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Miscellaneous Selections.

A DIRGE FOR KAMEHAMEHA.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

And so our royal relative is dead;
And so he rests from gustatory labors;
The white man was his choice—but it is said
He sometimes would "run down" his colored neighbors.
He worshipped as he growled his fee-fo-fum,
The goddess of the epigastrium.

And missionaries graced his festive board,
Solemn and succulent, in twos and dozens,
And smoked before their hospitable lord—
Welcome as if they'd been his second cousins;
When cold he warmed them, as he would his kin,
They came as strangers, and he "took them in."

He had a hundred wives. To make things pleasant,
They found it quite judicious to adore him;
And when he dined the nymphs were always present,
Sometimes beside him, and sometimes before him!
When he was tired of one he called her "sweet,"
And told her she was "good enough to eat."

He had good taste. Although no wars were rife
He fattest many young men for his navy,
And when he cut them off in midst of life,
He furnished, not exactly grave—but gravy.
He had a bed, but camped out, on his shallet,
While other people occupied his palate!

But the deceased could never hold a candle
To those prim, pale-faced people of propriety
Who gloat o'er gossip and get fat on scandal—
The cannibals of civilized society—
They drink the blood of sisters with their rations
And crunch the bones of living reputations!

They kill the soul; he only claimed the dwelling.
They take the sharpened scalpel of surmises,
And cleave the sinews where the heart is swelling,
And slaughter fame and honor for their prizes;
They make the spirit in the body quiver;
They quench the lights; he only took the liver!

I've known some hardened customers, I wot,
A few tough fellows—Pagans beyond question—
I wish had got into his dinner-pot,
Although I'm certain they'd defy digestion,
And break his jaws and ruin his œsophagus,
Were he the chief of beings anthropophagous!

How fond he was of children! to his breast
The tenderest nurslings gained a free admission;
Rank he despised—nor, if they came well dressed,
Cared he if they were plebeian or patrician.
Shade of Leigh Hunt! Oh, guide my laggard pen,
And write of one who loved his fellow-men!

TOO JEALOUS BY HALF.

There was a jolly sort of scene in Mr. Timothy Thistledown's household, at breakfast, one morning. Mr. Timothy Thistledown had just come down to breakfast, to which Mrs. Timothy Thistledown had preceded him by half an hour, and he sat himself down at the head of the table with a most self-possessed air, and a countenance expressive of the utmost ease and complacency. He had taken it leisurely in the making of his morning toilet. His face was smooth as the shells on the eggs at his left hand. His razor was in good order—he had not cut himself in the operation of shaving. The breakfast table looked nicely in its dressing of immaculate table linen and well-polished silver. The beefsteak in the covered dish was savory of the proper cooking and seasoning. The muffins were hot, just as they should be, and two of the little Thistledowns were anxiously waiting for their share of the eatables in a commendably silent attitude of expectation—for Mrs. Timothy Thistledown was a good housekeeper, and appreciated the proprieties of household management with a keenness of perception sometimes inconvenient.

"A pleasant morning, my dear. Sorry I kept you waiting," said Mr. Thistledown, cutting into the steak.

"Yes—very," replied his lady, pouring out the coffee with a peculiar sort of nervousness, and casting a sidelong glance at her husband.

Singular that Mrs. T. should have answered in such an impendingly breezy manner, and still more singular when she burst into tears and left the table suddenly, at which the young Thistledowns laid down their pet knives and forks and looked after mamma, while the paternal head of the establishment followed, napkin in hand, to divine the possible cause of the difficulty.

And now came the jolly part of the domestic scene. Mrs. Timothy Thistledown had vanished from the dining room only to adjourn to the library and to throw herself down upon the sofa, and bury one-half of her face in the worked cushion, and the other half of the face in her handkerchief. But her forehead, which was not quite covered, either with hands or handkerchief, was so suffused and crimson that the husband and father feared that something serious had happened—so he laid his hand affectionately upon the lady's head, and ventured to ask the question of how she felt.

"Feel, Mr. Thistledown? O! Timothy, Timothy!"

The Timothy so addressed started at the mention of his name in a frightened manner, and raised her from the sofa only that she might spring away from him, and in a tragic tone command him to maintain a very distant and respectful distance.

"I've caught you at last, you brute you! I knew it long ago!"

She suddenly threw at his feet a torn and crumpled note, in a lady's handwriting, which he picked up and read, while his hands trembled more than [illegible] When she was positive [illegible]

The missive was short, [illegible] and without address, except upon the envelope, which bore the name of "T. Thistledown, Esq.," in the center, and was marked "immediate" in one corner, and it read as follows: "I cannot get the furs; will see you to-day."

Mr. Thistledown blushed fiercely—the blush was fierce because the note had been safely placed in his side-pocket, and Mrs. Thistledown had evidently "gone through his clothes" to obtain it, for Mrs. Thistledown was more jealous than was comfortable to her husband, and it was not the first outbreak of the kind which had "enlivened" their matrimonial existence.

"I've found you out at last, Mr. T., that's where the money goes, I see. Furs for somebody else, and that somebody a woman!"

The supposition was a correct one, at least. Furs for a lady were the proper thing in a cold winter, and Mrs. T. had for some time deplored the condition of her own—not that they were worn out, but they were not the style, and Mrs. T. always liked to be well up to the requirements of the fashion.

And yet her husband made no answer. The note was several days old. It had been written by a lady. There was no question of furs involved in its meaning, and he was thrown off his guard by her manner, and just angry enough to smart as she sneered what he considered an overstep thus endeavor of the bounds of even well-founded jealousy, so he answered [illegible]

The two little Thistledowns had followed their parents to the library, and were standing in the doorway, with their little faces the pictures of anxiety, and the boy's, Timothy, Jr., variegated in expression by tears running down his cheeks—so the door was closed against them, and the darlings were shut out from the domestic trouble, while the principals in the little breezy encounter were shut in to have it out.

Mr. T. was doggedly silent; the lady raged and tore around the room, and threw the worked sofa pillow at him, doing more damage to the drop light and shade upon the library table than it did to the gentleman against whom the blow was directed, and without a word, except a muttered sentence, sounding very like, "Confound you!" Mr. Timothy Thistledown left the room, put on his overcoat, and left the house in no easy frame of mind, and the children went to the rescue of the mother, who rang the bell and called up the coachman from his flirtation with the waitress below stairs.

"Quick, Richard, follow Mr. Thistledown; he has gone to Delmonico's, I think! If not, go to the office. Follow him I say, and tell me where he goes and who comes to see him!"

"But, madame," ventured the man, surprised at the orders, "Mr. Thistledown may have—"

"No he hasn't; he took no breakfast, and it's early. Begone, I say!"

She was melodramatic and positive in her manner; she had caught an idea—knew that her husband sometimes breakfasted at Delmonico's. She owned the carriage and horses, and she paid the coachman, and so the coachman would obey her orders implicitly.

And the irate Mrs. T. was right. Her husband thought more of his breakfast than his dinner, and, under Mrs. T.'s domestic management, he had breakfasted at Delmonico's before, under similar circumstances.

And he did not ride down town; he went out from the house, re-lighted a cigar at the drug store at the corner, bought a newspaper, and consumed ten minutes in the operation, and then started straight down the avenue, where the coachman overtook him a couple of minutes before he went in to give his order, while faithful Richard waited outside.

But there was nothing but the chops, coffee, rolls, and the newspaper; no discovery whatever, and would not have been but that Mr. Thistledown sent for a sheet of paper, and an envelope, wrote a note with a lead pencil, and sent it to the restaurant office.

Richard's eyes sparkled at the discovery; he had something to tell at last, and he watched the anglo-Francaise clerk as he gave his directions to the hall-boy, and the hall-boy started off with the note, toward Sixth avenue.

The boy took an upward-bound car—so did Richard, and after a few moments seated himself beside the messenger, whom he knew from the frequent waitings which had been imposed upon him upon opera nights, and a sidewalk acquaintance so contracted.

"Ye're bound for up-town in the early mornin' Frank," ventured Richard, by way of inquiry at the beginning.

"Yes, with a note."

"Ye're to get an anser?"

"No; only to leave it." And the innocent messenger, who knew Richard to be a good fellow, handed out the note, which was addressed to a lady living in—— street, and marked "In haste."

"Ye won't get back for an hour, away up there," said the coachman. "I'm goin' up that way, I'll take it for ye."

Unwilling at first, the messenger finally consented. He had been paid half a dollar for the service, and it suited him to earn it more easily than riding out in the cold; so he gave the note to Richard, who sprang from the car, and Richard followed his example at the next corner, going direct to Mrs. Thistledown with the note and bursting into her presence with the air of a military commander who had captured a citadel and just reached headquarters to make his report.

To say that Mrs. T. was still more angry would be far too little in words to do her justice. Marital infidelity she already suspected, but she did not suspect an appointment at an up-town picture gallery at two o'clock that very day—as made in Mr. Thistledown's note—with a pretty widow who was one of her best friends and a constant visitor at the house.

Mr. Thistledown had named the hour—the place—she knew the lady; and now that the dreadful secret was discovered she determined to follow the discovery to its bitterest end and denouement.

An hour later Richard had delivered the note by proxy of the butcher's boy at the corner, and Mrs. Thistledown was preparing to go out and to visit the picture-gallery about 2 o'clock.

A red dress which she would have despised to have worn upon an ordinary occasion, served as a garment which her husband would not recognize, the borrowing of a cloak trimmed with sable fur from a friendly neighbor, and a thick black veil, were so effective that she sallied into the picture gallery a few moments before time, with the air of a countess, and was secure in the consciousness of her marital dignity and her unsuspected presence.

[illegible] ures were fine, but Mrs. T. had no [illegible] ate interest in pictures; she [illegible] e door and the stairway, and [illegible] back as the widow, whom she had not before suspected, came into the room and warmed her neat little boots and the feet within them at the hot-air register.

The widow compared time with the clock and her own watch, and so did Mrs. Thistledown; the pretty widow was impatient, and so was Mrs. T.; and the impatience of both the ladies in waiting was soon ended by the appearance of Mr. T. in light doeskin gloves, well brushed overcoat, shining hat, and his favorite cane, just as a gay deceiver would probably be when keeping a sub-rosa appointment early in the afternoon at a picture-gallery.

The meeting was not affectionate—they were wary and discreet, thought Mrs. T.

There was no whispered conversation between them; they were up in the business of such meetings—an old story, thought, Mrs. T.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. T., to which the lady answered: "Yes, but I must be back to dinner;" and Mrs. T. was thoroughly satisfied that the faithlessness of her husband was an old matter, and it took all the possible control of her actions to prevent an interruption of the interview and the scene which would be the consequence, as she nervously followed the quiet couple over to Broadway, where they took an omnibus bound down town—and so did Mrs. T., but of another line; and, with the window down, and the cold air reddening her nose and blowing in upon her aching forehead, she was [illegible]

[illegible] den lane she followed them, and [illegible] ow carrier [illegible] she clasped her children to her motherly bosom, and, while she allowed her tears of agony to fall upon their dear little innocent heads, she waited and watched for their father, who had deceived her so cruelly.

But Mr. Timothy Thistledown did not come punctually at the dinner hour; the clock which stood upon the mantel in the library was sepulchral in its tones, and sounded like the knell of her affections as it tolled the hours away, and dinner was cold upon the table, when the sound of wheels at the door aroused her, and the slamming of a carriage door caused her to start.

True enough, it was her husband with the light gloves, the shiny hat, and the pet cane, and he came directly into the library where the light was burning, and where there was no drop-light, for it had been demonstrated by the sofa pillow at their morning encounter.

Mr. Thistledown kissed the children, threw down his newspaper and a small brown paper bundle and said nothing to his wife.

Then he looked at her in a cold, unfeeling manner, she thought, and rang the call-bell.

"Dinner, Jane!" was all he said as the waitress answered the summons, and then his face lightened up with expectation as the sound of the door-bell ringing was faintly heard. And then the cruel, heartless, deceiving husband went to the door—a drop too much, this action, in the cup of matrimonial unhappiness already placed at Mrs. Thistledowns' lips, and which was overflowing with bitterness.

"Stop there, Timothy! Stop, I say! I know all!" shouted his wife, catching him by the arm.

But he smiled at her—a sardonic, deceptive smile, she thought—and opened the door despite her remonstrance.

The pretty widow stood upon the door-step, her pretty cheeks red from the cold, and she came forward pleasantly to greet Mrs. Thistledown and the children, calling her "Maria," as she always did, and stooped down to kiss the children.

She did not, however, although little Timothy, Jr.'s lips were ready for the greeting; a strong hand pressed her back, and Mrs. T. placed her arms around the children in a sheltering manner—just as she had seen the prima donna in "Norma" do at the Academy.

"Stand off from my children, madam!" said the agonized lady, almost overcome by the confident assurance of her visitor; "go with their father, if you choose, but not with my children. They are not fit for you."

She did not pause long enough to think that it was not her proper play to expose her knowledge; but before the pretty widow could render an explanation, or even ask the question which should have preceded it, she told her story, the quarrel at table, the note in the coat pocket, the Delmonico breakfast, the appointment at the gallery, and the visit to Maiden lane, where she had given up the chase and awaited the issue at home, and then handed to Mr. Timothy Thistledown a whole page of closely written letter which she had indicted to him by way of a farewell epistle, and which she had concealed in her motherly bosom till the proper moment for its presentation.

Mr. Timothy Thistledown read the letter, tore it up, and laughed, and then the widow laughed, while Mrs. Thistledown cried.

But the door-bell rang again, and a boy, just alighted from a furrier's wagon, stood upon the steps, extending a box in his little, cold hands.

"For Mrs. Thistledown,—paid,—sign the receipt, please," said the lad, extending a book, open, with his finger pointed to the blank line, where Mrs. Thistledown was to sign for "Two packages—muff, tippet, and cloak."

But the lady did not sign—she left the package in the hall and again went into the library and sank down upon the sofa, while the pretty widow took the book, and, without removing her light gloves, signed the receipt, sitting at the escritoire.

"Too jealous by half, my dear," said Timothy Thistledown, Esq., as he held up the boxes.

But Mrs. Timothy could make no answer.

Mephistopheles.

The character of Mephistopheles is perhaps the most wonderful creation in all fiction. He is not a man in the guise of a demon, like Milton's magnificent Satan, but a true devil, without any mitigating feature, one compunction, one feeling, good or bad. From the time that he appears in the presence of the Lord, in a scene which we must say is not so shocking to our feelings of reverence as it seems to have been in many cases, until the last word of the drama, which he snatches at to destroy if possible the one hope of the dying girl and her miserable destroyer, the completeness of his heartless, soulless, devilish nature is never disturbed by any inopportune breaking in of humanity. The mocking unbelief which chuckles in the very presence of divinity over its own changeless, emotionless estimate of things human, is a more original conception than that of the haughty, remorseful demons who still remember their high estate, and in the very height of their pride are conscious of having fallen. Mephistopheles, however, who still now and then likes to see Der Alte, and finds it good of so great a Lord to be civil to the Devil, is such an inconceivable mixture of cold-blooded impudence and mockery as no human imagination ever before dreamt of. And there is an infinite subtle power in the way in which this being, in the very height of his unmitigated, unimpressionable intellectualism, is yet bound by the most fantastic cantrips of *diablerie* which fascinates the spectator. He who could jeer when he came out of the presence of God, is yet held fast by the pentagram on the floor as if he were some sorcerer's familiar: and has to be thrice bidden to enter, and to go through various other contemptible formulas with a mixture of absolute rigmarole in his supernatural cleverness which betrays a mockery still more profound than the mockery of the devil—the saturnine laugh within a laugh of the man who can create and despise the very demon who leads him to perdition. We do not know of anything that can be put beside this extraordinary creation of genius. Shakespeare was at once too human and too divine—too profoundly moral in his nature—to have been capable of it. He never could have brought himself to sneer at the Sneerer, and to hold up to everlasting mockery only, the worst and strangest and most pitiful impersonation of evil which ever occurred to genius. Other poets have elevated the Devil into a splendid embodiment of despair—they have hated him, contemned, even in a tender turn of the great poet's nature have pitied, the hopeless One; but only Goethe has made him at once powerful and ridiculous, victorious and paltry—the grotesque slave of an angle, as well as the remorseless master of the perishing soul.—*Blackwood Magazine.*

Macaroni-Making.

You would never guess how macaroni is made if you had not seen it. You imagine, no doubt, that they make it like pipes, roll it on wires, or spin it out like glass. If you are in Naples, and you are quite sure you don't care very, very much for macaroni, you had better go and clear up the mystery. The moment you have passed the Ponte della Maddalena you see on either side of you trestles in front of the shops, supporting canes which are covered with a double fringe, long and yellowish. This is macaroni hanging in the sun to dry. The flies know it very well and dot it in thousands, and the little boys know it very well and crawl under the fringe, and just clip the ends and pick up stray morsels that may drop. I saw it hanging just so while the ashes from Vesuvius were still blowing about Portici. Nothing seems to harm it, neither boys, nor dust, nor flies; they add to the flavor. Now, how do you think it is made? Just peep beyond the trestles there into the shop. "Why, by Jove, they are all naked." No, not quite. "What are those three fellows doing, jumping up and down as if they were on a see-saw?" Kneading the macaroni paste. A friend of mine says he has seen them kneading it as they are doing now, but without the beam. "And that horrible old *Spagnoletto* in the bin?" He is performing the first operation to the paste—treading it. "And this troop of maniacs in front, rushing madly backward and forward at the end of this pole, threatening to capsize us every minute?" Why, dont you see, they are turning the screw of the press, and below there out comes the macaroni; while the boy in the hole fans it directly as it is presented to the world. Then he nips it off when it has dropped a certain length and hands it to a lad who spreads it on the canes, and then—the sun, the dust, the flies, and the boys. If you wish to know any more, take away this importunate foreman who keeps jogging my elbow while I draw, and insisting on taking me to look at every detail, while I only want to sketch the whole scene at a distance. He will show you the yellow corn. He will tell you it comes from the country near Brindisi. He will make the wrinkled *Spagnoletto* put water—hot water, mind—on the flour, and tread it under your nose. He will bring you the brass molds at the foot of the press, through which the paste is forced, and fit bits of macaroni into the holes. He will not, perhaps, know that these molds are made in England. By-the-by, do you observe how the master, playing cards yonder in a corner, keeps looking at us a little suspiciously? He half thinks we are learning the secret of macaroni-making, to take it to America, and set up a rival manufactory. Never fear; in America we have not got the Neapolitan water, and that is no great loss. Above Castellamare, they say the best macaroni is made, but I don't know on what the excellence depends.

"Macaroni is only flour and water." That's all. It can't be the substance, then, that delights the Neapolitans; it must be the form. There must be something in the long, snaky strings which tickles the Neapolitan throat and palate.

Progress in Japan.

In his determination to reform his dominion it is clear that the Mikado of Japan is very much in earnest, and the latest budget of news from the East notes the promulgation of a number of laws almost revolutionary in the radical changes that they will effect. The oddest of these is that which does away with head-shaving, stipulating, however, that the top-knot must still be retained. How the Orientals will take to this is doubtful, and possibly for the sake of the safety of his own head it is well that the Mikado's regulation concerning the heads of his subjects is made a matter of option rather than of obligation. Turning from the somewhat unseemly levity of which this regulation is productive, we find in the reforms instituted in the police and judicial system of the Empire an example that might possibly be followed with advantage in cities and States over which the Mikado has no authority, and the fact that he is "pushing these reforms forward rapidly" is not a little to his credit. A reform which may be misunderstood is the law forbidding actors and wrestlers to exercise their profession after January 1, 1876; but any person who understands the kind of dramatic performances that take place in Japan, and who knows how brutal and brutalizing are the wrestling matches that there occur, will not blame the Mikado for narrowmindedness in his abolishment of both—will only wonder that he has granted the three years of grace.

The story about the Mikado and the explosive candles should be taken with several grains of salt. That a native should desire the death of this—from a native standpoint—far too enlightened and progressive ruler is by no means unnatural, but that a foreigner should attempt his assassination is extremely improbable, as his death would be almost certain to send Japan back to the state of semi-barbarism from which, through his efforts, it has been to a large extent reclaimed, and the good days for sharp foreigners in Japan would at once be ended. Probably the most thoroughly Western of the innovations just introduced into this Eastern Empire is the law providing for the creation of corporations. Undoubtedly in no other way can the country be so rapidly developed, but when Japan has been saddled by two or three monopoly railroads it is possible that the Mikado may come to the conclusion that the interests of his dominion would have been better served if it had been developed more slowly but more honestly under his own immediate care.—*Forney's Press.*

The Modoc Defeat.

The Modoc war is again teaching us that when the Indian expects to die he will die game. The telegraphic accounts from the Pacific coast give us the outlines of a battle fought between the troops and the Indians on the shore of Tule Lake, in Oregon, which ended certainly in the defeat of the civilized combatants. Captain Jack, the Modoc Chief, appears to have simply posted his two hundred men behind rocks along a line two miles in length and awaited attack. The position must have been singularly well chosen, for, although the troops outnumbered the ambuscaded Indians two to one, they were repulsed with severe loss. Whatever plan the leaders of the troops had agreed on, it seems to have been imperfectly carried out, as we learn that in consequence of Captain Bernard, who commanded one detachment, having prematurely given battle, General Wheaton "had no alternative but to move to the aid of Captain Bernard without the fire of the howitzers." The troops fought an invisible foe from eight o'clock in the morning until dark [illegible] fire. It is evident that [illegible] he gr[illegible] c[illegible]

it was very clumsily executed. It is now announced that it will require a force of one thousand men to dislodge the Modocs from their strong position, and that the operations until reinforcements arrive will be confined to beleaguering Captain Jack.

There should be no delay in sending forward sufficient troops to make the reduction of this band certain. A loss of forty in killed and wounded, including two officers of the regular army, is a high price to pay for such a barren result, and we hope to hear of no more such experimenting. In the present state of Indian affairs we cannot afford to allow the bad Indians to score a victory against the Government. The extermination of Captain Jack and his band, is a disagreeable necessity. It will stand as a warning to other tribes who wish to follow in the footsteps of the Modocs. It is cheaper to feed than to fight them, say the peace policy men. Granted. But when the Indian gets it into his egotistical head that he can command regular rations, as well as full opportunity for bloodshed, it will require a larger expedition still to keep him quiet. What the peace policy people forget is that a red man should be punished for murder just as much as a white man, and that in the strong arm continuously keeping him in subjection lies the only chance of the good nurse to spoon-feed him with their philanthropic pap. The defeat makes it imperative on the government to teach all the savages a lesson, through their Modoc brethren.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The "Salted" Fields.

A man named Willam D. Brown, of this city, was recently sent by a number of capitalists on a trip to Arnold's salted diamond field in Colorado. He returned on Sunday night, bringing with him several hundred stones of different kinds, but none of any value, showing that the salt has been pretty well scraped up. Among the stones found are small India rubies, a lot of garnets and a few small diamonds. Some of the latter Mr. Brown recognized immediately as South Africa and Rio Janeiro diamonds. He found, after a practical examination, that the stones correspond with such gems as are sold by the quart in Rio Janeiro and at the Cape of Good Hope at from $1,000 to $1,200 a quart.

While at Arnold's salt fields Mr. Brown met a party of eight men from Colorado, San Francisco, and the eastern states, who were on the same errand as himself. They had picked up quite a quantity of stones, but like himself had only done so after much surface digging and washing. There is but little salt left in that locality, and persons about to go on the search would do well to bear that in mind.

Mr. Brown made some other interesting discoveries, which, in conversation with a reporter, he related as follows:

"In order to obtain a correct idea of the geological formation of the surrounding country I extended my examinations south, west, and east, over a large portion of territory, which I found to be a secondary sandstone formation, with very little volcanic. It contains an abundance of coal and iron, showing strong evidence of once being the bed of an immense current when involved in water. The direction of the current was from north to south, extending eight or nine hundred miles in the above direction and about four hundred miles in breadth. I come to the conclusion this was evidently the cause of depositing the immense parallel reefs of sandstone formation and coal.

"At an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea I discovered an immense bed of oyster fossil, which was evidently at some remote period a large oyster shoal. At a rough guess there must be at least a thousand tons of oyster fossil in that section of ten acres. I also found a large quantity of petrified bones—both human and animal—with petrified ancient vegetables, such as turnips, water cresses, sagebush, prickly pears, toad-stools and a large quantity of various kinds of shells. From the formation of the country I do not think that any gold or silver can exist in that locality. East of the so-called diamond fields are the great Sierra Madre mountains, which abound in slate, granite, quartz and porphyry, carrying gold, silver and precious stones."

Mr. Brown says that about two acres of the ground was salted. Outside of that not even a garnet is to be found.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Prussian Occupation in Africa.

A German paper declares that Prussia has made arrangements with Portugal for the purchase of certain settlements on the Eastern coast of Africa—indeed, close to Zanzibar. For a long time Portugal has carried on a considerable trade with that part of Africa, and, it is to be feared, has not made the slightest remonstrance against the traffic in slaves which, or he is greatly libeled, is the principal source of revenue to the Sultan of Zanzibar, to whom Sir Bartle Frere has gone to pay a visit of coercion, in the name of Queen Victoria and in behalf of humanity. That Prussia should desire to have several points of occupation in Africa, toward which the tide of colonization is rapidly advancing, need not create surprise. Prussia is not yet, but is in a fair way to become a maritime power, with ships, colonies, commerce. Already she possesses the river Elbe, which flows into the German Ocean, and her annexation of Hanover, with its considerable line of seacoast, was a great advantage. She had previously possessed a large seaboard in the Baltic. For some months in each year the Baltic is not navigable from accumulation of ice, and all times entrance through the Sound (the narrow strait between Denmark and Sweden) is dilatory, sometimes dangerous. But the proposed ship canal through Holstein, from the North Sea to Kiel Bay, will give Prussia greater command of the Baltic than is now possessed by Russia. Already, if published and uncontradicted statements are to be credited, Prussia has secured a point of occupation on the northern shore of Africa, which gives her a favorable position on the Mediterranean. The Prusso-African colony now being formed on the territory of Tunis, not far from Cape Blanco, is within a short distance of Sicily, and much nearer to Egypt than Algeria. As a capacious harbor is part of this newly-acquired territory, Prussia can easily keep a fleet in the Mediterranean, whenever policy dictates her so to do.—*Forney's Press.*

The Central Asia Question.

England's treatment of the Russian envoy has at least an ugly look about it, and we doubt not but that M. Schouvaloff's return to St. Petersburg without having accomplished his mission has caused not little shaking of heads and shrugging of shoulders among the diplomatic wiseacres of the Continent. It is possible that neither of the Powers means to resort to arms, but the refusal of England to even listen to Russia's proposition can hardly be regarded as conveying precisely this peaceful intention; and as it is a well-established fact that a baffled diplomat is not [illegible] friend of the person or persons [illegible] led him, it is fair to presume [illegible] Schouvaloff will [illegible]

to a blaze, and induce him to settle the Central Asia question by gage of battle at once and forever, and at the same time wipe out the marks of the affront which has been put upon him in the person of his envoy. Alexander of Russia is not a stupid man, and he is not likely to rush into a war with England without duly counting the cost; his recent aggressions look as if he had counted the cost and was prepared for a fight. If this is the case, he can easily enough twist an excuse for breaking his treaties from the treatment accorded him by England.—*Ex.*

Climate to Order.

MARK TWAIN, in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, says: I spent several months in the Sandwich Islands six years ago, and if I could have my way about it I would go back there and remain the rest of my days. It is paradise for an indolent man. If a man is rich, he can live expensively, and his grandeur will be respected as in other parts of the earth; if he is poor, he can herd with the natives and live on next to nothing; he can sun himself all day long under the palm trees, and be no more troubled by his conscience than a butterfly would.

When you are in that blessed retreat you are safe from the turmoil of life; you drowse your days away in a long, deep dream of peace; the past is a forgotten thing, the present is heaven, the future you leave to take care of itself. You are in the center of the Pacific Ocean; you are 2,000 miles from any continent; you are millions of miles from the world; as far as you can see, on any hand, the crested billows wall the horizon, and beyond this barrier the wide universe is but a foreign land to you, and barren of interest. The climate is simply delicious—never cold at the sea level, and never really too warm, for you are at the half-way house—that is, 20 degrees above the equator. But then you may order your own climate for this reason: the eight inhabited islands are merely mountains that lift themselves out of the sea—a group of bells, if you please, with some (but not very much) "flare" at their basis. You get the idea. Well, you take a thermometer and mark on it where you want the mercury to stand permanently forever (with not more than 12 degrees variation) winter and summer. If 80 degrees in the shade is your figure (with the privilege of going down or up five or six degrees at long intervals), you build your houses down on the "flare"—the sloping or level ground by the sea-shore—and you have the deadest, surest thing in the world on that temperature. And such is the climate of Honolulu, the capital of the kingdom. If you mark 70 degrees as your mean temperature, you build your house on any mountain-side, 400 or 500 feet above sea-level. If you mark 55 degrees or 60, go 1,500 feet higher. If you mark for wintry weather, go on climbing and watching your mercury. If you want snow and ice for ever and ever and zero and below, build on the summit of Mauna Kea, 16,000 feet up in the air. If you must have hot weather, you should build at Lahaina, where they do not hang the thermometer on a nail because the solder might melt and the instrument get broken; or you should build in the crater of Kileaua, which would be the same as going home before your time. You can not find as much climate bunched together anywhere in the world as you can in the Sandwich Islands. You may stand on the summit of Mauna Kea, in the midst of snow-banks that were there before Captain Cook was born, maybe, and while you shiver in your furs you may cast your eye down on the sweep of the mountain-side and tell exactly where the trigid zone ends and vegetable life begins; a stunted and tormented growth of trees shades down into a taller and freer species, and that in turn into the full foliage and varied tints of the temperate zone; further down, the mere ordinary green tone of a forest washes over the edges of a broad bar of orange trees that embraces the mountain like a belt, and is so deep and dark a green that distance makes it black; and still further down, your eye rests upon the level of the sea-shore, where the sugar-cane is scorching in the sun, and the feathery cocoa-palm glassing itself in the tropical waves; and where you know the sinful natives are lolling about in utter nakedness, and never knowing or caring that you and your snow and your chattering teeth are so close by.

A Surprise Prevented.

Something less than forty years ago, an elderly gentleman, high-sheriff of a county in Massachusetts, a bachelor exceedingly careful of his personal appearance, and who was really one of the handsomest men of his day, was remarkable for being possessed of a pair of eyebrows that were often called, and with good reason, "superb." They were very long, carefully brushed, glossy, of a gray color, soft as silk, and arching over fine rubicund cheeks and keen, searching eyes, were really noticeable features of rather extraordinary facial beauty. Nobody doubted that they were natural. Everybody admired them. Strangers coming to church, or attending court, always spoke of them. And Sheriff Black, a good man withal in himself, was better loved by widows and spinsters and at least was more talked about by ladies of matrimonial conditions for his handsome eyebrows than for all his deeds of charity. But he never married, and, as was afterwards proven, thereby saved some one of Eve's daughters from a grievous surprise. The sheriff's eyebrows were mole-hair, taken off and carefully laid upon his dressing-table the last time he went to bed, and was discovered there by the coroner who was called in to hold an inquest upon the body, which was found dead in bed the next day.

The Angora Goat.

The hair of this animal has become so valuable an article of commerce, and so little is known generally of the animal which produces it, that the following account from an East Indian letter to an English paper will interest our readers:

The Angora goat is a native of Castambul, which is the most northern district in Asia Minor, situated about 80 miles from the south coast of the Black Sea. The region is mountainous, and abounds with oak and other shrubs. This is the finest class of Angora goat, and the kind which gives the best quality of hair. September is the best time for purchasing. There are three "best breeds," but each varies in appearance and quality. They are thus classed: Castambul, the finest quality and highest luster; Angora, the next finest, but less lustrous; and Bay Bazar, the lowest in quality and luster, but the longest in staple and the heaviest in fleece. The natives cross the finer qualities of Castambul and Angora with the Bay Bazar bucks, and sometimes *vice versa*. This is to keep up the size, and increase the weight of fleece. The Angora and Bay Bazar districts are not mountainous, like Castambul, but flat country, chiefly grass and herb, but lean, feeding even for goats. This want is made up by growing a little [illegible] occasions [illegible] oats and bran are [illegible] is given [illegible]

Cape Eternity.

MR. HOWELLS, in his serial "A Chance Acquaintance," gives the following fine description of Cape Eternity. We quote from the *Atlantic* for February: The rain ceased as they drew nearer, and the gray clouds that had hung so low upon the hills sullenly lifted from them, and let their growing height be seen. The captain bade them look at the vast Roman profile that showed itself upon the rock, and then he pointed out the wonderful Gothic arch, the reputed doorway of an unexplored cavern, under which an upright shaft of stone had stood for ages statue-like, till not many winters ago the frost heaved it from its base, and it plunged headlong down through the ice into the unfathomed depths below. The unvarying gloom of the pines was lit now by the pensive glimmer of birch-trees, and this gray tone gave an indescribable sentiment of pathos and of age to the scenery. Suddenly the boat rounded the corner of the three steps, each five hundred feet high, in which Cape Eternity climbs from the river, and crept in under the naked side of the awful cliff. It is sheer rock, springing from the black water, and stretching upward with a weary, effort-like aspect, in long impulses of stone, marked by deep seams from space to space till fifteen hundred feet in air, its vast brow beetles forward, and frowns with a scattering fringe of pines. There are stains of weather and of oozing springs upon the front of the cliff, but it is height alone that seems to seize the eye, and one remembers afterwards these details, which are indeed so few as not properly to enter into the effect. The rock fully justifies its attributive height to the eye, which follows the upward rush of the mighty acclivity, steep after steep, till it wins the cloud-capped summit, when the measureless mass seems to swing and sway overhead, and the nerves tremble with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice. It is wholly grim and stern; no touch of beauty relieves the austere majesty of that presence. At the foot of Cape Eternity the water is of unknown depth, and it spreads, a black expanse, in the rounding hollow of shores of unimaginable wilderness and desolation, and issues again in its river's course around the base of Cape Trinity. This is yet loftier than the sister cliff, but it slopes gently backward from the stream, and from foot to crest it is heavily clothed with a forest of pines. The woods that hitherto have shagged the hills with a stunted and meager growth, showing long stretches scarred by fire, now assume a stately size, and assemble themselves compactly upon the side of the mountain, setting their serried stems one rank above another, till the summit is crowned with the mass of their dark green plumes, dense and soft and beautiful; so that the spirit perturbed by the spectacle of the other cliff is calmed and assuaged by the serene grandeur of this.

Scientific Thought.

Professor W. K. Clifford very happily distinguishes "scientific thought" from "technical thought." Technical thought predicted correctly all the facts of a solar eclipse long before it was discovered in fact. Technical thought reasons from admitted premises not only to old results, but to new adaptations of old results; scientific thought takes a speculative "leap in the dark," trusting in a law of Nature wider than the discovered law, but in strict analogy with it, and presents a result in advance of any previously arrived at. Having expounded that distinction, this most promising young philosopher of Cambridge points out that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but "human progress itself." I am tempted to add an illustration to those advanced by Professor Clifford in elucidation of his position. Modern Chinese civilization is a good example of the working out of technical thought; while the contemporary history of the Anglo-Saxon race demonstrates the working of scientific thought. We are apt, perhaps, to underrate the mental processes which form the motive power of the national life of the Chinese. Some observers have spoken of mechanical and industrial operations in the Celestial Empire as purely and blindly imitative. But the Chinese do not go to work blind. In the designing and construction of palaces and bridges their engineers and architects exercise a form of intelligence scarcely distinguishable from that of our own engineers and architects, who design and build on well recognized principles. The Chinaman is, in fact, not specially imitative; he is conservative. He does not copy anything new, but follows always in the old track. We must give the race credit for intelligence equal to the work they are doing, but there is no margin. They have no scientific thought and therefore no progress. When did original thinking cease to operate in China? Is Chinese civilization the monument raised by an early family of men whose inheritance was taken from them, and their work carried on, without improvement, by the inferior race which now occupies the country? Or is that stagnation, extending back to prehistoric times, the consequence of the accidental setting up of a conservative fetich which has somehow obtained an almost supernatural power over the mental faculties of the people?—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The New Coinage Bill.

America—and when we say America we of course include the "rest of mankind" in the term—is indebted to Senator Eugene Casserly for a very kindly and graceful care for what some cold-blooded people called sentimentality, but which we all know is something better. The coinage bill, which has just passed the Senate, proposed to strike off the eagle from silver coins of a dollar and less, and substitute figures showing the weight of the coin in grams. The mint officers claim that such a change would facilitate the inter-flow of coin among nations, especially