TO THE PUBLIC.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY APPEAL, one year.....$10 00
SUNDAY APPEAL, one year..... 2 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY APPEAL, one year... 12 00
WEEKLY APPEAL, one year..... 2 50
WEEKLY APPEAL, in clubs of two..... 4 00
DAILY, delivered in city by Carriers, seven papers per week..... 25

The WEEKLY APPEAL is regularly discontinued at the end of the time subscribed and paid for unless renewed in advance. This rule is adhered to without respect to persons.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, first insertion, $1; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per Square.

Advertisements in Want or Rent column, 10 cents per line each insertion.

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Monthly advertisements, $8 for first, and $4 for each additional Square.

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Announcing Candidates for State, County and Municipal offices, $10 each, to be paid in advance in every instance.

Marriages and Deaths are published as news; but complimentary notices of Marriages, Tributes of Respect, Obituaries and Funeral Notices, will be charged as other advertisements.

All Church Notices or notices of meetings of Charitable or Benevolent Societies, will be charged half price.

SUNDAY APPEAL.—Advertisements inserted in the SUNDAY APPEAL will be charged one sixth additional.

WEEKLY APPEAL.—Advertisements inserted in the WEEKLY APPEAL alone, one half of DAILY rates. In both DAILY AND WEEKLY, one fourth additional to DAILY rates.

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A Square is the space occupied by eight lines of solid nonpareil.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence, on Public Events, solicited from every part of the United States.

KEATING, ENGLISH & CO.

SUNDAY APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING. : : AUGUST 29, 1869.

NEWSPAPER SALES.

On the 31st of March last, the closing day of what newspaper men all concede to be the busiest quarter of the year, returns were made by the several newspaper concerns of this city, showing the following result:

Appeal.....$6192 98
Avalanche..... 4806 00

THE press is universally severe on Mrs. STOWE's late scandalous and unfeminine publication against LORD BYRON, in which with sacrilegious hands, and without just excuse or reason, she has undertaken to unshroud the buried dead of forty years. The truth is she has been overrated morally and mentally. Her "Uncle Tom" was the mushroom of a party exigency, the body of which CALVIN E. STOWE, her husband, made for her, and which she only adroitly clothed. A reputation which thus rested on a single success, and which was rather a fortunate hit than a great work, could not be expected to be enduring. This last production is the fitting finale of such a character. She only lacked the opportunity of freedom to walk alone to make an end of her reputation, and now she has fully done it. Her reply to the philippics of the press, and her reasons for her unmentionable charge against the illustrious dead, only plunge the shallow little woman deeper and deeper in. It is bad enough that base men should violate the proprieties of life by bringing vile things to light. But that a woman should clutch the words of a senile lady, who, sick and weak, was sinking into her grave, uttered forty years after her separation from her husband, and when no possible good could result from it to prove that LORD BYRON was guilty of incest is abominable. We cannot respect the veracity of such a "story teller;" and can but remark on the significant fact that, if ever any such revelation could be supposed made by LADY BYRON, she should not select some one of her distinguished countrywomen to make her confidant, instead of a small specimen of the scrub American, whose reputation rested on a single book, and the body and skeleton of that the work of another. The New York *Herald* says of the matter: "Our conclusions are that Mrs. BEECHER STOWE has made a shocking charge, which she has failed to establish; that her facts are but the morbid fancies of LADY BYRON; that her story is loose and incoherent; that she has seized upon a sensation which, in the end, will not pay expenses, and which will tarnish the glory of "Uncle Tom;" that Mrs. STOWE, in short, in her thoughtless publication, has placed herself within the category of reckless sensational Bohemians, and in a dilemma from which her only escape is a public apology for her credulity and folly in yielding to the deceitful temptation of unearthing and exposing in the market the mysteries of the grave. Her reasons for this exposition are insufficient, and her statement betrays only her ignorance of the case."

FOR a couple of weeks we have been made the victim of the person employed at Louisville to prepare the dispatches for the Memphis press. He sends us half columns of accounts of Western prize fights, English boat races, local incidents in places like Kalamazoo and Cheyenne, in which our people can have no possible interest, and, as if to cap the climax of either ignorance or incompetency, yesterday he burdened our columns with the details of the sheep market of New York. We protest now, as we have before on several occasions, against this sort of telegraphic news, and submit that if the reporter at Louisville who makes up the dispatches for Memphis cannot do better, that he be discharged to make room for one who will give us what we want, readable news—one who will give us such news as we pay for, in good round sums.

THE New York *Leader*, of the 21st, expresses in the following extract a similar view to that of the APPEAL of yesterday:

The so-called re-union of army officers at Gettysburg was designed to include the officers of both armies—Union and Confederate—who fought on that field. But there is no probability that the Southern Generals will participate in the affair. The Southerners are anxious to forget the war; the Northern Radicals want to perpetuate its memory by the formation of army organizations, annual re-unions and festivities, and by such assemblages as this at Gettysburg promises to be, to fix upon points where the severest fighting took place, and where Union officers fell, and to erect monuments thereon. This is keeping alive the spirit of war with terrible earnestness.

WHO can doubt any more that our Yankee cousins are particularly after the money. A Northern paper, in allusion to the Gettysburg battle, and the erection of commemorative monuments on the ground, says: "The pictorial description of the battle will be something new under the sun, and while affording to posterity a vivid conception of the magnitude of the rebellion and of the momentous issues depending upon this bloody field, it will be an enduring first class advertisement to the Gettysburg Springs as a summer resort." The Yankees have always had the monopoly, so far as we are concerned. They have furnished no little share of our food, and our clothing, cradles, coffins and tombstones. Why should they not also make money out of our funerals, bloody fields and "reunions" as well?

WE have received at the hands of Messrs. H. WADE & Co., Booksellers, Main street, a copy of the new work of D. MORTIMORE, M. D., just issued from the press of SHELDON & Co., 498 Broadway, New York. It bears the singular title, "*The Spirit of God as Fire; the Globe within the Sun our Heaven.*" Th writer gives reasons for his strange hypothesis, as derived from revelations through the Scriptures and nature, and also from recent developments in astronomy. It is a Protestant religious work which undertakes to locate Heaven in the sun, and proves that Hell is anywhere out in the dark in all that vast void of the great deep where the light does not shine. The work seem to us rather sensational than solid. The title of the work would have been more expressive of the object if it had been "Wonderful New Light; the Places of Heaven and Hell Discovered!" But we should be candid enough to say it is not to be expected we should become a convert until we have read it.

We have also to acknowledge from the same source, the June and July numbers of the New York *Galaxy*, a literary monthly by the same publishers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Times*, who heard it, gives the following extract from a speech of M. THIERS, the great French philosopher and statesman, delivered during the recent canvass for a seat in the Corps Legislatif:

Europe is marching toward the republic; but you young men must not deceive yourselves. By the faults of governments which sometimes yield when they ought to be firm, and sometimes resist when they ought only to curb and direct, this century will see only the period of transition, a transition which will be bloody, terrible, and which I thank God I am not to see. The blending of social and political, of interior and exterior problems, is such at this period that nations are fatally forced *to decide all questions by suppressing all*. But violent suppression and solution are two things, and, shift them as you please, questions will still exist as threatening as ever. It is only when the New World, which is already bearing the flanks of the Old, shall have acquired enough of virility and of wisdom to vanquish and to decide, that an *economical Republic* will bring back order and peace to our society. The youngest of you will see the prologue to the civilation of the future.

Imperialism is not the prediction of this sagacious man as to the coming future. The tendency of events in his view is to Republicanism, for which, with hope and fear, he is evidently looking to the Western World. In the language of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, "England, in moving against a State church, is assailing established privileges. France is demanding, with authority, liberty to govern herself. Germany is coalescing from a score of fragments into one great power, so that when the contest for full liberty comes it may be fought out on one field. Spain would be far on the road to a republic, if she were only safely past anarchy. Italy still heaves with republican aspirations, inspired by MAZZINI and GARIBALDI. And under all that has been achieved there moves more strongly than ever the spirit that has achieved it." Yet it may be a problem, as to which the view of M. THIERS is not disclosed, whether the result will be greater liberty made permanent, or only license, anarchy, and the ancient result—the firmer foundations of despotic power.

Editors Appeal: The personal cards that have been circulating for some time past are a source of great annoyance to the better class of people. Please use your influence and valuable paper against the practice. Teach these champions of the pen to use their great talent in some more profitable way. Let them write something about the futurity of Memphis; the unsurpassed advantages of this glorious Southern country; something about the great political change that has just taken place, and the propriety of burying forever old political feuds. Show them the folly of stirring up these past differences, and the importance of using their great talent to some purpose. This practice would be more becoming to wanton boys than matured manhood. It is childish foolishness, and for the good of every body let's insist upon no more of it. PEACE.

We must concur in condemning the bringing before the public for criticism, and still more for abuse, the names of citizens in private life. With our correspondent, we hope to see "no more of it." That men who choose to follow the business and lawful avocations of life, as good citizens, meddling with nobody, should be dragged before the public eye, because of faults or no faults, few or many, which are common to all, is inexcusable on any hypothesis whatever. Only those who make themselves legitimate subjects for criticism, by coming before the public for office, or the rewards of fame, can be properly dealt with by the press, and then only by legitimate inferences from their acts, not with epithets. And those who are so low as really to deserve epithets, it is usually beneath the dignity of the press to notice in any form whatever. The statement of facts pertaining to such characters may sometimes be due to public justice, and become necessary for common information. But even then, the statement of his crime always precludes the necessity of soiling the columns of a public journal by the proper epithet and badge of dishonor, which a criminal has called forth. The right way is to state facts sufficiently, and presume on the intelligence of the public as sufficient to select the badge which belongs to them. But, it should be remembered by all newspaper critics, that we are all alike liable to err, and that it is often easier to point out deficiencies than it is to avoid them. Perfection is the exception—not the rule.

Ex-President Davis.

The *North British Mail*, one of the leading organs of Scottish public opinion, and one of the principal newspapers of the great city of Glasgow, in an article upon Ex-President Davis, who arrived in that city on the 6th inst. and has since been traveling in Scotland, sums up the character of the great Mississippian in this way:

"The astonishing vigor of the Confederate organization, the brilliancy of their campaigns, and the heroism and talent of their military leaders, are household words even among the bitterest enemies of the cause which they upheld. Amidst the exploits of Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson and other famous leaders, who for so long kept the Union from touching Confederate soil, and whose camp fires at one time blazed almost in sight of the Capitol, the guiding spirit of the whole, whose military genius was on a par with his administrative talents, whose tact enabled him to choose the right men, and support effectively from the Cabinet the stubborn resistance of his generals in the front, was almost lost sight of in Europe. But though he breathed a spirit of defiance to the last, and upheld the flag of no surrender, he had the sagacity to foresee that President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, being in harmony with the general opinion of mankind, had given a death blow to the Confederacy from which its recovery was doubtful. When Sherman had cut the South in two and Grant was closing on Richmond, the Confederate President set up the headquarters of the South at Danville, and after the final collapse and surrender of Lee, led a fugitive life accompanied by a few friends. The assassination of President Lincoln precipitated his capture, for in their fury the North charged the President and other members of the Confederate Government with being accomplices in the crime, and offered large rewards for their arrest. Davis' final seizure was owing to his devotion to his wife and children: for, learning that she was in danger from military marauders, he hastened at all hazards to her rescue (though aware that her encampment was watched by Northern spies) and was captured the next morning in her tent by a party of Federal cavalry; and closely imprisoned in Fort Monroe. His confinement was long and rigorous, and for some time none of his family or friends were permitted to have access to him. The law officers of the Union were incessantly reported to be framing indictments and preparing his trial, but when the falseness of the testimony implicating him in Lincoln's murder was clearly established, it was a delicate to prosecute the ex-President for secession with any hope of a conviction. At last, to make some temporary political capital out of the incidents, some time once after he had been released on bail, his impeachment was initiated *pro forma*, but the prisoner was at once released on his former bail, and after repeated postponements of his trial a *nolle prosequi* on both the indictments against him were entered in the Supreme Court of Washington by the United States law officers. Henceforth he is free, and, so far as the tribunals of the Union are concerned, he will be suffered to live out the remainder of his days in peace. We trust that his present European excursions may restore his enfeebled health, and perhaps, in our land of real liberty, teach him a few wholesome political truths which hitherto were undreamt of in his philosophy. The angry feelings engendered by the war are fast disappearing, old friendships are being cemented anew, and though there are still thousands of hearts which chafe at the iron heel of the North, and still beat high for their extinct and buried hopes of independence, the majority, like their gallant leader, Gen. Lee, have returned to their Federal allegiance, and are striving to heal over the scars which such an unnatural struggle could not fail to leave behind it. Slavery is gone forever, so that bone of contention will no more disturb the peace of the Union; while even Mr. Davis would probably admit that there was no resisting the logic of facts. And though, if judged by the criterion of success or failure, the ex-President of the Confederacy no longer stands conspicuous above his fellow-men as a hero, divesting ourselves of any political feeling about the matter, we may still look with interest on a man of no common genius, who has set his mark (though it proved a fatal one) on the history of the great American Republic.

The Old Settlers of Indiana.

A very interesting meeting of the old settlers of Rushville, Eastern Indiana, came off there the other day. Among the old men present were Joseph Pike 87, Peter Looney 84, James Blake 78, S. S. Durbin 77, John P. Thompson 85, Joseph Nicholas 74, Isaac Patterson 75, John Walker 72, Ryland T. Brown 82. The following quaint old relics were exhibited: An old German bible, printed in 1616; an Irish hackle, brought from Ireland over a hundred years ago by John Jenkins; a Latin edition of Isocrates, date 1553; a spectacle case, of wood, made by Rev. Robert Mooster, of whom it is said that he preached the first Methodist sermon this side of the Alleghany Mountains; a singular quilt containing over two thousand flowers, and no two just alike; garments of different kinds, from fifty to one hundred years old; Peter Looney's old chair, made by himself, in Kentucky, in 1810. Col. Joe Nicholas opened the ball in the speech line, and gave some interesting sketches of his early career. Born in Virginia, August 31, 1796, he had lived to see the population of this country grow from four to forty millions. He lived in Ohio in 1801, and came to the Indiana Territory in 1816. Elder John P. Thompson said he came from Kentucky to Rush county in 1821, with a wife, two children, a horse and two cows. He told of traveling straight through Rush county by making three circles and coming out where he started in the morning. He was followed by Peter Looney. Mr. Looney was born in Virginia, married in 1811 in Kentucky, and came to Indiana November 22, 1821.

The Southern Historical Society.

At the last regular meeting of this Society, recently held in New Orleans, which is now fully organized for the purpose of the records of the late struggle for Confederate independence, several interesting and important letters were read, among them one from Gen. R. E. Lee, signifying his acceptance, with pleasure, of the Vice-Presidency for Virginia, and saying that "it is highly important to collect and record reliable historical information, especially in periods of rapid change, such as the present," and offering to render cheerfully any service that may aid this object in Virginia. Also letters from Gen. Wade Hampton, Admiral Raphael Semmes, ex-Secretary S. R. Mallory, ex-Governor B. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi, and others, approving of the object of the Society, and offering their services. Mr. Jefferson Davis was elected an honorary member, and the Society then adjourned to meet again on the second Monday in September.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

THE RAIN.

BY MARY E. POPE.

The rain,—the longed for Summer rain,
Is coming down at last.
Over the city, the wood, the plain
A misty veil is cast.
The children of men with dust dimmed eyes,
And a prayer in every heart,
Look fearful up to the cloud draped skies
Lest the gracious signs depart.

The rain,—the pleasant Summer rain,
Comes pattering from the eaves,
The grateful music rings again
From the dust besprinkled leaves.
O children of men, from sleep arise
To worship the loving hand,
That sendeth the life stream from the skies
To heal the fainting land.

The rain,—the cooling Summer rain,
How it brightens the crisp brown grass,
How the odors of blossom and ripened grain,
Sweep by as the sweet drops pass.
The cattle upon a thousand hills
On freshened pastures fed,
Are drinking content the stream that fills
The dried up streamlet's bed.

The rain,—the grateful Summer rain,
It falleth alike on all,
On the child of want in his aching pain,
On the dweller in splendor's hall:
On him whose heart and hands are pure,
On the wretch with the mark of Cain;—
And lordly man, and reptile mean
Bless God for the Summer rain.

The blessed rain of Heavenly grace
Is falling on human souls,
And the stain of the mire of earth's wild chase
Away on the bright tide rolls.
The heart that in sin lay scorched and dead
To a higher life has birth,
Whence flowers of love and holiness shed
Sweet perfume o'er the earth.

SAINT MARY'S SCHOOL.

The Telegraph in Peru.

The Panama *Star and Herald* of the 13th inst. says: Among the passengers going South to-day on the steamer Payta, is Don Mariano Felipe Paz Soldan, Director General of Public Works of Peru, who has been to Europe in connection with the National Telegraph intended to connect Panama with Callao. Mr. Paz Soldan has succeeded in obtaining $1,000,000 towards the stock in Europe, and has reserved $500,000 stock to be subscribed for on this coast. He expects to obtain a concession from Peru to lay the line along the coast, without any difficulty, and also to receive a subsidy from that Government. If the United States of Columbia refuse to give a privilege without compensation, application will be made to Costa Rica to run the line across that territory, which will be very easily obtained.

Pope Pio Nino.

It is not generally known, I believe, that Pope Pius the Ninth was, in his youth, prevented from entering the Guard of Honor of he Viceroy of Italy in consequence of his being subject to attacks of epilepsy. He came from Sinigaglia to Rome, and entered the priesthood in 1814, being then in his twenty-seventh year. The infirmity to which he was subject was as great a bar to his advancement in this profession as in the military; and it is said that his admission was granted by Pius the Seventh only on the condition that when he celebrated the mass he should be assisted by another priest. He officiated for the first time in the church attached to the orphanage in which he had for some time instructed the children, on Whit-Sunday, in the year 1819. The attacks of epilepsy to which he had been subject became less and less frequent; and four years after entering the priesthood he was appointed by the Pope attache to an ecclesiastical and political mission sent to South America. On his return from this mission to Rome he was appointed Archbishop of Spoleto, by Pope Leo the Twelfth, and was consecrated in 1827.

Heroic Consuls.

We take the following from a recent number of *Gall's Express*, published in Kingston, Jamaica: A poor unfortunate seaman had been apprehended on a charge of being implicated in a buccaneering expedition, and he was thrust into prison, and afterwards condemned to be shot, on evidence as unlikely and improbable as any one could conceive. He was an American, the son of English parents, and notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions on the part of the English and American Consuls, the Spanish authorities seemed determined to sacrifice this poor man's life. On the morning appointed for his execution, he was marched out to the usual place, amidst a great show of bloody solemnity. He was immediately followed by Mr. Ramsden, British Vice-Consul, and the American Vice-Consul, to make a still further protest in the prisoner's favor. Mr. Ramsden read the document, protesting in the name of England and America, declaring that the prisoner was altogether innocent of the charge which had been laid against him, demanding his immediate release, and declaring if the unfortunate man's life was taken, those who took it would be guilty of murder, and would be also answerable to the Governments of England and the United States of America. During the reading of this document, which was done with calmness and determination, the prisoner fainted from excitement, and there were strong signs of impatience on the part of the Spanish troops, who manifested a thorough determination to force the authorities to take the man's life in spite of all remonstrance. A consultation followed, and Mr. Ramsden and the American Consul were eventually informed that their remonstrance came too late; the prisoner had already been sentenced to death for having taken up arms against Spain, and that the sentence must be carried into effect. With this, the order was given to the firing party to "present." It was the work of an instant, and Mr. Consul Ramsden and the American Consul, rushing with the flags of their respective nations before the levelled rifles, of the Spanish troops and in front of the unfortunate man, shouted, "hold" !!! and wrapping the English flag around himself and the prisoner, addressing the officer in charge of the firing party—said, "Gentlemen, as a Consul of her Britannic Majesty, I cannot stand silently by, and see this foul murder of an innocent man. It is my duty to protect his life, and if you take his life you must take it *through these*," !! placing himself immediately in front of the condemned seaman, his eyes sparkling, while his manly form heaved with the indignation his speech had so heroically expressed. The American Consul, wrapped in the "Stars and Stripes" of the Union, stood abreast, and for some moments the Spaniards stood aghast, the conduct of these two Consuls being more than they could comprehend. The emotion of the prisoner was extreme, he was supported right and left by the consuls, and the poor fellow shed a profusion of tears from weariness and excitement. A consultation was again held, and the prisoner marched back to jail under an escort of troops, the Consuls supporting the unhappy man all the way along. The *furore* was beyond description. After dark, the prisoner was reprieved and finally shipped off the country, through the indefatigable exertions of the Consuls.

J. P. Benjamin.

A few days ago we announced that this distinguished gentleman had been advanced to the dignity of Queen's Counsellor, at the English bar. Commenting upon the fact an English paper says: "A little paragraph in the leading papers has just carried back the memory to the great American struggle, and recalled some of those personal interests which have, since its close, been eclipsed by the grave political issues that formed the legacy of the war. Mr. J. P. Benjamin, of the Northern Circuit, has been appointed by Mr. Justice Hannen, a Queen's Counsel for the county Palatine of Lancaster. Mr. Benjamin, of the Northern Circuit, may not be known under that description to any considerable section of the public; but Mr. Benjamin, of the Southern Confederacy, was tolerably well before the eyes of this country during the civil strife in the United States. He was throughout those four years of anxious labor and desperate conflict the right hand man of Mr. Jefferson Davis, in the very difficult task of administering the political affairs of the Confederacy. He shared the fortunes of the President, when, after the fall of Richmond, he made that now historical attempt at escape; and, exempted from the protracted legal torture inflicted upon his chief—though excepted from the amnesties which permitted other prominent Southerners so easily to re-enter the ranks of civil life—he has manfully devoted himself, in an exile that is now voluntary, to the pursuits for which his brilliant career in his own country had so excellently prepared him. We may be well assured that Mr. Benjamin's experience of business, his breaking into hard labor, and training in that wide observation and sympathy which the statesman has the best opportunity of acquiring, will not make him the less worthy the distinction just bestowed upon him. Nor have we the slightest fear that the County Palatine of Lancaster will in any unpleasant manner remind Mr. Benjamin that the valiant struggle of the South against the stern unreason of the North made its people endure some weary and wasting years of illness and dependence. Lancashire suffered without rancor; it is, perhaps, a question whether her sympathies were not at least evenly divided between the combatants. In any case the invincible fairness of Englishmen will secure Mr. Benjamin against whatever prejudice his remarkable ability may fail to disarm, or the memory of his resolute and fearless striving against destiny, during the four years of an unparalleled struggle, may not transmute into admiration and esteem.

How Lager Bier is Made.

Lager Bier is a fermented liquor, made from malted grain—barley principally. Hops and other bitter flavoring matters are added to improve their taste and impart their peculiar properties, tonic or otherwise, to any liquor. Lager bier, properly made, if analyzed, will give about the following result: Water, 91.80; malt, 4.65; alcohol, 3.41; carbonic acid, 0.11. The lager bier brewing season begins about the close of October and ends about the first of April. In the manufacture of bier the barley, wheat or other grain is selected with much care. It is first subjected to the process called malting, which is effected in large cisterns, with a depth of some six or seven inches above the surface of the grain. When the grain has become fully soaked—usually absorbing forty or fifty-five pounds to the hundred weight of barley—it is taken out, allowed to drain for six or seven hours, and then spread upon the malt floor, where the next process of the operation is termed couching. Lying in beds of twelve or sixteen inches in depth, the grain soon becomes moist through chemical changes, and germination commences.

When this has gone sufficiently far, which is known by the grain becoming white and crumbly like meal, the process is changed and germination immediately arrested by the grain being spread on the floor of a malt kiln, and the temperature raised gradually from 90 to 140 degrees, during the operation of drying, the malt being frequently stirred. Then comes the brewing process, which, like the first stage, embraces several different operations. The malt is first ground or crushed to a coarse powder, which is afterward shaken into large mash tubs containing water at a temperature of 100 degrees. More water is added, and the temperature carefully raised several degrees higher, after which the infusion is drawn off. More water is then added to the crushed malt in the tub, drawn off, and added to the first; still another working takes place, with the water at the boiling point. The next process is the boiling, which is done by placing the infusion in large copper vessels furnished with steam valves. During the boiling operation the hops are introduced. Then boiling over, the liquor is strained and allowed to cool, when it is placed in huge wooden vats, and yeast added. After having fermented long enough, the liquor is drawn off into huge receptacles and stored in high vaults, where it is allowed to remain for several months. This is called lagering.

Curious Calculation About the Guano Islands.

The Panama *Star and Herald* of the 13th inst., makes the following curious calculations in regard to the Guano Islands: Up to this year the Chincha Island have yielded 10,000,000 tons of guano. Now it is well-known to everybody that this substance is nothing more nor less than excrement of a species of seabird. Supposing that from the commencement of the deposit of the guano there were a million of these birds employed, the time necessary to produce the ten millions already extracted from the island would be 6666 years, as the following calculation will show: Each bird would not produce more than four grammes (60 grains English) per day. A million birds in the same time would yield four million grammes or 8800 pounds, which in a year would raise the amount to three millions of pounds. If we divide twenty thousand million pounds, equivalent to ten millions of tons extracted, by the three millions, the time required to produce this grand deposit of the Guano Islands could not be less than 6666 years. But as nobody has ever seen such a multitude of birds of the same kind congregated in an area so small as the Chincha Islands, it is probable that the calculation would be nearer the truth by adding 500 years more, which would give 7166 years. All of which goes to show that the age of the guano deposits dates long before the flood, and is contemporary with those who lived in the times of Mathusalem.

LIPPINCOTT, for September, has the following, under the heading of "Silent Eloquence:" "O'Connell was amazingly powerful at times; but one of his most effective displays was a silent reply to a youthful member, who had made an attack upon him that was quite unique. The almost breathless assailant was so much frightened at his own audacity that, after a few stammering sentences, he broke down, and making various wild and voiceless gestures, tumbled upon his seat amid a chaos of sounds. The shouting having subsided, the great Agitator rose and looked at the young agitated with so comic a smile that uproarious laughter was the immediate result; then, shaking his head as much as to say, "the poor fellow has quite enough," he turned quietly to the Speaker and began to talk about "something else." Better acting was never seen on the stage.

BEFORE THE GATE.

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silence, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one sweet spell hindered them both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish,
Such as but women know,
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not, languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so.

Till he said—man-like nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous gile
That women won win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!" His voice affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Shyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be to late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking:
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you open the gate?"

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep" she murmured,
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord" the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

Greek Life in the Heroic Age.

The following is from Mr. Gladstone's recent work, "Juventus Mundi:" The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence for his parents, and in desire to emulate their fame; he shares in manly and in graceful sports, acquires the use of arms, hardens himself in the pursuit, then of all others the most dispensable, the hunting down of wild beasts; gains the knowledge of medicine; probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plough down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn; and when scarcely a man, he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes part in its government, learns, by direct instruction and by practice, how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive powers in political assemblies, attends and assists in sacrifices to the gods. For all this time he has been in kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it glaring in his eyes and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is hardly known; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character and the evil consequences that flow so straight from it, and it is abhorred. But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests gathered in his father's hall enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the lay of the minstrel who celebrates before them the newest and dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's hand upon his wrist, and the gilded knife gleaming from his belt, as they course from point to point, or wheel in round on round. That maiden, some Nausicaa or some Hermione of a neighboring district, in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her "from the flower to the ripeness of the grape," with respect, fidelity and love. Whether as governor or as governed, politics bring him, in ordinary circumstances, no great share of trouble. Government is a machine of which the wheels move easily enough, for they are well by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interest; by respect for authority, and for those in whose hands it is reposed; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common festivals and games, to which already there is a large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people; in war he leads them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them, and advises with them on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interest if rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the Prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the sceptre to his sons, and leaving much peace and happiness around him.

The Sunflower a Cure for Ague.

M. Martin in a paper read before the Therapeutic Society of France, states as a proved fact that the common sunflower possesses the faculty of freeing the atmosphere from the animal and vegetable germs supposed to constitute the miasmas productive of fever and ague. He says the experiment has proved successful in the low districts, near Rochefort, and that the Dutch have proved its value in neutralizing the noxious effects of marshy exhalations. The sunflower has long been appreciated as a fattener of poultry, and supplying food for bees, etc., and many people cultivate them chiefly for that purpose. But if M. Martin's theory be correct, we expect to see it more largely cultivated, especially in the low lying districts, and the honeyloking flower will be blessed by thousands, who look with horrid anticipation for the return to their regular "shaking day."

OCEAN cables are now occupying the attention of business men in all parts of the world. An American company is now engaged in laying a wire along the coast of China, to connect the principal cities. This line is under American control. An offer to establish a line from Lisbon and Gibraltar to England and America, without subsidy, in consideration of a twenty years monopoly, has been made by a French company. A company has been organized in Copenhagen for the purpose of laying a cable from Northern Europe, by way of the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, to America. During the present year the business of sending ocean telegrams, will increase with rapid strides.

Hard on the Ladies.

Some old fogy, (an old dilapidated batchelor, of course,) gets off the following at the expense of the ladies: Taken as a class, women can contrive more outlandish and ugly fashions than one would think possible without the gift of inspiration. Take for instance the waterfall. First, it represented a bladder of Scotch snuff; next it hung down a woman's back like a canvass covered ham; afterward it counterfeited a turnip on the back of the head; now it sticks straight out behind, and looks like a wire muzzle on a grey hound. Nestling in the midst of this long stretch of hair reposes a little batter cake of a bonnet like a jockey saddle on a long backed race horse."

The Japanese in California.

The Japanese, who landed two or three months ago at San Francisco, lost as little time as possible. They showed, from the hour of their landing, that they meant business. They immediately established themselves in a locality previously selected by one of their number, threw off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and went industriously to work raising tea and mulberry trees. The tea nuts which they planted have flourished remarkably well, the trees are perfectly thrifty, and the immigrants are already, even with their brief experience, so entirely satisfied as to the capacity of the soil and climate to produce their specialities in abundance, that they have written home earnestly entreating their friends to improve their condition by coming at once to this country. Those who have seen them in their new home bear testimony that the quiet but thoroughly practical manner in which they go to work evinces a sense of the value of time and industry far beyond that manifested by any other people ever known upon this continent.

Photographic Views of Gautemala.

We have received, says the Panama *Star and Herald*, from Mr. E. Herbruger, sr., of Gautemala City, some very interesting and highly executed photographs of the crater of the celebrated Volcan de Agua (Water Volcano). Mr. Herbruger passed three days in the crater in the early part of June, and succeeded in producing pictures which give a very fair idea of the place. The Volcan de Agua is one one of the two volcanoes, at the base of which was situated the old capital of the Republic, founded by Don Pedro Alvarado, the conqueror, in 1524, and on the site of which now stands a city of some twenty thousand inhabitants, known as the Antigua. The volcano takes its name from the dreadful circumstances connected with the destruction of the old capital in 1551, and which makes it a point of great interest. In the month of September of that year it had rained fearfully without intermission for three days, and an immense amount of water had collected in the crater of the volcano. About 2 o'clock in the morning of the 11th, a severe shock of earthquake occurred, the crater broke open on the north side and an immense body of water burst forth, destroying everything in its course as it passed through the beautiful valley below, and laid in ruins the capital which had been founded only a few years before. The city was rebuilt, and again was totally destroyed in 1773, after which it was for many years abandoned.

Spirit in Woman.

We like to see a woman of spirit and life, for a dull, prosy, supine woman is a poor affair indeed. And we have no particular objection to see "the sparks fly" occasionally when something really stirring occurs. We like her joyful and lively; and if she has a little spice of waggery we can put up with it very well—nay, we like it all the better. But a cross, sour temper we have no good opinion of; for a woman who can never look pleasant, but who is always fretting and scolding, will make an unhappy home for all within her house. We would as soon undertake to live in a barrel of vinegar in a thunder storm, as to live in a house with such a woman. Solomon was right when he said "It is better to live in a corner of a housetop than to dwell in a wide house with a brawling woman." Let a woman wear sunshine on her countenance, and it will drive the dark clouds from her husband's face, and joy will thrill through the hearts of her children. Let a woman's words be soothing and kind, and everything is happy around her. Her influence will be powerful. Others will catch her sweet temper, and all will strive to see who can be most like her. Sweetness of temper in a woman is more to be valued than gold, and more to be prized than beauty. May Heaven keep us from an untamed shrew, whose looks are wormwood and whose words are gall! We had rather take Daniel's place with the lions than to think of living within gunshot of such a termagant. If women knew their power, and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.

The Laboring Classes in England.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* draws a dismal picture of life among the laboring classes in England. He says: "Millions of people in England live almost entirely upon baker's bread. Here, for example, is the way of life of a sober hard-working Englishman, who earns 18s a week, (say $4 50, gold standard), and has a wife and six children. He neither drinks nor smokes, and hands over his whole wages to his wife. This is a common practice in well-ordered families. She pays 4s. a week for rent; 1s. for coals; candles, soap, etc., 2d.; a penny a week each for the six children to a burial club, 6d.; on a doctor's bill due, 1s. Here are 7s. 8d. of the 18s. gone, and nothing to eat. Now the bill of fare for those eight persons: One pound of beef a day for each—the children scarcely taste anything else—comes to 7s. a week; twenty pounds of potatoes, 8d.; one pound butcher's meat on Sunday and two pounds of salt pork for week days, 2s.; one pound sugar, half a pound of butter, one ounce tea, 12d., make up the week's account. No milk, no fruit, no clothing. The only way they can have that is for the children to get work or to die; then something would come in from the burial club. Thousands on thousands of men work for two-thirds these wages or less, plenty, even in large towns, work for 12s. a week. Thousands cannot taste even the Sunday meat dinner. Great numbers never taste butter; they get a little dripping as a substitute. In a London shop on a Saturday night, you will see great heaps of penny and halfpenny packets of tea, and penny worths of brown sugar, ready done up for 'people of moderate income.' I once had the curiosity to buy a halfpenny packet of tea—a cent's worth. It resembled musty clover hay, and a decoction tasted as you might fancy the drippings from a heap of dead leaves to taste at the end of a hard winter." This is a striking contrast to the condition of the same class in America. It seems, too, that an investigation of the prisons and workhouses discloses the fact that the inmates, with but little to do, are actually better cared for, fed and clothed, when being ostensibly punished as criminals, than the majority of the honest laborers are; thus offering a premium to crime instead of honest industry, by holding out to offenders the inducements of good food, clothing, medical attendance and light work.

THE CHINESE.

Return and Report of the Agent of the Memphis Convention.

From the New Orleans Times of Thursday.]

We had the pleasure, yesterday, of meeting and conversing with Gen. W. R. Miles, who has just returned from California, to which State he was sent by the Immigrant and Labor Convention held at Memphis last July, for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon Chinese labor, its adaptability to the wants of the South and the practicability of its