

that the sea rose fearfully high and rolled in upon the land with great rapidity. Its waves were fearful, and to add to the terror, the waters were boiling hot! Oh, the clouds of steam and vapor that filled the very heavens! Men, women and children fleeing before the incoming flood, from whom arose bitter cries of woe and lamentation. Fortunately, I stood upon a high mountain and viewed the whole scene and awoke in the midst of it.

Respectfully,

DANIEL.

The Political Crisis.

WASHINGTON, D.C.,
November 18, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

The present political crisis reminds us somewhat of the fable about the grave of the prophet Mahomed at Mecca. The casket containing his body was said to be suspended in the air, by the hand of Allah, thus preserving it from contaminations of earth. The secret of the suspended casket consisted simply in the ingenious arrangement of two magnets between which the casket, which was made of iron, was so nicely balanced that for centuries it hung there, the object of the worship of thousands of faithful Islamites who made the pilgrimage thither for the purpose of seeing what they considered to be the eighth wonder of the world.

The past two weeks have really seemed like two centuries, not only at the National Capital, but throughout the Union. Like Mahomed's casket, the result of the election has been hovering, in a state of uncertainty, between the hopes and doubts of both parties. At times the burden has seemingly inclined toward one side or the other, thus promising to put an end to all suspense, but the next moment the opposing magnet has gained force, and the result has become as doubtful as ever. Truly, this is a state of "betweenness," as some one of our friends was pleased to remark when commenting on the situation. What makes the uncertainty still harder to bear is the fact that nobody knows when it will end. So long as the opposing powers are of equal force, it is not likely that the dispute over the coveted treasure will come to an end, unless, indeed, to use a vulgar expression, somebody "sits down hard on the casket, hard enough to tip the balance one way or the other. Let not the weight of success crush the party upon which it falls.

The general depression of business, which has been the natural result of the state of affairs succeeding the election, has not seemingly affected this city. This may be due, in part, to the annual influx of winter visitors, which usually begins two or three weeks previous to the meeting of Congress, and which has just set in. As might be expected, the immigration will this year take unwonted dimensions, the habits of Washington during the session of Congress being this year enforced by two distinct classes of travellers—those who come once in four years and those who come but once in a hundred years. The former of these classes everybody knows; they are the chronic office-seekers of the "opposition party," as they would say in England, who flock here after each presidential election in hope of "getting something." Alas! how many of those weak mortals will have to go home again, penniless, spiritless, officeless, after hanging around for a winter (or as long as their means will permit them) at the Washington hotels, treating members of Congress to drinks and Senators to wine suppers in consideration of golden promises of some lucrative employment, promises which our Representatives "in Congress assembled" know so well how to make and forget. By the latter class of visitors I do not refer to those "Centennials" who, clad in linen dusters and paper collars, used to make a practice of invading boarding houses in battalions of ten and twenty, staying twenty-four hours, and then departing, leaving behind them the utter blankness and devastation which we used to imagine could be caused by nothing less than a conflagration or an avalanche. No, this race has vanished, with the exception of a few straggling specimens, who look lank and hungry enough to inspire us with the hope that the race may die out before the next Centennial. The element I here speak of is the

solid Centennial visitor from at home and abroad, who comes with his family to take up his residence here for the winter; comes to spend his money and see the sights, and those are neither few nor far between here.

The principal events in Congress during the coming session, can scarcely yet be foreshadowed; they will depend, to a very great extent, upon the result of the election in the southern states. When this becomes definitely known, and not until then, will it be possible to prophesy, with an approach to certainty, what will be done and what will be omitted by our legislators. In society the question is, what will not be done during the coming season. The "centennial tea-parties" and "Martha Washington fairs" of last winter will be out of vogue; they will be supplanted by masquerades, champagne suppers and other exercises of a more expensive and "jolly" and probably less healthful character.

The theatres and other public places of amusement have opened their seasons, and are now in full blast. It is a wonder, by the way, how easily the Washington public, otherwise fastidious, is duped into accepting bad theatrical performances for good ones. The best theatre we have here would at any other place of this size be considered second-rate, and when a star-company occasionally occupies its stage (I do not speak of the dim luminaries who have to brand themselves "star" in order to make the public believe it) it is an event which is remembered for days afterward. "Reform is necessary!"

The inclemency of the weather has for several days prevented our streets from looking as gay as otherwise they would. Our Indian Summer is past, and we are now having the misty, chilly, disagreeable weather which usually precedes a cold snap. Our streets generally are in a fair condition, however, and if it was not for the horrible condition of Pennsylvania Avenue, the pavement of which is now being relaid, we would have nothing to remind us of the winter two or three years ago, when it was a common occurrence for belated wanderers to come home shoe-less; for Washington mud is like everything else that is bad about Washington—it sticks. W. B.

PATENTS IN BRITAIN.—The "Commissioner of Patents" of Queen Victoria have just made public their annual report, which will soon be in the hands of Parliament. It is a document differing widely from the similar publication issued, not long ago, by the United States Patent Office; but is, notwithstanding, full of interesting information. Messrs. Louis Bagger & Co., patent attorneys, Washington, D.C., have compiled some tables from this report, of which the following is an extract:

"The total number of patents granted in Great Britain (exclusive of the colonies) last year was 4,561, or very few more than, during the same period of time, were granted in the United States to residents in the State of New York alone. The revenue of the office was 110,950 pounds sterling, or more than six times that of the United States Patent Office. Of the number of applications filed, 1,173 were forfeited and became public property, owing to the non-payment of the required fees. Within the past eighteen months, the London Patent Office has had added to it the office for registering designs, and also that for registering trade marks; this latter office being a new creation entirely, while the former office was merely transferred from the London Board of Trade.

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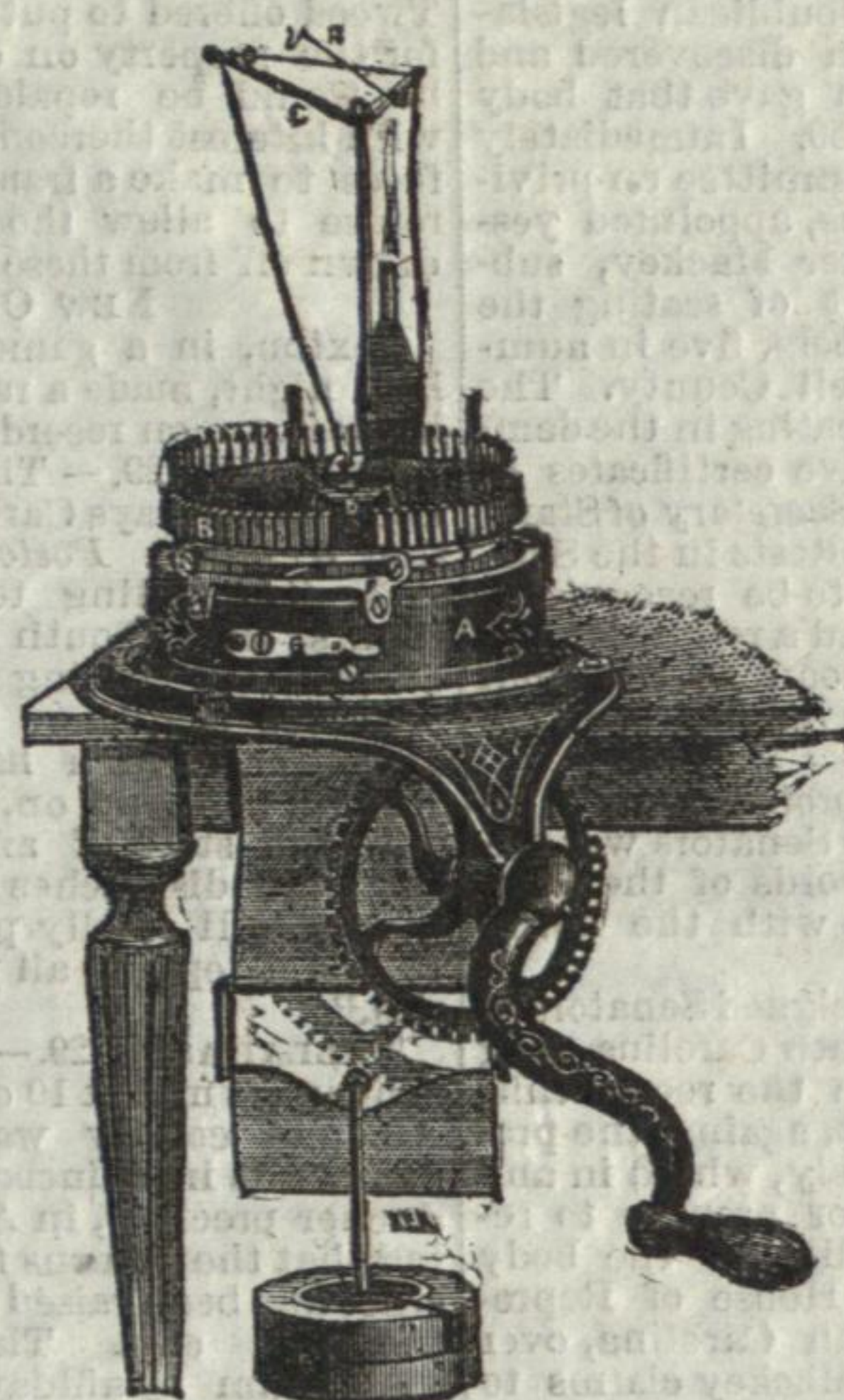
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