep your little hands and feet warm when you're going round the Horn. That's all you'll want. Because when we get up in the Pacific, it'll be all warm and delightful and beautiful, like a Garding of Eden, clear up to the vellums of eternal summer, where the whales are that we're a going after.'

"I never felt so happy in my life, sir—never since I was born, sir. Loved that hoary, venerable old angel as if he was my father, sir. On board that ship, a going out of that harbor, he was a feeding us boys on raisins, and a-beaming on us, and a-Johnnying and Augustus-Williaming us, to that degree that we was intoxicated with happiness, as you might say. Clear up to the minute the pilot's painter was let go, sir. But the minute that pilot was gone, and that pilot boat p'inted towards New York, and the Polly a scudding for the Equator, he was a different man! He catched the nigger steward by the top of the head and bounced him on the deck a couple of times, and says: 'You miserable charcoal hound! Wanted to quit the ship at the last minute, because your family's sick, did you! *I'll* learn you, you mangy, lying, thieving off-spring of a tar-barrel! Take *that* and see how you like it!'

"And he bounced him again. Next he tackled a sailor, and says:

"'You sneaking, worthless brute! You want to go ashore and buy coffee to drink 'cause the ship don't furnish it, do you! I'll learn you, you hog! Smell of that!—and that!—and *that!* you lubber!'

"And he caved his head in on three sides with a belaying pin, till it was the shape of a plug hat that's been through the wars. Then he made just three jumps aft as high as the yard arm, and came down a belching fire and smoke, and a-shaking himself up and a-sawing his arms around like he had a thunder-storm a tearing him up inside, and says:

"'You Connecticut son of a thief!—up to the main truck in a jiffy! You New Hampshire ash-cat! ship up that mizzen-m'st! Goin' to stand around and suck your thumbs all day? What 'd I *hire* you for, you scum, you dirt, you vermin! You interior *son* of a skunk! Aloft with you! I'll tar your legs off and brain you with 'em! *Hell* and furies, 'pears like a man cant be master in his own ship!'

"'And from that day out the howling old nor'wester never called us by no other name but You Connecticut *son* of a thief! You New Hampshire ash cat! You interior son of a skunk! Never been so tired of a ship since, till they put this America out of commission for six months, sir!—never, sir—never in the world, sir! Take my bloody oath of it, sir. You hear Ned Wakeman, sir.'"

MORE TURKISH VANDALISM.—The N. Y. Post has a letter from Syria, which says the Turks have lately committed another act of vandalism in Crete, which should not escape the notice of civilized Europe and America. The olive trees, heavy with the crops which promised to sustain the half-starved Christians of the "heroic isle," have been entirely destroyed, that the women and children may be forced, by famine, to yield to the Ottoman power. The Turkish commander-in-chief has issued an order for the heads of families to bring to Crete all refugees, under penalty of the confiscation of their lands and effects.

TENNESSEE.—A Washington special to the Louisville Journal says:

It is settled beyond all peradventure that the president will protect the people of Tennessee from Brownlow's militia by United States troops. He has assured a number of prominent gentlemen from that State that he has resolved upon that course.

Poem by Adah Isaacs Menken.

The London Star has had a copy of Adah Menken's volume of poems, and copies the following from "Drifts that Bar my Door:"

O angels! will ye never wipe the gathering rust
from the hinges?
How long must I plead and cry in vain?
Lift back the iron bars, and lead me hence.
Is there not a land of peace beyond my door?
Oh, lead me to it—give me rest; release me
from this unequal strife.
Heaven can attest that I fought bravely when
the heavy blows fell fast.
Was it my sin that strength failed?
Was it my sin that the battle was in vain?
Was it my sin that I lost the prize? I do not
sorrow for all the bitter pain and blood it cost me.
Why do ye stand sobbing in the sunshine?
I cannot weep.
There is no sunlight in this dark cell. I am
starving for light.
O, angels! sweep the drifts away—under my
door!
Life is a lie, and love a cheat.
There is a graveyard in my poor heart—dark,
heaved-up graves, from which no flowers spring.
The walls are so high that the trembling wings
of birds do not break ere they reach the summit,
and they fall, wounded, and die in my bosom.
I wander 'mid the gray old tombs, and talk with
the ghost of my buried hopes.
They tell me of my Eros, and how they fluttered
around him, bearing sweet messages of love, until
one day, with his strong arm, he struck them dead
at his feet.
Since then these poor lonely ghosts have haunted
me night and day, for it was I who decked them
in my crimson heart-sides, and sent them forth in
chariots of fire.
Every breath of wind bears me their shrieks
and groans.
I hasten to their graves, and tear back folds
and folds of their shrouds, and try to pour into
their cold, nerveless veins the quickening tide of
life once more.
Too late—too late.
Despair hath driven back death, and clasps me
in his black arms.
And the lamp! See the lamp is dying out!
O, angel! sweep the drifts from my door! lift
up the bars!

This is somewhat in the style of Walt Whitman.

The White Mountains.

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY—A MAMMOTH HOTEL.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal gives a long account of the trial trip upon the new railway up Mount Washington, from which the following is condensed:

"It is now a trifle over ten years since Mr. Sylvester Marsh divulged his plans for the construction of a steam railway up the steep and rugged sides of Mount Washington. His scheme was generally regarded as a visionary one, but he at length succeeded in demonstrating its feasibility to the satisfaction of some of the most experienced railroad men in New England, who forthwith gave their energetic aid to the really great enterprise. Two years ago a small section of the road was opened, and a public trial resulted in entire success. Last year a similar trial over an extension of the railway gave equally gratifying results. Yesterday witnessed the formal opening of the road to a point three quarters of a mile from the summit of the mountain, or for something over two-thirds of its entire length. A brief sketch of the enterprise, and some further account of the peculiar mechanism by which the road is operated, will be interesting in the present connection.

"The railway begins, as before mentioned, at a point seven miles from the White Mountain House. The White Mountain House is situated 1568 feet above the level of the sea, and the railway station is about 1117 feet above that, or about 2685 feet above the level of the sea. Mount Washington is 6285 feet above the level of the sea, according to the generally accepted measurements, although some old barometrical observations give it a slightly increased altitude, so that it will be seen that a grade of about 3600 feet has to be overcome. The distance to be traversed by the railway is two miles and thirteen-sixteenths. The average grade is 1300 feet to the mile, but in several places this is increased to something over 1700 feet to the mile, or one foot in three. The road was completed last year to a point known as Waumbek Junction, one mile and eight rods from the starting point. Waumbek Junction is so called from the fact that the Fabyan bridle path was here joined by the path which led from the Waumbek House, or Jefferson.

"Work was begun again on the railroad this season May 7th, and in the eighty-four working days ensuing, up to yesterday, it had advanced a further distance of a trifle over a mile, or to within three-quarters of a mile of the summit. The total rise from the lower end to the point now reached is about 2800 feet, leaving about 800 feet to be ascended in the remaining three-quarters of a mile. The present terminus is at the top of Jacob's Ladder, as something like a mile of the old bridle path was aptly called on account of its zigzag course. The railway, however, takes a tolerably straight course, instead of pursuing the tortuous windings or rounds of the ladder, trestle work being used for a long distance at that point, as well as below, to give it the proper inclination. In for one two places this trestle work is thirty feet high, but it is built in the most substantial manner, as strongly, in fact, as any similar work upon an ordinary railroad, which has to sustain a weight many times greater."

HOW THE ROAD IS MADE.

"There are three rails, the outside ones being the old-fashioned strap rail, and the center one a cog rail or ratchet, into which cog-wheels in the center of the locomotive and car enter. The outer rails are four feet and twelve inches apart, and the middle rail is four inches wide. This latter is formed of two pieces of angle iron, three by three inches, and three-eighths of an inch thick, connected by a series of pins or bolts. These pins or bolts are one and a half inches in diameter, four inches long, and are placed four inches apart. The manner in which they are united to the sides and the peculiar construction of the whole give enormous strength to this part of the structure. The engine and car are kept upon the track by means of friction rollers which run under the central rail on either side. The rails are fastened to longitudinal sills, the ratchet rail being held down by flanges on each side. The weight rests upon the outside rails. The engine has two cylinders connected with the driving shaft. The crank-shaft is geared into the center so as to give the requisite power to run up the steep grade. The boiler is upright, and is kept level by union joints or trunnions. There is a plentiful supply of brakes of various kinds in both engine and car. Both are supplied with powerful atmospheric brakes operating upon the middle wheels, and there are also friction brakes, which are constructed upon a principle of great power.

"In ascending, a strong wrought iron 'dog' works into the driving wheel, preventing the train from falling back a single inch. In descending, the speed is regulated by shutting off the steam and easing the engine down at a fixed rate by means of compressed air. The car is pushed before the locomotive in ascending, and even should the two become separated in the descent, the car can be instantly stopped by means of a hand brake, a single turn of which stops the entire train. This brake is tended by a man who does not leave it for a moment, and who has it under perfect control. The train, be it known, consists of the locomotive and a single car. The tender is a part of the locomotive. There are two locomotives and two cars upon the road.

"The new car is similar in appearance to a horse-car, though a trifle longer, with a roof, windows upon the sides and doors at the ends. An isle runs through the center and there are seats for forty-eight persons. The seats are swung so as to secure a horizontal position upon all grades, and the passengers are pretty sure to retain their places, either in their seats or braced against the ends of the car, upon the platform, during the journey, since a walk through the isle is attended with about as much difficulty as it would be up or down the roof of a building.

"The new engine is of about thirty-five horse power, and weighs about six and half tons. The new car weighs about three tons. The former has been used most of the summer, and the latter had been run up and down several times within the few days preceding the grand trip yesterday. It is proposed to run at the rate of two or three miles per hour, but this speed was not attained yesterday for obvious reasons. With a powerful engine still greater speed can be made, but it is not proposed to attempt it. 'Slow and sure,' is the motto of the road, and a safe and easy transit up the steep acclivity is of more importance to the passengers than a speedy one. The descent is to be made in a little less time than the ascent, though at a low and safe rate of speed.

"Over six hundred thousand feet of sawed lumber have been used in the construction of the road, up to the present time, and much other lumber in addition. The ratchet rails cost the company $3 per foot in Boston, or $4 per foot delivered at the depot at the foot of the mountain. The entire cost of the road will be about $100,000. A saw mill, worked by steam, is situated at the depot, and the surrounding forests furnish abundant material for the woodwork. A telegraph line runs up the side of the railroad, and an operating office