THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

The Wall Street Forger.—The New York Herald gives us the following description of the last Wall street financier:

"The career of Huntington has been like a display of fireworks—brilliant, but evanescent. For a little while he spent money like water. He had six or eight horses—two pairs for carriages for himself and wife, and several fast trotters. His sideboard was brilliant with massive plate. He was a great man at Saratoga, Niagara and Rockaway, where his wife had more trunks and more diamonds than any one else; and in town he kept up two matrimonial establishments, one regular and the other irregular—one a Christian home, the other a Mohammedan seraglio—one according to the laws of New York, and the other according to the customs of the Mormons—within a few doors of each other. He was a prince for an hour. People ate his dinners, drove his horses, drank his wine, borrowed his money, and wondered how he got it all. But the crash came at last, and what are all his former splendors compared with his present position? He bought his luxuries at a tremendously high price.

The first trace that we can find of Mr. Huntington's connection with financial matters dates back only as far as 1852; when he and two or three other individuals fell into the hands of the police of this city for the share which they had in getting up a fraudulent shinplaster concern under the title of the "Anacostia Bank of Washington, D. C." Indictments were found against him and his accomplices on that occasion, but they were never brought to trial, on account (as appears from some endorsement on the bills of some informality or incompleteness of the proof.

British Pulpit Eloquence.—The London Times expresses its opinion very plainly in regard to the present character of English preaching. It says: "We would leave it to the decision of any one of ordinary candor, intelligence and education, to say whether men, in any other profession, could carry on their business with success if they took no more pains about the matter than an ordinary preacher does in the composition and delivery of an average sermon. The truth is, that in England pulpit eloquence has fallen to a very low ebb indeed. With the finest theme in the world before them, with all the hopes and anxieties which agitate the human breast, during the brief interval which separates the cradle from the grave, as their subjects, our preachers have their opportunity."

In view of the following facts touching compensation to English preachers, it is by no means wonderful that their literary productions fall short of public expectation. "Poor pay, poor preach," was the Indian's excuse for his short commings, and doubtless the apology could be urged in the present case with equal force:

"The last number of the English Ecclesiastical Gazette contains thirty advertisements of places for curates. Out of this number only one offers £100 a year. There is one at £90, one or two at £80, and the rest rapidly fall from £70 down to £26, with a small furnished house, where the rector is non resident. One is unique. It offers £30 with the use of the rectory house—the curate to buy the rector's furniture at a valuation of £360! Another gives £70 in a parish of nearly 6,000, where there is daily service."

Wife Beating According to Scripture.—Recent London papers report a strange case of the perversion of the Scriptures. The case is thus stated in the London Illustrated Times:

"The Rev. George Bird is preaching at Whitehaven, and holding forth the doctrine that it is perfectly scriptural for a man to beat his wife. He is said to have a considerable congregation. One of his flock was lately taken before the magistrate for ill-using his wife; the woman said she had no wish her husband should be punished if he would promise not to ill-use her badly again. When asked by the magistrate whether he would make the requisite promise, he refused, saying, "am I to obey the laws of God or the laws of man?" As he would not give the promise the magistrate committed him to prison for a month, with hard labor. The Rev. Mr. Bird has since delivered a course of lectures on the subject of Scott's conviction. He contends that it is a man's duty to rule his own household, and that if his wife refuses to obey his orders, he is justified, according to the law of God, in beating her in order to enforce obedience."

Visiting cards are in vogue in Germany bearing the portrait of the owner, instead of the name. They have been introduced into England, and we shall probably hear of their appearance in this country shortly.

This reminds us that we once saw a card in Washington somewhat on this plan. A dashing fellow named John Bull, of Buffalo, had a visiting card, giving his baptismal name *John*, with a well-executed picture of a *bull*, followed by the preposition "of" and a finely engraved *buffalo*. Europe, therefore, is not yet ahead of yankeedom.

We cut the following notice from the "Weekly State Capital Fact," a Fillmore paper, published in Columbus, Ohio:

For Salt River—direct through without landing—the fast running vessel Disunion, Col. John C. Fremont, Master, will leave Sugar Alley Dock for Salt River direct, on Wednesday, November 5, 1856, at 9 o'clock A. M.

List of Officers.

First Mate.....William L. Dayton.
Second.....Charles Sumner.
Steward.....Horace Greeley.
Clerk.....Fred Douglas.
Engineer.....Gen. Watson Webb.
Cook.....Gen. Nye.
Bar-Keeper.....Myron H. Clark.
Assistant do.....Henry L. Raymond.
Spiritual Adviser.....Henry Ward Beecher.
Physician.....John A. King.
Chambermaid.....Lucy Stone.
Barber.....N. P. Banks.

For passage or further particulars, apply to
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
New York Herald.
W. H. Seward, Gen'l. Ticket Agent, Washington.

The upper deck rooms are engaged by "Jessie" for herself and the "Jessie Clubs," and the *Fremont clergy*. No ticket will be delivered to any clergyman who does not acknowledge an "anti-slavery God," and own copies of the "anti slavery Bible" and "anti slavery constitution." Pocket editions may be procured at the office of the New York Tribune.

The Empress Eugenie lately indulged herself in a day's sport at pheasant shooting. Out of 53 shots she killed 9 pheasants.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.—This body is still in session in New-ark, N. J. The annual report is very lengthy, and contains minute statistics of all the missions established by the board. The following summary exhibits the operations of the board for the past year:

Missions.—Number of missions, 28; number of stations, 124; number of out-stations, 55.

Laborers Employed.—Number of ordained missionaries, (six being physicians,) 154; number of licentiates, 2; physicians not ordained, 6; other male assistants, 15; female assistants, 193; whole number sent from this country, 374; native pastors, 13 native preachers, 63; native helpers, 270; whole number of native helpers, 346; whole number of laborers connected with the missions, 728.

The Press.—Number of printing establishments, 9; pages printed last year, 26,021,360, pages printed since the beginning, 965,009,000.

The Churches.—Number churches, (including all at the Sandwich Islands,) 119; number of church members, (do. do.,) 26,903; added during the year, (do. do.,) 1,696.

Educational Department.—Number of seminaries, 1; number of other boarding schools, 23; number of free schools, (412 supported by Hawaiian government,) 693; number of pupils in the seminaries, (80 do.,) 343; number of pupils in the boarding schools, (87 do.,) 656; number of pupils in the free schools, (10,155 do.,) 18,217—whole number in seminaries and schools, 19,316.

Electro-Magnetic Apparatus.—An improvement has been made in galvanic, electric, and electro-magnetic apparatus, and in the mode of their application as a curative and remedial agent. The inventor constructs a brush consisting of a mixture of bristles and metallic wires or plates, or coats a portion of the bristles forming the brush with metal by electric deposition; and these metallic wires, plates, or electrotyped or metallized bristles communicate with and receive their electricity, galvanism, or electro magnetism from a battery or electrical apparatus fixed in the back or some other convenient part of the frame of the brush, or otherwise as may be required, thus causing what is commonly known as positive or negative currents of electricity to pass from the ends of the wires, plates, or metallized bristles when moved in contact with the hair or skin. Also, in the construction of a bath for the administration of galvanism, electricity, or electro-magnetism, one part of which bath will communicate positive and the other negative electricity, which is effected by forming the bath of a combination of elastic or flexible water proof material and metal, in such a way that, when a part of the waterproof material is caused to envelop any required part of the body, two distinct currents of electricity, galvanism, or electro magnetism are created in the same bath.

The Number of Voters.—The whole white male population of the United States, for instance, over 21 years of age, and, to be presumed, entitled to vote, is about 5,100,000, and yet the votes cast at a Presidential election seldom exceed 3,100,000, leaving 2,000,000 of inhabitants who do not use their franchise. In the State of New York in 1852, the voting population exceeded 500,000, yet the votes returned did not much exceed 300,000. In Massachusetts the white males over twenty one are nearly 300,000, and yet the vote in 1852 was only 133,000, showing that nearly two-thirds of the adult population, for some cause or other, had staved away from the polls. And the proportion is nearly as great in several other States.

Ancient Churches in Philadelphia.—The oldest church in Philadelphia is the Swedish, which was erected in 1700, on the same spot as its predecessor, which was built of logs, and served the double purpose of a place of worship and a defence against the Indians. Christ Church is where Washington and Franklin worshiped. It was also, at first, a log building; the present edifice was finished in 1753. Its chime of eight bells was brought by Capt. Budden from England free of freight, and in compliment to him rang out a joyous peal on his arrival. The good "Queen Anne" presented part of the communion service in 1708.

Rare Justice.—Under the head of "Administration of Justice," we find the following paragraph in a Costa Rica paper:

"No. 27—Sept. 12.—The State against Jose Dolores Munoz, of San Jose, for the crime of recently planting tobacco. The sentence of the Judge of Hacienda is confirmed, condemning the prisoner to *seven years two months and thirteen days imprisonment at hard labor, and to pay a fine of four hundred and seventy dollars, besides costs of suit.*"

Nice country that for an agricultural people.

A Bundle of Elopements.—The Buffalo Express gives the following chapter on domestic difficulties: Mrs. King, near Kingston, was recently taken sick, and her husband seized the opportunity to elope with a handsome servant girl named Martin. On their arrival in Albany, Miss Martin eloped with a young man named Cunningham, taking Mr. King's money. King being penniless, returned home and found that his wife had eloped with a dry goods clerk named Jellers, with all the movable articles in the house. Whereupon he started off in pursuit, considering himself a deeply injured man.

The Cleveland Times says that Dr. Z. Batt, of Lincolnton, North Carolina, has invented and patented one of the best labor saving machines extant—a "Self Loading Cart"—being particularly valuable to those engaged in grading railroads or in excavating earth. It is said the driver can load and unload these carts without leaving his seat, and in much less time than it can be done by a dozen men in the ordinary way.

Important Decision.—It is stated the Secretary of the Interior has decided against the ruling of the late Commissioner of Pensions making a discrimination between the volunteer and regular service. The soldiers of either service are, therefore, equally entitled to bounty land. A large number of claims that have been suspended pending the decision of this question will now be satisfied.

Tall Picking.—The negroes on the cotton plantation of Col. Davis, near Memphis, Tennessee, did a great day's work on the 8th inst. The five highest picked 640, 610, 584, 556 and 541 pounds, or an average of 586 pounds. The average of all the hands engaged was 365 pounds. The cotton was picked within daylight, and was good merchantable cotton.

The number of land warrants issued under the act of March, 1855, during the month of October was 5,602, covering more than 742,000 acres. The total number of applications to the present time is 260,200—warrants issued 178,513, to satisfy which 21,501,250 acres of land are necessary.

The Clergy and Politics.—A large number of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Albany, N. Y., are out in a card in which they express their disapprobation of the course of their ministers, in entering the field as champions of one of the political parties.

Three weeks ago, N. P. Banks, Jr., was "debating in his mind" whether he would accept the Speakership in the next House of Representatives, or the office of Secretary of War in the Fremont cabinet. What troubles him now is whether he can be returned to a plain seat in the House.—*Boston Courier.*

Mrs. Mary Bennett died on Wednesday, 30th ult., in the old district of Kensington, Philadelphia, at the advanced age of 102 years. The deceased was a contemporary of Washington, Franklin, and the elder Adams. She was a woman grown at the time the Declaration of Independence was made.

Singular Accidental Death.—The Kingston (C. W.) News tells a singular death which occurred in Bellerville, on Friday. A little girl, aged 10, daughter of a widow Brennan, while in a graveyard, was killed by a gravestone falling over upon her.

Balance of Power in Europe.

In the debates of the British Parliament and the British press, there is nothing more characteristic than the utter blindness of the nation to its own faults and its pruriency of self sufficient intermeddling with the imputed faults of other nations.

England is full of lamentation over the oppressed nationalities of continental Europe, such as the Poles in subjection to Russia, and the Hungarians or Italians to Austria; and yet one-half of the inhabitants of the British islands consists of one nationality oppressed by the other half, which is a distinct nationality. The Saxons of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, conquered the Celts of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and from that day to this have ruled them at the point of the sword. There does not exist in Europe a more flagrant case of irreconcilable contrariety of race and of religion than that which is presented by the hostile Saxons and Celts. As between England and Ireland especially, in their history the horrors of foreign tyranny are tenfold greater than anything which has occurred in Poland, in Hungary, or in Lombardy.

England is continually quarrelling with the imputed misgovernment of this or the other country of Europe. Her text at the present time consists of the most extravagant exaggerations of the alleged misrule of King Ferdinand of the Two Sicilies. If it had happened in Sicily, as it so recently happened in Ireland, that Neapolitan misgovernment had produced chronic famine in Sicily as British misgovernment has in Ireland, and driven one-fourth part of its population to starvation or exile, there would be some little excuse for the systematic calumniation which British orators and writers apply to Ferdinand. If, indeed, there be in the history of the human race one long national tragedy, it is in the wrongs inflicted by England upon Ireland. We, in this country, thronged as it is with millions of Irish exiles, have the evidence continually before our eyes of the misgovernment of England. But we do not sufficiently reflect upon the protracted period of time, and the immense extent, of this depopulation of Ireland by the tyranny of England. From the reign of William III to the present day—from the Sarsfields and the Walls of the first half of the last century to the MacMahons and the O'Donnels of the last half of the present century—there is not a battle field of Europe which has not dishonored England through the great achievements of exiled Irishmen. And with what face can the English prate of Spanish misrule, in view of that series of acts of blundering oppression which produced the revolt and the independence of the present United States?

England has been uttering loud cries these twenty years about the alleged ambition and lust of dominion displayed by the Russians, although the conquered subjects of England count by thousands, while those of Russia count only by hundreds; and at the very time when Great Britain was endeavoring by a war of invasion to cure the Russians of the annexing spirit, she herself was annexing the kingdom of Aoudh. And certainly, if there ever was a spectacle of unsurpassed self-contradiction and of extreme inconsequence, it was that of the English howling for the demolition of Sebastopol, while they themselves held by intrusion and by breach of treaty the fortresses of Gibraltar and Malta, and the Ionian islands.

England is continually reproaching the United States because of the existence of slave labor in a portion of them—forgetting that she herself has millions upon millions of slaves in India, landless but land bound serfs, whom she had stripped in the mass of property and independence by the mere right of conquest and the force of her armies—forgetting that the inequalities of condition in the Island of Great Britain, the departures from the rule of equal right, are far greater than they are in the United States. The Duchess of Sutherland, insane with sentimental sympathy for the black laborers of the United States, is utterly insensible to the agonies of the vassals of her house, burnt out from their ancient homes in Scotland, in order that she might tenant her lands with cattle, instead of men and women. The ruthless persecutors of their own vassals are the patrons of the libellous romances of Mrs. Stowe.

England for a hundred and fifty years has been prating about the balance of power in Europe. She cannot tolerate a standing army; and to keep up this false pretence she must needs pass a new mutiny act annually, repeating in its preamble every year the stale and silly excuse of "the preservation of the balance of power in Europe." In the reign of Anne, she pursued this phantom through ten years of bloody war, stupidly building up Austria at the expense of France. How scornfully the great historian Sismondi points at the senseless infatuation of England during all that period! So, for another ten years, England exhausts herself in the effort to extinguish the dynasty of the Bonapartes in the person of Napoleon I; and now, with the same fury of unintelligence, she has been deluging Europe with blood in order to renovate that dynasty in the person of Napoleon III. In a word, England is perpetually intermeddling in the affairs of other European States, even their domestic administration, in a manner which seems like the mere recklessness of wilful mischief making, but which is reconciled to herself by some delusive imagination of her own exclusive virtue, and of the vices of all other people, under the influence of which she pursues philanthropy as if it were the very demon of hate, and unsettles everything periodically by way of maintaining the balance of power in Europe.

At the present moment, fresh from the conferences at Paris, and all the parade of pacification and of disinterestedness, and all the ostentation of international amity, by which those conferences were characterized, England is taking upon herself—in contempt of the law of nations, with wanton meddlesomeness, the reverse of true philanthropy, and in disregard of the balance of power—to dictate by force the domestic policy of Naples and of Greece.—*Washington Union.*

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

Would that the sectional agitators who are trifling with the dear-bought liberties of this Republic could have instilled into them the sentiments of those men on their dying pillows! On the morning of the 4th of July Mr. Adams, though evidently near his death, awoke at the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. The attendant who watched with him asked him if he knew what day it was. "Oh, yes," he replied; "it is the glorious 4th of July. God bless it; God bless you all!"

In the forenoon the orator of the day, the Rev. Mr. Whitney, the parish minister of Mr. Adams, called to see him and found him seated in an arm chair. In the course of the interview Mr. Whitney asked for a sentiment to be given at the public table. He replied, I will give you, "Independence forever!" After a few moments had elapsed a lady asked him if he wished to add any thing to the toast, and he said, "Not a syllable." This occurred an hour or two before he breathed his last. In the course of the day he said, "It is a great and good day." That his thoughts were dwelling on the scenes of 1776 is evident from the last words which he uttered: "Jefferson survives," which were spoken about the time Jefferson expired.

In like manner Mr. Jefferson, in the short intervals of delirium which occurred in his last hour, seemed to dwell exclusively on the events of the Revolution. He talked in broken sentences of the committee of safety. One of his exclamations was, "Warn the committee to be on their guard," and he instantly rose on his bed and went through the act of writing a hurried note. But for the greater part of the time during the last days of his life he was blessed with the enjoyment of his reason. The only anxious wish he expressed for himself was that he might live to breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary of Independence. When that day arrived he was repeatedly heard to murmur his satisfaction.—*Newark (N. J.) Eagle.*

The Ceiling of the new House of Representatives.—Sufficient progress has been made with the ceiling of the House of Representatives in the new south wing of the Capitol to give an idea of its surpassing gorgeousness. In the northeast angle the massive and elaborate drop pieces, of the form of huge inverted pineapples, have been finished and set in their places; portions of them and the cornice have been painted, also, and adjoining parts of the ceiling frescoed, the whole producing an effect that can be equalled, we suppose, nowhere else on this continent, and excelled scarcely any where in the world. These large and most elaborate drops, with the surrounding foliage and ornaments, are made of papier-mache, and, in case of receiving injury from any cause, can at any time be speedily restored.

Whilst the work of ornamentation is thus progressing in the ceiling of the hall of the House, there is no idleness in the new committee rooms. Several of them are paved with the beautiful encaustic tiles, and are ready for frescoing; others are undergoing that process, and so exquisitely beautiful in taste and finish is this work, that every visitor pours forth, upon witnessing it, utterances of mingled astonishment and delight.

In the north wing, to be occupied by the Senate and its officers, several committee rooms are finished, and some are well advanced towards completion. One now in hand is for the use of the Naval Committee of the Senate, and its ceiling and walls are being most tastefully and fittingly frescoed and painted. Neptune, Amphitrite, the Tritons, and all the gods and goddesses of the deep find spirited representations somewhere on the walls of this unique room; the pannellings are taken up with wall pictures of several of the most noted of the naval victories and exploits performed under the American flag. When finished this room, with its match for the Military Committee, will be among the chief attractions of the magnificent apartments the country is providing for the use of her legislative agents in the Capitol.—*National Intelligencer.*

The Census of Russia.—The Monteur de l'Armee gives the following as the results of the census of the Russian Empire, taken by order of the Emperor at the time of his accession to the throne. The total number of the population amounts to 63,000,000, the principal elements of which give results unknown to the rest of Europe.

The clergy of the Russian church stands for the enormous number of 510,000; that of the tolerated creeds, 35,000; the hereditary nobility, 155,000; the pretty bourgeoise, including discharged soldiers, 425,000; foreigners residing temporarily 40,000; different bodies of Cossacks colonized on the Oural, the Don, the Wolga, the Black Sea, the Baikal, the Baschkirs and the irregular Kalmucks, 2,400,000; the population of the town, the middle and lower classes, 5,000,000; the population of the country parts, 45,000,000; the wandering tribes, 500,000; the inhabitants of the transcaspian possessions, 1,400,000; the kingdom of Poland, 4,200,000; the Grand Duchy of Finland, 1,400,000; and the Russian colonies in America, 71,000. At the accession of the Emperor Nicholas the census then taken only gave a population of 51,000,000. The large increase in the space of thirty years may, however, be readily understood when it is considered that the Russian Territory has now an extent of 22,000,000 square Kilometers, (a kilometer is five-eighths of a mile,) and a length of coast of 27,000 kilometers.

Cheap Tea Cake.—1 teacup of sugar, 1 1-2 of cream, teaspoonful of saleratus, flavor with nutmeg, roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

"My eyes, Jack," exclaimed a tar, seeing soldier chained to a cannon ball for punishment, "if there ain't a soldier at anchor."

Transplanting Trees.

Our good friend, Major Freas, of the Germantown Telegraph, is always giving us practical agricultural advice. He now reminds his friends not to overlook the present opportunity for planting trees, which can continue to be done until the frost renders it impracticable. He says it should be remembered, however, that the best time in autumn to transplant fruit and ornamental trees (except evergreens) is as soon as the tree is done growing, which is known by the delay of the leaves. By putting out thus early the small roots will have time to grow and take hold of the earth before hard weather sets in. Trees for transplanting should be taken up with plenty of root and with as little bruising as possible. The small roots should be especially uninjured, as they perform very important functions. In planting dig the hole large and deep; crumble the earth at the bottom; spread out the roots carefully; mix well with rich soil a good proportion of compost or manure-yard scrapings; make fine and fill in with care; press down well; apply about a bucket of water to each tree as the filling in goes on, unless after a rain or the soil should be naturally moist.

Plant no tree deeper than it stood in the nursery. After planting let the tree be firmly staked and bound with leather or cloth of some kind to prevent rubbing and barking. A forkfull or two of stable manure well placed over the roots will aid very much to protect the tree against severe frost the first winter; and in the spring, say the 1st of May, this should be repeated as a mulching to protect the trees against the heat and drought. When the soil is a clayey loam, lies low, and is disposed to be wet or heavy, spring planting is to be preferred. But where the soil is dry, porous, partaking of a silicious nature, and not subject to undue moisture, caly autumn is generally approved, especially for the transplantation of large trees. Evergreens should never be moved in autumn. If these short and simple practical directions are followed (and they should be preserved for reference) there will be no failure.—*Philad. Sun.*

Fashions for October.

Hoops.—These increase in favor every day. They are not confined to the extreme fashionables—not even to the city—but they enter the village church, and make their way through the farm-house door. The plainest ladies, with but slight pretension to fashion, have given up their prejudices against them and adopted them. Thus they have obtained a complete triumph, notwithstanding the fair wearers occupy two or even three times as much space as they did formerly. That only increases their importance in the world. "Thus," says a writer, (after advocating the fashion on the score of utility, convenience and economy,) "the question at issue (if it be at issue) reduces itself to one merely of fact—whether hooped skirts do impart the proper contour to the female form. A lady passed my window the other day, upon whom I levelled the battery of curious and observant eyes. In her notions on this subject, she was of the former school. Tall she was, and thin even unto leanness. As the day was excessively warm, though discarding or eschewing hoops, she had too much sense to make herself a martyr to beauty by bearing along the streets the heavy cross of half a dozen skirts, or of even one. Her dress, therefore, (of rich materials, I might add,) hung straight down to her feet, clinging closely about her form. So Giles Scroggin's ghost must have looked in its winding sheet. And as luck would have it, that I might enjoy the opportunity of instituting a comparison, a young lady, admirably hooped in the present style, came by a moment after, so that both stars were in my field of vision at the same time. It is well written that one star differs from another star in glory. The demonstration was complete. You might as well compare a tallow candle to the "Queen of Night," when she unveils her peerless face, and o'er the dark her silver mantle throws," as to liken that collapsed maiden to her of the hoops. The one was like a schooner under bare poles—the other like a ship of war on the bosom of the deep, with all its snowy canvas spread, and its gallant pennons streaming in the wind. I voted unanimously for the hoop, as in all other instances, where they came into comparison with different modes of fitting out that fearful and wonderful creature, woman, to sail the streets or grace the drawing-room."

Bonnets.—The favorite colors for bonnets are brown and beaver, but all shades are worn, and every complexion, from the delicate blonde to the glowing brunette, can find the hue that becomes it best. We give one of a most beautiful description. The material is white satin, laid on the foundation plain. The front is edged two inches deep with puffed tulle, separated in the centre by a narrow band of ribbed moss velvet, edged on either side with blonde. Two other bands, edged in like manner, succeed the puffing of tulle. Two-inch wide bands of the ribbed moss velvet extend across the crown in a slanting direction. The left side is adorned with marabout feathers. The curtain is of white satin; a puffing of tulle, headed by a narrow band of velvet, forms a finish to the edge. The face-trimmings consist of a full cap of blonde, mingled with fuschias and crush rose buds, with loops of narrow black velvet edged with lace.—*Porter's Spirit.*

Horse Racing becoming Respectable.—Horse racing is fast becoming a respectable "institution," and there is now scarcely a county in the State which cannot boast of its race track, where people can witness the sports of the turf without compromising their standing in the church or community. Of course "no racing" is allowed on these tracks. By a very dexterous construction, as the lawyers would say, that "sin" is avoided. The horses go round singly, and the "committee"—not the "judges," mind ye—time them just to see which can go the fastest.—*Rochester Union.*

The Scare of Fired Gunpowder.—It is well understood that the pressure of the explosion in a gun is the greatest at the beginning, and gradually dies away as the ball moves forward; but this depends much on the combustibility of the powder. With good quick powder the pressure at the instant is immense; but until recently no one has been able to measure it. Dr. W. E. Woodbridge and Major Alfred Mordecai have been recently making some experiments, at the expense of the United States Ordnance Department, for testing this point, at the arsenal in Washington. With a ball weighing about 6 1-2 pounds and a charge of 1 1-2 pounds of Dupont's cannon powder, the greatest pressure at any instant on the interior of the gun, at one inch from the breech, varied between 19,000 and 21,000 pounds per square inch. At one foot from the breech the greatest pressure was only about 8,000 pounds; at two feet, about the same; at three feet, about 6,000; and at four feet about 5,000 pounds. The pressure of a small quantity of Hazzard's rifle powder, fired in a cavity from which there was absolutely no escape, was not sufficient to burst the box, the strength of which was estimated sufficient to sustain an internal pressure of about 93,000 pounds per square inch. These facts are interesting, as they serve to show how the metal should be distributed in casting cannon, and also to remove the belief which exists among practical men that one grain of powder absolutely confined would exert an infinite force.—*Union.*

Number of the Stars.—Of the stars thousands are visible to the naked eye and millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschell calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough to be distinctly counted in a twenty-feet reflector in both hemispheres, and thinks that the actual number is much greater. His illustrious father estimated on one occasion that one hundred and twenty-five thousand stars passed through the field of his forty-foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give twelve millions for the entire circuit of the heavens in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulæ were masses of luminous matter, not yet condensed suns. But with the increase of instrumental power, especially under the mighty grasp of Lord Rosse's gigantic reflector and the great reflectors at Pulkova and Cambridge, the most irresolvable of these nebulæ have given way; and the better opinion now is that every one of them is a galaxy, like our own milky way, composed of millions of suns.

Discovery in Electricity.—Prof. Henry has made an interesting series of experiments with electricity, and states that he has discovered conclusively that there are not two kinds of electricity, according to Dufaye, but that it is an identity—rather a force, or an ether, that operates in oscillations by direct and reflex motions. He has also discovered that thunder storms exert an influence over a great extent of country. He has magnetized needles by thunder storms seven or eight miles distant. The principle of magnetizing a needle he explains by considering that if the direct wave of the fluid or electricity imparted, say fifty units of magnetic force to the needle, and the reflex wave took ten units from it, then the next direct wave imparted five units, the expression would be '50 p.—10 n. = 5 p. = 45 units of magnetic force with which the needle would be magnetized. These results are of great practical importance.

To Indurate Marble or Stone.—Melt pure wax in a clean ladle, and with a soft brush cover the marble with two or more coats. When perfectly congealed hold a red hot iron plate just near enough to cause the wax to sink into the marble. Stone or marble thus treated will never lose its color, and if white will remain so. If the stone or marble should become soiled with dirt and smoke, it may be washed without the slightest injury. This caustic process is applicable to both stucco and plaster casts, which latter may then be freely exposed to the weather with perfect safety. It is strongly recommended by Vitruvius, Pliny, and other old writers on such subjects, and is one of the secrets of the long preservation of the painted decorations of the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The Highest Mountain in the World.—The principal topic of conversation at Calcutta is the discovery of the highest mountain in the world. At the meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal on the 6th August Major Thuillier announced that Col. Waugh, Surveyor General of India, had completed his computations of the positions and elevations of the peaks of the Himalayas. The result was to depose the mountain Kanchinjinga from its throne as the highest point on the earth's surface. That distinction belongs for the present to a peak 100 miles from Kanchinjinga, and between that mountain and Kamnandoo. This peak is ascertained to be 29,002 feet above the sea level; Kanchinjinga is 28,156 feet; and Dewalagiri, the mountain which "school geographies" persist in calling "the highest mountain in the known world," is only 26,826 feet. The mountain has no name intelligible to civilized men, and Col. Waugh has therefore ventured to denominate it "Mount Everest," after a former surveyor general.

Marriage an Empeding.—A Pennsylvania editor says that marriage has broken out among his neighbors, and that it is spreading with frightful virulence all over the northern end of the county, carrying off hundreds of his subscribers. Hundreds of cases, he says, have come under his own observation, all of them hopeless—once seized and the victim is a gone case; the only thing that can be done is to call in a clergyman to prepare him for his fate. Having had the complaint before, he says, is no protection against it. A widow who had caught it years before, and was slowly recovering from its effects, suffered a relapse, and was now lost beyond recovery. She has married a second time.

The Witness that Knows Nothing.—Some witnesses in courts of justice *won't* comprehend questions, no matter how pertinent or how skillfully put. Mr. Parks, the witness alluded to below, is a fair specimen of the lot. The prosecuting attorney thus addresses him:

"Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether the defendant, to your knowledge, has ever followed any profession."

"He has been a professor ever since I have known him."

"Ah! a professor of *what?*"

"A professor of religion."

"You don't understand me, Mr. Parks. What does he *do?*"

"Well, generally as he pleases."

"Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows."

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd when they go to drink."

"Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now, state, sir, how the defendant supports himself."

"I saw him last night supporting himself against a lamp post."

"May it please your honor, this witness shows an evident disposition to trifle with this honorable court."

The Court.—"Mr. Parks, state, if you know anything about it, what the defendant's occupation is. The Court, let me say, has no idea that you *mean* to be disingenuous."

"*Occupation*, did you say, sir?"

"*Occupation*," answered the Judge.

"Yes," echoed the counsel. "What is his *occupation?*"

"If I am not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town."

"That's all, Mr. Parks. I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion."

"He is."

"Does his *practice* correspond with his *profession?*"

"I never heard of any correspondence, or letters of any kind."

"You said something about his propensity for drinking. Does he drink hard?"

"No, sir! I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"One *more* question, Mr. Parks: You have known this defendant a long time. What are his habits! Loose or otherwise?"

"The one he has got on *now*, I think, is rather tight under the arms; it is certainly too short-waisted for the fashion."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks." "Not a great deal of information," as Mr. Meddle says in the play, "elicited from *that* witness!"

Amateur Gardening.—"I don't see what in sin's become of them dahlias I set out this Spring," said Tapeliorn, a retired slop shop merchant, to his wife, one morning a month ago, as he hunted in vain among the weeds and grass of his garden, to see where or when his two dollar-a-piece dahlia roots were going to appear.

"Can't think what's the matter with 'em," he continued. "Goldblossom said they were the finest roots he ever sold—ought to be up and in bloom—two months ago."

"Oh, pa, I forgot to tell you," said Miss Tapeliorn, "that our Patrick, one morning last Spring, was digging in the garden there, and he turned up some things that looked just like sweet potatoes; mother and I looked at them, and thought they were potatoes those Mackintoshes had left undug when they moved away last winter!"

"Well, you a—" gasped Tapeliorn.

"Well, pa, ma and I had them all dug up and cooked, and they were the meanest tasting things we ever knew, and we gave them all to the pigs!"

Tapeliorn looked like a man in the last stages of disgust, and jamming his fists down into his pockets, he walked into the house, muttering:

"Tut, tut, tut!—thirty-two dollars and the finest lot of dahlias in the world—*gone to the pigs!*"—*Humors of Falconbridge.*

Dobbs makes a "Pass."—Dobbs walked into a Dry Goodery, on Court street, and began to look around. A double *jointed* clerk immediately appeared to Dobbs.

"What can I do for you, sir?" says he.

"A good deal," says Dobbs, "but I bet you won't."

"I'll bet I will," says the knight of the yard stick, "if I *can*."

"What'll you bet of that?" says the imperturbable Dobbs.

"I'll bet a fourpence!" says the clerk with a cute *nod*.

"I'll go it," says Dobbs. "Now, trust me for a couple of dollars' worth of your stuff!"

"*Lost*, by Ned!" says yard-stick. "Well, there's the fourpence."

"Thank you; call again when I want to *trade!*" says Dobbs.

"Do, if you please; wouldn't like to lose your custom," says the clerk, "no how."

Polite young man that—as soon as his chin vegetates, provided his dickey don't cut his throat, he'll be after the gals, Dobbs thinks!—*Humors of Falconbridge.*

A friend has favored us with the following excellent *jeu d'esprit* upon Dr. Kane. It was sent to our correspondent in a private letter from Brantz Mayer, Esq., of Baltimore, who wrote it upon finishing the perusal of the Doctor's new and thrilling book.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

Epigram upon our Arctic Explorer, Dr. Kane.

From the dawn of creation the name of old *Cane*
Has been cursed as the author of *slaying;*
But glory awaits in our age on the Kane
Who slays not, though famous for sleighing.
So fill up the cup to the *health of the Pole*,
Whose many long tale, though no fable,
Attests that for generous deeds of renown
Our Kane is really a Abel. (Able.)

Street Colloquy.—"Good morning, Mr. Smith; on the sick list to day?" "Yes, sir; got the ague." "Do you ever shake?" "Yes." "When do you shake again?" "Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing in particular, only I thought if you shook bad, I'd like to stand by and see if you could not shake the fifteen dollars out of your pocket which you owed me so long." Mr. Smith sloped.