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Poetic Trifles.

From Temple Bar.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

"Twas Monday, on a grassy mound
Beside the forest deep,
I saw a child stretch'd on the ground—
'Twas Cupid, fast asleep.
His beauty struck me first above
All boys I'd ever seen,
But, as I'd sworn to banish love,
To look I did not mean.
But, ah! those limbs of perfect shape,
Pressing the fragrant sod,
I felt his icy fingers wake—
A breath awakes the god.
He quickly spreads his rosy wings,
And, bending straight his bow,
With one of his sharp arrows stings
My heart, and lays me low.
Go now, said he, to Chloë's feet,
And laugh till thou art free—
In vain he pity you'll treat—
For roasting me from sleep."

Our Olio.

From Appleton's Journal.

The American in England.

There are many things with which English people are so familiar that they look upon them as something quite necessary to the order of nature, but which strike an American traveler with greater surprise than anything that an Englishman sees to blame in the United States.

An American, for example, on reaching London and walking along any of its streets, is painfully astonished at the wretchedness and rags that are constantly before his eyes. He is annoyed by ragged and even by well-dressed beggars that meet him everywhere—not only in the streets, but in the hotels, dining rooms, theatres, and places of amusement. Everywhere, too, by night and by day, he meets with drunken men and women, and dirty, ragged children. The number of public houses and drinking shops seems enormous. The newspapers every day contain numerous reports of cases of drunkenness and its consequences, and philanthropists deplore the excessive drinking habits of the people. Yet no successful attempts are made to reduce the number of places licensed to sell intoxicating liquor.

The number of policemen also seems extraordinary. Disorder and crime must abound when so many officials for their repression are required. The hotel-keeper is expected to charge for attendance in his bill; yet well-dressed beggars, in the shape of waiters, demand additional money from the guest who is leaving. An American learns that there are in the world strong, able-bodied men who actually pay money for and wear hard in situations, in order to obtain a right to be gilty. It is the same in theatres and places of amusement. Payment is made for the entertainment, but the respectably dressed beggars, in the shape of box-keepers and other attendants, are not ashamed to beg on their own account. It is the same in traveling; the guards and railway porters beg for money, if not in words, by signs equally unattractive, and, if not satisfied, will give only grudging attendance. Even in churches the same system of begging from strangers is practiced.

On seeing the number of blind and other afflicted people in the streets, a foreigner is astonished to learn that the National Government, which is so lavish of its money to many who neither deserve nor need it, gives nothing toward curing or supporting asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and other hopelessly and helplessly afflicted. There are hospitals maintained by voluntary contributions, professing to give relief to the poor, but with very few exceptions, it is with the utmost difficulty that any benefit can be derived from them. Accidents are attended to, but other cases of distress can obtain relief only through letters of recommendation and trouble some processes of canvassing and begging. Criminals are treated in a prison, but the honest poor have hard lives.

The English bankruptcy laws, and also the marriage laws, seem scandalous and disgraceful to any foreigner who has the misfortune to acquire the slightest knowledge of them. They seem made for the express purpose of giving bad men the legal right to wrong their fellow creatures. When an American sees in the public reports of the proceedings of the Bankruptcy Court a case headed "In re—," he connects the bankrupt with too highly connected to have his name appear before the public—what he fears that much of the crime in the land is committed by men whose time for previous convictions has not yet expired—and when he sees that great crimes, such as theft, wife beating and the adulteration of food, are but lightly punished, while such trifling offenses as an aged pauper refusing to work in the workhouse is punished with inhuman severity, he reads with a sense of contempt the criticisms of "Our Own Correspondent" of the London papers.

If an intelligent Englishman should know of a family named Smith, who in their own opinion monopolized all the virtues of England, who were ever applying the family name to every quality good and great in human nature, and who were ever speaking of "true Smith courage," "Smith honor," "Smith generosity," "Smith love of fair play," and so on, he would be nearly as much amused as a foreigner is at hearing a whole nation do the same thing, and assuming to itself all the virtues of the civilized world, by the boasts of English courage, English honor and English love of fair play.

A foreigner, while amused at the idea of all the virtues being thus qualified by the word "English," also observes that many crimes are stigmatized as "un-English," and that this is often the case

with crimes that are seldom committed by any people except her Majesty's subjects.

An American is amused by seeing judges and lawyers in the English courts dressed as though they were going to represent the character of Mrs. Partington on the stage. An American cannot imagine how it is possible for others to think that such an attire confers the slightest dignity. With him it conveys nothing but respect, when seen with a beard.

With regard to peculiarities of speech, whether of dialect or accent, in traveling through England there is found a large proportion of the population who speak English unintelligibly, in fact far worse than any people in Canada, the United States, Australia, Ireland, or any part of the world where the English language is spoken. Yet Englishmen are about the only people in the world who ridicule foreigners who can not speak their language correctly.

An Original Obituary Notice.

The editor of the Colorado Herald had occasion to leave town for two or three days, and he committed his paper, during his absence, to the charge of a young man, a novice in journalism, whom he had just engaged as his assistant. Before leaving, he instructed the ambitious young editor not to permit any chance to go unimproved to force the paper and the very small size of the subscription price upon the attention of the public.

"Always keep before your mind the fact that the object of this paper is to extend its circulation," he said; "and whenever you see a chance to insert a puff of the Herald in any notice you make, pile it on as thick as you can. Keep the people stirred up all the time, you understand, so that they will believe the Herald is the greatest sheet in this United States."

The parting tear was shed, and the editor left. The following night, while he was far away from home, his wife died very suddenly. Upon the assistant devoted the duty of announcing the sad intelligence to the public. He did it as follows:

"WE ARE NOT FORGOTTEN." "We are compelled, this morning, to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor, who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the Herald a first class journal. Last night death suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away from her domestic hearth (the best advertised under the head of Stoves and Furnaces upon our first page), Mrs. Agatha P. Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the Herald. Terms, three dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother, and an exemplary wife. Office, over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. "We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee." Job printing solicited. Funeral at half past four, from the house just across the street from the Herald office. Gone to be an angel now. Advertisements inserted for ten cents a square."

Well, the editor arrived home that day at noon. Slowly and sadly he was observed to stomp with a double-barreled footstep, into which he carried about two pounds and a half of nuggets. He marched over to the office, followed by an immense crowd. The assistant editor at that moment was busy in painting a big placard, to be tacked on the house. It bore the legend: "Hay your coffin of Stumps, over the Herald office." The assistant editor cast his eye around, and perceived his chief. Care sat upon that cheek, and under clothed his brow. He levied his gun. The assistant did not wince. With one wild and awful yell, he jumped from the second story window, and struck out for the golden shores of the Pacific. It is believed he swam over to China. But the Herald has only one editor now, and the clerk has six orders to blow out the brains of any man who brings obituary notices to that paper.

ANAGRAMS.—The following very curious transposition of the letters of a number of words have been sent to us by a subscriber for publication:
Astronomers—No more stars.
Impatient—Tim in a pet.
Masquerade—Queer as mad.
Matrimony—Into my arm.
Melodrama—Made moral.
Midshipman—Mind his map.
Parliament—A hire parson.
Partisanship—Partial men.
Penitentiary—Nay I repeat.
Radical Reform—Rare mad frolic.
Revolution—To love ruin.
Sir Robert Peel—Terrible Poser.
Sweetheart—There we sat.
Telegraph—Great heat.
Florence Nightingale—Flit on cheer.
Catalague—Oat a clue. [log angel.
Old England—Golden Land.
Lawyers—Sly ware.
General—Real fan.
Christianity—Its in Charity.

TEA GROWING.—A gentleman from Baltimore, Md., who has been engaged in tea growing in India for some years, is now at Mobile making arrangements for establishing an extensive tea plantation. He is satisfied, from careful examination, that the tea plant will grow to the vicinity of Mobile, and prove a profitable crop.

The printer who would set anything" was requested by the Executive Committee of the Poultry Show to "set" a hen. Typo was equal to the occasion, and opened the coop, and Dame Parlett flew out, he claiming he had "set her"—at liberty.

A sick man was told that his wife would marry again. "All right," said he, "there will be one man to lament his death."

Something About Anvils.

In a deserted shop in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, there rests on its block an anvil that has done duty for more than three hundred years. It is said to have been made in 1633, when Ellwood Pomeroy, after welding for the Stuarts the ponderous horse shoes of the same style and pattern that his ancestors had made during many generations of the Tudors and Plantagenets, grew weary of taxes without law and work without wages, and, anvil in hand, sailed for the new world. A deft workman he threw in the settlements, and left his anvil as an heirloom to his descendants.

They show you in the Tower of London the anvil on which the sword was forged that Richard Coeur de Lion used in his famous contest with Saladin; and at the collection of Pompeian excavations in Naples there is an anvil, certainly older than the Christian century, which, if precisely the shape we use, had evidently done service for stalwart workmen of many generations before the city was buried.

But better still, in the Egyptian room of the British museum, there is a veritable anvil of the Pharaohs. It is older than Rome, older than Greece, older than Jerusalem, as old as the days of Abraham, and probably its existence when the patriarch "was come into Egypt, and the Egyptians beheld the child that she was very fair." It is just like a modern anvil, made apparently in the same way weighing about seventy five pounds, and as sound as when it was first struck by a hammer thirty centuries ago.

The old way of making anvils, and still the process by which the larger number is manufactured, is as follows: The business commences by welding a quantity of the choicest iron—usually scraps that come from broken tools, shavings out of use, steam boilers worn out, and the like—into a mass which becomes the nucleus of the anvil. These scraps brought to a white heat in the furnace, are subjected to that process known as the "trip hammer," under which, twisted and tumbled, flattened and rounded, the "concrete" goes a rough approximation to the desired form. It is then, in company with another piece of iron, called the "second weld," recommitted to the furnace. Reaching the necessary heat, both "nucleus" and "second weld" are drawn and placed instantly—this time under the trip hammer—under the blows of the forge-hammers in the hands of the workmen, one beginning the work, then a second joining in, and so on until four are pounding upon the two pieces, fast uniting into one, in rapid and regular succession. The work is then regular in the work by the action of the lead hammer, each man directing his hammer to that part indicated by the leader's blow. An on-looker has no idea of this, and he is naturally surprised to note that under all their apparently reckless blows, the glowing mass gradually assumes form and shapelessness. If the anvil were a small article of trifling weight, it might be possible to forge it from a single piece of iron, as a farrier does a horseshoe. But an anvil weighs from three hundred to a thousand. They are made more than any other article in good faith. A single "put up" anvil might ruin the reputation of the manufacturer. In fact, a large anvil is built up of twenty pieces of metal. Each piece, in company with the ever growing "nucleus," is to be subjected to the heat, the drawing, the hammering, and the shaping already described. The corners which project at the base to steady the parts of the posterior projection, and the rounded sides, are all separately shaped and welded on by the rapid blows of the workmen. Finally, there is the upper surface, made of the toughest steel, which must, at the cost of almost strength of blow and skill of the craft, be homologated with the solid iron that the whole may be in perfect union.

The high temperature to which the workmen are exposed during the twenty "welds" is very exacting. To protect them from the furnace fire a curtain of iron is hung up as a screen. During the process of welding the screen is almost always red hot, and yet it furnishes a protection of which the men are glad enough to avail themselves. The larger the mass to be forged of course the fiercer must be the fire of the furnace to bring the iron to a welding condition; and when the iron has to be shaped by blows delivered at hand, the strikers must come into close condition with their work, and may not flinch from any temperature that can possibly be borne. The professed fire kings, who in public enter heated ovens and remain during the cooking of bread and meat, do not breathe a hotter air nor endure a higher temperature than the anvil makers are subjected to every working day of their lives.

The last operation in the forging of an anvil is the welding of the steel that forms its surface. If this is not perfect, the whole result is a failure. Prompt, energetic, and skillful action, not an instant too early or too late, is requisite. Every hammer must be ready. An instant's pause would be fatal. One careless stroke would spoil the labor of a whole week.—*Harvard Home.*

Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes household and other affairs move along more smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be that before dawn some loved one may finish his or her span of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

Good nature, says a polite author, is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty.

The Traveller.

TRAVELS IN INDIA.

Calcutta, Bombay—Influences of the Suez Canal—The Treasures of India—Cashmere Shaws—The Bombay Fashionables on a drive—The Parsees—The Way They Don't Bury Their Dead—India Gods—The Temples of India—Dining Out in the East—The Route to Persia and Aden The Census and Exports of Bombay—Extent of Railroads in India—Sound Banks and a Good Currency.

Mr. James Brooks, while travelling in India, wrote from Bombay, November 4 1871, to the *New York Express*:
Bombay is a very respectable city, with over 800,000 inhabitants. Where they are put, though, I cannot say; but it is a stretched-out city, with long arms, and very long legs, and "considerable" of a body. It is as flat "as a founder," excepting Malabar Hill, and drive, and two other little places of no great note, unless the Government House makes the Parel Hill a notability, and, of course, out here, it does. A Governor in the East is, everywhere, the great "awell." Isn't he the representative of the Queen's majesty? Of course he is; and hence, Sir Edward Fitzgerald, the Governor of the great Bombay Presidency, makes of Parel Hill a great notability—for he is the light set on that hill. Bombay has a fresh, lively, clean look, that reminds one of some of our richest western cities. The business prices do not generally do business under their household establishments, as often elsewhere in the East, but live out in villas, amid the cooling breezes of Malabar. Calcutta is courtly; Bombay is mercantile. There is great rivalry between the two cities. One is the Court, the *ton*, as well as the town, while the other is gathering up, and taking away, the trade and commerce of Calcutta, because here is the near at outlet, by the rail, of India to England, and for all the ships on the seas. The French canal through the Isthmus of Suez, too, that the British merchants so long bitterly opposed, in the fear that the French will thus monopolize the commerce of India, is now the greatest boon to Bombay; for here, now, without bulk breaking, or sailing around the Cape, come steamers from all parts of England, and from Trieste and Brindisi, and from Genoa, Naples, Marseilles, and the whole Mediterranean. Bombay is thus brought into close contact with all Europe, while Calcutta is all the way around the Island of Ceylon, and the bad Bay of Bengal. Bombay says she is, too, "healthier than Calcutta." Calcuttians deny that. "Our par rivers, now, from the rectified Ganges, and our sewers," they say, "make Calcutta one of the healthiest cities in the world." (The world, however, will not believe that for many years to come; for the most that is known of Calcutta in the world, is "the Black Hole" of history, there.) Bombay says, "Look at our magnificent harbor, where whole navies can ride in safety, the entrance to, and the exit from which is easy, while the Hooghly River, the entrance to Calcutta, is dangerous, and costly in pilotage, and ever giving trouble to all the ships that ever go there." Calcutta is silent on that theme. The Suez Canal navigation is concentrating here, directly, the steamships of Austria—Russia, (from Odessa,) and Italy, as well as France—Italy, perhaps more and more the direct trade from London and Liverpool, and scattering it all over Europe; but nevertheless, all is to be to the profit of Bombay.

Bombay is the mart of India manufactures, from the far up country of the futes down to Madras; and hence, one has to shop here, of course—but shopping is easier in India than in New York, for the things come to you, not you to the shops. On the front of our hotel verandah were spread out the treasures of India—boxes of lacquer-ware, work in wool, in muslin, in silver and gold, embroidery, &c., but the Indian, as a matter, now, as a manufacturer, with the Chinese, or Japanese, while the European has stolen almost all his arts from him—all, perhaps, except the Cashmere and Indian shawls. The Indian embroiders yet cheaply, on European fabrics, more cheaply than the European can, and hence, commands a market for some of his fabrics. The wealth of shawls here, however, rather startles the European or American, even accustomed to the high prices of New York or Paris. There was one pair of shawls noted, for which the Indian dealer wanted 5,000 rupees—that is, \$2,500 each. They were very long, very, very fine, but would not quite go through a finger ring, as some say, and of the very finest wool. Prices of the good cashmere vary from \$150 to \$500 and \$1,000; but few, or none, of the latter are sold, except to royalty. Months and months of labor are spent upon some of these cashmires, more than upon the laces of Belgium; and the work upon them is immense. The "wool" of which they are made is the under wool, or hair, of the goat, as of the under hair of the seal, and of the very finest quality. Moore, the poet, has given the world his fancy views of the vale of Cashmere; but his fancy is very near the fact in his poetic description of that beautiful region, which is not yet British, though under the influence and sway of British.

There are many things to see in Bombay, but all cannot now be seen, lively as I have been. I went to the evening drive on Malabar Hill, but, in dash and crash, there is no comparison with the Calcutta fashionable drive. The red and yellow of the turbans, and of the liveries, arrest one's attention. Sometimes it would seem as if all the scurlet in the country was afloat in Bombay. There are fellows, with golden turbans,

swelling out a foot, or almost, on either side the head—but bare legged, and bare footed, with all that. Bare legs is a part of the fashionable livery of India. We see on this drive rich Parsees, out with their equipages; and some rich Hindus, too. There is a Parsee there, in his turban, but it is too hot to shut one's self up in hot walls, these hot nights. The Hindus here, not yet reached theatrical refinements; but their festivals, and show festivals, too, are innumerable. There is a dreadful light, at times, here in Bombay, even to an old traveller like myself, who has reached the *nil ad arari* of Horace almost to the perfection—and that is, a Parsee funeral—a Parsee—interment? No!—a burial? No!—a Hindu-increment, burning up of the body? No! But— I do not know what to call it, and hence, must describe it. Parsees die, of course, and are never buried, like Christians, or Mahometans, or burnt like the Hindus, but taken to a high tower, on Malabar Hill, soon after death, and there, naked, on an open grate, left to be eaten up by the vultures; and their bones, when the flesh is gone, drop through the grate into a vault below! The vultures have learned to snuff a Parsee funeral in the distance, and hover over it, and croak about it; and so sooner is the corpse left on the grate, than they enter upon the scramble for the flesh that is on it! They tell me—I don't vouch for this, though—that at times, in the fashionable quarters of Malabar Hill, on a verandah, is dropped a stray figure, or toe, that the vultures find rather indigestible. The Hindus don't seem to think much of all this. It strikes me as the strangest, most startling of things I have yet to record in all my ramblings.

Long ago have I given up seeing heated temples. One wears after a while, in Europe, even, of cathedrals, to say nothing of churches; but in the East I have seen here so many gods, (they make them, by the way, in Calcutta, now, for export to India,) that I had resolved never again to enter Buddha or Hindu temple. But, on an island about six miles from Bombay, is one, which has so great a name—that is, is so famous—that I went with a pleasant party in a sail boat, to have a luncheon in it, and a good time generally. The temple is called the Cave Temple of Elephants. The Hindus picked out a romantic island for their great temple, and in a solid rock, under two hills, cut out a temple—with *how long*, who can tell? The work is a wonder, almost as much of a wonder as the Pyramids, and more than the Sphinx. We go up to it from the water about half a mile, on stone steps, a stone jelling pavement, the avenue walled with stone on both sides. Two ponderous pillars and two pilasters, forming three openings, and a steep rock, overhung by brushwood, first meet one's eyes. The great temple is 133 feet broad, 131 feet long, and 20 feet high, the roof being supported by ranges of massive pillars, with ornamental capitals of varied designs, all hewn out of the solid rock. Opposite the entrance is a gigantic bust with three heads, supposed to represent the Hindu Trinity. There are two smaller temples, one on each side of the principal one, no worship. It is given up to Bombay picnic parties, and visitors eat, drink, and make merry in it. We placed our table in the opening, with a lake like view of the water before us, that reminded me of West Point; and the feast the coolies brought down to us from the cool air of the temple cave, with an appetite inspired by the little boat voyage. If any reader of mine should ever go there, let him remember he must mount on coolies' backs, so shallow are the waters on the shore. I would like to tell you of the purposes of two of the altars in this temple, but I can only tell verbally, never on paper.

Were you ever invited out to dinner, accepting the invitation, and not knowing where to go, and not knowing enough of Hindostanee to ask anybody? Well, that was my condition, the day of the picnic—dinner, 81 P. M., place 3 miles off—and how was I to get there? Antoinette did the job. Fingers are about as good to talk with as tongues, and that I had—excellent Hindostanee. The Tower of Babel—plan on it—has been the cause of more trouble than anything this world, except Mother Eve's defalcation. I pantomimed into my dinner party a P. M.—a hungry, half-angry, but very polite company awaiting European live here, as in China and Japan, like princes. If they don't soon check their extravagance, the cheaper living Germans, and the cheaper yet Parsees and Chinese, will root them out of the trade of the country. To go to dinner party, in woollens—in a fashionable bob tailed woollen coat, with a well-lined vest and pantaloons, made for the water in New York, the thermometer there often in the neighborhood of zero—isn't exactly comfortable in Bombay, where the thermometer wanders in the 90's; but such is the *dictum* of Fashion in Calcutta and Bombay—and in woolen, and white choker, you have to stand it, if you will dine out with other people. They do say, but I did not see it, that in pity, the master of the feast sometimes offers you a linen jacket in exchange for your woollen coat, which said jacket, by previous arrangement, you bring from home with you; but this was not our case, as we ate, drank and made merry only in the woollens—calmed, however, if not cooled, by the blessed punkah.

But I am off this evening to Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Brindisi—21 days, though yet from London, in one continuous, overhauling steamer motion. I don't want to go home, and I do want to go home; and in this verbal, there is no mental contradiction. The more a traveller goes, the more he pants to go. My mouth is watering for a nice little run on the Persian Gulf, in a steamer, from Bombay to Bassora, and thence, by steamer, on to Bagdad, in Persia, where, close by, I could see what is left of Babylon and Nineveh, and go then to the Euphrates, to Aleppo and Alexandria, on the Mediterranean, where the French steamers touch. If I was a free man, I would go home that way.

Passages to Bassora (by steam)	Rate
Bombay to Bagdad	1,218
Bagdad to Alexandria	500
Alexandria to Aden	900

—of which latter there is steam on the Euphrates to Mesany, which is 15 hours' ride from Aleppo, and Aleppo is 84 miles from Alexandria.

Before I leave Bombay, however, let me add one more statistic.

The census of Bombay, in 1864, showed the following population:

Class	Population
Hindoo	685,968
Mahometan	145,809
Parsee	42,311
European	4,211
Jews	2,572
Total	881,871

Exports last year from Bombay \$12,454,000 Imports 81,720,000

These exports are increasing, in consequence of Bombay's being made the railroad, as well as steamboat centre. Content is the chief article, and our prices current of that article in America are daily telegraphed here. There are 13 lines of steamers connected with this port, four from Europe, the great P. & O. (English) once a week, the Australian Line, from Trieste, the Italian, from Venice, and the Messagerie, from Marseilles—the three last running thro' the Suez Canal, where the P. & O. (English) will soon have to go, or else lose most of its freight and passenger trade.

There have been \$400,000,000 expended upon the India railroads, now over 5,000 miles in extent, and increasing. They reach the Indus now, and are soon going up to Cashmere and Cabul.

The currency of India is excellent. The banks are now in high credit, and their notes circulate all over the land at par, being receivable for Government dues. The rupee (50 cents) is the silver coin. There is a gold coin, but it is hoarded as soon as issued.

Doubtless, you will smile, when you read those letters from India, naturally enough wondering how, in a single week in India, I could pick up so much material, all the while being, as I have been, on the wing. When a traveller reads everything he can lay his hands on, in a country, and is surrounded by intelligent men, who can answer all his questions, he learns a good deal in a very little while. I have been thinking, since I came here, that one might stay at home, and thus travel, with photographic views only of the countries he would visit; but the difficulty, there, is the geography. One can get the geography of a country only in his head by running into it, or over it. This I have done in India; and hence, have gathered up so much in so little time. The world is too big, and life is too short, to go and stay every where. Skim, read, study, hear, question, keep eyes and ears all wide open, and with the geography of a country well in your head, you can understand its commerce, and trade, and life, pretty well afterwards.

A Wonderful Curiosity.

Under this heading, the Virginia newspapers have raised an excitement over a slab of curious stone, lately brought to Wheeling, Va., and put on exhibition in front of one of the stores.

The editor of the *Wheeling Intelligencer* pronounces it "the most wonderful curiosity it has ever been in his privilege to examine," and describes it as "a slab of common white American marble, thirty-eight inches long, seventeen inches wide, and two inches in thickness, which is as flexible as a piece of soft rubber of the same size. It was cut for and used as a hearthstone in the Moundsville Seminary Building which was destroyed by fire about three years ago. Now the question arises, what strange chemical action took place, or in what manner precisely the intense heat, to which the slab was subjected without its calcination at the time of the burning of the building, and its subsequent burial among the debris for the period above named, produced so remarkable a change in the character of the stone? This mystery no one has yet been able to solve or explain. Surely if this knowledge were given to mortals, it is no telling the amount of valuable data that art would derive therefrom. The same chemical process, if understood, might give us flexible glass, the real value of which could never be told.

The oldest workmen in stone and marble declare that they have never before seen anything like it, and we doubt if a similar specimen was ever before noticed. In all the ruins of Chicago, nothing of the kind has been found or reported. Since the slab has been taken indoors and placed near the stove, it has fairly become more and more flexible, a fact which all the more mystifies its character. We hope our scientists will give Mr. Holliday a call and see for themselves the wonderful curiosity, and that at least some one of them shall be able and willing to tell us all about the process of making a marble slab as yielding as a sheet of common paste-board.

The *Scientific American* supposes the slab to be *stalcolomite*, flexible slabs of which may be seen in several college cabinets. This substance is found in North Carolina, and in Brazil, and when cut into slabs might very readily be mistaken for marble. But it appears that the slab in Wheeling is not of that substance, and is, in fact, marble. Its flexibility is a great curiosity which puzzles mineralogists. The owner, Mr. Holliday, has refused an offer of \$500 for the slab.

Political Affairs.

How the People's Money Goes.

The answer of the Secretary of War and the Bureau reports accompanying it, to the inquiry of Mr. Beck, shows what little consequence public officers attach to expenditures, which are frightful to contemplate, and how low, if not worthless, has become a system of accountability, which once served to protect the Treasury against fraud and speculation. The routine directed the Secretary to report the amount of public property sold or otherwise disposed of by the War Department, since June 30, 1865; by what means the sales were made; the disposition made of their proceeds; how much, if any, of said money has been covered into the Treasury, and how much has been spent by the Department without reappropriation by Congress.

These plain and direct questions have been most unsatisfactorily answered by some of the bureau and evasively by others. An evident intention is manifest to keep back perfect information, and to suppress facts, the exposure of which would be fatal to the party that is responsible for the plunder, criminal waste and corruption, which during the history of the last eleven years. We know that the immense stock of material of war, which was on hand when Lee surrendered, and had cost more than a thousand millions of dollars, had all gone into the hands of contractors, the sales has ever been paid for by the Treasury. Repeated attempts were made from time to time to ascertain what amount of money was produced and what became of the money. All such inquiries were resisted until recently, when that under consideration was passed, and the Secretary had once refused to answer.

Let us see what sort of "information" has been sent to the House in reply to this call. The Acting Quartermaster General, answering for his office, says:

Making the total amount received by this Department since June 30, 1865, of excess of appropriations, \$107,959,416.62. All of this has been in payment of indebtedness of the Department, except as before stated, the sum of \$2,277,897.64.

Here is the startling admission, that over one hundred and five millions of dollars were expended "in excess of the appropriations" made by law in a single Bureau and "used in payment of indebtedness." In plain terms, the Quartermaster General obtained from sales of public property and by transfers of money from other sources this enormous amount, beyond what Congress had voted, and spent it all in the payment of claims against his office. This is the most audacious and reckless working of the machinery enables us to understand how hundreds of millions have been absorbed by the claims of Radical contractors and politicians, whose "loyalty" was thus rewarded at public expense. No returns are made by which the validity of these claims may be tested or the names of the claimants subjected to scrutiny. The hundred and five millions of dollars, which the people are now oppressively taxed, are lumped together and treated as mere *bagatelle*, while Congress is coolly told that "all this has been used in payment of indebtedness." Such is the satisfaction given to the country for the outlay of its treasure.

Quite as keeping with the general evasion the report from the Freedmen's Bureau. The act was passed, and the same is true of the Navy-department, and the same is true of the Treasury. The money never "covered into the Treasury," but expended in the payment of claims, or "indebtedness," which is the polite phrase, without an appropriation by Congress. The only situation expressly prohibited, that "no money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law." In spite of this wise precaution, which was designed to prevent the misapplication of public money, and to protect its custody with every proper safeguard, means have been found by artful contrivances and construction of law, to destroy the efficiency of this restriction, and to Court granting a revocation of the same upon the joint application of the parties to be discharged from the operations of the decree, and third, gross protection is given to the children of parties divorced.

The New Divorce Law.
The Legislature, which has just adjourned, adopted during its session a new divorce law containing important provisions which were not in the old law; these are, first, that in all cases where a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* is decreed, the Court may in its discretion decree that the guilty party shall not marry again during the lifetime of the other party, in which case the bond of matrimony shall be deemed not to be dissolved as to any further marriage of the guilty party, contracted in violation of such decree; or any provision on account of a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* shall be deemed not to be a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* if the Court decree a revocation of the same upon the joint application of the parties to be discharged from the operations of the decree, and third, gross protection is given to the children of parties divorced.

Caroline county, on the Eastern Shore of this State, produces some queer things. It is the home of Ocker, the negro frolicking, who handles red hot iron and pours melted lead into his mouth. Mr. William A. Ford, of the same county, has a pet lamb, which goes rabbit hunting with the dogs, and seems to enjoy the sport as much as the dogs do. Some years ago there was a robin in Tuckahoe Neck, which crowed like a cock chicken. It was seen and heard by many, and was the subject of great curiosity.

The Legislature at its late session, passed a law making uniform the pay of County Commissioners throughout the State, excepting those for Baltimore county. It provides that the pay of all County Commissioners shall be three dollars per day and ten cents per mile mileage for every mile over five miles—except the Commissioners of Baltimore county, who shall receive a salary of \$1,000 per year, including mileage, payable monthly.

The Carlists in Spain are reported as being very active, and it seems that they are in league with the Internationals, and only await a favorable opportunity of rising in their strength and attempting the overthrow of the Government; in fact it is seriously supposed that the Internationals in Spain are organizing a movement which will displace itself simultaneously in that and other countries.

Senator Treadwell is said to have written a letter fully committing himself to the Liberal movement and expressing the opinion that the nomination of the Cincinnati Convention will be the next president.

The Mormons have little hope in the success of their application for readmission into the Union as a State.

A Terrible Case of Hydrophobia.

The Pittston (Pa.) Gazette gives the following particulars of a most distressing case of hydrophobia: About eleven weeks since a young lady named Mrs. M., daughter of Miles Cox, of Soddardsville, went into the yard to kill some chickens. The dog followed her, and picking up one of the chickens ran off with it. She chased him with a stick to recover it, and coming up with him he turned upon her and bit her in the arm, lacerating it fearfully. Her mother and brother coming to the rescue, were also badly bitten by the infuriated beast. The wounds, healed, however, and nothing more was thought of the matter. The young woman was engaged to be married to a young man living at Goldboro', named Alfred Karris, and the wedding was appointed to come off at that place about two weeks ago. On the wedding morning as she was about to perform her usual duties, she was seized with a shiver through her whole system, and was unable to get up at the breakfast table the coffee had such an effect upon her that she spilled it over the table. She then complained of feeling unwell, and her friends advised her to remain at home; but she said she did not want to disappoint Al, and accompanied by a sister, proceeded to Goldboro' where the wedding ceremony was performed. Immediately after this she was seized with a shiver, bearing all the indications of hydrophobia. In one of her lucid intervals she warned the company that she would bite them if they did not keep away from her. "But," said she to her husband, "Al, you need not be afraid, I won't bite you." In one of her paroxysms she bit a lady who was endeavoring to soothe her. Soon after assuring her husband that she would not bite him, she was seized with convulsions, and laying back in her arms, died. We have seldom been called upon to record so sad a case as this. For one moment a happy bride and then the victim of a horrid death. The other members of the family who were bitten by the dog have not, as yet, displayed any symptoms of the disease, but they live in hourly dread.

An Iron Famine Fears.

With every furnace in blast, and importations large, the U. S. is threatened with an iron famine. Since Jan. 1, American iron has advanced from \$30 to \$35 to \$50 per ton, rails from \$70 to \$85, and bar iron from \$82 to \$90 to \$103 to \$105. In imported iron the rise is proportionate, English rails having advanced since the beginning of the year from \$58 to \$70 to \$73, gold rail from \$39 to \$52 to \$53, and scrap iron from \$42 to \$45 to \$52 to \$55. The reason is, an enormous increase in consumption; and production has not kept pace with it, because the necessity for iron was not felt until surplus stocks were exhausted. Last year the consumption in the U. S. was about 2,600,000 tons, of which we produced about 2,000,000 tons and imported the balance. Of the consumption last year, one-half was used in railroads. We have now 60,000 miles of railroads in operation, to keep which in repair will require, in addition to old rails re-rolled, 3 tons to the mile, or say 180,000 tons. Last year we built about 7,000 miles of new road. If we build as much this year, we shall require of new rails about 85 tons to the mile, or 616,000 tons. To this may be added for bolts, spikes, joints, switches and the like, say 10 tons to the mile, or 70,000 tons. The capacity of the furnaces now in operation is 2,600,000 tons, to which may be added 150,000 tons as the product of new furnaces now building.

The New Divorce Law.