

The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1893.

For the New Orleans Sunday Crescent.

DESK.

BY BENJAMIN.

Spent the shafts from sunset's quiver,
Broken in the bow;
Stealthily on field and river
Creeps the twilight flier.

Gathering from many a fastness
Nest the pale moon;
From the cane-brake and the cypress
By the dead lagoon;

Out from vine-entangled thickets
Of the buck and doe,
Damply cool, where chirps the cricket
Gleefully and low;

Up from swamp where matted briar
Lies the venomous snake—
Where the night things draw them nigher
From the shrouded lake.

Swept by long mists to the water
Out from bog and fen,
Stagnant, alligator-haunted;
From the gray wolf's den;

From the hollow oak-tree wrested
In the thunder stroke,
Where the great owl, horned and crested,
Drozes since day awoke;

From ravines where wind-tones whisper
With a vague affliction;
From the sedge grass rustling crispier
O'er the field of fighting;

Slow at first, now hurrying faster
On the skirts of light—
Vast, before a something vastier,
Vanguard of the night;

Gliding up the lowland slopes,
Crowning every hill,
To the silent uplands o'er,
Gathering fleet and still;

Unrelenting, pressing ever
On the weary night;
Till, before a something vastier,
Daylight sinks away;

Till, disordered, rent and routed,
Daylight dies,
And the world lies glory-bounded,
Sons forget the day.

November 8, 1893.

For the Sunday Crescent.

KERFLUMMEKED.

BY JOKKO.

Don't imagine from the title of this poem, oh most worthy reader, that I have been kerflummeking anybody—even the most skeptical. For if you did you would be wrong, and wronging is against the Scriptures; wherefore don't do it.

No! I merely want to commendate slightly upon the word itself.

Intrinsically the word is a good word; like captain before it was abused and even now it is good enough when it is correctly applied; but in the name of all the lovers of the queen's English at once, I protest against the multifarious duties which are set for it, and to whose performance it is unrelentingly and often unthinkingly commended. Like Sir John Falstaff (in his own account) there cannot a dangerous action arise but it is thrust upon it.

Does a man have his head taken off by a circular saw, he is immediately said to have been kerflummeked.

Does the Reverend Seraphic Bangbille demolish his opponent in a discussion of the Sermon on the Mount, he is pronounced to have been kerflummeked.

Does Mrs. N. have her husband's head taken off by a circular saw, she is pronounced to have been kerflummeked.

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LITERARY ITEMS.

Doctor of Literature is a new degree established by the University of London.

Dumas writes that he shall visit America in May next.

Charles Mackay, the song writer, is now editor of the London Scotsman.

Madame George Sands is to publish a weekly paper to be called Le Franc Parleur.

The Revolution has five hundred subscribers in California and three hundred in Oregon.

The Illustrated Western World is the title of a new weekly to be issued in New York.

Manchester, England, exults in two new weekly papers, the Sphinx and the Shadow.

A sixteen years old "Eton boy" has written a highly praised ornithological book.

The American Register, a paper published in Paris, has lately been enlarged.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe received \$30,000 for "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Charles Reade gets \$50,000 for his new novel, on which he is now hard at work.

Diogenes is the name of a new comic paper which Montreal foolishly proposes.

New York publishers complain of the dullness of the book trade.

Harriet Martineau is about to publish some new sketches.

There is to be published an edition of Halpin's poems.

Alice Carey has been presented with \$1000 by her friends. Horace Greeley did the presenting.

An American named Robert Mitchell edits Napoleon's new official paper.

The English language, for all the ends and wants of human speech, has never been surpassed by any language upon earth.

Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm is to be attached to the editorial staff of a newspaper that is to be started in Pittsburg.

Henry Ward Beecher's wife, said to be a woman of most intellect, is soon to commence editing a mothers' magazine.

In the State of Saxony 128 newspapers of every kind are published at present, with a yearly circulation of 34,000,000 copies.

"A Stable for Nightmares" is the sensational title of the Christmas number of Tinsley's Magazine.

During Gen. McClellan's stay in Philadelphia, he has been presented with a certificate of membership by the James Page library company.

Philip Barwood, the new editor of the London Saturday Review, was formerly a Unitarian minister in an English country town.

One of the more prominent publishers of New York has in press a novel which was written by a young lady of sixteen.

M. Michelet's splendid work "The Bird" has been published in New York by Thomas Nelson & Sons.

Mrs. Mary E. Tucker, of Georgia, is preparing a life of M. M. Pomeroy, editor of the La Crosse Democrat.

A bookkeeper's clerk in Paris has been sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment for having sold the Lanterne.

Ireland has three newspapers. The Thiedolr and the Iendolr, published in Ruykjavik, and the Nordland, in another part of the island.

John E. Hatcher ("George Washington Bricks") and W. H. Perrin, late of the Louisville Journal, have bought the Louisville Democrat.

After reaching its forty fourth volume, the Presbyterian Witness of Cincinnati has been discontinued.

Two venerable Bostonians, partners for fifty years in the publishing business, have just celebrated their "business golden wedding."

Stuttgart and Bologna have each a new musical paper. Der Preischutz is the name of the first and Giochino Rosini of the second.

Gonod, the composer of "Faust" and other French operas, is moderately wealthy. On his opera Faust he receives annually about two thousand francs in tantiemes.

The Argus and Crisis states that Major Geo. McKnight (Aas Hartz) proposes starting a new paper at Magnolia, on the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern railroads.

Algeron Charles Swinburne has sent a long poem to the Atlantic Monthly, the title of which is "Watchman, What of the Night?"

In France all caricatures and other engravings intended for the public journals must be submitted to the authorities for inspection before publication.

The Pest Naplo, a Magyar paper, is edited by two young ladies, the daughters of the proprietors. Both of them are remarkably good-looking and as talented as they are pretty.

Mrs. Sarah Agassiz, of Canada, N. H., has in her possession a Bible printed in 1599, "by the deputies of Christopher Barker, printer to the Queen's most excellent majesty."

The Brussels Independence Belge has a larger circulation in Paris than any of the French government papers except the Patrie, and is very rich.

Bulex, the publisher of the Revue des Deux Mondes, receives, on an average, three articles a day, and keeps two editors constantly occupied reading manuscripts.

Among the new books announced in Paris is a volume entitled, "The Freasonable Conspiracies in the Northern States during the American Rebellion."

"Doesticks," the original of that name, is police court reporter for the New York Democrat. His reports in the Tribune, some years ago, gave him a wide reputation.

"Tenchas Grondie" is the name for an Indian legend which was read to a Detroit audience the other night, by Hon. Levi Bishop, a Detroit poet.

George C. Harding, late of the Indianapolis Sentinel, this week commences the publication of an evening paper, to be called The Mirror, in that place.

The author of "Clapham," the new novel in the Galaxy Magazine, is Mrs. Jane G. Austin, of Concord, Massachusetts, where they say every person above the age of sixteen writes for the magazine.

M. Gaillardet, in his Paris letter to the Courier des Etats Unis, states that a cafe is to be opened there where one can hear lectures upon art, science, literature and the drama, while partaking of lager or coffee.

Another book on Napoleon is to appear from Mr. Murray's press, "Napoleon at Fontenoy and Elba," 1814-15, being the General of the British commission, Major General Sir Neil Campbell, etc.

The new novel upon which Charles Reade is now engaged was sold in advance to two publishing houses—one English and one American—for something like fifty thousand dollars. In addition, he is to have certain copyright advantages.

The valuable library of Allison, the late English historian, was sold at auction last week in Cincinnati. This collection is thought to be the largest ever offered for sale in the West, and is valued at \$10,000.

Every Saturday for November 14, has the following table of contents: He Knew he was Right; The Latest Parisian Whim; More Ghosts, Old and New; Duel Fighting; Britons at Boulogne; Baby Travelers; Bad English; Foreign Notes; Extract from Browning's New Poem.

A free reading room for working people has just been opened in Brooklyn, New York. Daily, weekly and monthly papers and magazines, and a good library may be here enjoyed, free of all expense. A room is also furnished for unobjectionable games, and for conversation.

The change in the late firm of Ticknor & Fields has revived the old subject of Dickens's readings, and the connection of Ticknor & Fields therewith. The latest statement of the case is that: during his visit to England, Mr. Osgood, of the firm, made a contract with Mr. Dickens, by the terms of which the latter was to give eighty read-

ings in this country, receiving therefor one thousand dollars each, with his expenses; and that upon a settlement the author realized ninety-six thousand dollars and the firm a clean one hundred thousand dollars.

From the publishers we have the Atlantic Monthly for December. Contents: Our Painters; J. Autumnal; Caleb's Lark; The Face in the Glass; Hooker; Co-operative Housekeeping; I; A Watch in the night; A Day at a Consulate; A Gothic Capital; Our Paris Letter; The First and the Last; Reviews and Literary Notices.

A splendid copy of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" was lately issued to order, for presentation to a connection of the author's, in the white vellum binding, with photographs of all the noted pictures mentioned in the romance, taken for the purpose in Rome. A more elegant souvenir could hardly be imagined.

It is related that when the Emperor Charles V. was asked in which language he preferred to converse, he replied with the gods in Spanish, with the crowned heads in French, with the ladies in Italian, with his generals and soldiers in German, with his horse in Dutch, with the geese in English, and with the devil in Bohemian.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. are about to issue a new book from the pen of Col. Jno. S. Holt, of Natchez, Miss. It is entitled, "What I Know of Ben. Eccles," and purports to have been written by Abraham Page, the good and true old Southern gentleman, whom Col. Holt, in his book of that name, has made a beautiful living character.

Among the books recently presented to the library of the Hartley Institution in Southampton is a copy of Milton's Paradise Lost, published by subscription by Jacob Tonson in 1720. It is a large volume of upward of 600 pages, and contains, besides the great poem, a list of subscribers, Barrow's Latin and Andrew Mervel's English lines and Addison's essays on it, Milton's short preface justifying blank verse, and an index to the poem.

Among the subscribers' names are Alexander Pope, Sir Isaac Newton, Matthew Prior, Dr. John Arbuthnot and Thomas Tickell. In 1720 the poem had been written upward of fifty years, and had been previously published, and yet it had to be published by subscriptions.

One hundred and ninety million pounds of sugar are refined in Philadelphia annually.

A farmer in Chattooga county, Georgia, is cultivating chestnuts.

There are five tack factories in Massachusetts.

Many Mississippi planters intend to cultivate wheat in future.

The Mormons are cultivating raisin grapes and figs in southern Utah.

One small Massachusetts town has 146 shoe manufacturers.

The best brooms are made from Texas broom corn.

An 80,000 acre tract in Florida is to be colonized by Auburn, N. Y., capitalists.

The three hundred hands engaged by the Merrick Thread Company, in Holyoke, Mass., turn out three thousand dozen spools of cotton daily.

The Tennessee Coal Company are shipping daily to the Nashville market over five thousand bushels of coal, best quality.

Mr. Collins, residing near Millersburg, Ky., has a field containing 28 acres of corn, which will average sixteen barrels per acre.

The Forest City Sugar Refinery, of Portland, Me., now employs 75 hands and turns out 200 barrels of sugar per day.

Ephraim Penrose, of Berks Co., Pa., sold from five coons 1124 pounds of butter in one year, commencing May, 1897.

A patent has been granted to S. C. Thornton, of Mabom, Texas, for a combined cultivator, plow, harrow and roller.

The New England Vise Company, of West Acton, Mass., employ twenty hands in the manufacture of vices.

Geo. B. Linsley, of Dyer county, raised 7000 bushels of sweet potatoes this year on two acres of ground.

E. Bancroft, of Athens, Ga., has gathered 5000 pounds of seed cotton from one acre this season.

Joel Griffin, of Warren, Ill., has husked two hundred bushels of corn from one acre of ground and wishes to know who can beat it.

England exported 2,188,991,288 yards of cotton cloth during the first nine months of this year.

A new grain elevator is nearly completed at Cairo. It will contain in all 216 bins, 9 feet square.

The culture of silkworms, in the middle and southern part of Tyrol, has proved very profitable this year.

The acreage under hops in Great Britain in 1893 was 64,488, against 64,284 in 1892, and 56,578 in 1891.

The Backland Mills, in Fauquier county, Va., are turning out a first rate article of oars, which is sold at moderate prices.

The James River Manufacturing Company is turning out a superior article of oars, which is sold at moderate prices.

A co-operative manufacturing association, with a capital of \$50,000, is being organized at Salt Lake City.

During the week ending 16th inst., there were 15,372 cases and shoes shipped from Boston, of which 1328 cases were shipped to New Orleans.

The Singer Sewing Machine Company is building a factory at South Bend, Ind., where 1000 hands will be employed in the manufacture of cases alone.

Ohio has over 141,000 acres in orchards, which in 1897, yielded 9,404,000 bushels of apples, 1,402,000 bushels of peaches, and 125,700 bushels of pears, the whole valued at over \$700,000.

The Swampscot Machine Company's works at South Swampscot, N. H., give constant employment to 225 hands, and their running expenses amount to \$1000 per day.

The Eagle and Phoenix cotton mills, of Columbus, Ga., now consume five bales of cotton and from 3600 to 4000 pounds of wool per day. Over 7000 spindles and 2000 operatives are constantly kept going.

The commissioner of patents has decided that Mr. Drappe, of Chicago, is the inventor of sleeping cars for the railway trains, and Mr. Swan, of Baltimore, has appealed from the decision to the Circuit Court. Judge Fisher, of Washington City, will shortly give an opinion in the case.

The New York Photographic Company, among other things, reproduces music in a miniature form. Through this process music is reproduced, notes and all, on a scale of four or five inches square, and retailed at three cents "a song." Photography reproduces anything that ever was printed in fac simile.

At a late meeting of the Fruit Growers' Club in New York, the permissum question came up on the reading of a number of letters describing the discovery in Kansas and the Cherokee Trail in Georgia, of persimmons without seed. The opinion was expressed that successful cultivation would result in the introduction of a new and delicious fruit to our tables.

The machinery in the Springfield, Mass., Watch Factory cost \$300,000, and is so nice and intricate that the finest skill and two years' time were required for its construction. There are no less than 300 machines of seventy different kinds, all adapted to their work. There are in a watch 170 pieces of 100 kinds requiring about 1,500 processes in their manufacture.

The Bartlett White Lead and Zinc Company, of New Jersey, have recently obtained patents for their new method of producing white lead and zinc in chemical combination, and without the use of any acid. The introduction of this article has met with such favor that the company are about to enlarge their works, and will soon be able to turn out twenty-five tons per day.

THE SALT MINES OF LOUISIANA.

THEIR LOCATION AND HOW THEY WERE DISCOVERED.

Among the most remarkable geological formations to be found in the Southern States, are the salt mines of "Petite Anse" or "Avery's Island," situated at the head of Vermilion Bay, in the southwestern portion of the State, between the Texas line and the Mississippi river.

Petite Anse Island—if it may be called; for it is only separated from the main land by a narrow creek, not more than twenty-five feet in width—comprises all the high lands to be found for a great many miles in all directions. It was inhabited at an early period in the history of Louisiana; and when Teach (or Black Beard, as he was called) the celebrated pirate, traded up Bayou Teche (which was named after him) it was well known and inhabited by quite a number of persons—half fishermen, smugglers and pirates.

Even at this period it was known that there was upon the island a salt spring of unusual value, and that it was made available for the manufacture of salt by the early settlers, their rough contrivances, which are found in the immediate locality, abundantly prove.

After the acquisition of Louisiana by the United States, and when after the smuggling, slaving and practical gangs gave up the business as too unprofitable, and when the low price of all sorts of supplies rendered the manufacture of salt by the old process anything but remunerative, the use of these springs was discontinued, and excepting a small stream of water which issued from the ground, almost hidden by underground brambles, little remained of the old Salt Springs.

As I remarked above, this island is the only high land for many miles in any direction, and it is, beyond doubt, one of the most picturesque spots to be found in the South. Standing upon its highest ground one can overlook the flat, though interesting, prairie lands on all sides, except the south, where Vermilion Bay washes its grassy shores.

Its highlands are almost mountains, considering their surroundings, and the character of the verdure upon them is so entirely different from all that that borders upon it, that a person suddenly transported to the center of one of its glades would never imagine that he was within a quarter of a mile of a flat, wet prairie, entirely devoid of other vegetation than grass and reeds.

At the base of these hills the noble oak spreads its broad branches and ever shades nearly half an acre on every side. Higher up you meet the sweet gum, then the silver-leaved poplar, then the bay and magnolia. The wild rose, the violet and the yellow jasmine perfume the air in the spring, and thousands of sweet singing birds add the music of their voices to make the locality truly enchanting.

From the summit of these hills views can be had of the entire country to the north, east and west, where countless herds graze upon the rich grasses of the prairie, while the white sails of the craft which navigate the bay assist in beautifying a picture already sufficiently lovely and romantic.

No one can visit the island without concluding that it is indeed a paradise on earth, unless he was one of those whose soul is incapable of noble sentiments. It is a place where a saint could live to life and die—one of those spots most calculated to wean a man from heaven—for there life should be eternal.

But to return to the salt mines. As I remarked above, the old spring had been almost forgotten. The island knew no more the adventures of slaver and smuggler, free-booter, filibuster and pirate; but had become the home of several retired and cultivated gentlemen, who pursued the peaceful occupation of cultivating the sugar cane, which amply repaid the labor of their numerous slaves; for the land was of the very best description. However, when in the summer of 1862, in consequence of the blockade enforced upon the commerce of Louisiana by the federal government, the price of salt, which had been one dollar and a quarter per sack, went up to thirty and forty dollars, and was hardly to be had throughout the South at that price, it occurred to Mr. John Avery, a son of the owner of the land upon which the old salt spring was situated, to open and work it.

He did so, and soon found that the demand for his product largely exceeded his capacity to meet it. And then bethinking himself of the advisability of digging out so as to open its sources for a more free exit of the water, he set several superannuated negroes to work to accomplish it. These old negroes did not work very industriously; so, on the third morning afterwards, when Mr. Avery went round to see how they were getting along, he only found them fourteen feet below the surrounding surface, when the following conversation ensued:

"I can't dig farder down, Mars John, caze I've struck a flat rock which kivers the whole bottom."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Avery, "I never heard of there being a rock within fifty miles of here; you have struck an old smoken log."

"No! it's sure nuff rock, 'fore God, Mars John, it is."

"Well, then, break off a piece with your pickaxe and send it to me."

The old darkey broke off a piece as ordered and sent it up in the basket. It was all covered with black mud and ooze, but when washed proved to be a solid crystal of pure rock salt. And this was the way these mines were discovered.

It cannot be supposed that Mr. Avery lost any time in investigating this wonderful discovery, and he found that at about fourteen feet below the surface of the soil salt was to be found in the solid mass all the way to the edge of the bay. The vein seemed to lie in the valley between two ridges; but how far it extended, or what was its limit, has never yet been determined. That there was salt enough there to supply the world, was apparent; and the best of it was, that it would cost little or nothing to get it to market, as both Bayou Teche and Vermilion Bay were within a short distance. Upon being analyzed, it was found that it was as pure in its natural state as any of the best brought to market, and as it could be gotten out in bulk, required no preparation for shipment.

Judge Avery, the father of the gentleman who made this valuable discovery, at that date had a large sugar crop planted and in a forward state of cultivation; but he ceased all agricultural operations, and fully comprehending the importance to the country of the wonderful deposit of one of the great wants of the Southern people, at once put all his available force at work on the mines, and in a few weeks salt was being shipped to all parts of the Confederacy—even to Virginia—by hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the sugar crop rotted where it grew.

It was shipped just as it came out—being blasted in solid blocks weighing hundreds of pounds. Mine after mine was opened and were penetrated to the depth of over twenty feet, but still the bottom of the vein was never found.

Just let the reader think of this. A mass of pure salt, as white as crystal, surrounding him on all sides, while he stands in a chamber some twenty-five feet deep—open at the top—which has been excavated into the same valuable material.

As a guest of Capt. H. B. Stevens, of the Crescent regiment, at present the head of the well known clothing house of Lyons & Stevens, corner of St. Charles and Common streets, who was then stationed on the island with his company, I visited these mines in the winter of 1863, when they were in full blast and the vicinity was crowded with wagons, (coming from as far as North Georgia and Alabama) awaiting their turn to be served. Captain Stevens assured me that the trade had been going on for months, and was getting better and better every day.

The proprietor must have made millions before

his mines were captured and broken up in 1864, when Banks made his advance up Red River, which met with such a disastrous reception at Mansfield.

Since the war two or three efforts have been made to work these mines, but from one cause or another, they have so far failed. However, that they will yet prove of inestimable value cannot be doubted. Judge Avery, the owner of them, is a Southern gentleman of the old school; and his discoverer, Capt. John Avery, after having left wealth and all he held dear to serve in the "lost cause," is one of those whom good fortune cannot render selfish nor miserly.

I look upon these mines as more valuable than many principalities, and that their products will one day rank among the most valuable of our State cannot be questioned.

Written for the Sunday Crescent.

LOVE.

"Love is a curious thing, you know, makes one feel all over."

The other evening some friends called in, and we were chatting over different things, when the idle vagaries of the conversation the subject of love came up, and we discussed it in its several bearings. The company engaged in talking it over being male and female, married and single, a variety of opinions were expressed, no two thinking alike upon the master-passion. After they left I sat before the fire tracing pictures in the glowing coals, turning to ashes, and a train of thought, engendered by the comments made upon the subject would keep running at cross purposes through everything else I wished to think over.

Love is a curious thing, you know, makes one feel all over. Love is a curious thing, you know, makes one feel all over. Love is a curious thing, you know, makes one feel all over.

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