HOW THE BULLS WENT DOWN MANHATTAN TOWN, OCT. 4, 1874.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The records of time are full
Of the wondrous, thunderous bull;
A hero in harness, the boast of the ring,
He's sometimes a god, and often a king.
O the bull,
The bellowing bull!
The Golden Bull, the bulls of Bashan,
Bulls of the Pope and the Irish nation,
Bulls of sidereal calculation,
Bulls of every stall and station,
Bulls on Jewish altars slain,
Bulls of the mountain and bulls of the plain,
Jupiter's self turned bull again;
The ruminant race since Adam's fall;
The whole cud-kind—what are they all
To the Texan horde
That bellowed and bored
As they drove down
Manhattan town?

How the frisky brutes made merry
From Central Park to Hamilton Ferry;
Every alley and every street
Cleared and scoured by their cloven feet—
Snorting and snoring, ranting and roaring,
Butting and boring, gashing and goring—
O, the unkindly kine!
How they leaped from line to line!
Lopping and limbing, tossing and trimming
The lace and the linen of men and women,
Over and under, and into the air,
Here and there and everywhere!
O, the bulls,
The bellowing bulls!
The police marched out, and the boys in blue,
Doctors of drugs and divinity, too;
But what could their bludgeons and sabers do;
The bullets and balls of the buttoned crew?
They aimed at the bulls and maimed the men;
They fired and loaded, and fired again,
But the shot rolled off like drops of rain
From the mailed boots of the Texan plain.
The bull "was abroad,"
And life was a fraud,
And he drove like a demon down
Manhattan town!

Bos, bovis, bovi, bovem,
Gemini, Jerusalem!
How Taurus stamped in his shaggy glee
As the bovine swept to his bloody spree,
Hoofs and hide to his revelry!
Not a second to breathe, for he shook his mane,
And oh! how the bulls buckled to it again!
Heap on heap, ten at a leap,
Wide and deep, ten at a sweep—
Such sport the powers ne'er before saw go
Since the heel of the heifer kicked over Chicago!
How many a man and many a maid
Prayed then that never before had prayed!
How many a man and many a maiden
Caught their first glimpse of the distant Aiden!
If they'd fastened horns on the judgment day,
Put antlers on Hades, and brought it to bay,
There couldn't have been a worse dismay
Than followed the people all the way
When the world was wild and the sky was lowery,
And the Texan bulls went down the Bowery!
O, the bulls,
The terrible bulls!
The bison-bull and the buffalo,
The bulls above and the bulls below—
But the lords of the Texan plain,
When shall we see their like again?
From 'Frisco round to the Bay of Fundy,
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
As long as there's fear in the human soul,
It will be told how there came on a Sunday
Four-footed disaster,
Fiercer and fiercer, faster and faster,
Snorting and snoring, ranting and roaring,
Butting and boring, gashing and goring—
How the bulls went down
Manhattan town!

—*New York Evening Post.*

SPANISH BULL FIGHTS

The civil war, the atrocities of the Carlists, their audacity, the inertness of Marshal Zabala, his resignation, his probable successor, the ministerial crisis from which we have just emerged, and every other topic are entirely lost sight of, and are as things of naught before the inauguration of the nation's delight, the new "Plaza de Toros."

The new "Plaza" is of Moorish architecture. The monotony of its indispensable circular shape is broken by the polygonal form of its sixty sides, and opportunity is given for relief in the ornamentation of its numerous windows and doors. Upward of 12,000 people plainly see every act in its wide area—the light iron pillars which support its tiers of galleries not in the least impeding the view. Eighty thousand pounds sterling has been expended upon it, and the outbuildings for the reception of the bulls connected with it. The exterior is built of brick, well cemented, thus giving good scope for the rich and elegant designs of the Moorish style. The thousands of seats in the vast amphitheatre are of granite, and the facades of the boxes are formed of the most delicate ironwork.

Immediately on my arrival I was hurried off by an obliging official to witness a sight only next in interest to the "corrida" itself—namely, that of uncarting the bulls on being brought direct from their pastures fresh and wild into the corral of the new Plaza. Two of their constant companions (bullocks who are trained to act as a species of keepers of those untamed brutes, and of whose sagacity marvelous stories are told) had been placed there previously, and their presence tranquilly feeding at the well-filled stalls had a soothing influence on the excited beasts being uncarted into the yard. Were it not for the adoption of this plan, the bulls, in their fury, would in all probability hurt themselves and each other in their unwonted confinement. As it was, the greatest precautions were taken that every one should be kept out of sight in order not to provoke them by the mere presence of strangers. Two which were brought in were magnificent animals, and their appearance to the initiated augured well for the day's "sport." The highest ladies in the land make it a matter of pride to present them to the people. On this occasion the Duchess of Fernan Nunez heads the list, followed by the "Ladies of Honor and Merit," a society whose appearance on such an occasion seems somewhat incongruous. The descendant of Columbus also figures in the list, his pastures of Veragua being, perhaps, the finest training ground in Spain.

Thanks to the numerous entrances, no difficulty was experienced in taking seats. When once within the vast space, filled with human beings, one's first feelings were much the same as the bulls upon their being suddenly thrust into an arena. The sight of such a multitude, every one greatly excited, is so different from what is to be met with under any other circumstances as to be positively bewildering, and it takes several minutes before the scene can be realized to its full extent. In the projecting central and royal box is the Duke de la Torre, surrounded by the newly reconstructed homogeneous Ministry, all of whom are to-day (whatever they may be to-morrow) of one opinion, namely, that the state may take care of itself for the time being, and they mean to enjoy the bull-fight. The whole Assembly thoroughly agrees with them for once, and the ceremony begins. Unlike any other Spanish institution, punctuality is observed to the letter. In this case delay would be doubly dangerous, for it so happens that no less than ten bulls are to be sacrificed, if time permits, but only eight, if it does not. Consequently not a moment is lost—indeed, the usual state procession of the entire company of actors (bull excepted) is hurried over, and the Alcade of Madrid, the Marquis of Sardoal, wastes no time in flinging into the hat of the mounted alguazil beneath him the key of the portal from which the bulls emerge. The "toreros" having taken up their accustomed positions, the door opens without delay, and an enraged beast plunges out and pauses thunderstruck, as it were, by such a strange scene. He is a magnificent animal, black and white in color, the gift of the Duchess of Fernan Nunez. Rapidly recovering himself, he rushes at the first object which catches his eye, and an unfortunate horse is instantly lifted up with its rider clean into the air, horribly gored by the animal's sharp horns. The "picador" falls off, the bull's attention is adroitly diverted by the vigilant "chulos," while the man, incumbered with his species of armor as he is, is picked up. He has sustained so little injury that he immediately remounts his wretched and half-dead steed, which is trembling from the shock, and the blood of which is oozing from its frightful wound. Meanwhile the bull continues its mad career, and scatters its tormentors in all directions with marvelous rapidity. Another picador engages his attention, but only for a moment, and the animal, even when pricked by the lance, declines the attack. A third horse is next encountered, and at one rush the bull's horn reached the heart, instant death kindly relieving the animal from further misery. A turn of the "banderilleros" now comes. Theirs is the dangerous duty of transfixing pairs of barbed arrows into the hide of the already infuriated animal, but too well do they succeed, as the roars of the brute testify. After this treatment has lasted sufficiently long, a signal is given, and forward advances the celebrated "Espada," "Bocanegra," (appropriately nicknamed from his swarthy bull-dog mouth), and craves permission to give the death-stroke to the bull. This is readily granted, and with the accustomed ceremony the man begins to give proof of his skill. The art is to seize the proper moment when the animal is face to face with his persecutor, one false step of whom is almost certain death. After several passes and nimble leaps aside, the sword is thrust into the animal's shoulders—half-way to the hilt. The brute thus rendered terribly furious, rushes wildly about, evidently suffering torment at every instant by each fresh movement of the sword in its body. Suddenly enraged to madness, it tears wildly to the wooden barrier, inside which several of its active adversaries have leaped, and are quietly looking on. To their intense surprise and the fright of the spectators, whose excitement is at its highest pitch, he clears the barrier, the sword still in his carcass, and over it he is. A clear course is left for him, but, quick as lightning, a door, hanging flat back against the sides of the narrow passage along which he is running, is flung across his path and bars his way, while at the same moment another door adjoining opens directly into the ring, and through it he turns. He is in his proper place again, and all danger is over. Another sword is handed to the "matador," and, the bull being after his adventure somewhat exhausted, as well he may be, a better opportunity is afforded. The thrust this time goes to a vital part; the blood pours out from his mouth, and he drops dead. The mob is not altogether satisfied with "Bocanegra's" skill. He is not a native of Madrid. The favorite "Frascuelo" is, and the applause of his fellow-citizens was withheld for him. This he subsequently received, amid torrents of cigars and numberless hats, which latter, happily for the owners, are promptly returned. The next bull was not disposed of so well as the last; but one incident relating to it I must recount, though I only do so with extreme disgust. My object is to present a truthful picture of what really occurs at these spectacles, leaving it to your readers to pass over the subject if they prefer not to become acquainted with it. That to which I allude was the case of a poor horse. After being ripped open, a large portion of its entrails protruded, and the animal, in its agony, galloped wildly about, treading upon them, and at each step drawing out still more. At length it madly dashed itself against the barrier and dropped dead. This is too common an occurrence to give concern to any one. Even the ladies who crowd the boxes do not turn aside their fans. One scene reflected credit upon some Englishmen who were witnesses of it. A wretched horse had been badly gored in the fore leg at a previous encounter—so lame was it that it could scarcely reach the gate, and go out to be killed as was naturally expected. Not so, however, for, to the astonishment of all, the animal reappeared in the following corrida, holding up its leg as would a wounded dog, and yet a monster in the shape of a picador was mounted upon the miserable creature, and spurring it forward. This was too much for Englishmen to endure. A shout arose of "Fuera," "Out with it." Even the Spaniards joined, and the ruffian dismounted, and the poor animal was sent to the stable to die in peace. But enough of such horses. Worse, far worse, than I have attempted to relate occurred on this day, and yet nothing to what is too frequently the case. Two of the bulls were evidently more fit for the pasture than the ring, and terribly they had to pay for it. The cry of "Fuego" for the fiery banderilleros was twice raised, and was readily complied with, to the delight of the mob, who enjoyed to the full the intensified agony of the bull upon whose hide exploded the detonating balls. Four of these fearful fire-works were at the same moment going off with reports which loudly echoed in the vast arena against one of the unfortunate animals, and yet after they had ceased he would not face his tormentors. He fell an easy sacrifice to the matador's sword. One redeeming feature was, however, presented. The custom is for the streaming colors of the ladies by whom the bulls are presented to be affixed to the animals' shoulders. On one occasion a horse was attacked, and the bull got entangled in the reins; the horse was unhurt, the picador bravely kept his seat, and during the struggle literally "grasped the nettle danger," drew out his guerdon off the bull's back, extricated his horse, and galloped off with the well won prize to opposite the Duchess de la Torre's box, presented the ribbons to her, and received a complimentary acknowledgment. In the days of royalty a purse of gold was thrown down to the fortunate individual, but those days, alas! for him, are passed, at all events for the present. The only palliation for these exhibitions is that the proceeds, which are devoted to charitable purposes, are a modicum of good to a power of evil. On the present occasion, the Hospital of Madrid derives the benefit. The general opinion prevails that the bulls, the full number—ten of whom were killed—were not sufficiently savage to suit the popular taste. Madrid reverses the proverb, and does look a gift (bull) in the mouth. On Sunday the bulls are to be paid for, and thus everybody ought to be satisfied.—*Madrid Letter.*

SHARP-EDGED.—A good story is told of Fenimore Cooper, who rather prided himself on a certain native wine manufactured from his own grapes. One day, when he was dining with a witty guest, Cooper poured out a glass of wine, and looking at it with pride, remarked, "Now, I call this good, honest wine." "Yes, Mr. Cooper, I agree with you. It is honest wine—poor, but honest." No response from Mr. Cooper.

A TEXAS VENDETTA.

During the past ten years Northern journals have at intervals published accounts of the Taylor-Sutton imbroglio, but so meager have been the reports that the public have invariably lost track of the affair altogether until some new horror connected with it refreshed their memories. At no time have the full facts been published, and the public can have no idea of the magnitude it has assumed or of the number of lives lost.

It is understood that the trouble originated in Alabama, near twenty years ago, when one of the Taylors killed a Sutton in a drunken affray, the particulars of which I have been unable to learn. Two years later the Taylors moved to Texas and settled in DeWitt or Goliad county. The Suttons followed soon after, and settled in the same neighborhood, where they lived in peace until the close of the late war, each party being in ignorance of the proximity of the other.

The stealing of a horse by young William Taylor and a companion named Jim Sharp, from a neighbor of Sutton's, was the immediate cause of the resumption of hostilities. The stealing took place, in the fall of '65, and a number of citizens, including old William Sutton, pursued the thieves into Bastrop county, where they were overtaken and killed. From that time until the present there has been open warfare between the two families, and gradually the neighbors for miles around, have been drawn into the quarrel, until the principals and their adherents number some twelve or fifteen hundred persons. It is said that near fifty men have been killed since the war in the frequent collisions which have taken place, but the following is a list of all the deaths of which I could get any reliable information:

In November, 1865, Buck Taylor, uncle of William Taylor, and John Chisholm were killed by the Suttons in Wilson county for strongly denouncing the killing of Taylor and Sharp. (I have no record of those killed during succeeding five years.)

In 1871, C. S. Bell, a State policeman and a Sutton man, killed Hays Taylor in Goliad county.

In 1872 Dobey Taylor was killed in Kerr county by a Sutton man whose name I have been unable to learn.

In the same year Messrs. Cox and Dayton, both Sutton men, were ambushed and killed by a gang of Taylor men near Helena, Karnes county. Shortly afterwards, Jack Helm, a notorious desperado, a Sutton man, of State police notoriety, killed Mark Taylor near Yorktown, DeWitt county, and was himself killed two weeks after by the Taylors in Atascosa county. It is safe to say that Helm killed ten or fifteen men in 1871-72 under the protection of his position as Lieutenant of State police.

In the spring of this year both parties collected their adherents and took the field with the intention of settling the matter by exterminating each other. It very soon became apparent that the Suttons were largely in the majority, and the Taylors being unable to openly cope with them, resorted to a guerrilla mode of warfare. After much maneuvering and little fighting, the Suttons succeeded in completely surrounding the Taylors, and but for the interference of friends of both parties, there would not have been a Taylor left to tell the story. After some parley, old William Sutton was induced to agree to a conference in which it was decided that they should go to the county seat (court being in session) and get the District Judge to draw up articles of agreement, which were to be signed and sworn to by all concerned. Without delay they rode in a body to the county town (to the terror of the citizens thereof and the Judge and officers of the court, who thought that the demonstration was being made against them), entered the Court-House, and called on the Judge to suspend the business of the court and draw up the necessary agreement. The Judge was delighted to oblige the gentlemen, and attended to the matter at once; names were signed, oaths taken, and the best of feeling seemed to prevail. The citizens of Goliad and DeWitt counties were wild with joy; great was the handshaking, and numerous were the toasts drank to the permanency of the compact. For a time all went well; both parties seemed in earnest and moved about freely, without fear of being waylaid and murdered, a blessing they had not enjoyed for nearly ten years. In the following month (March) old William Sutton, the veteran actor in this great tragedy, accompanied by a friend named Slaughter, went to Indianola and took passage on the steamship Clinton for Galveston. While sitting in conversation on the deck of the steamer, young William Taylor, aged 20 years, stepped up and shot them both dead. Taylor escaped to the wharf, mounted his horse, and rode through the town whooping and yelling like a madman. He was afterward arrested in Northwestern Texas, taken to Indianola, and afterward sent to Galveston for safe keeping, as the authorities feared that he would be either released or lynched if kept there. On the 25th of last month (September) he was sent to Indianola for trial, under guard of the Lone Star Rifles and Washington Guards, of Galveston, but got a continuance until next term of court. He was remanded to Galveston jail, where he now lies. About a month after the killing of Sutton young Scrap Taylor, the only brother of William, was arrested and put in jail in De Witt county on a charge of cattle-stealing, and was taken out in the night by a mob and shot. William Taylor would certainly have shared the same fate but for the action of the authorities in sending him to Galveston. Capt. McNally, of State police fame, has been at the scene of action with a body of militia, assisting the impotent Sheriffs of the several counties to execute the laws. It is probable that this terrible vendetta is at an end. The Taylors (what few are left) are scattered over the frontiers of this State and Kansas, and it is not likely that they will ever get together again in sufficient numbers to dare to return to their old haunts; and the decisive, though tardy, action of the State authorities in sending a body of armed men to aid the county officers has effectually put an end to present difficulties.

MR. CHARLES O'CONOR and Mr. Reverdy Johnson have published letters in which opposing views are taken as to the President's powers in the matter of the recognition of State governments. Mr. Johnson took the ground that the President's judgment in such a case is final; that though the President made a sad mistake in his first recognition of Kellogg, having done so, the act was irrevocable. Mr. O'Conor claims that when the President had discovered his mistake he had the power, and it was his duty, to recall the first action and make such new decision as full information of all the facts warranted.

A Relic of Daniel Boone.

A correspondent of the Nashville *Union and American* writes from Washington county, Tenn.: Near Mr. Faw's farm, on the lands of S. E. Edwards, is the famous Boone tree which contains the earliest record of civilization in Tennessee. It stands on the northwestern slope of a hill which rises up from Sinking creek, near the Blountsville and Jonesboro stage road. The hill is thickly set with beech, maple and oak, and the whole earth is ramified with gnarled roots, which cover the surface like an inextricable mat. The dense woods, the roar of the little creek as it leaps in cascades over the tinted limestone, and the deep gloom of the forest gave a wildness to the surrounding not unlike what one may imagine it was 114 years ago, when Daniel Boone, the bold pioneer, resting his rifle against the tree, carved in indelible characters the result of the day's work in this way:

D. Boon
Cilled A BAR On Tree
in THE YEAR
1760.

At that time he was 26 years of age, and doubtless was more than 100 miles from any human habitation, relying alone upon his own brave heart, strong arm and trusty rifle. The tree is just two feet in diameter and leans about three degrees from perpendicularity. It has been greatly defaced by seekers after immortality, who have inscribed their names, otherwise unknown, all over it, for ten feet, or nearly so, above the surface of the ground. For several hundred yards southwest, and immediately around the tree, is a large number of mounds, with corresponding depressions, which have led many to believe that it was originally a mining region of the Indians, and some have been led to think that beds of pure silver, as rich as those of Potosi, might be found by digging. But I am satisfied that the mounds have been produced by uprooted trees, whose roots decaying have left the cherty beds high above the general surface.

Supposed Suicide.

The other day a compositor in this office got hold of a part of a page of the chirography of M. D. Bloss, editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It isn't writing at all, but Bloss seems to kick the ink bottle at a sheet of paper and then sends the paper down to the compositors as editorial. This part of a page was used as the foundation of a plot to deliberately destroy a human life. A line or two was written above it, Bloss' page marked "solid," and it was handed out to a "jour," who had just struck the office. He claimed to be "lightning" on the "set" and on reading manuscript, and he set up the introductory line like a whirlwind. When he came down to Bloss he grabbed for a cap "A," held it a second and then dove into the "Y" box. He then threw that back and picked out a dollar mark. No sentence can commence with a dollar mark, and the typo paused, spit on his hands and rested one foot on the cross-bar of his rack. After a moment he grabbed a "fi," but slowly replaced it and toyed with an italic "Z." Then he spit on his hands some more, corrugated his brow, and hauled the manuscript under his eyes. It was no go. He held the page further off, close to his nose, slanting to the right and square before the window, but he couldn't start it, and he knew in his soul that no other human compositor outside of the *Enquirer* could do it. As afternoon faded into twilight he laid the page aside, set up two or three lines out of his head, and then slipped into his coat, said he'd got to go to the depot to see a friend, and he was gone. In the stick he had set up the words: "Tell my mother that I will meet her on the other shore." He probably will. He was seen at the foot of Grisword street, heard to ask if death by drowning wasn't easier than hanging, and it is probable that his marble form now lies at the bottom of the cold, green river, while Bloss is a murderer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Heroine of the Commune.

The following was related to me yesterday of a noble woman whose name should live in history. She, together with her lover, a young surgeon, had taken care of the wounded Communists during the days and nights of their fierce fighting with the Versailles troops. Upon the entry of the latter into the city, when excitement was at its height, and when every one suspected of complicity with the Commune was shot almost without a question being asked, the surgeon was arrested and brought before the drum-head tribunal, in the Place du Chatelet. His life trembled for the moment in the balance, but was finally saved by the intercession of one of the Judges present, who was an intimate friend of the accused. As the latter was being led from the room, he met the woman whom he loved, who had helped him in his care of the wounded, and who was now accused of the same crime as he himself had been. "Good God, Marie!" he exclaimed, "are *you* here too?" The woman took the whole scene in at a glance, saw the danger into which she would plunge her lover should she recognize him, and drew herself up coldly, saying: "You are mistaken, sir; *je ne vous connais pas!*" A few moments afterward she was taken out and shot! Is not that a story worthy of the old guillotine days?—*Paris Letter.*

Life Under Glass.

The author of "Life Under Glass" sends to the Boston *Transcript* a letter, giving some curious results of his experience in the use of colored glass as a medium for the transmission of the sun's rays in the treatment of lung disease. The writer of the communication being himself a victim to weak lungs, gave special attention to the subject from personal as well as professional interest. His attention was directed to the matter by an incident in his own experience. During the autumn of 1863 he was at home in Boston on "sick leave" from the army, and was in the habit of frequenting the photograph gallery of a friend. The operating room of the gallery was lighted by a large skylight of light blue glass, and the walls were tinted of the same color. He soon noticed that he invariably felt better after an hour or two passed in this gallery, and was finally convinced that the beneficial effect was largely due to the blue light. After the war he began a series of experiments among his patients by using blue glass. As the light from purely blue glass is not entirely agreeable to the eye, he alternated the panes with clear glass. This was an improvement, and he went on with his experiment until he attained the highest sanitary power in a purple or light violet color, the red in the staining making the light pleasant to bear.

THE best way for a man to acquire a fine flow of language is to stub his toe against a raised brick.

A New Way to Die.

Human ingenuity has been much exercised in devising new ways to live, but scant attention has been paid to the discovery of original methods of death. People have shuffled off this mortal coil in distressingly similar ways. It has been reserved for Miss Boomershine, of Phillips county, Kansas, to crown her sex with fresh glory by inventing a brand-new, first-class way of traveling to that bourne, etc. Miss B. had acquired, in her native village in Georgia, the usual accomplishments of the belles of that neighborhood. She dipped snuff with the utmost dexterity, and she saved her parents much needless expense by cultivating a keen appetite for clay. It is said that in three weeks she ate up a small hill which was in the way of a projected railway, and thus saved the company the cost of excavation. Her rivals affirm, however, that the time spent was four weeks, instead of three. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the busy Miss B. was emphatically made of clay. Eve could not have surpassed her in that respect. In an unlucky hour the Boomershines moved into the grasshopper lands of Kansas. A distressing phenomenon followed. The daughter began to dislike her staple diet before half of the clay-bank opposite the house was consumed. This would not have been half so bad in itself, had she not developed at the same time an alarming fondness for all green things. What the grasshoppers had left she devoured. One night she swept the cornfield bare. Her angry father sought her in vain the next morning. She came home in the evening, after an all-day lunch on two acres of potato-vines. When other resources failed, she joined the family cow in the pasture-lot and played Nebuchadnezzar with such dexterity that the poor thing died three days thereafter from lack of food. From time to time she said she felt as if she could "take wings and fly away." A doctor dosed her in vain. She grew worse rapidly. Her predatory excursions into the neighbors' fields embroiled the whole vicinity. When the grasshoppers began to fly away, the end came. Miss B. watched them from the window. Suddenly she rushed from the house. Her anxious friends followed just in time to see the hope of Boomershines play boomerang by flapping her arms as if they were wings, rising ten feet in the air, and falling back into her tracks dead. A *post-mortem* examination revealed the mystery. The clay the girl had consumed in Kansas was covered with grasshopper eggs. These had hatched out inside. She "was literally swarming with grasshoppers." Their influence had led to her vegetable-eating, and their desire to go with their comrades had finally caused her death. The discovery of this new way to die belongs to Kansas; we are but the humble agency to give it a wider notoriety.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The New Bessemer Steamship.

The successful launch of the steamer Bessemer, constructed for passenger transportation across the British Channel, is an event in naval architecture of no little interest. The construction of the vessel is upon entirely new principles, and its success may at no distant date revolutionize the present system of building passenger vessels. The most important feature of this vessel, and that which will interest the general public, is the mechanical arrangement to prevent sea-sickness. This is to be reached in two ways. First, by reducing the motion of the vessel to a minimum, and by reducing what remains by mechanical means. The former is effected by the peculiar build of the vessel, the latter by the swinging-saloon on the Bessemer pivotal system. This saloon is 70 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 25 feet high, with a deck above it. To prevent seasickness, it is necessary to keep the floor of the saloon horizontal the whole time, as is done with the compass and binnacle lights of all vessels. The swing of the saloon itself would be inadequate to this end, and hydraulic power is introduced to correct the motion of the vessel by swinging the saloon in the opposite direction. This force is not altogether automatically applied. It is reduced to the control of a man who, with a spirit-level before him and a lever in hand, directs the machinery. This is but one feature of this remarkable vessel. Its engines are of enormous power; it has a double set of side-wheels; is built of two vessels held together by massive girders; its draught of water is very light and both ends are built alike, to avoid the necessity of attempting to turn in French harbors. It is hoped that the Bessemer with all its weight and breadth of beam will be able to make the enormous speed of twenty miles an hour. The trial trip will not be made for two months yet, for there is much to be done. The Bessemer will by that time have to steam from the North of England to the Thames in about the roughest time of the year, which will test Mr. Bessemer's patent and Mr. Reed's construction very severely.

Chinese Mandarins.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, writing from up the Yang-tse-Kiang, says: "The mandarin in charge at Tankan was a first-rate fellow. He came on board to visit the ship, and as everything was very strange to him he evinced great interest in all that he saw. I gave him a cigar, and after showing him how to light it he commenced pulling at it. After he had taken five or six whiffs he handed it to one of his servants, who passed it to the rest of his fellows, each in his turn taking five or six whiffs. They all seemed to enjoy it exceedingly. When they smoke they have pipes that hold a very small quantity of tobacco; after taking a couple of whiffs the tobacco is exhausted; they then knock out the ashes and fill up again. Their tobacco is very mild, and one could smoke it all day without feeling any bad effects. Before he left, the mandarin very kindly asked us to come and see him aboard of one of his gunboats, so one evening some of us went. He was waiting for us, and had the tea all ready. Whenever you go to see a Chinaman, whether on business or not, he always insists on your taking a cup of tea. He also treated us to some samshur, a liquor distilled from rice, rather pleasant to the taste—resembling sherry—but one has to take great care or else he will find himself under the table. The old fellow had not much to show us, but he did all in his power to make our visit a pleasant one. His men-of-war (?) consisted of two junks with a small gun—about two or three-pounder—on the bow and stern of each. These guns are used when boats passing down the river will not stop and pay the 'squeeze,' or show their passes. The way the mandarins get their money is by establishing in their several districts stations where everything passing has to pay a small toll. Some of the boats coming down the river have to stop fifty or sixty times."

The Great Salt Lake.

A Salt Lake City correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "There seems to be a general impression among strangers that the city of Salt Lake is located on the margin of the great Salt Lake, and the tourist on his arrival here is surprised and disappointed to find that it is not. The popular visiting place on the lake is what is called Black Rock, lying directly west, twenty miles distant from this city, on the old overland mail road going toward California. It is a most interesting spot to visit, and it is very strange that out of the many who travel across the continent, desirous of seeing everything of interest, there are so few who will take the time and trouble to see this most wonderful and beautiful sheet of water. The size of the lake is about eighty miles from east to west, and about one hundred miles from north to south. It is the great reservoir for all the waters that empty into the surrounding valleys, without any known outlet except what the gentle rays of the summer sun draws up to the cloudy strata of the heavens. The water is exceedingly salty, more so than any body of water in the world, and its buoyancy is fully 100 per cent. more than that of the ocean. In the crudest manner the Mormons make a pail of salt from three pails of water, and the buoyancy is very perceptible in bathing, when the ordinary swimmer finds he can float as easily and securely as walking on the 'sure and firm-set earth.' Sinking is impossible. The water in the lake is gradually rising, and some estimates have put it at ten inches each year; but no means have been taken to measure it until about two months since, when a granite monument was erected at Black Rock, a short distance from the shore. The lake as a thing of beauty is almost unsurpassed. The water at times is of the deepest green; at others, of the purest blue; and, varying from the shallow to the deep water, from the lightest to the darkest shades, and at all times like the grand old ocean. The seagull and the pelican scale just overhead, riding gracefully the waves upon its smooth or rolling surface."

Steam on Canals.

The premium of $100,000 offered by the State of New York for the invention of some method by which canals may be successfully and economically navigated by steam power, was a good investment. What is known as the Baxter boat has now complied with all the conditions required for securing the award, and it is evident that steam is to take the place of horse-power on all important canals. A steamer recently reached Buffalo from New York in six days and seventeen hours. Thirteen of these steamers are now launched, and ten others will be constructed at once, making twenty-three to ply on the Erie canal. With their towing capacity this will equal a great many horse boats, and must speedily result in the growth of grass upon the tow-path. The time is near when not a horse boat will be used on the Erie canal. This is not only an important result in consequence of the time saved, but its greatest benefit arises from the fact that it will materially reduce freight rates. With the tolls on the Erie canal placed at reasonable and just figures, every farmer in the West would derive some perceptible benefit from this new method of canal transportation. With the encouraging results attending the use of steam on the Erie canal, there is little reason to doubt the enlargement of the Wabash and Erie canal, and its extension to St. Louis. It is not possible to conceive the vast importance of such a line of transportation to the people of the West, insuring, as it would, the rapid and cheap transportation of their surplus products to the seaboard.

A Widow's Witness.

It was told of old that the cackle of a goose once saved Rome. It is now related that a swallow won a suit in court away down in Texas. A poor widow and her daughter had a suit for damages before a court in Houston. The counsel for the plaintiff introduced into his pleading the fable of the swallow that built her nest and reared her young under the eaves of the temple of justice. The lawyer enlarged upon the swallow's trust in the protection of her home the place afforded, and very aptly made the application to the case before the court. When the counsel was about finishing his illustration a swallow actually flew into the room and alighted upon the Judge's desk. It then hopped away and found rest for the sole of its foot on the railing of the jury-box. In its circuit of the court-room it halted for awhile on a pile of law books, then hovered a moment over the heads of the plaintiffs, and flew out of the window and away. The counsel concluded by saying: "Behold the witness," and as the witness could not be called back by the opposing counsel, the case was given to the jury pretty much as the swallow left it. The jury could not ignore the bird's evidence, and gave a verdict for the widow. The story is a little birdy, but not in the least fishy. If it was a preconcerted plan of the lawyer it was very happily arranged and nicely carried out, and deserves a place among court reports and curious pleadings.

Fashion Notes.

Jet is still used everywhere.

The Josephine waist is to be worn again.

Double prices are charged on all fashionable goods.

Silk is rarely worn on the street in Paris this fall.

Immense long black chains are worn around the neck.

The polonaise will be worn with many winter costumes.

To dress warmly and cheaply one must keep behind the fashion.

Buy thick woolen goods, and cut as little as possible in making up.

Dead white board is generally preferred for cards, though delicate tinting is allowable.

In New York, for the street, the skirt is of silk, rich and heavy, with rough camel's hair fabric, pardessus.

For ladies and gentlemen dressing in mourning, the card is edged with a band of black, broader or narrower in proportion to the depth of owner's weeds.

For ladies the fashionable card is of the finest unglazed Bristol board, rather louder than formerly, and tending to the oblong rather than the square in shape.

Invitations to weddings are now usually issued upon a sheet of the finest, thickest, most highly finished note-paper about four inches wide and eight deep, so that when folded exactly across the middle it fits into a square envelope to correspond.

NOT long since, at Sunday school, the teacher, after trying hard to impress on the minds of a class of small boys the sin of Sabbath-breaking, asked, "Is Sunday better than any other day?" when the smallest boy in the class answered: "You bet your boots it is!"

The Donkey.

I hav watched the donkey with a grate deal ov pashunt anxiety.

They are about three foot high, and sumthing like three foot six inches lengthways.

They hav a normal appetight, and will eat all the time, and more too.

They aint partiklar about their vittles, and will try hard to swallo a horse shu, but seldum succeed in doing it.

They are mostly ov a grizzly gray culler, and eat too mutch to ever git phatt.

The donkey iz one ov natur's jokes, a sort ov pun, which I never could see the point to.

They are az sett in their ways az a post, and are the only live thing that iz too mutch for a klub.

They will stand more pounding than a sheaf ov wet oats without shelling out.

I hav seen them hitched up to a go-kart, right away after brekfast, and stay thare pashuntly untill sunsett.

They are not hansum to behold, but, az a cluss study, are az full ov interest az a mile stone with the letterings all worn off.

The donkey haz two ears and only one tale, and their ears stand in the same relashun to the rest ov their boddys that a steeple duz to a church.

Their tales don't seem tu be enny use only to frisk, and the whole kritter, from beginning to end, iz about az uncalled for in this climate az a pair ov twin mud-turtles or a dozen ov snaiks eggs.

I kant say that I hate the donkey, but if thare want but one in America, and that one waz stuffed, and belonged to Barnum, I should be the last man to shed tears over the result.

The donkey iz a sober and misterious cuss.

I luv all the dum kritters. I luv to ponder over them. I hav watched for hours the vagrant pissmire, the spotted tud and the vivacious hornet, and kan see in them what I never could see in man, their needle allwuss points to the north pole.

Farewell, yu sad and thinking kritter; I may never again write yure memoirs, but whether I do or dont, I shall allwuss respeckt yu az a donkey, and that's all.

I forgot to state, in the hurry ov the moment, that a donkey will liv forever, or thereabouts, and have the same indelible kast ov kountenance to the last.

Adiew, yu graven image; yu solid one, adiew!—*Josh Billings.*

Height of the Human Species.

M. Silberman shows the average height of the male and female population of France, taken in a certain position which he names the "geometric" is 1.600040 meters, or two meters if in the same position the hands are comfortably extended over the head. Two individuals laid lengthwise with fingers touching would thus measure four meters, and this he terms the base of the harmonic proportions of the human race. Thus this harmonic base is four times one meter, just as the meridian is four times ten millions, and the relation of the two integers is as one to 10,000,000. From these considerations he draws proof of the equality of the sexes, as they exhibit woman not as a complement to the male portion of the race, but as constituting normally and by right half of the human family. M. Silberman arrives at the conclusion, as the result of his various investigations and studies, that the average height of the human race has remained unchanged since the Chaldean epoch 4,000 years ago.

AMONG the recent physical problems is that suggested by the fact that a ball or bar of solid iron will float upon a molten mass of the same metal. To account for this it has been argued that iron, like water, expands on solidifying, and hence that solid iron is specifically lighter than when in a molten state, and that, this being the case, the iron floats just as ice does in water. Unfortunately for the acceptance of this theory, it is stated by its opponents, and with good reason, that iron does *not* expand as described, and hence is not subject to the law that governs ice. The second and apparently just theory to account for the phenomenon is that, when a ball of solid iron is brought in contact with the molten metal, it does not sink, owing to a film of air adhering to it, which repels the molten iron and prevents contact. This phenomenon will be at once recognized as kindred to that known as the spheroidal state of liquids.

ABSURD MISUSE OF ENGLISH.—A writer to the New York *Evening Post* puts the following linguistic query: I should like to ask some one who knows why the party of Irish gentlemen who were engaged in shooting a rifle match at Creedmoor, L. I., last week, are called the "Irish team." Webster says: "Team—offspring, progeny, race of descendants, anything following in a row, order or team"—derived from certain words meaning "to bear, to team." I suppose these gentlemen may possibly stand in "a row," and their shots may "follow in order," but certainly, for these reasons alone, "team" is a very odd word to select out of our rich language to express a body of men associated for a definite purpose.

MUCH DRINKING.—The St. Louis *Times* contains an announcement which reads like some legend of the Rhine or story of the Black Forest. At the wedding of Herr Louis Grunsfelder and Fraulein Louise Neibert, daughter of John Neibert, the butcher on Chouteau avenue, there were consumed 700 bottles of Forster Kiesbing and champagne. As there could certainly not well have been more than 100 guests present, if as many, there would be, by this count, seven bottles to each guest. Iago tells us that "Your Dane, your German, and your sway-bellied Hollander—drink, ho?—are nothing to your English." The dramatist never visited St. Louis.

CONVENTION OF THE HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHISTS.—The New York *Commercial* says: A convention of the humorous paragraphists of the country is talked of, each delegate, of course, to nominate and elect himself. What a crowd there will be! The Brooklyn *Argus*, Boston *Post*, Richmond *Enquirer*, Detroit *Free Press*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, St. Louis *Globe*, and Danbury *News* will all be expected. We beg to suggest either the Bay of Fun-dy or Laugh-a-yette as a proper point for the meeting. And why not call the assembled wits the National Board of Fun-der-writers?

CHEERFUL.—Italy has an annual deficit which has never been less than 200,000,000f.; a public debt which has increased in thirteen years from 2,439,000,000f. to 9,757,000,000f.; a forced paper currency of 840,000,000f., together with an entire disappearance of gold and silver; exchange ranging between 8 and 16 per cent., and at times even 20 per cent. against the country, and imports to a large amount in excess of the value of Italian productions exported.