MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : : : OCTOBER 24, 1875.

THE MEMPHI, THE ULKS, AND THE CENTENNIAL.

The commencement of the Centennial year, and the mysterious "they" which always precedes Mardi Gras, ...ers that the Mardi Gras of the ...ential year is to go far beyond any ...g the Memphi have yet done. Al...y that visionary body is rumored to ...on the alert, and marchings and ...maneuvers are declared to have been witnessed in out-of-the-way localities by the light of the moon, and these proceedings are believed to be connected with preparations for the next Mardi Gras display. The New York *Graphic* of Tuesday last has an article in connection with this subject, which we publish elsewhere, that deserves consideration—it suggests that the Memphi, Ulks, Mystic Crew, Twelfth-Night Revelers, and other similar associations should be present in Philadelphia during the Centennial, and show to the northerners and the foreigners there assembled what a Mardi Gras spectacle is, as it is got up in the south and annually displayed in our principal cities. The idea is an excellent one, and if it can be carried out the result will certainly be one of the grandest successes the Centennial celebration will witness. Every one who has traveled north knows that the people there regard the Mardi Gras shows with great curiosity and interest. The time of the year when they occur is unfavorable to traveling in the north; the expense of journeying to Memphis or New Orleans is considerable, and few can spare the time to do so. Notwithstanding these difficulties, thousands of gentlemen and ladies come, every year, to see these grand spectacles, nothing similar to which is to be seen in other parts of the Union. Imagine the crowds that would be drawn to Philadelphia at the time the mysterious Memphi, the humorous Ulks, the wierd Mystic Crew or the magnificent Twelfth-Night Revelers, or deputations from all of them, were to walk the streets of Philadelphia under a blaze of light, exhibiting a sight of the profoundest beauty, fascinating with its poesy of artistic combination, and impressive with its gorgeous magnificence, while the Ulks tapered off all with the rich glow of their exhuberent humor! Picture this southern Mardi Gras scene in the streets of a northern city! Imagine the vast multitudes from every State of the Union, and every land in Europe, filling windows, platforms and terraces, and climbing to the very ridges of the roofs, while every inch of the wide streets, unoccupied by the procession, swarmed with eager gazers! Who, that intended to visit the Centennial at all, would fail to be present on an occasion so unusual in the north, and so absorbing and bewildering in its fascinations? The grand Ouro, the grave Hierophant, and the fearful Typhon, will, of course, be present at the Centennial, with at least a greater part of the mysterious association with which they are connected; and the laughing, jolly Ulks will not be behind. Can it not be contrived so that the grandeur, and beauty, and fun of the southern Mardi Gras can be exhibited at the Centennial? The subject is worth consideration.

THE UNITY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

It is no doubt true that the money power of New York secured the defeat of Governor Allen and the Democracy of Ohio. This fact has caused much bitterness among the Democracy of Ohio and other States. Some have even threatened to avenge themselves by bolting the regular ticket, and defeating the nomination of Governor Tilden, or any other Democrat sustained by the same money power which defeated Governor Allen. The southern Democracy does not sympathize with this spirit of discord and resentment. Anxious as were the southern Democrats for the election of Governor Allen, they are still more anxious for the defeat of Radicalism in 1876, and they will pretermit all other issues to secure this paramount object. Indeed, we see no cause for division among Democrats on the currency question. They are agreed as to what constitutes a constitutional currency, and that the Radical congress had no constitutional right to make any peculiar paper a legal tender, equal to gold and silver coin. There is but little difference among Democrats as to the amount of currency that should be in circulation. The Ohio and Pennsylvania Democrats "*Resolved*, That we demand that the volume of money be made and kept equal to the wants of trade, leaving the restoration of legal-tenders to pay in gold, to be brought about by promoting the industries of the people, and not destroying them." There is no inflation in this demand. Ought not the volume of currency to be equal to the wants of trade? The Democratic party has ever maintained, and do now, that gold and silver is the only basis of circulation. But there is some division as to the propriety of forcing resumption in 1879 or any other specified time. But all are for resumption when the industries of the country will permit it to be done. The volume of money should at all times be sufficient for the demands of trade, and the volume should be contracted when it will not interfere with the business of the country. There is no division among Democrats as to worthless emissions of new fangled notes, but only as to the policy of contraction and gold resumption, while hundreds of thousands of men are thrown out of employment, and business is depressed throughout the country. These divisions are simply questions of policy and expediency, and they will be harmonized by the National Democratic convention. The great mission of the Democratic party is to drive Radicalism from power and bring back into operative efficiency the perverted and prostrated principles of the constitution. Let Democrats agree to disagree as to the policy of inflation, contraction and specie payments, but let us also agree to be united as to preserving the unity of the Democratic party and in defeating corrupt Radical sm.

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME.

Lord Aberdare, one of the ablest members of Gladstone's cabinet, recently delivered an address before the Social Science congress of England, he (name being the "Subject of Crime." In the course of it he proved from statistics from official sources, that crime was largely on the increase in England, and asserted that it was due almost altogether to the overcrowding of people in large cities, in lanes, alleys and courts, that reeked with filth, life in which became insupportable without the aid of stimulants, indulgence in which began drunkenness, which in time begat pauperism and crime. His "lordship" was very clear in his statements, and supported them with an array of figures that strengthened and fortified his position and deductions to the satisfaction of all who heard him. To remedy this deplorable state of things he relies upon public education. He says what has long been admitted in the United States and acted upon in a liberal spirit by all well-organized communities and States, that "a good education, in the largest sense of that elastic word, is at once the best instrument of success in life and the strongest security against vice and crime. While neglecting no precaution, while attacking the great citadel of crime on every side and with every weapon, our most assured hope of success must ever rest upon the increase of morality and manly intelligence of our people. No that I venture to dream of a Utopia from which crime shall have disappeared. We may improve, we cannot radically change our human nature. And the moral I would draw from the history of the past and the picture of the present is not that we should contentedly and lazily acquiesce in the present state of things, as being about the best which human means and human efforts can attain, but that, gathering confidence from past experience, we should extend and enlarge those direct agencies which have been successfully tried, and enter resolutely upon those new and indirect paths which are opening around us with so fair a promise of good. We have received from those who immediately preceded us a world much better than they found it; let it not be our fault if we do not transmit it to our successors improved, purified and invigorated. 'Absolute perfection, indeed!' said Archbishop Wharton in his *Thoughts on Secondary Punishments;* 'the entire prevention of crime is a point unattainable; but it is a point to which we may approach indefinitely; it is the point toward which our measures must always be tending, and we must estimate their wisdom by our approach to it.'"

THE IRON INTERESTS OF THE SOUTH.

We publish in another column and invite public attention to a letter from General Lewis, of this State, to Ex-Governor Patton, of Alabama, touching the iron interests of the south, which, as the Charleston *News and Courier* shows from the appended table, have been steadily developing since the war. The great mineral State of the south, Alabama, now freely boasts of being the chief seat in the southern States of the manufacture of hot-blast charcoal iron, her furnaces being situated on the Selma, Dalton and Rome railroad, from which point shipments to England have been made and sold at seven or eight pounds sterlin per ton. Specimens from other mines, which have been sent forward, are classed by the prominent English manufacturers as "Best best," while the highest grade of iron is only "Best best best." This iron trade is furnishing steady employment to many hundred native whites and blacks, and a good many English, Scotch and Swedes, who are building up the south, increasing the mining of hard coal, and using annual y millions of bushels of charcoal burnt in the forests near the mines. Charcoal costing six or seven cents, and coke nine or ten cents, the south must furnish a very considerable part of the three million tons of iron made in the United States. This is indicated by the number of furnaces now in blast, and projected, in South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama of which we append the following list:

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Spartanburg Ironworks, Spartanburg, not in blast.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Buckham furnace, Hecktoe, Chatham county.
Emdor furnace, Endor, Chatham county.
Tire Hill furnace, tire Hill, Chatham county.
Long Creek furnace, Gaston county.
Rehob th furnace, Lincolnton.
Stonewall furnace Lincolnton
Vesuvius furnace, Lincolnton county.
Pansoey furnace, Stokes county.
Sapona furnace, Davie county.
Gulf furnace, Chatham county; now building.
Madison furnace, Lincolnton.

ALABAMA.

Brierfield furnace, Bibb county, use charcoal.
Cornwall furnace, Cherokee county, use charcoal.
Stonewall furnace, Cherokee county, $100,000; use charcoal.
Tecumseh furnace, Cherokee county, $175,000; use charcoal.
Etowah Mountain furnace, Coosa river, use charcoal.
Rock ironworks, Cherokee county, use charcoal.
Irondale ironworks, Jefferson county, use charcoal.
Red Mountain furnace, Jefferson county, $200,000, use coke.
Roseo's Valley furnace, Jefferson county, projected.
Turkey Creek furnace, Jefferson county, projected.
Woodstock furnace, Calhoun county, $600,000, use charcoal.
Shelby furnace, Calhoun county, $240,000 preferred stock, use charcoal.
Alabama furnace, Talladega county, $120,000, use charcoal.

GEORGIA.

Etna ironworks, near Rome, $75,000.
Rising Fawn works, Dade county.
Lodge Valley furnace, near Rome.
Dalton furnace, near Cartersville.
Round Mountain.

TENNESSEE.

Rockwood furnace, Chattanooga, use coke.
Sucker furnace, Knoxville, use coke.
Oakdale furnace, Oakdale, use coke.
Centreville furnace Jonesboro, use charcoal.
Cave Creek furnace, Greenville, use charcoal.
Green county furnace, Greenville, use charcoal.
Unoka furnace, Unoka, use charcoal.
Hussong furnace, Sullivan county, use charcoal.
Madison furnace, Bristol use charcoal.
Carter furnace, Knoxville, use charcoal.
Lambert furnace, Carter county, use charcoal.
Cumberland furnace, Cumberland Gap, use charcoal.
Brownsport furnace, Brownsport, use charcoal.
Dora and Bear Spring furnace, Stewart county, use charcoal.
Clark furnace, LaGrange, use charcoal.
LaGrange and Eclipse furnace, LaGrange, use charcoal.
Rough and Ready furnace, Stewart county, use charcoal.
Cumberland furnace, Dickson county, use charcoal.
Warley furnace, Dickson county, use charcoal.
Vesuvius furnace, Clarksville, use charcoal.
Lewis furnace, Lewis county, building.
Wayne furnace, Waynesboro, use charcoal.
Tallico furnace, Monroe county, use charcoal.
Buffalo furnace, Poplar Springs, use charcoal.

METHODISTS AND EPISCOPALIANS.

Uniting churches seems to be a problem as difficult to solve as the mixing of oil and water. The effort is "like the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." The various Presbyterian denominations have made many efforts to unite, but they are still divided by jarring, antagonistic factions. The breach made in the Methodist church seems to be impassable. Politically, the American people have buried out of sight forever the passions engendered by the war, and have resolved that no sectional hat shall disfigure our country, and that the glory and prosperity of one section shall be that of all sections. The future unity and harmony of the country may now be considered as secured. The people of the south are oblivious to all past differences, and are attached to the Union and the constitution with unalloyed devotion. The north has manifested a readiness to grasp every fraternal hand, and to unite with all sections in promoting the glory, grandeur and prosperity of a common country. But charity, patriotism and christian unity have not yet been able to put to shame the bitter hatreds which prevent the union of the Methodist churches. The Baptist denomination has made an effort to unite, but the same immovable bigotry has paralyzed the movement. And now an attempt has been made to bring together the Methodists and the Episcopalians. The discussion between these two denominations relative to a reunion grows in interest as it progresses, and is attracting general attention. Men of enlarged views are becoming weary of systems based on fragments of truth. An army divided into fragments and disciplined tactics is wholly and entirely worthless, and the great army of christianity disjointed, divided and subdivided, is weakened just in proportion to the number of dissenting factions. Lift the squads are powerless, but when united they become an impregnable phalanx. Verily is it true that in unity there is strength. No cause can conquer which is made up of disconnected strugglers. The religious world will watch with much interest this attempt to reunite the two great Methodist and Episcopal churches. The Chicago *Tribune* favors the movement, because the two denominations are mother and daughter, and that ought no longer to dwell apart, having the same habits, tenets, beliefs and modes of thought and worship.

Gleaning in France.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives the following decision as to the law on this subject in the French republic: In all countries the right or privilege of gleaning is a fruitful source of dispute. Poor folk must appeal to holy writ for their charter in England; but in France, henceforth, they can rely upon the court of cassation. Thus the law is laid down: "A landowner may not turn sheep into his field until two days after the harvest shall appear to garner, so as to allow the gleaners sufficient time for the exercise of their rights. If a proprietor or farmer have the right, so long as his field is not wholly reaped, to pick up for his own profit ears of wheat dropped by the harvesters, he has no power to cede that right to other persons, even though it be done in charity, seeing that the poor would thus be deprived of resources which the humanity of the law has reserved for them." Any municipal regulation to the contrary will not be upheld before the tribunals. So the great question of gleaning is settled forever in France.

The Egyptian Book of the Dead.

The Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, or *Funeral Ritual*, contains, probably, the oldest existing record of the faith of man in the immortality of the soul. Its chapters are found on mummy cases or written on the rolls of papyrus within them. The book recounts the experience of the soul after death, from its passage across the land of darkness into the blessed fields, to its final judgment and admission into the presence of its Father in the eternal "dwelling place of the prepared spirit." The following passages show its express declaration of a future life: "The osiris (the soul) lives after he dies; the osiris rejoices after he dies; he rejoices." "O Ged Gwo thousand, the protector of him who brought his cry to Thee, he is Thine, let him have no harm; let him be as one of Thy flying servants! Thou art he; he is Thou! Make it well with him in the world of spirits!" It is supposed that the *Book of the Dead* had its origin Gwo thousand years before the birth of Christ.

The Boomerang.

Chicago Tribune.]

A traveler tells us something of the singular weapon used by the natives of Australia, the boomerang. He saw them used by the natives. They ranged from two feet to thirty eight inches in length, and were of various shapes, all curved a little, and looking, as he describes them, like a wooden new moon. They were made of a dark, heavy wood, and weighed from one to three pounds. Its thickness they varied from half an inch, and taper to a point at each end. One of the natives picked up the piece of wood, and, poising it an instant, threw it, giving it a rotary motion. For the first one hundred feet or more it went straight ahead. Then it inclined to the left and rose slightly, still rotating rapidly. It kept this latter course for a hundred feet or more, perhaps, but soon veered to the left again, describing a broader curve, and a moment later fell to the earth six or eight feet in front of the thrower, having described nearly a circle in the air. Another native then took the same boomerang and cast it, holding it with the same grip. It took the same course, but made broader curves, and as it came round the black caught it handsomely in his right hand. Another native next threw it, and lodged it on the ground about twenty feet behind him, after it had described a circle of two hundred yards or upward. After him they all tried it, and but one of them failed to bring the weapon back to the spot where they stood. Carnboo, a native, then selected from the heap of boomerangs another one, and cast it with a sort of jerk. I flew very quickly for forty or fifty yards, whirling like a top. Then it darted into the air, mounting fully one hundred feet, and came over our heads, where it seemed to hang stationary for a moment, then settle slowly, still whirling, till he caught it. Two others of the blacks then did the same thing. Meanwhile I had with my knife shaved a little of the wood from the convex side of one of the boomerangs. This is now offered to one of them to throw. He took it without noticing what I had done, poised it, but stopped short, and with a contemptuous glance at my improvement, threw it down and exclaimed: "Bul budgery!" (no good). The others then looked at it cautiously, but it was a tale budgery also to them. No one could be induced to throw it. Myers asked them why they did not use it; but they could not give a definite answer. It was plain that they did not like the way it poised, when held in the hand, yet I could not distinguish any difference whatever between this and the other weapons. Burleigh then walked the distance of two hundred feet or more from the blacks, and held a carnboo throw to him. The native looked at him a moment rather curiously, then, comprehending what was wanted, he selected one of the heaviest of the missiles, and turning half round, threw it with great force in a direction almost opposite that where Burleigh stood. The weapon speed smartly for sixty or seventy feet, then tacked in an instant and flew directly at Burleigh, and, had he not most expeditiously ducked, he would have received a hard knock, if nothing worse. It struck the ground twenty or thirty paces beyond. This feat brought out a broad grin and something like a chuckling from the whole of them. Carnboo even intimated that he would like to try another shot, and Burleigh expressed himself fully satisfied. Mr Smith, however, offered to "take a shot," but not at too short a range. We were standing in front of one of the storehouses. Carnboo placed Smith in front of the door and stood with his back to him, with Smith's hand on his shoulder. None of us knew what sort of a maneuver he had in mind, not even Myers. Standing in his position, the black threw the boomerang straight ahead. Immediately it curved in the air. Then it disappeared around the corner of the building, and, before he had time to guess what was meant, it came round the other end (having passed completely round the storehouse) and gave him a sounding slap on the back, which made his eyes snap.

Names of Counties.

In looking over an official list of the counties in the United States, says an exchange, some interesting facts are developed. There are in all 1441 counties. The letter most largely represented in the naming of these counties is S; the next M, and the next C. More counties are named after Washington than any other President of the United States, the number being 28. The name of no other Presidents is represented by counties occur as follows: Jefferson, 23; Jackson, 21; Madison, 19; Monroe, 18; Lincoln, 17; Grant and Polk, 12 each; Johnson, 11; Harrison, 9; Adams, 8; Taylor, 7; Van Buren, 4; Pierce, 4; Buchanan, 3, and Fillmore and Tyler, 2 each. In many cases, however, in the above list, counties were not named after the Presidents, but the selection of a name was influenced by local considerations. There are 22 counties named after Franklin, 19 after Colfax, 17 after Marion, 2 after Fremont, 3 after Greeley, 1 after Hendricks, 8 after Benton and Boone, 9 after Cass, Marshall and Putnam, 14 after Carroll, 11 after Douglas, and is after Montgomery. The names of almost all of the revolutionary heroes, except Arnold, are represented in the list.

THAT poem about Mary and her lamb has been translated into Chinese, and this is the way it begins:

Was gai name Moll had lamb,
Fess as snow white as
Evy place Moll gai walkee
Ha, lus, boppee long too.

The California Wine Crop.

Santa Rosa Democrat.]

The production of the State this year will be at least 8,000,000 gallons, divided about as follows: Sonoma, 1,000,000; Los Angeles, 800 000; Solano, nearly 500 000; Napa, 700,000; El Dorado, 400 000; Yolo, 500,000; Auburn, 400 000; Yuba, Sacramento and Marysville, 1,200 000; Colusa, 300,000; Santa Clara, 500,000; Santa Barbara, Ventura, San Bernardo, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Tehama, Lake and other counties not enumerated, say 1,500,000—making the total above given. Sonoma is the large win-producing county in the State, having last year, for the first time, exceeded the product of Los Angeles. In the next few years a larger number of vines will come into bearing, increasing the present production almost one half. The vintage is two weeks sooner than last year.

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A Great Scandal in Spain.

The following pleasant Spanish story is moving the round of some of our contemporaries in the shape of Madrid correspondence, though the origin of the report is said to be traceable to the office of a Spanish paper in this city: Revolution is again imminent in Spain. The usual precursors of a storm (standards and bills addressed to the army, and to the people) have already made their appearance on the streets, and are slyly passed from hand to hand under the very noses of the police, and in spite of all their efforts to suppress them. The spirit of revolution is just now doubly fomented by a mysterious and foul tragedy, all knowledge of which the authorities are vainly endeavoring to cover up. Several persons have already been arrested and hurried off into dungeons, nobody knows where, simply for having been heard speaking of the subject on the streets or in the *cafes*. The newspapers have been threatened, and not one of them dares lisp a syllable on the subject. But it is constantly talked of in bated breath, with closed doors; in fact, the whole story has been printed on small slips of paper and secretly circulated. The facts appear to be as follows: The king and Duke of Sexto have been corrupting the daughter and the wife of an officer in the army, whose house is second or third door from Mr. Cushing's. He was in the north fighting, but hearing of the king's frequent visits at his house, he came suddenly to the city, and entering his home late at night, found the king and the Duke of Sexto in the house; shot at the king, but missed him, and was himself shot dead by the Duke of Sexto, who was behind him. The street police heard the pistol shots, and came running to the rescue, but were sent about their business. The body was given to a night watchman, who carried it nobody knows where, and is now receiving, it is said, four hundred dollars per month. The maid servant, who was an eye witness of the murder, disappeared the next day—some say she was assassinated. But she had had time to tell her lover. When he found she was disposed of, he hid himself for some days, but venturing out at last, was found dead in the street—stabbed—one morning. The judge let re whom the case of the first murder should have come being a man of more than usual firmness of character, and having a knowledge of the facts, was determined that some kind of justice should be done. Many flattering official positions were offered him if he would desist from his purpose, which he sternly refused to do; when suddenly one of the papers announced that he had committed suicide. The other papers do not dare even to mention his death, or to make any comments. And the courts have taken no notice of the wide business, though the story is already repeated from lips to lips in Barcelona. The mother and daughter have been private married off to two of the assassins, and a bitterly rhymed like he following have been printed and circulated on the streets:

En la doctrina Christiana
Hice enquinto, no mas;
Pero, lo que aprendi bien
Por miedo de no pecar,
Tiene un exclopo asesina.

Which rendered literally is:

In the christian doctrine
Says the fifth commandment, Do not kill;
But the Almighty sentry,
For fear of not sinning,
Have a sixth: Do not assassinate.

As the Catholics have omitted the inconvenient second commandment, the sixth has become their fifth. The jump on the Duque of Sexto's names they setting, as has been said, time may also be read in Spanish. "Have a Sexto, who assassinater." I cannot vouch for the truthfulness of all the details of this horrible story. But there seems to be no doubt that the officer came home at night and found Alfonso and the Duque de Sexto in the company of his wife and daughter; that he was shot by one of them, and his body disposed of secretly; that the maid servant and her lover have suddenly disappeared; that the wife and daughter have been privately convicted in secret that the judge died by violence; that there has been no judicial investigation; that there is intense feeling in the community; that the papers have been profoundly silent; that several persons have been imprisoned for talking of the subject; that Canovas del Castillo, the prime minister, has resigned; and that a radical change has been made in the ministry in a liberal direction in the hope of warding off a revolution. The young king appears to be quite under the sway of his mother. As is customary in Spain, those who surround the sovereign try to govern him by his passions. So, it is said, Amadeo was ruined and the peace of his family destroyed. They see the end and regret what they have done. The corruption in high places and in low is appalling. From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness in them. None of the English, French or German papers make any allusion to the scandal. The only one which makes any still more doubtful, is that the young king had ample means for sending the colonel to Cuba or some other distant station, whence he would have been unable to return so unexpectedly. The Duke de Sexto is a cousin of Lucalleno, who is said to have been the assassin of the colonel, is a man about fifty, and the husband of the widow of the Duke de Moray.

For the Sunday Appeal.

THE GRAVE OF FIRST-LOVE.

BY S. S. V.

A wee myst'ic grave I can descry.
Unseen by every other eye;
My first-love within is buried deep—
Be still, pole shadows! hushing spirits, sleep!

So entrancing sweet, so witching fair
Was my love—so fair, so sweet, so rare
Hope a thing sodear it would linger long—
Hush, taunting voice! 'tis an old love-song!

Late, once so grand, the world, once so wide,
Narrow have grown, and now abide
Within this small grave, hidden and low—
Close your lids, sad eyes! oh, look not so!

Flowers are growing about the mound
Wherein my nest and my life are bound—
Flowers with a perfume so deadly sweet—
They stifle my soul! they hinder my feet!

Some paths with hope and promise seem so bright
I might walk them with footsteps gay and light;
But that myst'ic grave forever I see,
And a wicked hand from hence is chiping me!

Poe's Opinion of Irving.

In 1838 Edgar Allen Poe wrote the following letter to Mr. Graham's Magazine, in reply to a request to prepare an article reviewing the entire works of Washington Irving:

"PHILADELPHIA, September 4, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR—I duly received your favor with the ten dollars. Touching the review I am forced to confess that I now. I should be most unwilling not to execute such a task well, and this I would not do at so short notice, at least now. I have two other engagements which it would be ruinous to defer. Besides this, I am just leaving Arch street for a month, and feel in consequence somewhat in confusion. My main reason, however, for declining is what I flatter myself I can fairly call a sufficient one, viz: I could not do the review well at short notice. The truth is, I can hardly say that I am conversant with Irving's writings, having read nothing of his since I was a boy, save his *Grenada*. It would be necessary to give his entire works a repersusal. You see, therefore, the difficulty at once. It is a theme upon which I would likewise very much to write, for there is a vast deal to be said, and Irving is much overrated, and a nice distinction might be drawn between his just and his surreptitious and adventitious reputation—between what is due to the pioneer, solely, and what to the writer. The merit, too, of his mere style, grammar and fullsomes of style should be candidly weighed. He should be compared with Addison, something being hinted about imitation, and Sir Rodger De Coverly should be brought up in judgment. A bold and *a priori* investigation of Irving's claims would strike home, take my word for it. The American literary world never saw anything of the kind yet. Seeing, therefore, the opportunity of making a fine hit, I am willing to hazard your frown by a refusal, and a failure would assuredly be the event were I to undertake the task at present. The difficulty with you is nothing, for I fancy you are conversant with Irving's works, old and new, and would not have to read for the task. Had you spoken decidedly when I saw you I would have adventured. If you can delay the "Review" until the second number, I would be most happy to do my best. But this, I presume, is impossible. I have given your letter quite a flattering emphasis. Nelson would not aid me, being much pushed himself. He would, no doubt, have added me if possible. Present my respects if you see him. Very truly, yours,

"EDGAR A. POE."

Messages Under the Sea.

Boston Herald.]

He (the ocean telegraph operator) taps the "key" as in a land telegraph, only it is a double key. It has two levers and knobs instead of one. The alphabet used is substantially the same as the Morse alphabet—that is, the different letters are represented by a combination of dashes and dots. For instance—suppose you want to write the word "boy." It would read like this: "-. ------.---" B is one dash and three dots; O three dashes, and Y, one dash, one dot and three dashes. Now, in the land telegraph, the dashes and dots would appear on the strip of paper on the other end of the line, which is wound from a cylinder, and perforated by a pin at the end of the bar or armature. If the operator could read by sound, we would dispense with the strip of paper, and read the message by the "click" of the armature as it is pulled down and stopped by the electric magnet. The cable operator, however, has neither of these advantages. There is no paper to perforate, no "click" of the armature, no armature to "click." The message is read by means of a moving flash of light upon a polished scale produced by the deflection of a very small mirror placed in a "mirror galvanometer." Which is a small brass cylinder two or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool or bobbin, composed of several hundred tons of very small wire wound with silk to keep the metal from coming in contact. It is wound or coiled exactly like a bundle of new rope, a small hole being left in the middle about the size of a common wooden pencil. In the center of this is suspended a very thin, delicate mirror about as large as a kernel of corn, with a correspondingly small magnet rigidly attached to the back of it. The whole weighs but little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fiber of silk, much smaller than a human hair and almost invisible. A narrow horizontal scale is placed within a darkened box, two or three feet in front of the mirror, a narrow slit being cut in the center of the scale to allow a ray of light to shine upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind said scale, the little mirror in turn reflecting the light back upon the scale. This spot of light upon the scale is its index by which all messages are read. The angle through which the ray moves is double that traversed by the mirror itself, and it is, therefore, really equivalent to an index four or six feet in length, without weight. To the casual observer there is nothing but a thin ray of light, darting to the right and left with irregular rapidity; but to the trained eye of the operator every flash is replete with intelligence. Thus the word "boy," already alluded to, would be read in this way: One flash to the right and three to the left—B. Three to the right—O. One to the right, one to the left, and two more to the right is Y, and so on. Long and constant practice makes the operators wonderfully expert in their profession, and enables them to read from the mirror as readily and as accurately as from a newspaper.

Something to Read on Sundays.

Atlanta Constitution.]

The whole family climbed out of the wagon and went into the Atlanta book store. They were father, mother, and a sixteen year old daughter.

"Mister, we want ter sorter git somethin' good to read on Sunday, which is powerful lonesome in the country."

"Shall be glad to serve you, sir. What will the ladies like?"

"What d'ye want, Sofy?"

"I'd choose somethin' 'bout the new fashions, pa!"

"Of course, I thought a know'd that! Kin you fix her out!"

"Oh yes," replied the storekeeper; "we have here *Godey, Leslie, Harper's Bazar, Peterson, Demorest*, and numerous other magazines."

"Gody? Why you don't tell me he' live an' figurin' out fashions yet, do ye?" cried the old man.

"Oh, yes?" was the reply.

"Well, I declare! snakes and cobbarred breeches! Why, ole'oman, don't ye mind ye thet we hed our weddin' close fixed up arter his plan? Godey! I reckon he's gone, yer'll take Gody, and I'll bet the bob-tailed mule an' the black shoat thats what the gaz is the fashion can't be disputed!"

"What will your wife like?" asked the merchant, as the old man paid for the magazine.

"Somethin' thats got good church readin' in it—some religious paper, ef ye please," replied the old lady.

"Here is the best we have—the *Christian at Work*"

"Hold up, thar! Is thet got any of thet Beecher an' Tilting biz'ness, in it?"

"None o' yer biz'ness, anyhow! S'pose there is?" fired up the old lady.

"Tain't, jest!"

"No, 'tain't! So's it's church readin' it don't bother you, sir; so dry up!"

"Well, mebbe that's so; an' what I read don't bother you too? All right, mister; just hand me out a few illustrated papers full of pictures of boys with stripes on, an' stocking's on an' fifty dollar garters, and——"

The old lady shucked the *Christian at Work* under the table, grabbed the old man by the ear, and if he had worn striped stockings, about eleven inches of them would have been seen from the tops of his shoes and the bottoms of his pants' legs, as she made him walk Spanish out to the wagon.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee, tell me, Dimple-chin,
At what age love begins to bloom?
Some blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a mere die of sweets
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair!
When dimples learn a heart to win?
Prithee, tell me, Dimple-chin!

"Oh," the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
Tis so long I can't remember;
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, O, tell me, grizzled face,
Do your hearts, that need no lace,
When does hoary love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December's snow?
Love yet soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does love give up the chase?
Tell, O, tell me, grizzled face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Love will pass and strength may die;
But of two I can't forelore;
Ask some older sage than I!"

A Rare and Curious Book in St. Joseph.

St. Joseph Herald.]

We have been shown a most interesting file of original newspapers, bound in a good state of preservation. They consist of the first year of the first official paper of the United States, published in the then village of New York, when congress assembled there, April 5, 1789 called the *Gazette of the United States*, and contain the proceedings of the final congress; the reception of General Washington, when, in his language, "he was wafted across the bay from New Jersey in a flat barge by thirteen pilots clothed in white uniforms;" the ballot of the electoral college, in which, a fact not known to us before, it appears that Washington only received sixty-nine of the one hundred and thirty eight votes cast, and the stranger fact that these papers, including the inauguration, did not take place on the day appointed by law for their observance—the excuse given being that "it was an unfavorable season of the year for journeying." In the entire four hundred and fifty pages not a dollar's worth of advertisements appear. A lottery is advertised to aid in repairing the city hall for the use of congress. The prospectus of this pioneer in American journalism states that "by an arrangement made with the stages and packets, the paper will be published with the *Gazette*." The paper is somewhat discolored by time and the type are of the old style, with the long "s" looking very much like our little "f." The book is, beyond all doubt, genuine, and as the owner is willing to part with it we suggest that it be purchased and put up at auction or raffle for the benefit of our Centennial fund. But one other complete file is known to exist, and that is the property of the New York Historical society at Albany.

How he Wanted his Picture Taken.

Sherman Register.]

Yesterday a young man with a wart on his nose dropped in at the Sherman photograph gallery and remarked that he wanted some pictures taken.

"Will you have it standing or a bust?" quoted the artist.

"Burst!" exclaimed the fellow, as he picked up his hat and started for Minden; "I take a man who would come into a picture gallery to get on a bust?"

They explained to him, and finally persuaded him to sit long enough for a negative. The picture was a good one, and the nose stood and like a blacken' in a bay window.

The fellow looked at it, and as he handed it back, said, "Shoot again, old pard, and see if you can't make the wart look like a piece of chewing gum."

The yokel him that it could'nt be done.

"Well, anyhow, pard," he pleaded, "my name's Truffles, and I'm engaged to a girl back in Indiana, and she wants my picture. She don't know I've got this wart; it's growed since I left there; and if you could just rub it out of the picture and make it look like something that she's familiar with—a slice of bacon, for instance—I'd feel better."

They fixed it up for him, and when he went out he chuckled

"That'll seem more like one'll just naturally think I'm fat with round in solid comforts like bacon and string beans and sich."

Prayers of the Reformed Brahmans.

Indian Mirror.]

O God, help the woman of the land, help our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters. Father, Thou knowest how miserable is their condition. Intellectually and socially they are in the midst of darkness and sorrow. Grant that they may join in our pilgrimage to the heavenly land, and share those precious blessings of knowledge and faith which Thou art showering on us in these days.

To Thee, O Omniscient God, are known all the obstacles that lie in the path of spiritual growth. Thou knowest that our relations to our wives are not favorable to our progress and cause much uneasiness and impurity. They are not what they ought to be, helpful companions in our spiritual journey. Thou has given them to us that they may lighten our sorrows, sympathize with us in our misfortunes, soften our hearts, and help us in sanctifying our homes. But they have not proved helpful to us in the way Thou desirest, both on account of their own faults and the manner in which we treat them. In the world they help us; but, O Lord, they impede the soul's growth in faith, love, purity, and communion. They are not our companions in our prayers, in the deeper concionsness of religious life. Bless them, God, and make them our spiritual friends and companions, that we may see Thee together, and serve Thee together, and with one heart glorify Thee forever and ever.

The French Statue.

London Telegraph.]

M. Edouard Laboulaye, president of the Franco-American union, requests the press to notify that he will receive subscriptions for a statue in bronze representing about sixty-five feet high, which shall represent "Liberty enlightening the world." This statue is to be placed upon an island in the harbor of New York, Jersey, and Brooklyn. On the threshold of this vast continent, full of new life, where come all the ships of the universe, it will rise from the bosom of the waves. At night a luminous aureole, emanating from its brow, will spread far over the immense ocean."

THE MATTER-OF-FACT FATHER.

Fold his little hands together, gently dry his
teeth apart,
Kiss the damp and pallid forehead 'fore you
dump him in the cart;
There's fourteen millions gone before him—
those that we could not well spare,
Then would you have me stop the funeral?
No! stand the casket over there.

Now, there was William Henry Shakspeare,
who one could write a story book—
A smart young man as ever lived—but he this
earth at last forsook;
We never since have seen his equal in writing
books and digger ollys,
But he had to go wi' th' rest of 'em, in haste
and numerous divers ways.

There also lived a Mr. Cæsar, a Roman general
of some renown,
An side-de-camp to General Grant at the demise of old John Brown;
But all is still and strategy could not compete with wary Death,
For it woke him up one Saturday night and waked away with his balmy breath.

There also was Marc Antony taught three-card monte and legerdemain,
Who married first, then settled down, and never after was seen again;
He settled down some nineteen feet—an him grim Death did get the drop
And his widow supports herself and children by filing saws for a carpenter's shop.

Then should I weep or make a fuss to interrupt the good divine?
If angels craved his presence there, why, it is no affair of mine!
No doubt the boy would like to stay, and linger around with his liver complaint,
But he was no better than Mark or Julo, so he's gone to be a saint.

So, weeping mourners, fall in line, and let the Hanson students belch,
And, Mr. Sexton, carry the box, assisted by Cornelius Welsh.
And hold it very daintily when you reach the second flight below,
For the neighbors there have met to pass their opinions on our traveling show.

This where old Mrs. Grummer lives, whose husband lately climbed the spout,
And being a nice old body, you know, she pride herself on the laying out;
She's got a mob of vampire hags to watch and take the scene by in—
She's made much reckoning of late to ride out with consum