OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1882.

BLACK DESPERADOES FIRE A SHIP IN THE BAY—SOLID SALVE FOR OLD STAGERS—TELEPHONETICS EXTRAORDINARY AND BEECHER'S VIEWS—OTHER BEECHERISMS—KNIGHTS OF THE THIMBLE TRIMMING DAINTY DAMES—A LILTLE LOAN OF A DOUBLE X AND THE FLUIDITY THAT CAME OF IT—WEBB'S LUCK AND HOW A NAME STUCK—A MILITIA BRIGADIER—THE SIMPLE TRUST OF A YOUNG CITY FATHER.

A fire at sea is supposed to be one of the most thrilling and majestic of scenes. We were treated to one in the harbor the other day, and the cause of the fire was ascertained to be arson by mutinous darkeys. The scamps shipped, got their advance wages and, when off soundings, compelled the captain to return on the ground of the alleged unseaworthiness of the vessel. Knowing that a survey would result in the exposure of the fallacy of their assumption they set fire to the craft, and no doubt expected to get clear off so as to repeat their little game. The petroleum laden bark burned furiously the whole day and far into the night, having grounded on Bedloe's Island, the famous scene of the execution of sundry pirates, to whose number the authors of the last catastrophe might reasonably expect to be joined.

Nearly $35,000 was gathered in for the Actors' Fund at the simultaneous benefits played in New York and Brooklyn. Large individual donors were James Gorden Bennet, who gave $10,000, and Edwin Booth, who chipped in his little $1,000, to help along the more unfortunate of the profession of which he is so bright an ornament.

Telegraph men and electricians generally are excited over the news of some new sound magnifying telephone, by which it is alleged conversation is possible between Chicago and New York, and may become so between places further apart. How convenient it would be if the anxious relatives of our returning Artic explorers could chat with them at Yakutsck, or wherever they may now be in Siberia. Some pretty good ones have been recently connected with Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, the wires running to the houses of gentlemen in New York and Elizabeth, N. J., by which the preaching and music are distinctly heard. Mr. Beecher says he considers the thing a felonious attempt to do away with pew rents. For tired business men the idea would be popular, but for the ladies. They can't study styles in back parlors, or exhibit the latest efforts of their own taste and their husband's pockets.

The Beecher family get plenty of free advertizing somehow. The old man's eloquence earns it, for people like to hear what he says, even if they don't agree with him; but about the proceedings of some of the others we don't hanker quite so much to hear all the details of, especially when their doings are shady, like those of the son who was cashiered during the war as a lieutenant, for misbehavoir in the presence of the enemy, and was promptly restored to the service as a colonel, and provided with a soft place in Washington, where bullets never whistled. It is a nephew in a scrape this time, who has been arrested on an ugly charge of trading worhless swamp lands which had already been sold for taxes, for valuable mining stock.

Our tony topsawyers are getting more English, you know, every day. Ladies have taken to riding a great deal on horseback. Of course the habits are made by men, as also the fashionable Newmarket coats and ulsters, and from this has grown the employment of men to cut and fit other garments for the fair ones, favored with big purses. We can now boast a Gothamite Worth. He don't happen to be an Englishman, being indeed a Bohemian, and he has fifteen polyglot male assistants, French, Prussian and Italian.

The manager of the down-town Delmonico got fooled out of $20 very neatly the other day. A good-looking fellow rushed in and borrwed the money; "I'm De Mott's brother, you know. I'll make it right in the morning," was all he said. Good natured Longhi felt a little puzzled but handed over the money. He sent over to De Mott's in the morning, and in consequence was kept busy all day opening wine to entertain several dozens of other brothers. The brokers don't often get the bulge on the old fellow, and they ran him for all he was worth this time.

Gen. James Watson Webb, the elder Bennet's boss, isn't dead yet but rails away heartily in his old know nothing fashion at all foreigners, especially Irishmen. And he is well liked too. His fortunate son, the favorite son-in-law of Vanderbilt, owed his lucky marriage more to his father's intellectual pre-eminence than to his own wit or money, of which he didn't own as many dimes as his wife did thousands of dollars, and now another singular compliment has been paid to the old man. A Mr. Smith has long been known by the nick-name of Courier Smith, from having been employed on the old general's paper, and has now, at his earnest request, had the name legally attached to him.

There has been quite a sharp competition for the coveted position of Brigadier General in our First Division of the Brigade, which comprises the Seventh, Sixty-Ninth, and Seventy-First regiments. After a multitude of ballots which resulted in nothing, Govenor Cornell cut the Gordian knot by appointing an outsider who had once been a Lieut.-Col. of the Seventh, and now everybody is mad, that is almost everbody, but that seems to be Cornell's luck nowadays. Col. Emmons Clarke of the Seventh wouldn't serve. He was unanimously elected. It is possible that the slighted Colonels will resign. In the Prussian or English services it would certainly be expected, supersession by a junior being considered a delicate hint to get out gently and be let down easy.

Alderman Harry G. Jones, of Brooklyn, is being tried for complictiy in the frauds by which his brother-in-law Stuart, late Secretary of the Board of Education, got away with a quarter of a million dollars or so. His defense makes out that he innocently believed Stuart's yarns about inherited wealth and fabulous sums received for selling his alleged commission in the British army, and never suspected anything wrong when he lived like a prince on the salary of an average bookkeeper. So guileless some people may be. If the jury can only believe this stay-at-home militia hero (not of Hornellsville), he'll get off. Otherwise, he probably won't.

RADIX.

GLEANINGS.

Boston has 12,896 gas-lamps, and 7,587 of them were broken last year.

Adam missed one of the luxuries of life. He couldn't laugh in his sleeve.

A south Florida lake is said to contain enough alligators to build a fence around it four feet high.

Mining on the Comstock lode has not been so discouraging in the past decade as now.

By a new fast mail service all points in Florida will be reached twenty-four to thirty-six hours sooner.

The oil production in the Allegheny field has reached a daily average of 12,000 barrels.

The Mississippi house of representatives has passed a bill to prevent the sale of tobacco to minors without an order from their parents or guardians.

A "school" for the instruction of Erie railway brakemen in the use of the Westinghouse airbrake is to be established at Hornellsville.

In Gold Hill, Nev., houses and lots which a few years ago were valued at from $2,000 to $5,000 each are being raffled off.

It is said that an angle worm cannot dig more than one inch per hour, but he is always an inch beyond the shovel when you want fish bait.

Agricultural Commissioner Hawkins, of Tennessee, is making arrangements for experimental tests of the effect of commercial fertilizers on the crops in every county in the State.

Union Springs, N. Y., the home of Courtney, the oarsman, is the home of Phœbe Brockway, who claims to be 108 years of age. She never rode on a railway car.

An angry woman in Newport, R. I., threw a fork at her son. It lodged in his heel, making a slight wound, which resulted in gangrene, from which he died in great agony.

Swedes and Danes are said to be colonizing in Florida. Already have nine hundred settled in Orange county, and are proprietors of profitable orange groves.

Jefferson Davis' daughter Varina is a great belle in the South. She is pale, slender and reserved. At a recent ball she appeared as the Margravine of Beiruth in a rose pink velvet and satin costume.

In a breach of promise recently tried at Dublin the first love letter read by the plaintiff began as follows: "If anyone reads this except Miss Helen McNulty I hold him accountable before God and justice."

Thomas Miller, of Harrison county, Kentucky, an industrious, hard-working man and the father of twelve children, has discovered himself to be the only living heir to an estate in Lexington worth $50,000.

Sheriff Bandy, of Lebanon, Tenn., showed some children how to work a pair of handcuffs, and fastened them on his wrist. He took them off next day when his deputy returned from the country with the key.

"The man who is happy is rich," says Peter Cooper. Uncle Peter, send on your ducats and take our happiness for the next six months. We want to know how it will seem to be rich and miserable.

The first cat taken to Gunnison City sold for $16, but the first man in that town who killed a cat was presented with a purse of $50. There's no show in this country for the cat to get ahead.

A Milwaukee girl wants $5,000 damages because she wasn't quite ready to be kissed when a man kissed her. He ought to have blown a horn or rung a bell and given her thirty seconds' warning.

Herr Karl Gehmia, of Berne, after a series of experiments extending over several years, has succeeded in producing artificial mother-of-pearl, undistinguishable in every respect from the natural article. It can be molded in any shape, produced in any color, is impervious to heat and cold, and its price will be much less than that of ordinary mother-of-pearl.

A physician in Dayton, O., in making out a death certificate, headed it "Mt. Gomery county." The Dayton *Democrat* says he has lived in Montgomery county all his life, and has invariably spelled the name in this original manner.

It is stated that the pistol now in use in the British army and navy is likely to be discarded in favor of a weapon with a quadruple cartridge, which will yield the advantage of easier and more rapid loading, no escape of gas, and less liability to accident.

A countryman was pulled from the track in front of a moving train at Chattanooga, and narrowly escaped with his life. A basket of eggs he carried on his arm was broken during the excitement, and he was much incensed over the matter, so much so that he tried to swear out a warrant against his deliverer.

German fat cattle must fare badly if they are fed upon such food as certain "powdered meat" lately largely advertised in Berlin. On the compound being analyzed by a Munich chemist, not a particle of true meat was to be found, and the only animal substance contained proved to be—glove-leather.

A Rockland mother went to the door and called the heir into the house. "You weren't sliding on Sunday, were you, Freddie?" she reproachfully exclaimed. "No, mother," replied the youthful Freddie, proudly; "I cannot tell a lie—I was sliding on the ice."

At a recent meeting of the Rhode Island Historical Society, at Providence, the announcement was made that thirty acres of land, covering the historic site of the old French camp, had been secured by a citizen and would be given to the city as a park. The site is the highest land in the city, and is very eligibly situated.

The Bi-Centennial Association of Philadelphia, is negotiating with the owners of the Letitia Penn house, for the purchase of that structure, which is soon to be demolished. The building, which was constructed in 1696, is said to be the oldest in Philadelphia, and if the association secures it, it will be erected in Fairmount Park.

Paradise Valley, in San Diego county, California, seems to deserve its name, since it yields all manner of fruits. The apple, orange, lime, lemon, fig, olive, guava, peach, pear, grape, strawberry, apricot, etc., flourish there. Some brown Turkish figs grown there measured four inches in length and six inches in circumference.

Once upon a time a woman died, and as the mourners were carrying her to the grave they tripped against a stump and let the coffin fall. She revived, having only been in a deep trance. Two years after she really died, and as they were carrying her down the same road and neared the same stump the disconsolate widower sobbed: "Steady, boys! Steady there! Be very, very careful!

A gentleman in Paris owns a handsome and valuable dog named "Bismarck." He recently received a note from the German embassy inviting him to remove the name from the dog's collar and to cease calling the animal by it, under pain of prosecution, upon the ground that the patronymic belongs exclusively to the German chancellor, and the embassy can not allow it to be publicly applied to a dog.

Ebery provision ob Natur may be wise, but I doan see why a baby should suffer so much in cuttin' teeth. A dog doan hab no truble, neder does a coon, but Natur gives fits to de baby. And dis, de preachers tell me, is on account ob de political trickery ob Adam. I'se glad dat he was counted out ob de garden ob Eden. Ebery body dat walks de flo' wid a teethin' chile is a natural enemy ter dat man.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

The golden chalice in the principal Catholic church at Carlsruhe, Germany, has been sold to Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort, for £8,000. It is a beautiful work of art, and is ornamented with precious stones. It bears the date 1608. This chalice was given to the church by the late grand duke of Baden, and it has now been sold, with the permission of the bishop, in order to defray a debt on the church.

An Incident in Atlanta.

A subscriber at Atlanta says: A lady, accompanied by her sweet, golden-headed little girl of some 3 or 4 years of age, was walking on a side street in Atlanta leading to a more crowded thoroughfare, when an old-looking man, dressed in shabby, country-made clothes, and who was sitting on a box on the sidewalk smoking a pipe, jumped up, and rushing forth after the child, kindly and admiringly snatched her little hand, exclaiming:

"How d'ye do? How d'ye do, baby? Oh, how purty ye look! Goin' ter town, are ye?" and stooping down: "Won't ye give the old man a kiss?"

With an apologizing look at the mother, as the little one responded affectionately to his hug and kiss, the old man continued with a broken voice and with tears:

"I had one onced—I had one—but (pointing to Heaven) she's gone—gone up yonder!"

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

It was nearly the end of the London season. In another week a wearied legislative assembly would close its labors for the session, and trains hurrying north, south and west, would convey the jaded votaries of pleasure to seek change on the moors, in yachting excursions, or well preserved plantations. Indeed, many were already gone from town, but there were still enough left to more than comfortably fill Lady Seaburton's spacious drawing rooms in Eaton Square, and furnish more couples than could conveniently find room in the department devoted by her ladyship to the last ball of the season.

Two of the guests who had been dancing together to the melodious strains of a dreamy waltz, drew themselves free from the crowd and sought the awning-covered balcony, deserted for the moment; and then, looking out over the moonlit square, Hubert Daryll ventured the question which for months

Bribed by a Kiss.

A temperance lecturer who had been at work in the towns of the Hudson has been giving a reporter a page from his early experience in Michigan. Previous to his arrival in a small town where he intended to do some work, the boys had agreed among themselves to go to the meeting, but not to sign the pledge. He appealed in vain for recruits in the temperance cause; not a man would move. At this stage of the proceedings the belle of the town sprang to her feet and cried out in the sweetest of voices,—

"Boys, this is really too bad. Won't you sign the pledge?"

Not a soul moved from his seat. Again the fair belle appealed to the men's better nature, but it was of no avail; they had promised they wouldn't sign. Finally the lady said,—

"Now, boys, I'll kiss the first man who signs the pledge."

At this juncture up jumped a backwoodsman, who exclaimed,—

"Sis, I'm yer huckleberry. Whar's yer pledge, till I sign."

The brave girl kissed the fellow, and the cheering which followed made the building rattle. This incident broke the ice, and before the reformer left the town nearly every one had donned the ribbon.

Victor Hugo's Joyous Faith.

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal Spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at 20 years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work;" but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland, because the truth compels me as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

How to Report a Wedding.

"I say!" said the reporter, "I don't know whether this is right."

"Don't know whether what is right?" demanded the city editor.

"This wedding. I went there to-night, and they gave me a heap of rot about their frocks; but I don't know whether it comes out straight or not. Now, here is Mrs. ——, I've got her in a panier silk, trimmed a la gros grain, with black point lace underskirt and box-plaited hair. Does that sound natural?"

"Who sent you to a wedding?" asked the city editor, contemptuously. "Don't you know that gros grain is a color? That was a gros grain, box-plaited dress, trimmed a la black point lace, and her hair was combed en panier. You ought to know better than to get things mixed that way. Who else did you get? How was the bride dressed?"

"I've got her all right," replied the West-end reporter. She wore a white bouffant, with a princess of Thule veil; the underskirt cut decollette around the bottom, and trimmed with a basque at the sides."

"That's better," said the city editor, encouragingly. "That sounds something like. How was her hair?"

"Her hair was shirred," replied the West-end reporter. "Shirred at the sides and corsaged on top."

"I don't believe that's right," observed the city editor. "Read that again."

"It was corsaged at the sides and shirred on top," said the West-end reporter, referring to his notes.

"Of course," smiled the city editor. "It makes all the difference in the world. You never saw a woman with her hair corsaged on top in your life."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

In this life of error, ignorance, and strife, where nothing is for long, and griefs, like joys, are only what our circumstances, our caprices or hopes make them, why should the black ball cast a longer shadow than the festoons of marriage or the anthem of baptism? The burden of life is in the thought, never in the event. The joys that move us, the hopes that sustain us, the fulfillments that disappoint and sadden us, are the creatures of our own imaginations. They are no more real nor enduring than the gloom thrown upon a festive crowd by the passing of a funeral procession.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A printer who got his fingers in the machine said he felt the power of the press.