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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From the Philadelphia Press.

AN IRISH RACE.

Did any of our readers ever have the good luck to see an Irish race? We say good luck advisedly, for of all the places on this terrestrial globe for "divilment," "dancing," and "divarshion" of, all sorts an Irish race-course cannot be equalled. "Only itself can be fits parallel." As we fear among our tens of thousands of readers, much as they might enjoy such a thing, few have had the opportunity, we will essay feebly to describe a race we "assisted at" some fifteen years ago in that country immortalized in song as containing, "fine roving blades and sweet pretty maids," to wit, old Kilkenny. To all conversant with Irish sporting matters it is well known that Kilkenny in those days was the paradise of Irish sporting men, and its Hunt Club the most fastidious as well as the most hospitable in Ireland.

At the time I speak of, although from various causes on the wane, it counted amongst its members the names of Lords Waterford, Desart, Clonmel, Clifden, Howth, Kildare, St. Lawrence, Mount Charles, Lord James Butler, and others, the cream of the Irish nobility, besides several English noblemen. Not less noble, though untitled, were several of the gentry of the country, amongst whom were the well known names of Sir John Power, of Kilfane; Sir Rochard Coxe, of Castletown; the St. Georges, De Montmorencys, Tighes, Blundens, Bushes, &c., all men of unblemished lineage, and residents on their own estates. Perhaps no hunt in the United Kingdom (Melton Mowbray not excepted) could produce finer horses, or, for that matter, finer men, than a field day in Kilkenny.

It was on a bright and balmy day in the latter part of October that I mounted my horse to proceed to the race ground, a distance of some five miles from the house of a relative, where I had been staying. I had gone down from Dublin specially to be present at these races, and had been for some days hearing the most exciting, and I must add contradictory, accounts regarding the merits of the horses to be engaged in a certain race for the "hunter's plate," in which the horses were to be ridden by gentlemen of the Kilkenny Hunt Club in a steeple chase across the country.

Although there were some five or six horses entered in this race, it was generally conceded that the contest would lie between two; and as these animals belonged to rival farmers, named Nowlen and Walsh, from nearly the same part of the country, who each had their partisans prepared to defend their champions with all sorts of weapons, the excitement, as may be imagined, ran very high. Two distinguished members of the Hunt Club had promised to ride them. The rival horses were called Whalebone and Peep o'Day Boy, and were certainly as fine specimens of the Irish hunter as could well be seen. While Mr. Baker was to steer Peep o'Day Boy, Mr. St. George rode Whalebone. The admirers of Whalebone would say, "Wait till Misther Sin George finds Whalebone under him; may be he won't take the consate out o' thim Nowlans—bodaghs. The divil a finer horse ever thrun a lep or a bouldher rider ever sthraddled a pig skin." While, on their part, the backers of Peep o'Day Boy were of the opinion "That the divil resave the sight or a light of the 'kup' one of the Walshes id ever see, wid sich an ould glandered garrawn as Whalebone. Cock them up with a silver 'kup'—*anangh!* The divil a 'kup.'" These, it must be confessed, were very contradictory opinions, and afforded rather slight material to make a safe "book" upon; and, as I generally risked a sovereign or two in those days upon a race, "just to make it interesting," I thought I would try to discover in some less interested quarter an indication of the real state of the case. Accordingly, one or two days before the race, I lounged around to my friend's stables, to smoke my after dinner cigar, and, after presenting a plug of cavendish to John, the groom, I asked his opinion on the merits of the rival horses.

John, after re filling and re-lighting his pipe—a process which in Ireland is one of great complexity and deliberation, and which must be seen to be appreciated—hemmed oracularly, spat twice, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and proceeded to enlighten me after the following fashion: "Why, you see, your honor, thim Nowlans is always boastin' av the cattle they rare; but I wish to gracious we were as sure iv the Repale this night as that 'Whalebone' will show thim nothin' but his tail over that coorse—that's if Mr. Sin George can only hold him."

This was certainly oracular, and I knew enough of John's peculiar forms of expression to be satisfied that "Whalebone" was the horse to back, and I accordingly invested on him—with what result will be seen.

The roads to the course were crowded with sturdy pedestrians and well-mounted, frieze coated farmers from the Walsh mountains, all eagerly discussing the merits of the several horses, while every description of vehicle, from the handsome barouche, with its four posters, to the "Thing-you-Know," with a straw bed for cushions, and a red headed farmer's wife, sitting in great state, for its occupant, blocked the way Some of the scenes on the road to the course were of the most ludicrous character, and could certainly not be witnessed out of Ireland. On the arrival at the gate leading to the course the crowd became almost impassable, and, a small fee being demanded from horsemen and carriages, all sorts of schemes were put into requisition to evade it. "Here, hould me horse, Paddy," one stout frieze-coated fellow would say, "until I run across to Finley's tint, and tell him to sind up his gorsoon to take care of the baste." The "baste" alluded to, furious to rejoin his companions who had passed through the gate-way, was loosed as if by accident, and, rushing through, nearly overturned the gate-keeper, and was caught inside by the triumphant concoctor of this *ruse* to save a shilling. The same man would, and probably the same day did, with all the pleasure in life, spend twenty in treating his friends and boon companions. On the course the scenes presented were of the most extraordinary and varied character. In all the conspicuous places, and apparently in imminent peril of being trampled upon by the excited crowd, were mendicants of all descriptions. The lame, the blind, the paralytic, and others, who exhibited hideous-looking sores to excite the compassion of the public, were early on the ground, plying their respective avocations. Imposters of all kinds of misery abounded; and it was observable that those whose misfortunes were simulated were the loudest in their appeals to the charitable. Some such entreaties as the following might be heard: "For the sake of the Holy Virgin lave your charities with the poor lone widdy and her seven *dissolute* orphants this day." Another, a great hulking fellow, with a villanous cast of countenance, exhibited his leg, with a horrible running sore artistically gotten up for the occasion with caustic, solicited public compassion in a stentorian voice, as follows: "Ah, good *Christyans* are yez going to pass without laving a trifle with a poor disarted craythure that's on his way to the blessed an' holy well at Lough Dargl?" And when the party passed him unheeding, he muttered in a lower tone, "Hell purshue yez, ye nagurs." While a third relied on his vocal powers and the religious character of his minstrelsy for provoking compassion in strains like the following:

"Och, 'twas on a Christmas mornin'
That Jerooselim was born in,
The Holy Land adornin',
All by the Baltic Say.
Three Angels on a station,
All in deep mediation,
Wor takin' rayersyation
All by the Baltic Say."

On every part of the race-course, except that especially reserved for the horses, tents were constructed, where refreshments, consisting chiefly of potatoes, bacon, cabbage, and *lashins* of whiskey, could be obtained. In every one of the tents was a piper or a fiddler, and even at the hour of my arrival dancing had commenced in many places with great spirit. In the front of each tent, suspended from a long pole, was either the sign of the owner, removed for the nonce from the front of his hostelrie, (if kept by one,) or some symbol, such as an old hat, a herring, or a wisp of hay, by which he would be known by his friends and acquaintances. On some of the signs might be read the rather incongruous announcement for a tent, of, "*Entertainment for man and Baste by Mick Dooley;*" on another "*Good dry lodging by Mary Mulrooney;*" while another still, under the sign of the bee-hive, essayed the following poetical recommendation of his liquors:

"In this hive we're all alive—
Good liker makes us bonny;
If you be dry step in an' try
The flavour uv our honey."

It must not be supposed, however, that the wants of the more aristocratic portion of the crowd were not provided for. Handsome marquees of snowy canvass were also to be found, where the most fastidious epicure could gratify his tastes, and where wines and viands of the finest quality could be had at reasonable prices.

And then universal hospitality reigned on the course. Every carriage and car contained an abundant lunch; the more aristocratic had champagne, the more sensible cold punch; and if you were unfortunate enough not to know any body—a thing of rare occurrence at such a place—still your chances of a free lunch were not entirely hopeless, for I have been deputed myself, by the hospitable proprietor of a lunch, to invite a perfect stranger, because, to use the words of our host, "he looked like a dacent fellow."

Before coming to the event of the day, it would be unfair to omit noticing a class of frequenters of race courses who were "*sui generis*," and who always afforded me the most intense pleasure in hearing them. I allude to the ballad singers, who, unlike the troubadours of old, did not accompany themselves on any instrument, but relied on their vocal qualities, or rather their power of lungs and the character of their songs to command a crowd, and with it a ready sale for their wares. Heaven, such voices! Their main object being to attract purchasers, it was necessary, over the din and uproar of a race course or a fair, that they should be heard; and harmony was, of course, unthought of—indeed, I have yet to hear an Irish ballad singer with even a decent voice. And then the fierce competition by which they were surrounded! On all sides were rivals for the spare pocket money of the swaying and excited crowd—jugglers, dancers, peep shows, and every variety of attraction. Such sounds as these might be heard: "Here is the last spach and dying words of Mart in Bradley, commonly called 'Scut,' who was hanged in frint of Clinmell (Clonmell) jail for the cruel and *barbarious* murder of his grandmother and two orphant children, in order to get a crock of gould which she had consaled in the flure—and all for one hapenny." It may be said that the above Bradley had expiated his offence several years before, but he was always good for fresh execution, and his "last words" sold amazingly.

"With his silver-mounted pistols I *observed* him full soon,
"Arrah! why? because he was me Enniskillen dragoon;
"Then, fare-you-well, my Enniskellen—
"Fare-you-well for awhile—

"Where the blazes are you pushin' to? Ye omadhaun of the divil, don't ye see the blessed infant at me fut, that you nearly tuk the toes av wid your brogues?"

"Walk up now, little boys and girls, and hinspect her Majesty's Queen Victoria's peep-show—one of which indentically she shows the young princes and princesses at Vindsor Castle hevery day. Wipe your eyes, blow your noses, and don't breathe on the glasses."

"O, my! what is that, sir?"

"That is the North Pole by sunrise, taking on the spot by a beautiful young lady of sevingteen years of age. By a lookin' to the right you will see a white bear a suckling on her cubs, the whole formin' one grand fan-tas-me-goria, which proves that Britannia rules the waves which nature does procure! Cheep, cheep!"

"The next is the portrait of *Richard-Kure-de-Lion*, so called from the color of his hair, from the two French worde, kure—color, and de lion—of his hair."

"Here's the kerrect card of the races, with the names, weights, and colors of the riders, all for sixpence." "Cigaws and a light, cigaws and a light." "I want a cigar-r-r." "Cigaw, yes, sir; sixpence, sir." "Arrah! is it jokin' ye are? Sixpence for a cigar-r-r? Wouldn't I get a ounce of rale Limerick for thruppence? I'll give ye a penny for wun." "Go to blazes, you Irish clod; I'd have to teach you to smoke it if I'd give it to you."

Such were some of the sounds that saluted the ears in any one of the numerous crowds that dotted the course. Preparations now commenced for the business of the day. Before the steeple chase were one or two flat races of no particular interest, although one of them was not without a ludicrous incident; one of the horses engaged in the race, and called by his ower "Imposter," (in consequence of his unreliable qualities,) having bolted from the course through a party seated on the sod at lunch, knocking over champagne bottles, &c., but strange to say, injuring no one.

It was now about three o'clock when the bugle sounded for the great race of the day. Through the kindness of a friend I had obtained access to the enclosure where the horses were saddled, and thus had an opportunity of seeing them stripped. There were six horses in all to go out of a dozen entries and rivals. "Whalebone" and "Peep o'Day Boy" were clearly the best of the lot. To a critical eye neither of them were, however, fit for a fast race, as they were both entirely too "high," and were jumping out of their skin for want of sufficient exercise. Through some oversight neither of the horses had arrived on the course until within half an hour of the time for starting. When I got inside the enclosure I saw Mr. St. George talking earnestly to the groom who had "Whalebone" in charge, glancing uneasily from time to time at the horses. Presently I saw a faint smile chase away the frown upon St. George's handsome countenance, and I inwardly conjectured that he had hit upon some plan of getting a preparatory gallop before the race, although how this was to be accomplished, knowing the well known punctuality of Lord Howth in starting the horses, I could not imagine.

Meanwhile "Whalebone" seemed to treat all this anxiety about him with the greatest contempt, laying down his ears ominously when any thing approached him, and being so particularly active with his heels that I made an inward vow to give him a wide berth on the course. "Peep o'Day Boy," on the contrary, appeared a good-tempered slob of a horse, apparently fitter for a brewer's dray than for a four-mile dash, at racing speed, over one of the stiffest countries in Ireland. At last the bugle sounded "to saddle," and at ten minutes to three the horses left the enclosure. They all submitted to be mounted readily, save "Whalebone," who reared, plunged, and lashed out in all directions, much to the danger of his rider, and all but preventing him from getting into the saddle at all. When there, greatly to my surprise, instead of adopting the "soothing system" with his horse, St. George struck him sharply three or four times with the spurs, irritating the horse nearly to madness, and causing him to rush through the gate with the speed of a whirlwind, nearly oversetting the other horses and their riders. The only control St. George appeared to exercise over him was to turn him away from the steward's stand, and he pursued his way down the course, literally flying over the ground.

The course, which was admirably kept by a troop of the Scots Greys who were then quartered at Kilkenny, fortunately afforded no obstruction to his terrible career. The wildest excitement prevailed among the people on each side of the ropes, and such cries as "Oh! great Savour of the world! he'll be kill!" "Be the Crass of Cashel he's a dead man," rising into shouts of admiration as he was seen seated unfalteringly in his saddle, his horse taking everything in his stride, without a touch or a mistake. Nearly half the course was thus gone over, St. George still apparently passive, when, to the horror of some and the astonishment of all, upon approaching the most difficult leap of the whole, he was seen to gather up his reins, take a pull at his horse, and turn his whip upon him with all his force. The jump he rode at, being one of the most dangerous sort at a high rate of speed, deserves a passing description. It was what is called in Ireland a "boreen"—*Anglice*, a lane, generally used as a cart-road, from one part of a farm to another, or as a short-cut the high road and having almost invariably a high thorn fence on each side, with double gripes or ditches to carry off the water, the distance usually from side to side being from twenty-two to thirty feet,* and is generally crossed in hunting by jumping into the lane on one side, and from it into the field on the other. To see a man, instead of slackening his speed, increase it, seemed almost like insanity, especially with what seemed a runaway horse. The horse, upon receiving the blow of the whip, could be seen, even from the distance I was, literally bounding from the earth with rage and pain. He rushed towards the lane with a speed of a cannon ball, and when within four feet of it rose in the air, and, incredible as it will appear to some, cleared the whole space without touching a twig or unhorsing his gallant rider! People drew their breath more freely, and gave vent to their suppressed feelings in a cheer which must have been heard by St. George, who was seen in a few minutes cantering back towards the starting point, himself and his horse covered with foam and perspiration, but the latter apparently perfectly sobered. As almost every one imagined his horse had run away with him, few apologies were necessary to the Stewards, and, after a few minutes delay, the horses were started for the race.

I asked my friend John, who was on the course driving his master's family, what the chances were now for "Whalebone," and his answer was significant and satisfactory: "Be the mortial, your honor, when I saw Mr. Sin George layan' to the horse coming to the Boreen, I thought somebody's nick must be bruck; but when I saw him land safe, I said to myself, 'Its a Boyne salmon to a Waterford hake' an' Whalebone; all he wanted was a little of the divil tuk out of him, and now he'll go as paysable as a lamb.'"

And John prognosticated truly. The race was run, and "Whalebone" had it all his own way from the start, coming in an easy winner by ten lengths, and distancing "Peep o'Day Boy." There was an impromptu race on the way homewards, ending in a beautiful fight between the rival factions, in which four of the "Nowlans" were "kilt," but subsequently recovered, and several others were severely wounded.

*The distance cleared by "Whalebone" at this jump was measured after the race, and was exactly twenty four feet six inches. The horse was purchased before he left the course by the Maquis of Waterford for 300 guineas, and, under the name of "Blueskin," added to his laurels by winning almost every race he was engaged in.

Ocean Telegraph—Poems of Homer.

The oration delivered by Hon. Edward Everett, at St. Louis, on occasion of the inauguration of the Washington University of the State of Missouri, of which the material parts were repeated at Cambridge, in the address before the Alumni Association of Harvard College, is now in the press of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. We are gratified to be able to lay before our readers this morning, in advance of its publication, an extract made from the proof sheets, and have selected for this purpose, as possessing a peculiar interest at the present moment, the beautiful passage, in which the wonders of the ocean telegraph are compared with the wonders of language, as illustrated by the preservation of the poems of Homer during thirty centuries:

"Such is language, the representative of thought. Dwell upon it, I pray you, a moment longer; it is a great mastery of our being. By the use of a few written or printed lines on paper, so like each other, that, in languages with which we are unfamiliar, witness a Malay or Japanese manuscript, there seems scarce any difference between them; this unseen, intangible, mysterious mental essence, compared with which a perfume, sound, a lunar rainbow is gross and material, expresses itself to the eye; by the gentle impulse, the soft vibrations, which the lips impart to the elastic air, it expresses itself to the ear. To give the spoken word duration, I translate it into written character: to give the written sign a vital emphasis, I translate it into vocal speech. By one divine art, the dead letter, charged with a living meaning, sounds through echoing halls, and wins or storms its way to sympathetic hearts; by another, the fleeting wavelets of the air are crystalized into a most marvellous permanence, and become imperishable gems of thought, whose lustre no lapse of time can obscure: while, by the union of both, this incomprehensible being, the mind, gently wooed from the vestal chambers of our inmost nature, comes forth like a bride adorned for her lordly spouse, the word; clad in the rich vesture of conversation, of argument, of eloquence, of poetry, of song; to walk with him the busy or the secluded paths of life; to instruct and delight the living generations; ethereal essences as they are, to outlive columns of brass and pyramids of granite; and to descend in eternal youth the unending highways of the ages.

Does it seem much that the skill of men has, in these latter days, contrived the means of communicating intelligence almost with the rapidity of thought, across the expanse of continents and beneath the depth of oceans by the electric wire? That a message despatched from Boston at midday, will so far out-travel the sun as to reach St. Louis an hour before he arrives at that meridian? It is much, and we contemplate with just amazement the wonderful apparatus which, when laid down, as sooner or later it perhaps will be, so as to connect the three continents, may, by possibility, send the beginning of such a sentence as I am now pronouncing around the terraqueous globe and return it to the lips of the speaker before he had completed its utterance. But this amazing apparatus is but another form of language; it transmits intelligence only as it transmits words. It is like speech, like the pen, like the press, another piece of machinery by which language is conveyed from place to place. The really wonderful thing is language itself, by which thought is made sensible and communicated from mind to mind, not only in the great living congregation of the civilized world for the time being, but through the vast general assembly of the ages, by which we are able at this moment, not only to listen to all the great utterances which express the thoughts and emotions of the present day throughout the world, but to soar with Milton to the green fields of Paradise in the morning of creation; to descend with Dante to the depths of penal woe; to listen to the thunders of Tully and Demosthenes, and, by the golden chain of etymology, trace the affinity and descent of nations back, through the labyrinth of the past, almost to the cradle of the race.

I hold in my hand a portion of the identical electrical cable given me by my friend Mr. Peabody, which is now in progress of manufacture, to connect America with Europe. I read upon it the following words: "A part of the submarine electric telegraph cable, manufactured by Messrs. Glass & Co., of London, for the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to connect St. Johns, Newfoundland, with Valencia, Ireland, a distance of sixteen hundred and forty nautical, or nineteen hundred statute miles." Does it seem all but incredible to you that intelligence should travel for two thousand miles, along those slender copper wires, far down in the all but fathomless Atlantic, never before penetrated by aught pertaining to humanity, save when some foundering vessel has plunged with her hapless company to the eternal silence and darkness of the abyss? Does it seem, I say, all but a miracle of art, that the thoughts of living men—the thoughts that we think up here on the earth's surface in the cheerful light of day, about the markets, and the exchanges, and the seasons, and the elections, and the treaties, and the wars, and all the fond nothings of daily life, should clothe themselves with elemental sparks, and shoot with fiery speed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, from hemisphere to hemisphere, far down among the uncouth monsters that wallow in the nether seas, along the wreck-paved floor, through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep; that the last intelligence of the crops, whose dancing tassels will in a few months be coquetting with the west wind on these boundless prairies, should go flashing along the slimy decks of old sunken galleons, which have been rotting for ages; that messages of friendship and love from warm living bosoms should burn over the cold green bones of men and women, whose hearts, once as warm as ours, burst as the eternal gulfs closed and roared over them, centuries ago? Beheld another phenomenon of a surety not less surprising—an intellectual electrical telegraph—if I may so call it—not less marvelous. The little volume which I hold in my hand contains the two immortal poems of Homer, those world-renowned strains which one of the imperial minds of our race, not far from thirty centuries ago, poured forth in the delighted ears of heroic Greece, while the softest down of youth was upon the cheek of its young nationality—those glowing golden legends—that sovereign wrath of Achilles, which

shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be—

the parting of Hector and Andromache—a scene to which the sad experience of three thousand years could not add one image of tenderness and sorrow; the threats of Jupiter to the awe-struck gods, while every peak of Olympus was ablaze with his leaping thunders; the piteous supplications of aged Priam, kissing the hand and bathing with his tears the feet of the cruel chieftain, who had dragged the torn body of his noble son three times round the Ilian walls; the weary and sorrowful warnings of Ulysses, which every subsequent age of mankind has retraced with delight—these all, like the cunningly imprisoned airs of a musical box, breathe to us in one perennial strain of melody from within the covers of this small volume. By the simple agency of twenty four little marks, stamped on the written or the printed page, the immortal legend has flashed down to us through the vicissitudes of empires and eras—across the vast expanse of enlightened and benighted periods of history—from region to region; from his own rocky islet in the Ægean to shores unknown, undreamed of, by him—beneath the overwhelming billows of three thousand years, where peoples whole have sunk, and it now binds together, by the golden wires of intellect and taste, the minds of Europe and America, at this meridian of their refinement, with the mind of every intervening age of literary culture, back to the cradle of infant Greece. And while, at our places of education, we diligently investigate the wonderful properties of matter developed in the phenomena of the physical world, shall we not, my friends, deem a portion of our time and attention well bestowed upon the miracles of the *word*, written and spoken—the phenomena of language, which lie at the foundation of all our intellectual improvement, of all our literature and science; in a word, of all rational communication between man and man?"

Smooth, the most gallant of men, was the other day contemplating "To Let," written in large letters, on a bill in the window of a house in —— Square. At the very same moment the lady of the mansion, a sparkling widow, and a sparkling daughter, appeared behind the notice. "Which?" inquired Smooth, pointing to the words, and politely taking off his hat to the ladies. The effect was irresistible. They retreated at once from their truly accidental and accidentally true position to enjoy a hearty laugh out of the gentleman's sight.

"Be Sure you are Right."—A ludicrous incident took place at the Junction Hotel, La Fayette, Indiana, upon the arrival of a train from Indianapolis. A gentleman and lady, inspired with sudden recognition, were observed to rush frantically into each other's arms, and the fun of it was, that after a hearty embrace, they discovered that both "had the advantage." They were strangers; but the lady, mistaking him for her "dear cousin Charlie," had embraced him, while he, with a half defined recollection of having seen her before, went in lemons and "got squeezed." Their mutual embarrassment on the discovery can well be imagined.

A Sensible Doctor.—A doctor up town gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since: "A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter-boots!" The lady recovered immediately.

South Carolina Cordage Manufactory.

Among the industrial enterprises of Charleston, the Factory of the South Carolina Cordage Company, on Meeting street, near Spring-street, is one of the most noticeable, when considered as an adjunct to the plantation and country interests. Bale rope is no small item in plantation expenses, and it is an evidence of the deep interest felt in the welfare of the country by the city capitalists, that a factory, almost exclusively devoted to its manufacture, should be maintained at home. So long as this and similar mills are in operation in the South, the planter is no longer at the mercy of the Northern manufacturer.

This Company manufactures either manilla, hemp, or cotton cordage. Its machinery is of the best construction, and peculiarly adapted for its purpose. Its foreman is skilled in the manufacture of cordage, conversant with its various departments, and fertile in expedients for emergencies. Twenty-five operatives are at present employed at the factory, producing about twnety-three cwt. of rope per day, of a quality equal to any in our market.

At present the Factory is running upon Manilla. This is not a hemp, but fibre from the bark of a plant, belonging to the same natural order as the banana, the plantain and the strelitzias. It comes to the factory in a comparatively clean and pure state, so that in its manufacture very little waste is experienced. When the bale is opened, the first process is to cut the Manilla into certain lengths, suitable for hackling. It is then placed in a large revolving wheel, thickly set with spikes, by means of which it is combed, or arranged in parallel fibres. It is then, in bundles of uniform weight, placed in the lapper, through which it passes twice. The duty of the lapper is to unite the hackled bundles into one band or sliver. From the lapper it passes to the drawing carriage or frame, passing twice through this also. When the bands leave the lapper, their ends are loose and tender, and unfit for spinning into smooth yarn. In the drawing frame they are united, doubled and drawn into a long, soft and uniform roving; that is, it has received a single twist by being drawn through an eye. All of the preceding operations have been performed in one room; from which, by a chute, the roving is passed into the spinning room.

The spinning is performed by jennies, on which the roving is spun into yarn or strands; thence it passes to the twister, wherein several strands, generally four, are twisted into a small cord. These small cords, each upon its own bobbin, are then taken to the rope layer, the peculiar and serviceable machine of the establishment. The machine is the invention of Philos B. Tyler, of Springfield, Massachusetts, for which he received letters patent in June, 1854. Three bobbins are placed in the machine at one time—for larger rope more can be used—the cords from each bobbin are passed through a pierced tube, by which they are united into one rope, and run through the flyer for perfection of twist. The merit of this machine consists in the variable friction, by which the proper amount of strain shall be obtained to produce rope of uniform twist, regardless of the unevenness of the cord or the different amount upon the bobbins. From the flyer by a screw motion it is wound upon another bobbin. Each machine is capable of making 600 lbs. per diem. Nothing now remains but to lay it more carefully in a coil, as, from the velocity of the flyer, it is laid upon the receiving bobbin unevenly. This being done, it is ready for market, in coils weighing 45 lbs., or thereabouts, each.

This is the regular system by which the best Manilla rope is manufactured. For inferior qualities and for hemp, some slight variation from this process is neccessary to prepare the roving for the jennies. For Cotton rope, the process is distinct to the twisting machine, being similar to all cotton picking, carding and spinning, except that a large and strong yarn is the product. Beyond the twisters, Cotton hemp and Manilla pass through the same process.

Observation of this manufacture to one who is not annoyed by a little dust and smell of oil, inseparable from swiftly moving machinery, is very gratifying and interesting. The great amount of labor is performed by the machines, which only require the attentive eye and ready hand to control and assist their motions. To such an extent is this the case, that the production of the mill is almost a cwt. per day for each employee—a large result truly. One hundred pounds of merchantable Manilla, hackled, carded, spun, twisted and laid into rope, by a single person, in a single day of ten hours, with the aid of machinery!

This Company is composed of gentlemen identified in feeling and interest with the prosperity of the City and State. It is emphatically a South Carolina enterprise, devoted to the production of one of the most necessary articles for bringing the principal product of our industry into the markets of the world, and is under the immediate superintendence of a young Charlestonian, who received his mechanical training in our midst. The rope manufactured compares favorably with any with which it is brought into competition, and it has, therefore, every motive of economy and convenience to induce its general encouragement and support.—*Charleston Mercury.*

Wheat.—To Prevent Spoiling in Bins.—Attilin Burlingame, a farmer of Cortland county, N. Y., who writes us that he is 77 years old, and of course has had some experience, says that if farmers will put one dry brick to every five bushels of grain put in bins, or into the centre of a barrel of wheat flour or meal, it will not grow mouldy or sour. We have never tried bricks for this purpose, but have used, and often recommended others to use, a stone of a few pounds' weight in the centre of a barrel of corn meal, with assurance of its being beneficial, and we have no doubt the use of a clean dry brick would be more so, as it is better calculated to absorb moisture than stone.—*New York Tribune.*

Professor Faraday's Lecture

Before the Royal Institution, Feb. 27, 1857.

This lecture is on the *Conservation of Force.* It has attracted much attention from the high reputation of the lecturer, from its strength, and from the boldness with which the received theories of science are examined.

The main idea of the lecturer is that force (i. e. *vis*, or the power, or that with gives motion) can neither be created nor destroyed; that "gravity" has no exemption from the principle of conservation; but that, being inconvertible in its nature, it offers an unchanging test of the matter recognised by it.

Prof. F. contends that the conservation of force ought to be admitted as a physical principle in all our hypotheses; that all forces act in time, and across space, and by or in physical lines; that a theory cannot be accepted as sufficient unless the principle of the conservation of force be contained in it.

Prof. F. asserts that the idea of gravity ignores entirely the principle of the conservation of force. Suppose a particle of matter A to exist alone; it has no force of attraction. Let B be created; alone it could not attract; but, both existing, a force or power is supposed to be created by juxtaposition; or, in other words, *position creates force.* The learned professor asserts that the usual definition of gravity is inconsistent with the principle of the conservation of force.

Prof. F. believes that the cause of gravity is not resident in the particles of matter, but is constantly in them *and in all space*, which he claims was the opinion of Newton, that *inertiæ* is a pure case of the conservation of force with a strict relation to gravity.

Prof. F. denies that he is opposed to the law of gravitating *action;* but that the totality of force is never employed as gravity.

Heat is supposed to show the conservation of force, for it is transferable, and it can be made to produce mechanical motion; it can be made to act against gravity.

Prof. F. also cites chemical attraction in relation to his fundamental principle. The lecturer considers all force as convertible into various forms of action, believing that *in its totality* it is of one value; producing effects to one degree; that it cannot be generated or destroyed, increased or diminished.

Prof. Faraday asserts that a mathematical mind, simply as such, has no advantage over an equally acute mind that is not mathematical in perceiving the nature and power of any new principle. He affirms that he does not oppose Newton in any point; that it is rather those who sustain the idea of action at a distance who contradict Newton.

Prof. Faraday concludes by observing that all we have that is good and safe—as the steam engine, the electric telegraph—are witnesses to the conservation of force; that it would require perpetual motion, fire without heat, heat without a source, action without reaction, cause without effect, or effect without cause, to displace this fundamental principle from the theories of philosophy. This resume of the lecture is prepared from a report sanctioned by the learned lecturer.

The Origin of the Isabella Grape.—General J. G. Swift, of Geneva, New York, in a letter to the National Intelligencer, gives the following account of the Isabella grape:

"It originated at Goose Creek, near Charleston, South Carolina, and is a hybrid of the native fox and the Burgundy of the Huguenots. Gov. B. Smith, of North Carolina, brought the grape vine to Smithville in 1809, and Mrs. Gibbs took a cutting from Governor Smith's garden to Brooklyn Heights in 1817. In 1819 I purchased the Gibbs place, in Brooklyn Heights, of George Gibbs, Esq., who came from Bladen county, North Carolina; Col. George Gibbs was from Newport, Rhode Island. In 1820, from the first well grown vine in my garden, I gave cuttings to William Prince, of Flushing, who in compliment to Mrs. Swift, proposed to name the grape 'Louisa.' Mrs. Swift objected, saying Mrs. Gibbs's 'Isabella' was more entitled to the name; and thus the name. Mr. Seaton may remember that in 1822 I gave him and Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of War, plants of the Isabella. As to the hybrid character of the plant, the two faces of the leaf show the upper to be Burgundy and the lower fox.

"The Catawba is a more delicate plant than the Isabella, and a more shy bearer. It may be judicious to cultivate the Isabella by grafting until its pulp, now leathery, may become soluble, and thus yield a drier wine than it now makes."

[We well remember the incident of 1822, referred to by our friend Gen. Swift. Mr. Calhoun, who was our near neighbor during the eight years of his Secretaryship, planted his wine cutting in a large bed of compost in his garden, which gave it a vigor of growth that in the course of two years covered an incredible space of ground; and from that plant, we believe, all the countless vines of the Isabella grape in this city originally sprung.—*Edits. Nat. Intell.*]

Parlor Laboratory.—*Astonishing Experiment.*—Into a small retort place an ounce of strong liquor of potash—that is, pure potash dissolved in water, together with about a drachm of prosphorus. Let the neck or beak of the retort dip into a saucer of water, say half an inch deep; now very gently heat the liquid in the retort with a spirit-lamp until it boils. In a few minutes the retort will be filled with a white cloud, then the gas generated will begin to bubble at the end of the retort; a minute more, each bubble, as it issues from the boiling fluid, will spontaneously take fire as it comes into the air, forming at the same time the philosopher's ring of phosphoric acid. Care is required in handling phosphorus; but our young chemical reader will, we think, not forego this wonderful experiment for the want of due attention, for, without proper care on their part, we must give up showing them wonders even greater than these.

[*Scientific American.*