The Manchester Journal.

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BY C. A. PIERCE & CO.,

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LOUIS NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM HAM.

BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.

Among the remarkable events in the career of Louis Napoleon there is none of more thrilling interest than his escape from the Castle of Ham. To the success of this attempt the Emperor owed his throne. Had it failed, he would again have become the laughing stock of Europe as a Quixotic adventurer, and been spared the splendid failure of later life.

On the 6th of October, 1840, at midnight, Louis Napoleon, then thirty-two years of age, was taken from his cell in the Concergerie and placed in a carriage to be conveyed to a feudal stronghold about ninety miles northeast of Paris. This was the fortress of Ham, in which he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment by the Chamber of Peers for his second attempt to dethrone Louis Phillippe. Within its massive walls, garrisoned by four hundred men, sixty being on duty all the time, the prince had a few steadfast friends to share his captivity. Among them was his valet, Thelin, who in early life had been a page of the Empress Josephine. He afterward faithfully served her daughter, Hortense, and accompanied the Prince, her son, on all his ill-starred adventures. Though acquitted by the court, he requested and obtained permission to share his young master's imprisonment. Another faithful adherent was Count Montholon, who, having followed the first Napoleon from victory to exile, and witnessed his death at St. Helena, manifested similar devotion to his reputed nephew. At her earnest solicition, the Countess was permitted to share her husband's captivity. Dr. Conneau, the devoted physician of Hortense, who in her will requested that he should always remain near her son, accompanied him on the Boulogne expedition, and was sentenced to five years imprisonment.

The apartments occupied by Louis Napoleon were those formerly tenanted by Prince Polignac, the minister of Charles X. after his overthrow in 1830. He was allowed as much freedom as was consistent with safety; but the precautions used for preventing his escape for a long time baffled his hopes. Nearly six years passed away before a favorable opportunity occurred. About a year before, Dr. Conneau's term of imprisonment having nearly expired, the government remitted the remainder. At his earnest request, however, he was allowed to stay in the fortress as physician to the prince. Both he and Thelin were now free to enter and leave the castle, subject only to the usual military regulations. For eight days workmen had been employed in repairing the staircase and corridors of the building occupied by the prince and his friends. Their ways and the precautions used by the guard in letting them in and out of the fortress were carefully studied. It was observed that when they entered the outer gate of the castle they were obliged to pass, one by one, under the inspection of a sergeant and keeper. On leaving in the evening, they were subjected to the same rigid scrutiny, the commandant being then always present.

It was also noticed that, while the movements of the workmen within the citadel were carefully watched, when they went out to get tools or other working materials the usual vigilance was relaxed. As at such times they passed across the grand court yard under the windows of the commandant and in view of the garrison, no suspicions were excited, and they were freely allowed to pass through the gate and over the drawbridge. Having obtained this information, Louis Napoleon determined to escape in the disguise of a workman.

Arrangements were accordingly made for the attempt on Saturday, the 23d of May, 1846, at seven o'clock in the morning. This time was fixed upon because at that hour only one keeper would be at the bottom of the stairs, the other having gone for the public journal, while the commandant seldom rose before eight. It was very important also to reach Valenciennes in season to take the four o'clock train for Belgium. At last the day came to carry out the project for which everything was in readiness. It was, however, frustrated by what seemed an unfortunate accident. The arrival of some of the prince's friends compelled a postponement of the attempt till the following Monday. The delay was alarming, for there would then be two keepers instead of one at the foot of the stairs, and it was doubtful whether there would be workmen enough about the fortress to cover the escape. Wishing to turn his friends' inopportune visit to advantage, the prince borrowed their courier's passport for his valet, Thelin, who he said was about to take a journey. He had previously procured one for himself from a friend in Paris.

Sunday passed amid great anxiety. As the repairs were nearly finished, it seemed doubtful whether many workmen would return to the fortress on the next day. Thelin, to make this more probable, asked them to put up shelves in a recess which was used for a cellar. Besides the danger of being detected by the guards and doorkeepers, there would be great risk in meeting the workmen, who were moving in all directions, under the superintendence of a contractor and an officer of engineers.

At an early hour on Monday, the 25th of May, 2846, the prince, Dr. Conneau, and Thelin, with their shoes off, watched behind their window curtains for the arrival of the workmen in the courtyard. No sound broke the deep stillness but the measured tramp of the sentinels. Singularly enough, the very soldier whom Louis Napoleon was particularly anxious to avoid was that morning on guard before his door. This man had long been a confidant of the commandant, and had attracted the attention of the prince by his rigid surveillance over the workmen, scrutinizing their appearance and questioning them about their movements. It seemed a forlorn hope to attempt to deceive this Argus. There was danger that he would not be relieved before seven o'clock, and was unsafe to wait after that hour because three guards would then be at the wicket.

Luckily, the hour of mounting guard had been changed, in consequence of a review on Sunday, and at six o'clock the dreaded Sentinel was removed. It had been arranged that Thelin should induce the workmen and supervisors to accompany him into the dining-room to take a morning dram. Then he was to go down stairs in front of the prince, and thus attract to himself the attention of the keepers. In crossing the courtyard, Thelin was to follow Louis Napoleon, and divert the attention of any one who might happen to address him.

The prince was not long in preparing his toilet. He first put on a dress like that of a traveling clerk. Over this he drew a carpenter's soiled blouse and a pair of dirty trowsers. The rest of his costume consisted of a blue apron, tied in front, a wig of long black hair, an old cap, and heavy *sabots*. With his face and hands smirched and his cherished moustache shaved off, the metamorphosis was complete. He had concealed in his breast two letters, which would inevitably reveal his his identity if he were searched on the frontier; but he decided to take that risk. Nne was from the Emperor Napoleon to his mother, full of proud hopes for her boy, and the other was from Hortense hers lf. They were memorials of brighter days.

Leaving the workmen drinking in the dining room, Thelin went down stairs, followed by a grimy-looking man in soiled clothes, with an old clay pipe in his mouth and a board on his shoulder. It was Louis Napoleon. While the valet engaged the attention of one of the keepers, who wished him a pleasant journey, the other drew back to avoid being hit by the board which concealed the familiar face of the supposed workman. As the prince passed into the courtyard, a journeyman locksmith, who had followed him down stairs, seemed about to speak to him; but was prevented by Thelin, who contrived a pretext to send the fellow up stairs again. On passing before the first sentinel, the prince's pipe happened to drop from his mouth. As stooped to pick it up, the soldier looked at him mechanically and passed on.

As he walked along, the prince met many persods perfectly familiar with his face and figure and deeply interested in detecting him. Near the sutler's shop he passed close to the officer of the guard. Not far off an officer of engineers and a contractor of the works were looking over some papers. His road led through a score of soldiers sunning themselves in front of the guard-house. The drummer looked up superciliously at the man with the plank; but the sentinel did not appear to notice him.

The gate-keeper, standing at the door of his lodge, gazed at Thelin, who, to attract his attention, was playing with Ham, the prince's dog, a pet of the garrison, which he held by a leash. The sergeant who was standing by the side of the wicket, looked steadily at the prince; but a sudden movement of the plank, which nearly grazed the face of the soldier, caused him to turn aside. He then drew the bolt and opened the door, with his head averted. The prince passed out, followed by Thelin, who wished the gatekeeper "good-day."

Between the two drawbridges the prince was startled at the approach of two workmen, whom he could hear expressing surprise at not knowing him. To conceal his face, he shifted his plank from one shoulder to the other. The movement seemed to increase the curiosity of the workmen, and as they stepped near, as if about to speak to him he thought discovery inevitable, when he heard one of them exclaim: "Oh, it is Berthoud!" This surprising mistake revived his drooping spirits. But the danger was not yet over.

While Thelin went for a carriage, the prince walked round the town of Ham to St. Sulpice. There he waited for the arrival of the cabrolet. When it came up, he threw away his plank and wooden shoes, jumped into his seat, seized the reins and drove rapidly toward St. Quintin. The two travelers were soon startled to see two mounted gendarmes from Ham following them at full speed. Their apprehensions were speedily relieved, for the horseman turned off toward Peronne. At each change of horses Thelin tried to conceal his face with his handkerchief; but was nevertheless recognized by sevtral persons. One of them was the commissary of police, who was on his way to Ham. A woman, who had often seen him, expressed surprise that the *valet de chambre* of the prince should have such a badly dressed fellow for his companion.

Before reaching St. Quentin, the prince took of the soiled trowsers, the dirty blouse, and the old cap; but kept on the wig, over which he placed a braided cap. Alighting from the cabriolet, he walked on the outskirts of the town toward the Cambray road, where Thelin was to rejoin him with fresh horses. There he waited in suspense for the arrival of the chaise. He feared that it had gone on while he was passing through the fields and that he was now left behind. As a gentleman drove by in a carriage from Cambray, he asked him if he had met a post-chase. The gentleman who answered in the negative, proved to be the prosecuting attorney of St. Quentin.

As he sat gloomily by the roadside a noise startled him. Looking round, he saw his faithful dog Ham, who had run ahead of the carriage, which soon came rattling up. Thelen had been afraid to hurry the post-people at St. Quentin too much, lest he should excite suspicion. He now made the postillion drive his pair furiously over the road. As they stepped to change horses at the first relay, a horseman, in the uniform of a police officer, arrived at full gallop. Supposing a gendarme in pursuit of them, they were overjoyed to learn that he was only a subofficer of the National Guard. At Valenciennes Thelin showed his passport, which was that of an English courier. Louis Napoleon was not required to exhibit his. As there were two hours to wait before the departure of the four oclock train for Brussels, Thelin kept on the watch for the approach of gendarmes. Suddenly he heard his name called, and, looking round, was terrified at seeing a gendarme from Ham in citizen's clothes.—Concealing his alarm, the astute valet greeted him cordially, and asked how he came there. "Why I live here," was the reply. "I have left the gendarmere, and am working on the railroad." It was important to prevent this man from seeing the prince, whose health he inquired about; and Thelin did not feel at ease till the train started for Belgium.

They soon passed the frontier, and reached Brussels in safety. The prince then went to Ostend, and for greater security embarked for England.

Meanwhile, the devoted Dr Conneau remained in the fortress to conceal the escape as long as possible. He cheerfuly sacrificed himself for his friend.—Placing a stuffed figure it the bed of his pretended patient, he let the commandant know that in consequence of illness the prince would be unable to attend mass that day. At nine o'clock the wary commandant called to enquire after the prince's health. Being requested by the doctor not to disturb him, he satisfied himself by peeping in at the door, and mistaking the lay figure for his noble prisoner, withdrew without suspicion. On calling again at one and being told by the physician that Louis Napoleon was asleep, he again refrained from disturbing him. To satisfy his mind he sent for Laplace, the man of all work, who took care of the rooms of the prince, and asked him how he was getting on. The servant, whom the doctor had also deceived, replied in such a way as to lead the commandant to suppose that he had both seen and talked with the prisoter. At seven in the evening the commandant again asked Laplace how the patient was. On being informed that he did not know, the commandant inquired when he last saw the Prince. "I have not seen him since six o'clock this morning," was the reply. The commandant, whose suspicions were now excited, went to the saloon, and receiving an evasive answer from Dr Conneau said: "I must see the Prince." Even then the astute physician contrived to keep him from going into the bedroom for some time. When at last he went in, and discovered the deception, it was too late. The sick man had crossed the frontier.

Louis Napoleon owed his escape from captivity to the unwearied ingenuity and devotion of his friends. He might well derive some consolation in his final downfall if among the adherents of the Emperor he could find the warm hearts that cheered the gloomy hours of the Prisoner of Ham.

LE DUC DE REICHSTADT.

BY N. C. DOIGE.

There was no Napoleon II. In 1852 when the resumption of the Empire by Louis Napoleon made some title necessary, he consistently enough, to falsify history by dubbing the son of Napoleon Bonaparte, who received at birth the title "King of Rome," was christened Francois Charles Joseph, and died Austrian Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon II. It was a trick. There was no foundation for it. After the reverses of 1814, when the Emperor abdicated in favor of his son, had that son succeeded even for a day, there would have been a Napoleon II. But he did not.—The abdication was not accepted. It was never admitted even by the allies nor claimed by the French Government. But it answered the purpose of Louis Napoleon to make his dynasty appear to be of unbroken descent; and, hence, interposing a mythical sovereign between himself and the founder of his family, he assumed the crown as Napoleon III.

The mother of the Duke of Reichstadt was Archduchess Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of Emperor Francis the Second. When she succeeded Josephine she was in all the brilliancy of youth. Her figure was of perfect symetry, her complexion, as she entered Paris, hightened by he journey and her timidity, clear white and red, her eyes alive with vivacity, her hair of a chestnut color and profuse, and her whole person full of health, indicative of ingenuousness and innocence. She spoke several languages. She was an excellent musician, and was accomplished in drawing and painting. Brought up with feelings of dread towards the man who had been so terrible an enemy toward her family, she looked upon herself when the marriage was projected as a victim devoted to the minotaur.—Her married life seems, nevertheless, to have been happy. Upon the birth of their only child, the King of Rome, Josephine herself shared in the general joy. She presented a ring, valued at 20,000 francs, to the messenger who brought the tidings. Once at the Trianon she was permitted to see the infant prince, and, lavishing upon him her carresses, said: "Alas, that I was not destined to realize the hopes of the Emperor!" As the child grew, he was the object of the tenderest solicitude to the Emperor. Whether seated on his favorite sofa by the corner, perusing dispatches at his desk, or holding consels with officer of state, the child was on his knee. Madame de Montesquieu states that frequently, throwing aside all business, he would lie down on the floor beside the boy, engaged in his play, court his caresses, and arrange for him games which represented battalions and regiments.

When Napoleon, after his disasters in Russia, commenced the terrible struggle which ended in his ruin, in 1814, he made the Empress regent.—During this period her affections for her husband seemed to suffer no abatement. She obeyed his order from Rheims that she should quit Paris. Though the child, then nearly four years old, refused to leave the palace, and clinging to the banisters, said to the usher, "I will not go. Since papa is away, I am master" she presisted in going, and saluted for the last time the imperial city which she was to see no more.

Napoleon never again saw his wife or son. His banishment to Elba and subsequent imprisonment at St Helena terminated his relations as husband and father. "*Ah! si je possedais une autre Josephine!*" told the whole story of his opinion of the fickle Maria Louisa. It henceforth became the purpose of her father to detach her from her husband. She was separated from her French attendants. Journeys and parties of pleasure were set on foot to amuse her. Old habits and occupations came back. Every precaution was taken to obliterate French reminiscences. Count von Neipperg, the tool of Metternich, a man of polished manners, great cultivation, distinguished air, but a serpant in matters of seduction, was given command of the troops that attended her. A court was formed that waited on her travels. The baths of Aix-la-Chapelle became a centre of attraction on account of the wit of her circle. Her child was taken to Vienna. Music and dancing, routs and assemblies, fashion of women and homage of men, the race-course, gambling-table, and hunting-fields; distinguished generals, counts, and dukes of every country in Europe rejoicing in the freedom of long-delayed peace; the elite of Austrian aristocracy, and Russian nobles and gentry, then first permitted, after twenty years, to leave their native soil—all combined to break the ties which united the Empress to France. A new sovereignty was granted to her by the Austrian crown. Morganatic marriage with Count Neipperg succeeded. Children followed, who afterward were legitimatised and ennobled. And when Napoleon died, in 1821, she his, his lawful wife, as Duchess of Parma, Piacentia, and Guastalla, was Countess of Neipperg and the mother of three children of half kinship only to the "King of Rome."

The affections of Josephine, on the contrary, clung to Napoleon to the last. Upon his departure for Elba, she fell into a state of profound melancholy.—The motion of his name produced deep emotion. She wished to follow him.—"If his dearest friends now abandoned him," she said, "I at least will not be one of them." But her failing health rendered this impossible. She sank rapidly, and died with the name of her divorced husband upon her lips.

It is an error, the popular impression that estrangement grew up between Napoleon and Josephine. It did not. The divorce seemed as necessary to her as to him. At the hight of his gigantic power she knew as well as he that the Empire demanded an heir. She acquiesced. Feeling gave place to principle. Napoleon knew this, and showed his estimation of the sacrifice by stronger friendship, more frequent consultations and larger confidence than ever. From the second marriage to the departure on the Russian campaign the Emperor constantly visited Josephine, though the Empress declined to receive her at court.

The character of Maria Louisa is easily understood. Mild and good-natured, placid and yielding, her mind took the tone of surroundings. Her hatred of Napoleon turned into affections.—Three years transformed her into a Frenchwoman. She almost forgot her native tongue and in her German correspondence had recourse to French expressions. There was in her little strenght either of intellect or passion. When finally separated from her husband and from France, at home, surrounded by courtiers, once again an Austrian archduchess, with far more avenues of pleasure open than before, her mind with perfect ease took the hue of her altered fortunes. The chameleon does not change more often nor more easily.

The history of the ill fated prince whose name heads this sketch like his life, is brief. He was permanently separated from his mother. His early youth was spent with his royal relatives. In 1818 he received the tite of Duke of Reichstadt, with rank immediately after the princes of blood. He was greatly beloved by the old Emperor his grandfather; and his mother though treating him with heartless neglect, provided librally for his education. His talents, which were above the common, were highly cultivated; but he seemed to have inherited little of the ability of his father. His constitution was weak, and early symptoms of consumption unfitted him for the laborious duties of a military career. He was, nevertheless, made lieut colonel at the age of twenty, and commanded a battalion of Hungarian infantry in the garrison of Vienna. In personal appearance he resembled his mother. Tall, slightly built hollow-chested, with chestnut hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and the voluptuous Austran lips, there was not the slightest show in features or form that he inherited the blood of the Bonapartes.

The truth is that from the day of his father's confinement in St. Helena the young prince was kept in a kind of splendid captivity. It was Austrian policy to render him politically insignificant. The son of the great emperor was an object of constant fear to the Bourbons. He was therefore kept away from the recollections of the French people. The plan was never out of sight to efface from the mind of the prince the memory of what he had been and what he had been born to be. His life was not desirable. The peace of Europe would be made more secure by his death. His marked attention to the Frenchmen he met, his constant inquiries about his father, the direction his studies took whenever released from his classical duties, and his growing interest in European affairs, were topics much discussed in European courts. It has never been proved that he died by slow poison. It is probable he did not. His course of education was enough.—Those who persisted in its continuance foresaw the result. It was murder.—Death from chalice or poiard is not more so. The sense of his condition preyed on an ardent temperament; habitual melancholy succeeded; his health gradually declined; and on the twenty-second of July, 1832, at the Palace of Schonbunn, in Vienna, in the presence of his attendants, uttering with his last breath those words, pronounced with sententious brevity if they referred to Maria Louisa's neglect of her first-born: "*Ich gehe unter, meine mutter!*" fell asleep all that was mortal of Francois Charles Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte.

Count Von Neipperg died in 1842, leaving his widow inconsolable. To fill the void which this bereavement made she surrounded herself with souvenirs of the departed, and erected a mausoleum to his memory. She herself survived until Dec 18th 1847, leaving her old at living son grand chamberlain of Malta, and her second the same Count de Montenuovo, who distinguished himself as general of division at the battle of Magenta.

THE FRENCH AND PRUSSIAN ARTILLERY COMPARED.—The Prussians go to work with their big guns as they do with their rifles—"slow but sure"—the captain of each gun taking aim as carefully as if he were shooting for a prize. As to the persistency of the men in not drawing trigger until sure of their aim, a characteristic story has been told of a jager in the battle at Spicheren. He was in a wood also held by the French tirailleurs, and kept putting his needle gun up to his shoulder, and bringing it down again without firing. An officer standing by got impatient, and exclaimed, "Shoot, you stupid, don't stand there all day." "No, no," answered the soldier quietly, "Ich, habe ihn nicht"—"ah, so," he added, bringing his rifle down with a look of delight as a French skirmisher rolled over with a bullet through his head. This it is that makes the needle gun fire so deadly—the men are taught never to fire without feeling confident of hitting. And this sort of fire has a much greater moral effect than the blazing away of the French—often from the hip as hard as they can load and fire. This is, indeed, one of the reasons of the great slaughter caused at close quarters by the maitrailleuses; the men who had only seen them fire at a distance despised them, and so rushed on them recklessly and were frightfully butchered. Mitrailleuses—eight in number—were in as many separate earthworks behind the Verdun road on Thursday. They were so placed that it was next to impossible for the Prussian artillery to reach them, being a little lower than the road, and just sweeping it. This not only served to protect them from the enemy's shells, but prevented the gunners from firing at too great distances for the mitrailleuses were placed so low down that they could only reach the Prussians either on the road itself or on the last 200 yards up the slope. We below could tell even after dark when the attacking columns were closely engaged by the sullen roar of the mitrailleuse—a quite peculiar sound plainly distinguishable even above the deafening roar of Thursday's artillery. I much regret the Prussians did not capture one, that I might describe it for the benefit of your readers. I did succeed myself in capturing a loaded case just ready to be emptied into the breach of one of the "Infant Lonis," pet weapons. This case, made of strong cardboard, is composed of twenty-five separate cells for as many cartridges. The front, or lid, is torn off when the cartridges are wanted, and a slight shake makes them fall into the breech. The cartridges themselves strongly resemble ordinary central fire Daw or Boxer cartridges, only they are bigger and longer—about six inches long and an inch in diameter. The balls are the shape of an Endfield ball, and I should fancy about the double the weight. Round one of the works in which a mitrailleuse had stood I counted forty-three empty cases, and forty-three multiplied by twenty-five equals 1,075—pretty well for one gun, considering that the ninety guns which belong to the eighth army corps only fired 7000 shot and shell in the battles of Spicheren, Colombay, Resonville and Gravelotte, or seventy-one shots each in four battles, in the two latter of which artillery played a very large part. During part of Thursday's battle I was only ten yards behind four Krupp four-pounders, and had thus a good chance of seeing the working of Krupp breech pieces. At the risk of offending my many Frussian friends I must say that I saw nothing to prove the great superiority which they claim for the breech-loading guns over the muzzle-loading guns. After more than one discharge the gunner at the breech piece had to tug tremendously hard to get the breech open, and once I saw the lever had to be applied before the gun could be reloaded. Relative to the French the Prussian fire was superior. The bursting of the shells appeared to be good, nearly all seeming to burst at the right time, and there are but few unexploded shells to be seen on the field of battle. I doubt whether the Prussians fired any shells with time fuses; the French certainly did, for toward dusk one could see them blazing through the air from fort St. Quentin. — [War Correspondent near Metz.

A very amusing affair happened at the Treasury Department a short time since. The assesor of the Covington, Kentucky, district was escorting nine lady friends through the internal revenue office, when a report was circulated among the clerks that Brigham Young had arrived with a number of his wives. From down stairs and up stairs came the clerks, and soon the halls and corridors were filled with a curious throng of both sexes, who forgot all about official business in their overpowering anxiety to get a peep at the supposed most-married man of the age.—The excitement lasted twenty minutes before an explanation took place, and the gentleman was released from the perplexing attention he was receiving.

Children bent on mischief should be strightened out.

PUTTING ON MOURNING.

When or whence did it arise that when one dies and goes to heaven all the family shall shroud themselves in deepest black? and the women especial victims?—Somewhere the custom must have arisen, since the days of our ancestors—the Saxons or Picts and whose only clothing was painted on! Is it going further, or will there be some resistance and return to the right way? Some women spend half their lives under crape, a sort of self-imposed penance, hot, heavy, unhelesome.—Men may wear a badge of mourning for a time, and then resume light clothes and yellow gloves if thew will. A man may do this while his wife continues to mourn for his wife continues to bourn for his friend, and decourously swelters under her crape. A few dare to brave Mrs Grundy and follow out ther convictions by refusing to yield to this absud demand of custom.

We think it is growing worse and worse. A family will wear crape three years, and black dresses three years more for a mother who went straight to heaven, and who would say to them, "Mourn not for me." And so strong is the force of example that some one else must do the same or it shows a want of feeling. Now it is no small thing to take away so much that is bright and cheerful in one's surroundings for so many years of life and submit to to a dress hot, heavy and inconvenient.—There is but one life to live. Why spoil this?

The whole is foolish, wasteful and wicked expense, and is often a burden that can ill be borne by those who can by no means afford it, and yet dare not ignore a custom. It is for those who have money and common sense to set the example and oppose so senseless a fashion. Precisely what can be done by concerted action we do not see.—the country is overrun now with committees, societies, organizations, clubs, and associations. We cannot afford any more if teere be any other way. It is one of those cases in which individually a great many are right, and collectively they all go wrong. It is no time to get up extra moral courage under the shock of deep affliction. But one gets so weary of the mockery and semblance of woe, crape, flowers and gay mourning! Can't men help women out of this bondage by suggesting some badge of mourning which shall say, like the band of a man's hat "I have lost a friend?" As it is, in many cases, the dress is a greater trial than the loss.—It is a mere custom; for some nations wear yellow, and scarlet or blue, which means just as much, and are more sensible and less burdensome.

A NEW INVASION AND PRECURSOR TO THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SERVANT QUESTION.—The Chinese problem is forced upon us even faster than the labor alarmists predicted. The tawny heathens have been working quietly for months in a Massachusetts shoe-shop; five hundred of them are coming to dig railway cuttings and lay tracks in New Jersey; and in the dead of night three score and ten have just tramped through the streets of one of our suburban villages, with their wicker luggage-baskets, their rice-bags, their tea-chests, and stores of outlandish viands, and strange implements, such as move the more delicately organized Irishman to lofty scorn and Christian fury. The latest arrivals menace a class of laborers more tyrannous to employers and less skilful in their craft than any others in the United States—a class which needs in an especial manner the wholesome corrective of competition, quite as much for its own good as for the comfort of mankind. It is Bridget and Mary Ann whose domain is now invaded—for the new comers are washermen. At Belleville, near Newark, there is a great laundry, where the scrubbing of linen and the manipulations of the smoothing iron employ a hundred pairs of hands. It is to this establishment that China has sent her latest cargo of laborers; and as the work is one for which the Chinaman has a notorious fondness and capacity, we shall not be surprised to see Captain Hervey's example speedily imitated, and celestial queues fluttering over thousands of washboards throughout the Atlantic States. The release of so many women from the drudgery of tub may perhaps tend to the solution of the "servant-girl question" which now threatens the peace of American families, or at any rate relieve the pressing want of female domestic labor in the newly settled portions of the country.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.—We have at last found the true desert, so much talked of by tourists. At Monument we descend round an extensive curve and enter upon the borders of the famous desert. It nominally covers an area of sixty miles square; but in fact, in all directions the country is so dreary and desolate we may say the entire distance from Ogden to Reno, 600 miles is one vast desert, uncultivated and entirely waste. Upon this tract of 60 square miles not a solitary green thing can be seen. The surface of the ground is covered with the alkaline deposit and wastes of gray sand greet the eye in every direction.

Wherever the spades of the laborers have dug up the soil to form the railroad embankments, there the soda has again found and covered it with its white, glistening, sickish coat. It is supposed that this may once have been part of the Salt Lake itself. There are some portions of low ground which are wet with briny water, and the saline matter can be plainly seen on many of the rocks which are found on the edge of the valley.

Although the level of this plain is higher than the Salt Lake itself, still it seems once to have shared the same geological character and been covered with a saline inland sea, which has now disappeared, and left its bottom covered with the alkaline or soda deposit.

It is so hot at Norfork that rag-dolls perspire freely.