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The First Born.

Tread rev'rently, this is a holy place!
A soul this moment here begins to be—
A spirit born to live eternally!
Speak low! commences here a human race;
An infant-man, God's image on his face,
In life's rough journey takes his first degree,
Opens his eyes, ah! not the end to see,
Only Omniscience all that path can trace.

Softly in whispers, there a mother lies,
The dew of youth upon her, yet so pale!
She folds white hands, and looks, with upturned
eyes,
To her Deliverer, seen as through the veil
Of this hour's weakness; still, her full heart
tries
For thankful utterance, though words may fail.

The Betrothal.

He asked, "Will my Nannie walk
By my side through our coming life?
Will you lay your beautiful hands in mine,
Through the winter's chill and the summer's
shine,
And be my bride, my wife?"

With never a thought of fear,
I answered him, sober and true:
"Life is lonely and dark and drear,
Love is sweet and friends are dear—
Allan, I'll go with you."

Then he placed on my finger white
My blue betrothal ring,
And bade me wear it until my life
Was merged in his; his bride, his wife,
Whatever fate might bring.

Oh, ring in thy velvet case!
With thy diamond eye gleaming still,
Oh, cruel lover with all thy grace!
Sad, sad is the memory-haunted place
In my weary breast, that ye fill.

God pity thee! faithless one—
God pity thy fair young bride;
Her life will be darkened forever more
By the curse that lieth at thy heart's door—
Thy perjury and thy pride.

THE SECOND MATE'S TWISTER.

One night during the winter we were having a gale of wind from the northeast with snow. I was seated before the fire in my room, listening to the wind as it went howling around the corner of the house, and thinking:

'Of the hearts chilled through with watching,
The eyes that wearily blink
Through the blinding gale and snowdrift,
For the Lights of Neversink!"

when my three nephews, home from school for the Christmas holidays, came clattering through the hall, and bursting into my room broke out with "Ain't you glad you're not at sea to-night, uncle? Just hear it blow. It's a bully night for a story; tell us one, won't you?"

"You youngsters think I'm as full of yarns as an old foretopman. What can I tell you about? I've spun all my yarns."

"Oh, no, you haven't; tell us about anything you think of; fire, or wrecks, or islands, or anything about ships."

I've "knocked off" going to sea (since I left one of my legs down in Mobile bay) and haven't much to do but to think over my voyages and spin yarns about them; so, as the lads seated themselves on the rug before the fire, I lighted a cigar and spun them this "twister:"

"Some years ago I was second mate of a handsome little clipper ship, called the White Swallow, then loading a general cargo in New York, bound for San Francisco. It was in the days before the Pacific railroad, when most of the freight for California went 'around the Horn,' and there were always magnificent ships on the berth for 'Frisco to be found along South street, New York, so it was not an unusual thing that when we sailed we did so in company with two ships of rival lines. The White Swallow was a new ship, having made but one voyage to China and home, during which she wasn't noted for any unusual speed. The captain and chief mate had been in her on her first voyage, and they said on the passage out that she was badly loaded, and they couldn't carry sail on her as they wished; homeward bound there was no opportunity, as the passage, consuming one hundred and twenty days, was a succession of light winds and calms. For this passage, Capt. Adams and mate looked out for the stowage of the cargo, and when we sailed the ship was in fine trim, with the exception of being a little too deep, perhaps. We made the run to San Francisco in one hundred and one days, beating the other ships ten and thirteen days. I was quite young then, not yet twenty, but I had been at sea since I was twelve, and I thought I had seen sail carried about as long as canvas and spars would stand; but, by the big boot that hangs in Chatham street! the dimity was hung to that ship till her lee-rail would be a stranger to us for days on a stretch; and we never thought of coming on deck without our oil skin coats, for she threw spray in perfect showers her entire length.

"When the watch on deck were not making or taking in sail, or bracing yards, every man who could use a palm and needle was mending sails, for about every watch we split some of our canvas. Nothwithstanding the way we carried sail, we lost but two spars during the passage—a main-royal yard and a topmast stun'-sail boom.

"After our arrival at San Francisco, crowds of people, mostly merchants and other shippers, came down on Vallego street wharf to see the ship that had made the fastest passage of the year; and before our cargo was entirely discharged, the ship was chartered to load hides, tallow, old iron, and rags for Liverpool.

"Now, on the berth for the same port was an Aberdeen clipper——"

"What kind of a clipper is that uncle?"

"Clippers built at Aberdeen in Scotland; they are noted for fast sailing, as ours built at Mystic in Connecticut, and Newburyport in Massachusetts are. The Scotch ship was about 1,200 tons burden, built of iron, and as handsome as a yacht. She was called the Sea Horse, and had made some fine passages from China to London. She was loading wheat, and about half her cargo was on board when we commenced taking in our old iron, hides, tallow, and rags. One evening I was seated in the reading-room of the What Cheer House, and near me sat a sailor-like looking man of forty or more years, enjoying a cigar, when a gentleman came up to him and said:

"'Good evening, Capt. Daly; how goes on the loading?'

"'Oh, so-so; we'll get off in a fortnight, I hope.'

"'Well, we intend to have the White Swallow full in two weeks.'

"'I hope you may. I should like to beat that ship to Liverpool, and will, too, if she don't have more than three days' start of me.'

"I made up my mind to tell Capt. Adams what I had accidentally heard, and then, if he wanted a race, here was his chance. Our captain was a quiet, rather reserved man, troubling his officers but little with any conversation besides that which related to the sailing of the ship. He was young, not more than thirty, rather fine-looking, and a sailor man, every inch of him. The morning after overhearing what the captain of the Sea Horse had said, I remarked to our skipper, while at the breakfast-table:

"'The Sea Horse will be ready for sea about the time we are, sir.'

"'Yes, I hope so.'

"'That's what her captain hopes; he says if we don't get more than three days' start of him he will let our consignees in Liverpool know we are coming.'

"'How did you learn that?'

"'I heard him tell a gentleman so last night in the What Cheer House.'

"'Confound the fellow's impudence!'

"Two or three days after a clerk in our consignees' office told me our captain and the captain of the Sea Horse had met, and after chaffing one another in a friendly manner, had finally each deposited five hundred dollars with our consignees, the captain of the ship first in dock at Liverpool to draw on them at sight for the whole amount—a thousand dollars.

"The report of an intended race from San Francisco to Liverpool between an American and Scotch clipper soon got spread about the city, and the amount of money staked on the result must have had a thousand added to it by every person who repeated the report, for it soon became fabulous as regards the dollars.

"Both ships were finally ready for sea, and hauled out from the wharves to be taken in tow by the tugs. A great many people assembled to see us off, and when we were fairly on our way out of the harbor, both ships were greeted by cheers and steam whistles. The tugs cast us off when off the Farallones, and under a cloud of canvas, with a fair wind, we started on our long race. We parted company the first night out, and you may be sure there wasn't much rest for officers or men on board either ship—at all events there wasn't on board the White Swallow. Capt. Adams carried sail very hard, night and day, and spent most of his time on deck; not that he was afraid the mate or myself would shorten sail before it was necessary; for if we were not so much interested in beating the Sea Horse as he was, we wanted to do it for the honor of the ship and flag.

"I used to stand on deck and watch the little ship dive into the seas, and hold my breath as the drenching showers of spray came flying over the weather-rail; then, as soon as the salt water was out of my eyes, cast an anxious look aloft to see if anything had started. It was fun to hear the crockery go tumbling about the steward's pantry, and Captain Adams' cheery—'There goes another hole in my five hundred dollars,' as some grand smash occurred.

"We went tearing along with strong breezes and fair, never heeding such small accidents as a split sail or a sprung yard or two, only as they delayed us in replacing them. I never saw a crew in better spirits than ours; no amount of work in their watch on deck or below made them growl, and at the first call to make or reduce sail they would come tumbling out of the fo'castle, laughing and making such remarks as, 'The Sea Horse may be a goer, but she can't fly, like the White Swallow.'

"One morning, when we were in latitude about twenty degrees south, I had the morning watch. The night had been fine, with a strong breeze, and we were going free under a main royal and topmast stun'-sail; but after I had been on deck about half an hour I noticed the wind got puffy, and each succeeding puff stronger. I had a hand by the main royal-halyards, and made up my mind that if I didn't take that sail off her, it would take itself off. Along came another puff, and I sung out, 'Let go the main royal-halyards,' and started for the weather-brace just as the captain came on deck.

"'Good morning, Mr. Blue Jacket; getting puffy, is it?'

"'Yes, sir; going to have more than we want, I reckon. Shall I furl that royal, sir?'

"'Yes, I think you'd better.'

"'Jump up there, two of you boys, and furl that main-royal.'

"Away aloft went the two apprentice boys belonging to my watch, and I noticed that after getting on the yard, one looked to the windward and then seemed to say something to the other, then they grabbed up the sail, passed the yard-arm gaskets, and while one was making fast the bunt gasket the other chap stood up on the yard, with one arm around the mast, looking to windward; and presently he sung out, 'Sail ho!'

"Where away?"

"On the weather quarter, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"Just then Captain Adams called out, "Point to it, my lad."

"The moment the boy reported a sail, the captain, thinking it the Sea Horse, had gone below to his room for his glass. After the boy had pointed in the direction of the stranger, he swung himself on to the main-royal backstay, and came on deck by the run, rushed up to me with a frightened look, and in a hoarse whisper said: 'It's a wreck, sir, with a signal of distress flying.'

"I turned to report what the boy said to the captain, and found him steadying his glass against the mizzen top-mast backstay; without taking his eye from the glass, he said, 'Call all hands, Mr. Blue Jacket! in stun'-sail, mizzen-to-gallant-sail, and flying-jib, and single reef the top-sails; we'll beat up to those poor fellows.'

Out tumbled the watch below, and as soon as they heard there was a wreck to windward I think each man did three men's work. When it was first discovered we were going eleven knots, and must have run two or three miles before we got sail off the ship and hauled our wind. I went aloft with a glass, and when I got on the main-topsail yard I saw to windward, about eight miles distant, a large ship, dismasted, and apparently water-logged. On a spar of some kind was a signal flying that had the appearance of being part of some light sail; and on the poop could be seen what I took for a group of people, huddled about the stump of the mizzen-mast. As soon as we hauled on the wind we got the full force of the breeze, which increased to half a gale, but, if we carried sail before, you may be certain we didn't take in any now that we thought stood the least chance of hanging on. As the ship careened to the breeze she trembled like a frightened thing, but went flying through the water, deluging her decks and throwing spray as high as the weather-leach of her topsails. The wreck was coming towards us with every heave of the sea, and when we had made two tracks, we could make out six people on top of her cabin, who didn't seem to notice us particularly.

"After working to windward of the hulk, we lay to, while one of our quarter-boats was lowered, and myself and a crew of six men pulled off to the wreck. When quite close to the dismantled ship I noticed her name, 'Cherub of Boston,' as her stern rose on a sea. On getting alongside we found her main deck nearly level with the sea, the only dry spot being the top of the cabin, where the people had assembled.

"I walked aft and found five men and a woman near the stump of the mizzenmast, and all so exhausted as to be entirely helpless. I never saw such thankfulness in any being's eyes as came into those of that poor, weak woman as I lifted her in my arms and carried her to our boat, where I laid her in the stern sheets, and covered her with a coat. Then, taking four of my boat's crew, we went back for the five men and got them into the boat. After that we went into the cabin of the Cherub to try and find something of the ladie's clothes, for we had nothing on board of the White Swallow to dress her in but a man's rig. In a state-room on the port side of the cabin we found a large trunk containing women's wearing apparel, and from the captain's room we took the chronometer, barometer, charts, and a quantity of clothing. These were placed in the boat, while two of us took down the spar from which the signal of distress was flying, after which the boat was manned, and we pulled away for our ship. After getting alongside the White Swallow the boat was hooked on to the davits with the rescued people in, and so hoisted, because the sufferers were too much exhausted to climb up the ship's side on a ladder. They were carried to the cabin and their clothes removed; then they were wrapped in blankets; and after wine and water had been given to them in small quantities, they were snugly stowed away in state-room berths, where they fell almost instantly into a sound sleep.

"When the people from the wreck had been got on board, the White Swallow was put upon her course, and went reeling off eleven knots an hour after her detention of almost four hours. In two days the rescued people had recovered sufficient strength to walk about a little and be much interested in the time for meals to be served, and at the dinner-table the captain of the lost Cherub told his story. His ship was bound from Honolulu to New Bedford, laden with oil and whalebone. When eight days out she had been dismasted in a gale, and became so strained that the pumps had to be kept going constantly, which, together with the loss by salt water of all but a small amount of provisions, so exhausted the crew that, out of twenty-six people who left Honolulu in the ship, all but six had died from exposure, hunger, and thirst combined. The lady was the daughter of a merchant in Honolulu, going to 'the States' to visit her father's relatives. They had been on the wreck twenty-seven days, drifting helplessly about, when we picked them up.

"Our fine fortune in fair weather continued, and we went booming around Cape Horn in terribly cold weather, up through the southeast trades, across 'the line' in the Atlantic, through the northeast trades up St. George's channel, and into dock at Liverpool on the one hundredth day after leaving San Francisco. The Sea Horse had not yet arrived, and as day after day passed and still she did not come, we began to lose all interest in a ship we had beaten so badly. After we had been three weeks in Liverpool, one morning the papers reported the arrival of a steamer from Fayall, and 'among the passengers were the officers and crew of the ship Sea Horse, wrecked on Flores, one of the western islands.' From the newspaper accounts it seemed the Sea Horse had experienced a continuation of thick weather after losing the northeast trades, and consequently the ship had been navigated by dead-reckoning. Judging themselves clear of the western islands, the ship had been kept away two or three points, and brought up ashore, about midnight, with a south-westerly gale blowing, on Flores. All hands had been saved excepting Capt. Daly, who was drowned by the capsizing of a boat in which himself and thirteen others were leaving the wreck at day-light on the morning after the Sea Horse had gone ashore.

"The survivors were sent to Fayall, and from there the British Consul sent them to Liverpool by steamer. We on board the White Swallow learned that after Capt. Adams heard of the loss of the Sea Horse and her captain, he got the draft for the money on the bet cashed, carried the thousand dollars to the owners of the lost ship, and had them invest the money for the benefit of the widow of Capt. Daly.

"The people whom we rescued from the wreck left the White Swallow in Liverpool. The captain of the lost Cherub and the young lady took a steamer for New York, but I never knew what became of the four men.

"There, boys," said I, "that's the end of that twister; you don't often have two wrecks in one night. Now vamose this ranche."

"All right!" cried the youngsters in chorus; "and good-night, Mr. Blue Jacket."

The General of the Jesuits.

Father Beckx, the General of the Order of the Jesuits, has, it appears, been "interviewed" at Rome by a correspondent of the Vienna *Presse*. The correspondent describes him as a short, narrow-shouldered man of seventy, with a pale and tranquil countenance, "whose life seemed to conceptrate itself in his expressive gray eyes, shaded by long black lashes, and always bent to the ground, except when he is addressing you." He was dressed in a long, loose robe, which he held together over his chest with his left hand. "The General's head is long and narrow, and its baldness is concealed by a black skull-cap; his brown hair, interspersed here and there with a thread of silver, is brushed back from his temples behind his ears, and a sharp prominent nose and thin bloodless lips complete this very characteristic but unattractive countenance." The father speaks French and German with equal purity, though his native language is French. "I left Belgium," he said, "where I was born, in 1819, and resided for some time in Germany. In 1830 I went to Vienna, and I lived in Austria till 1850." He complained bitterly of the persecution suffered by the brethren of his Order, "who are now so hunted about from place to place that, although most of them can speak French, Italian and German, they now often find themselves in countries where they are unable to make themselves understood." "Soon," he said, "they will have to learn Spanish, perhaps Magyar."

A Goat Paradise.

The island of Guadaloupe, lately purchased of the Mexican Government by a company of California capitalists, is to be converted into one vast ranche for the breeding and rearing of Angora goats. It lies off the coast of Lower California, ninety miles from the harbor of San Quentin, and two hundred miles from San Diego, the terminal point of the Texas and Pacific Railway, and is twenty-six miles long by ten miles wide. This would give an area of 166,400 square acres. Of this, 4,500 acres is a dense forest. The face of the island is said to resemble, in a remarkable manner, the native country of the Angoras. Good grass and other vegetation cover its surface. The air is so fine that when the dry season sets in the grasses cure on the ground standing, and the climate is so mild, genial, and equable that stock can range throughout all the year without artificial shelter or prepared fodder. The rains are sufficient to keep the grazing always fresh and abundant, while the living water of the springs is plenty, pure, and wholesome. There is not the drawback there on account of wild animals which exists on some portions of the mainland.

MAKING BASKETS.—Basket-making is one of the new industries of Appleton, Mich. A factory erected there last year made up to Jan. 1 over 100,000 corn-baskets. One hundred hands are employed, and they can make an average of a basket a minute. They also have a saw-mill, which cuts up their hard wood into splits, with a capacity of 100,000 feet per week. A large chair and bedstead factory, owned by James F. Atkinson, is near the basket factory. Water-power is used; sixty men are employed, and they expect to make this year, 40,000 chairs and 10,000 bedsteads. There is also in Appleton an iron-furnace, paper-mills, a woolen-mill, and several flouring-mills.

Beardless Boys with Loaded Pistols.

A Lesson That Should Have its Effect—Will It?

The entire handiness of having a loaded pistol in your pocket, says the New York *Tribune*, was illustrated again in Brooklyn, by a young gentleman of twenty, who shot and instantly killed his mother. The young man intended to kill some one else, to wit, a person of about the same age, who was intoxicated and also armed with the always handy revolver. Two of them intoxicated and quarrelsome, both armed with revolvers which they had drawn upon each other with murderous intentions, the mother of one of them while attempting to separate the combatants shot dead by the pistol of her own son—picture at once graphic and ghastly of a condition of society in which youthful precocity is so rapidly developed in the direction of brutality and sensual indulgence, that the beardless boy lays aside his top for a revolver and is graduated from the play-ground to the groggery and brothel. It's such a manly thing to carry a revolver; it adds so much to one's intellectual stature, to one's personal dignity, reputation for courage, and to one's pride of behavior and sense of self-respect. Doubtless this young man Roderick, twenty years old, thought when he dressed himself on Sunday morning and completed his personal adornments with the loaded revolver that he was much more a man with that than if he went unarmed; that that intangible and incomprehensible thing he called his personal honor was safer from the possible disgrace of an insult; that he was better entitled to be looked up to and respected by his fellow-men while he had in his breast-pocket so sure a means of avenging discourtesy or slight. And the other budding murderer no doubt plumed himself on his manliness as he armed himself for his Sunday's recreation, rum and riot. Not to have a pistol was, in the consideration of both these young men, evidence of the callowness and inexperience of youth. By this token they were men.

So when they met the day's dissipation had prepared young Corcoran for any exhibition of brutality, and both had fixed themselves deliberately for the taking of life. A few moments' violent altercation, an assult by the drunken young fellow Corcoran, both draw their pistols, and Roderick's mother, endeavoring to separate them, is killed. By accident, of course; that is, it was an accident as to the person killed, but not as to the killing. If these two boys had any purpose in arming themselves with loaded revolvers, as they did deliberately on Sunday morning, it was to take life—somebody's life. Possibly deluded themselves with the idea that it would be in self-defense; but the intent was to kill somebody under some circumstances is plain enough. Indeed, it may be well taken for granted that when any man or boys arms himself with a loaded pistol to go out into crowded streets, where the only game is human, he means murder. This boy meant to kill somebody, and he killed his mother. Of course he feels badly about it. He would have felt badly, though not perhaps as badly, if he had shot and killed some one else. It was the logic of events that he should feel badly. It follows the killing just as naturally as the killing followed the loading of the pistol. There's no need of saying, and there's no sense in whining, that this young man bears a good reputation, and that he is overwhelmed with grief because he killed his mother. Let us stop all this business of personal and private sympathy and see whether upon the whole society has not some right in the matter. Here is a staring fact, not of accidental killing, but of deliberate preparation to do murder. It is not isolated or sporadic; it illustrates a fashion—the fashion of carrying deadly weapons, and of using them upon whatever occasion offers. We hold human life pretty cheap at the best in this country; but if it has come to this that beardless boys "of good reputation" travel our streets habitually armed and waiting only provocation to take life, it is quite time that we do something besides waste sympathy on them when they happen to kill the wrong person.

An American Exhibitor.

For a long time, says a Vienna correspondent, the only American exhibitor ready, was Woodruff, of Auburn, N. Y., who had his harvesting machines in position in two days after his arrival. Finding a quarrel in Vienna, and no one willing to take the responsibility of assigning space, Mr. Woodruff said that he had come there to exhibit his machines and to take as many prizes as possible, and concluded that he would not wait for the slow action of the Commission. Going into Agricultural Hall, then not half completed, he selected the best place in the room and at once put up an elegant platform, carpeted and furnished it, and had his machines in before any one knew what he was about. The consequence has been that all visitors to Agricultural Hall have been obliged to feast their eyes solely upon the machines, and there is always a crowd about the stand. The fine finish of these articles causes astonishment. The gayety, the invirable good-humor, the energy, and the picturesque Auburn dialect of the American young gentleman has already made them known to everybody, and I am not sure they have not "sworn eternal friendship" to every exhibitor in the building. One day I was passing through the rotunda with them when Mr. Dennis suddenly cried: "There is the first Englishman I have yet seen with his coat off—that ought to be encouraged." The son of a large and wealthy steel manufacturer, aided by an aristocratic-looking relative, was trying to get a seven and a-half foot circular-saw in position. The strong arms of our young American were soon placed at his disposal, and he did not quit work until the huge saw was swinging upon its pivot. As the young man was for a long time the only representative of American enterprise, he made friends with everybody, and, *ma foi*, if every friend would take a machine, he would work off a hundred or two a day with ease. Being first on the ground, too, he was entitled to the first mention.

New Discoveries at Pompeii.

The skeleton of a young woman was found, with a curious bracelet on her arm, a broad, massive gold one, formed of great heavy rings soldered together. But the most remarkable one is a painted marble Venus which was found in the garden of the same house, in the edicule. She is about a metre high, and, he says, is really beautiful, although the effect of coloring is startling. Her hair is yellow, the eyelashes and brows black; a yellow chlamys which covers part of the body has blue and red borders on the inside folds. The left arm leans on a smaller statue, which is also painted with yellow, green, and black draperies; the left hand holds the apple of Paris. The nude parts of the body are painted; it is in perfect preservation, excepting two fingers of the right hand, which are wanting.

The heads of the Chinese companies are sending dispatches from San Francisco to Hong Kong, reading: "Stop all passengers; no more work here; no food; no houses; many sufferers."

Lavellette's Wife.

"One day," observes the Count Lavellette, "when I had accompanied Bonaparte to the treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the new Boulevards, that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. 'I cannot make a major of you,' he said: 'I must, therefore, give you a wife; you shall marry Emilie de Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her? 'I have seen her twice. But, general, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa; I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for marriage.' 'Men must marry to have children—that is the chief aim of life. Killed you may be; well, in that case she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may marry again advantageously. Now she is the daughter of an emigrant that nobody will have; my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl! deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly settled. Talk this morning with Madame Bonaparte about it; her mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days. I allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon; you must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th.' (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing all the while he spoke; at last I said, 'I will do whatever you please. But will the girl have me? I do not wish to force her inclinations.' 'She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainbleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come; the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home.'

'In the evening I went to see Madame Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and called me her nephew.' 'To-morrow she said, 'we shall go to St. Germain. I will introduce you to my neice. You will be delighted with her; she is a charming girl!'

"Accordingly, next day, the general, Madame Bonaparte, Eugene and I went in an open carriage to St. Germain; and stopped at Madame Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlors, or in the court-yard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought anxiously her who was to be my wife. Her cousin Hortense led her to us, that she might salute the general, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great the general could not help laughing at her, but he went no farther. It was decided that we should breakfast on the grass in the garden. In the meanwhile I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This very abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure, grieved me.

"When we afterward got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added, 'I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good will of the general; and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but this is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret.'

"While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fixed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company, and eight days afterward we went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest who had not taken the oaths, married us in the small convent of the Conception, in the Rue St. Honore."

A Dry Joke.

The New Albany (Ind.) wags mustered in front of the opera-house in that city a few evenings ago and enjoyed themselves at the expense of the unwary and credulous gentlemen who attended the exhibition.

When the audience entered the building the weather was threatening, and there was a general display of umbrellas. In the meantime, however, the clouds were dispersed, and at the conclusion of the exercises the weather was fair. A number of individuals who were doubtless jealous of the gentlemen in the audience who were in the company of ladies, ranged themselves in front of the door, and stood on the pavement with their umbrellas opened.

As the crowd came surging and squeezing through the doorway, the brilliant light within rendered the outer darkness darker, and, with spread umbrellas, deceived everybody into the belief that rain was falling. Many and earnest were the appeals of gallant beaux to lesser favored gentlemen for the loan of umbrellas, and ladies were observed, in many instances, as they beheld the damp appearance of things, to stop and roof in their hats or bonnets with their handkerchiefs, in the meantime loudly deploring the expected wetting. Every man who had an umbrella in his hand disengaged his arm from the lady at his side and triumphantly lifted his water-shed as he reached the lower steps, congratulating himself on the expected walk home in the near companionship to which the rain would compel his lady love. The spreading of each umbrella occasioned the spreading of a hundred mouths, and roars of laughter greeted the dupes. There was an odd and never to be forgotten gathering up of ladies skirts as the dear creatures tried to smooth their ruffled plumage, when they discovered the joke. Some were amused and laughed, and others got mad and thought "somethings" not mentionable.

Great Influx of Chinamen in California;

From actual count it appears that from the first day of January until the present time nearly 12,000 Chinamen have arrived in San Francisco, and in a few days more some 4,000 more will have landed. The arrival and landing recently of some 1,800 nearly led to a riot in the neighborhood of the Chinese quarters, and would, were it not for the presence of a strong police force, have led to bloodshed. The working classes, who are sufferers on account of the employment of these Mongolians, are taking the matter seriously in hand, and a popular uprising is on the tapis. It appears that 121,000 Chinamen are here already, and that 17,000,000 more can be spared. These are the poor, bad, and low of China. The women are mostly degraded, and in several cases lepers. Daily can they be seen on the public streets with all the signs of leprosy on them, unclean and hideous.

The Dress of Women.

What a Lecturer Thinks on the Subject.

A lecture was lately delivered in London on the inconveniences of modern dress—the dress of women being particularly referred to. The lecturer said that of all the evils of latter day fashions for females, none were so great as that one constricting the waist, and so altering the form of the human body. It might not seem to us so at a casual glance, because the eye had become accustomed to the deformity; but still it was not less hideous in point of taste than it was destructive to the health. He had measured the waists of women of 12 stones weight, and found their circumference not to exceed eighteen inches—thus compressing a waist which, at the most modern computation, should have been twenty-five inches, to half its natural girth. The terrible pressure had, of course, the most detrimental effect upon the vital organs, by depressing and circumscribing, and, at times, reversing the action of the heart and lungs, the liver and the stomach. The fact was that women had now become so obedient to the laws of fashion, and they laced themselves to such an extent, that they ceased to breathe through the inflation of the chest, but rather by the inelegant as well as unwholesome means of "puffing." Another dreadful evil of existing fashion was the deformity induced in the feet by the modern style of boot, and the worst of such defects were now at their worst. The lecturer here explained the action of the foot in walking, by which, naturally, the weight of the body was thrown upon the heel, the forepart of the foot being used as a spring to impel the body forward. But the present fashion did not admit of the fulfillment of such natural laws. It did not even allow the great toe to remain straight, but forced it outward, so that all the toes were crushed up into a bunch. Naturally, the result of such harvesting was a flourishing and ever-increasing crop of corns and bunions. We wonder, however, where the lecturer got his authority for the following ludicrous statement: "During the late American war, an army of corn-cutters was obliged to accompany the Army of the Potomac, to cut the corns of the warriors before they were able to go forth and do battle for the stars and stripes." In referring to the "Grecian Bend," he said that apart from the more important injury which this posture necessarily compelled, surely nothing could be more inelegant than this attitude, which in motion produced a ridiculous wagging of the body. Why so preposterous a posture should be named after a nation so purely æsthetic as the Greeks was one of the secrets which belonged to the sponsors of modern fashion and follies. Then that fearful and wonderful head gear called a chignon, in which a living, lovely woman flaunts the hair of, perhaps, some wretched creature who had died of a contagious disease in hospital. As to the wearing of hair low upon the forehead, and so hiding the evidence of intellectuality, that was a false idea of the high standard of Greek beauty, for such a style was only used by the Greeks as a type of mere sensual beauty, a model no modern lady should choose to copy.

Australian Towns.

Anthony Trollope says that the country towns of Australia generally are not attractive, and it is hardly to be expected that they should as yet be so. There are, of course, exceptional instances—Ballaarat, Geelong, and Beechworth in Victoria, are exceptions, as are also Launceston in Tasmania, and Strathalbin and Mount Gambier in South Australia, which, from peculiarity of situation, or the energy of individuals, have become either well-built cities or pleasant little towns. No doubt there are others which I was not able to visit. But, generally, there is a raw newness about these congregations of houses, an initiation of streets which as yet are no more than initiated, a deficiency in pavement and macadamization which leads either to dirt or mud, an apparent admixture of pretension and failure which is indeed indispensable to towns founded with hopes of future greatness, but which creates a feeling of melancholy sadness in the mind of a stranger. It could hardly have been otherwise, and yet it grieves us to see that they wh have diligently made their plans, intending to produce comfort, social neatness, and sometimes even urban magnificence, should as yet have succeeded in producing only discomfort, untidiness, and insignificance. In old countries, such as our own, towns have grown up almost without an intention on the part of any founder. Cities have formed themselves out of villages, because it has suited first this man and then that to earn his bread in this or that locality. Consequently our streets have been narrow and crooked, our spaces confined and often ill-arranged, and our supply of water and air insufficient for an increasing population. We are daily compelled to pull down that we may rebuild, and are almost angry with ourselves, or with those who went before us, in that there has been so little foresight among us as to the wants of mankind. But it has resulted from all this that we are not, as a rule, incomplete, pretentious, or unpicturesque. The new countries however have taken a lesson from the deficiencies of the old countries, and have commenced their towns on a certain plan, with wide streets and large spaces, and straight long lines, so that coming generations of thronging men may be able to build their houses in spots properly prepared, and to move about without knotting themselves into convenient crowds, as men have to do in the old cities. When the generations shall have come, this will be very well, and the wisdom of the founders will be acknowledged—but in the meantime the new towns are ugly, and generally dirty.

A Picture from Life.

Imagine, says a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, a handsome young fellow, an Alsatian Frenchman, with a pair of purple velvet knee-breeches, a pair of snow-white stockings coming to his knees, at which they are trimmed with lace; a pair of low shoes with silver buckles, a white linen jacket, a four-cornered hat of white linen, and carrying a large light basket filled with those delicious rolls which are made for the Sunday breakfast table in some of the towns of France. I am not describing a circus performer, or a grotesque humbug perambulating the streets for boys to laugh at. I saw him, and more than one of his kind, in the bright early hours of a recent Sunday morning, going round from house to house supplying their customers with the bread-rolls in question. This style of thing is comparatively new, and has been introduced by Alsatian exiles. The young man's costume looks entirely appropriate in its purity, tastefulness, and gayety. He seems like a vision and reminiscence of the far-gone times. His fleecy rolls brought back to one's imagination the ages when as yet Biddy was not, and when the various craftsmen carried on their labors as though they meant to please and delight those whom it was their privilege to serve. The French are the only people who can give color and charm to the arts of daily life.

A Romance in Chicago.

The Pretty Heiress Who Married Her Father's Coachman.

From before the world was, if credence can be placed in the fables of mythology, charioteers and charioteering have been invested with charms. Modern Jehus are no exception to the rule, as has been demonstrated by one Thomas Lynden, a Chicago coachman, who succeeded in captivating the daughter of his employer to such an extent that she became his wife. But soon repenting of her rash marriage, the young lady, Miss Ella Hancock, declined to accompany her husband to his cottage, but decided to remain beneath the paternal roof.

The result was that a few days since the too ambitious Lynden applied for a writ of habeas corpus for the body of his wife, who, he stated, was detained against her will by her father, Col. Hancock, and his wife. Since then the room of Judge Gary, who granted the writ, has been besieged by visitors, and the flutter of a petticoat in the vicinity was the signal for a rush. The trial came up. The court was crowded.

The ambitious Lyndon was a centre of attraction. He, with tender fondness, lingered near the door which enclosed his spouse, as though in hops of catching a stray accent of the voice which had made him so happy and so miserable. The longer one looks at him the more amazing seems the infatuation that caused a young lady of such prospects to contract such a mesalliance. Lynden is fat, not fair, and forty-five, is bald-headed, with a low forehead, plentifully wrinkled, overshadowing a rather minute pair of eyes. He was dressed in a neat black coat and light pants, while a red neck tie was the "groomiest" article in his toilet. He was, judging from appearances, the most unconcerned man in the room.

John Lyle King, having whispered long and earnestly in the ear of the love-lorn Thomas, arose and said:

"Your Honor, the relator would like to discover whether any undue restraint has been or is placed upon Mrs. Lynden to keep her from going to the protection of her husband. The relator claims that he has got in his pocket numerous tokens of regard from her in the way of letters which indicate that, were she free of choice, she would live with him and conduct herself toward him as his true and lawful wife.

The Court—I suppose there is no question raised at to the marriage. If there was a marriage, as the Court decided there was, then it is legal, for if it were illegal, of course it could not be called a marriage. That fact alone makes the law in this case clear. The lady, by her marriage with the relator, is free from parental restraint, and is legally under her husband's charge, if she is willing that she should go with him. If she is not willing, that is another matter. No parents can be allowed to coerce a child into deserting her husband. The lady is free to act as she pleases so far as this court can make her so.

Mr. King—The relator feels that his wife is coerced in the matter. She has repeatedly written to him affectionate letters, setting forth her willingness to live with him if she were not restrained. He feels that her heart doesn't care about his feelings.

The Court—I cannot enter into the relator's feelings. I must deal with the facts before me. When the lady is brought here I'll tell her that she is free to go where and with whom she pleases. Then she'll go. [Laughter.]

Mr. King—But, your Honor, this man, Lynden, is entitled to know whether the young lady is kept from acting as she lists; whether she is restrained of her liberty, either in a moral or physical sense. That is the allegation of the petition, and the questions put by the Court ought to be in the spirit of the allegation.

The Court—If Mr. King will frame the question, I shall put it. Let the young lady be produced in court.

This order caused a universal flutter. Col. Hancock, accompanied by a friend, retired to an anteroom, and soon through the aisle readily cleared for her approach, a young lady, blonde as Eugene, stately as Juno, and graceful as the Queen of Love, came into the apartment. She wore a thick white veil, which effectually concealed her features, unless when the friendly breeze created by a draft from the open door slightly shifted the annoying screen and allowed the spectators a chance of seeing the loveliest blue eyes that ever flashed in the court of justice. The features of the beauteous vision were modelled in the graceful symmetry of American beauty, and none who looked upon her could blame Thomas Lynden for his persistency in wishing to call a creature so lovely his. The young lady was attired in the height of fashion, her raiment setting off to advantage her noble stature and well-rounded form. She was accompanied by Mrs. Hancock, her mother, a good-looking matron, slightly on the silver line of middle age. Mrs. Lynden and her chaperon took seats on the left hand of the court.

The cheeks of Thomas Lynden flashed a deeper red; his stupidly good-natured brown eyes winked with more than ordinary industry, and the bead drops of loving agony broke out more profusely over his semi-bald pate as the wife of his fancy, if not of his bosom, appeared before him.

The dignified court, however, paid no more attention to the charming Ella than if she were an apple girl. He bent his stern looks upon a huge tome which treated profoundly of habeas corpusism. "Hum—um—um—um—custody—parents—um—husband—restrained—um—" read the Court. "Yes, Mr. King, I'll ask this lady a question or two. I'll ask her this—but first let me ask, is she identified?"

"Well," pursued Judge Gary, "let me ask you, Mrs. Lynden, have you since the filing of this petition, four days, been, or are you now, restricted in your liberty, and prevented from going where you wish?"

In a voice of silvery sweetness, the young lady replied, "No, sir."

The countenance of Thomas Lynden fell an inch or two.

The Court—Do you now understand, Mrs. Lynden, that you are before the court on a writ of habeas corpus, and that this court declares you free from all restraint, and that you are at liberty to go where and with whom you please?

Mrs. Lynden—Perfectly, sir.

The Court—You see, that the young lady understands the question. She declares that she is unconstrained; that she knows she is free to do as she may choose. What more can be said?

Mr. King—Your Honor, I think that this Court has a right to go further into the matter. I believe that Mrs. Lynden has been influenced by her family. The letters to her husband prove it.

The Court—I'll not go into that, I say. Mrs. Lynden is a free agent by her own confession. I cannot undertake to alter her mind. If she wants to go with the man she married, nobody can hinder her.

The bride, her father and mother arose simultaneously. Mrs. Lynden sobbed out energetically, "I'll go with father," and taking the arm of the gallant colonel, she brushed past where the bewildered coachman was sitting, Col. Hancock displacing Lynden from involuntarily barring the way, by gently pushing him aside.

Another Terrible Disaster.

Explosion of Fire Damp and Serious Loss of Life.

While the inside boss at Henry Clay Colliery, near Shonakin, Northumberland Co., Penn., and about three o'clock in the afternoon, was examining some of the inside works with an open lamp, he passed into a portion of the mine marked out, when the flame of the lamp set fire to the gas there accumulated, causing an explosion which blew out the timbers, causing a squeeze of earth and the caving in of the mine at the point of egress, preventing the escape of the men therein employed. At the time of the explosion thirty-five men were in the mine. As soon as the accident occurred the alarm was given, and every effort made to relieve the men inside, and at five o'clock the men outside, risking their own lives in encountering the noxious gasses, succeeded in taking out thirteen men, eight of whom were dead. At six o'clock two more dead bodies had been recovered, and still the efforts of the men were unceasing, reliefs being put on as a portion of the rescuers were worn out with the straining toil.

The body of the inside boss was found lamp in hand, showing that he had met his death almost instantly; and the body of Mr. John Hays, the outside boss, who went into the mine to assist in its inspection, has also been recovered. The body of Drumheiser, the inside boss, was terribly blackened and disfigured.

The work of the men on the outside for the relief of the suffocating men inside was attended with great risk on account of the after-damp; but they worked manfully, though to little purpose, as most of them were past human aid when help came.

As soon as the explosion occurred men were summoned from the adjoining mines. Before dark large numbers of men were present to assist in the work of recovering the bodies and to inquire about the safety of friends employed in the mine, and the most intense excitement prevailed.

A correspondent who visited the scene of the disaster writes: The details of the accident at Henry Clay colliery I find upon arrival are most horrible. I learn that the colliery was generally well managed, but had not been inspected for a year and a half; that it worked sixty-five men on the day shaft, but more on the night, turning out seven or eight thousand tons of coal per month.

The following particulars are from an employe present at the time of the accident. He says the disaster occurred at ten minutes after two o'clock; that Conrad Drumheiser, inside boss, went into an old mine working on water level. Ten minutes or so after an explosion occurred. He must have fired a fire-damp in the old working. The explosion drove the after-damp down the airways from the water level into the slope below, where the men were working, and drove it through every particle of the workings.

The men in this region, not being used to black damp, formed the opinion that it was not sulphur, but kegs of blasting powder that had exploded. They therefore stayed in the works until overcome with black damp, and then started to come up the slope and met the body of after damp and fell senseless, smothering in the slope. The strong men got out and gave the alarm, and others came out and fell senseless at the edge of the slope. John Hays, outside boss, heard the alarm and went to the rescue, but 500 yards from the bottom of the slope fell face downwards in a pool of water and died. A Polander, named Enoch Magruskie, was drowned by his side when going to the rescue. They were the first two brought out dead. The other men got in and brought out four dead. Shortly after two more dead were brought out. Another dead was added. A German was brought out insensible, but, being restored and taken home, he drank a glass of water and died instantly.

There was no cave in of the mine, as first reported, but the explosion drew down the air batteries and abatis, and knocked down the pillar in the bottom of the slope. Four hours after the occurrence air was good in the mine, showing good ventilation, and that the accident resulted from old gas exploding in the disused working.

The scenes about the mine at the hour I write are heart-rending in the extreme. By the dim and flickering light of miners' lamps weeping, sorrow-stricken wives are hunting among the dead and dying lying together on the ground, or bending over the lifeless forms of their husbands, filling the air with their lamentations. Children are crying over their fathers' corpses, and a great, pitying crowd surge about the wagons as they come up at the slope each time to gain the name of the next unfortunate. Women rush up to the cars as they come up, with lamp in hand, and frantically call the names of their loved ones that went down in the mine to-day full of life and vigor. The men brought up, not yet dead, lay shivering upon the ground, while their friends are bending over and laboring hard to restore them. Some, better than the rest, are walking about among the excited assemblage, relating their story of the accident and their recollection of the terrible scenes in the cavern of horror, through which they had just passed. At the time I close my dispatch the work of looking for the bodies still continues and the excitement is unabated. No one appears to know who or how many were in the mine at the time of the explosion, and many more have probably lost their lives than can be ascertained to-night.

A Live Plant.

A gentleman of Williamsport, Pa., traveling in Jamaica, W. I., a few years ago, was attracted by a vigorous-looking plant growing on the road-side in the dry and arid soil, apparently the only vegetation that could withstand the extreme heat and drouth. Upon inquiry, he was told it was the life-plant, and that, if a leaf should be suspended by a thread from the ceiling, it would put forth rootlets from each of the dentate notches. He broke off a twig and a leaf, and packed them among some dried grass and brought them home with him. The moisture in the air in the tropics was so penetrating that they grew in his trunk, and the twig continued to grow after it was planted in the ground up to the present time. Last winter it bloomed, the flowers were in a large panicle, purple bells, about an inch and a half long, and they soon began to fade. At the suggestion of a gardener, the top was cut off, but, the plant looking a little uninteresting, the top was stuck into the ground, when new buds appeared, and it continues to bloom as though it was on the parent stalk.

THE BOX WAS TOO SMALL.—A prominent merchant went to his box in the Boston post-office Monday and found there what he thought must be a dress pattern. A little surprised, he commenced pulling it out, but it seemed to be glued fast into the box. He pulled harder, and was at last gratified at hearing a little scream. He then became aware that the dress of one of the lady clerks had become caught in the box, and our merchant was vainly endeavoring to drag dress, young lady and all, through the door.

Items of Interest.

Rich but honest is a new way to put it.

The Minnesota Republican State Convention is to be held in St. Paul, July 16.

At wooden weddings in Montana, clubs are among the gifts to the married pair.

Mr. McHale shot Mr. Gorden, in St. Louis, because the latter refused him a drink.

It cost a Buffalo man $4.87 to cut off the tail of a sturgeon before the latter was dead.

A sensitive youth in Pennsylvania lately killed himself because his friends laughed at him.

The bill abolishing religious corporations has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies at Rome.

The Memphis baby show attracted more single than married people. They were more interested.

Charles A. Russell, who murdered James Crotty in San Francisco, has been sentenced to be hanged July 26.

The German Government has expressed its displeasure with the last address of President MacMahon.

Ex-Congressman John A. Bingham, of Ohio, has been appointed Minister to Japan, vice De Long, suspended.

A shrewd Connecticut Yankee is peddling colored flax seed under the name of "Bloom of Paradise."

A Michigan farmer has written Mr. Bergh to know if folding doors in hog pens will be the fashion this summer.

An Ohio legislator has presented a resolution forbidding any more babies being named John Smith in that State.

Jack Noble, of Arkansas, is 110 years old, and runs his farm in a highly successful manner. Well, he is old enough to do it.

A man in Otsego, Minn., lately had an orchard of 100 fine apple trees all cut down in the night by some highminded enemy.

Writers of indecent matter on postal cards are subject to a fine of not less than $100, nor more than $5,000 for each offence.

A woman at East Jaffrey, N. H., has had an exact picture of a juniper tree printed on her leg by a flash of lightning.

A Swede woman of St. Paul recently astonished the natives by carrying an oil barrel through the streets on her head.

William Seegar, State Treasurer of Minnesota, has been impeached and removed for corruptly misapplying the State funds.

Suicides are becoming so common in Paris that some of the papers have announced their intention of not noticing "ordinary cases."

Notoriety is a flash; esteem is a flame. The first is soon kindled and quenched; the last is a gradual and enduring illumination.

Prince Edward's Island has consented to join the Dominion of Canada. The island is to have six representatives in the Canadian Parliament.

The Bender family formerly lived near New Albany, Ind., where they committed a number of murders. They went from Indiana to Kansas.

A Boston lager-beer saloon posts this notice: "Only those liquids will here be given to friends which our immaculate Legislature considers healthy."

An American writing from Vienna says: "Tell intending visitors to remain at home for two months. They may then enjoy their visit to a completed exhibition."

It is a remarkable fact that the moment a woman writes a letter she is frantic to put it into the post-office, although she may have been putting off writing for six months.

Boy (to lady visitor)—"Teacher, there's a gal over there winkin' at me!" Teacher—"Well, then, don't look at her!" Boy—"But if I don't look at her she'll wink at somebody else!"

A chap given to statistics, estimated that over two thousand toes were frozen during the past winter, by young ladies keeping their beaux lingering at the gate, instead of asking them into the parlor.

A Memphis jury, having convicted a man of murder, now finds that the supposed murdered man is living. The question is whether the verdict shall be rescinded, or the man allowed to murder his victim.

A society at Bayville, Ga., resolves upon the death of a member, "that we may buy all our groceries and tobacco of his estimable wife, who has our sympathy in this dark hour, but who should at once restock the store for the spring trade."

Lord Campbell, the Marquis of Lorne's brother, who has become a partner in the famous banking house of Coutts & Co., London, is said to have put into the firm not less than $2,500,000 of his father's, the Duke of Argyll, money.

We pity our descendants. A hundred years from now there will be no young ladies who strewed flowers before Washington, no young men who saw him review the army; and oh! dreadful thought! no colored woman who was once his servant.

Japan seems to be the missionary field of the future. The Propagation Society of England is about to send two clergymen there to open missions, and the United Presbyterians of Scotland are moving in the same direction, having already secured forty-five thousand dollars as a fund.

Edmund Munger, speaking of the time when he was a boy, says it was the custom of school children as you passed the school house to make a bow; but in these later days, as you pass a school house, you must keep your eye peeled, or you will get a snowball or a brickbat at the side of your head.

A couple who were married in Rutland, Vt., the other day, gave the official who performed the ceremony fifty cents. This was pretty cheap, but as it was afterward found that, under the State laws the official had no authority to marry them, they think he ought to refund or send along a competent substitute.

The French, always famous for their *cuisine*, have a new dish, consisting of grape-leaves fried in egg-batter. A contemporary suggests that this is probably the most delcious dish that could be procured, unless it would be a theatrical poster on toast. But, as this could not come into general use, what could be more refreshing than devilled car-tickets on the half-shell.

A clergyman in Davenport, Iowa, exchanged pulpits with a pastor in a not distant city a few Sundays ago, and meeting at the railroad crossing they had a brief chat together. They carried satchels just alike, and when the car-bell rang, each caught up one and started for the train, to find on reaching their destinations that they had exchanged satchels and sermons.

Speaking of the late Elias Howe and his great invention, a gentleman who formerly resided in New Haven says he had for a neighbor a master mechanic who had done much toward perfecting the sewing machine, and who from actual knowledge could give the cost of the different kinds now most in use. The Howe machine, table included, cost $9; the Wheeler & Wilson, $7; the Singer, about $7; the Wilcox & Gibbs, $5; from which it would seem that somebody must be making incredible profits from that indispensable little affair.

Some colored divers brought up from Mobile bay last week fragments of the exploded boiler of the steamer Franklin, which, thirty-six years ago, went down with many lives. The operations of the negro divers, as described by the *Register*, are interesting. With a long iron-pointed pole they go about in a canoe feeling along the bed of the river, and when an obstruction is met the pole is firmly imbedded, and down it they slide to the bottom, provided with a cotton hook. They generally remain under from twenty-eight to thirty seconds, the water being twenty feet deep, and rarely fail to come up with some scrap of iron, copper, or rope.