

MISCELLANEOUS.

TALLEYRAND'S FAMOUS MOT.—The saying of the crafty French politician, that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts ("La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour cacher sa pensée.") is traced back by the London *Guardian* (a religious paper) to a sermon preached by Dr. Robert South, in Westminster Abbey, on the 30th April, 1676, on "The Wisdom of the World." It occurs thus: "Men speak with designs of mischief, and therefore they speak in the dark. In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, but to the wise whereby to conceal it."

WELL-BALANCED MINDS.—Ward, (Artemus,) the Showman, says:

I claim to have a well-balanced mind; tho' my ideas of a well-balanced mind differs from the ideas of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Billson and me organized a strollin' dramatic company, and we played *The Drunkard*, or *The Falling Saved*, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, let's give 'em sum immoral drams. We had a large troop o' our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says No. Billson; and then says I, Billson you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old boss-ly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public requires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miserable man once played *Hamlet*. There wasn't any orchestra, and wishin' to expire to slow music, he died playin' on a claronette himself, interspersed with heart-rendin' groans, and such is the world!

UNCLE SAM'S BAKERY AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.—Among other big things in which Uncle Sam is engaged, he is carrying on the largest bakery in the world. It is located near Alexandria, and covers a little more than an acre of ground. About 290 men are constantly employed, 20 ovens are in operation, and between 400 and 500 barrels of flour are daily converted into good bread for the Army of the Potomac and hospitals and garrisons around Alexandria. Five hundred barrels of flour will turn out 90,000 loaves or rations of bread, 22 ounces to the loaf. Gas has been introduced throughout the building and into the ovens, so that the bakers can see that the bread is not overdone or not baked enough. The water is also introduced, and 600 feet of hose kept on hand to guard against fire. The railroad passes by the side of the main building, where flour is delivered from the cars into the warehouses, and the bread is taken directly into the cars and sent to the Army of the Potomac, who thus receive fresh bread every day. It has turned out 114,550 loaves of bread in one day.

WHAT AN "EDUCATED" MAN OUGHT TO KNOW.—An educated man ought to know three things: First—Where he is; that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly—Where he is going; that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; what seems to be the nature of that other world. Thirdly—What he had best to do under these circumstances; that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has his will so subdued in the learning of them, that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, is an educated man; and the man who knows them not is uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel. —[Ruskin.]

COURAGE IN THE ABSTRACT.—Kinglake in his *Crimean War*, says:

A bodily ardor for fighting may be more or less masked and hidden; but he to whom this great passion is wanting, is without the quality of a general. For warfare is so anxious and complex a business, that against every vigorous movement heaps of reasons can forever be found; and if a man is so cold a lover of battle as to have no stronger guide than the poor balance of the arguments and counter-arguments which he addresses to his troubled spirit, his mind, driven first one way and then another, will oscillate, or even revolve, turning miserably in its own axis, and making no movement straight forward. Now, it is a characteristic still marking the Scottish blood, that often—and not the less so when it flows in the veins of a gentle-hearted being—it is seen to fire suddenly at the prospect of a fight. Campbell loved warfare with a deep passion; and at the thought of battle, his grand, rugged face used to kindle with uncontrollable joy. "The Brigade of Guards will be destroyed; ought it not to fall back?" When Sir Colin Campbell heard this saying, his blood rose so high that the answer he gave—impassioned and far-resounding—was of a quality to govern events. "It is better, sir, that every man of Her Majesty's Guards should lie dead upon the field than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy." Doubts and questionings ceased. The division went forward.

SHELLING, AND HOW THE MISSILES ARE DODGED.—A correspondent writing from Morris Island to the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal* says:

At night we can see the path of a shell through all its journey, lighted as it is by the burning fuse. When the range is two miles, the track of a shell from a mortar describes very near half the arc of a circle. On leaving the mortar it gracefully moves on, climbing up and up into the heavens till it is nearly or quite a mile above the earth, and then it glides along for a moment, apparently in a horizontal line; but quickly you see that the little fiery orb is on the homestretch, describing the other segment of the circle. A shell from a Parrott rifled gun in going two and a half miles deviates from a straight line not quite half as much as a shell from a mortar. But in passing over this space considerable time is required. The report travels much faster than the shot. A shell from a mortar will make a distance of two miles in about thirty seconds, and from a Parrott gun in about half that time. The flash of a gun at night, and the white smoke by day, indicate the moment of the discharge, and fifteen or twenty seconds give an abundance of time to find a cover in a splinter proof, behind a trench, or something else. It is wise and soldierly to do so, but many pay no attention to those hissing, screaming, flying in the daytime, if shot from a gun, invisible devils, except to crack jokes at their expense; for occasionally one pays his life for this foolhardiness.

A SEVERE DUEL.—A terrible duel took place recently, in Trapani, between Malato, ex-Aid-de-Camp of Garibaldi, editor of the *Caprera* newspaper, and Nicolosi. Five officers, who considered themselves insulted by an article which appeared in the *Caprera*, demanded satisfaction. Malato replied that he was ready to defend in the field a noble and holy cause, that of Aspromento, and he accordingly accepted the challenge of five officers and five subalterns. The first adversary among the ten was selected by lot, which fell upon N. Nicolosi—curiously enough once a Garibaldian officer himself. The conditions of the duel were that it should be continued till one of the combatants was mortally wounded or rendered incapable of continuing the fight. The weapons selected was the sword. In the morning a squadron of cavalry surrounded the place of contest. The duel lasted three hours. After fourteen assaults Malato slightly wounded his adversary. He then made a terrible cut at his head, which though parried, fell upon Nicolosi's arm with such force that it severed an artery and six tendons. On the following day the other nine adversaries declined to continue the fight, on the ground that their honor was fully satisfied.

[From the London (Sunday) Times, Sept. 6.]

ALEXANDER MILLAR, THE YOUTHFUL CALCULATOR OF SCOTLAND.—On Saturday there died in Montrose a lad named Alexander Millar, whose feats as a calculator astonished all who were acquainted with him, and many sought to know the boy in order to put his powers to the test. The gift was a natural one, for Alexander in his earliest years showed a remarkable faculty in mentally solving arithmetical problems. For the gift of a marble or a defaced postage stamp he would calculate the number of hours, minutes and seconds one had lived, as quick as thought. Some gentlemen who tried him with a question of this kind, while they worked it on a slate, thought they had caught the stripping. His answer was given some minutes before they could compute the amount; and when the results were compared there was considerable discrepancy. On verification, however, it was found that Alexander had allowed for the leap years, which the other had forgotten. Nor was our hero less an adept at working on the slate when at school, for he carried off all the prizes in arithmetic at every examination he attended. He had also from his earliest boyhood a knack of putting into verse any incident or subject mentioned to him.

THE GRAVE OF DOUGLAS.—A Bostonian, who has a temporary residence in Chicago, writing home a few days ago, says:

"I went out of the city limits the other day, and saw the prisons of the Morgan raid men, and also the grave of Stephen A. Douglas. He is buried upon the lake shore, in a beautiful spot. There is no monument erected over him, with name or history; a simple mound with a wooden fence around it tells where Douglas lies." The city of Chicago is spreading its limits every day. In a comparatively short time the grave of Douglas will be covered by houses of business, and the man who in his day of pride and honor, was a dictator in the Congress of the nation, will not have a stone to mark his last resting place. "What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!"

HARDENING WOOD AND PULPES.—An exchange says: "After a wooden pulley is turned and rubbed smooth, boil it for eight minutes in olive oil, then allow it to dry, and it will ultimately become almost as hard as copper." Will not such a process prove an effectual check against the possibility of expansion and contraction from the effects of moisture; and if so, why would it not be useful in application to pick and ax-handles, etc.—[Mining and Scientific Press.]

ICE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* vouches for the efficacy of ice as a cure for diphtheria, croup and all ordinary inflammations of the throat. The manner of application is as follows:

Break up a small lump of ice in a towel and put the pieces in a bowl. Take position slightly inclined backwards, either in a chair or on a sofa. Proceed for half an hour with a tea-spoon to feed yourself with small lumps of ice, letting them dissolve slowly in the back part of the mouth or the entrance of the throat. A single such application will often break up a common sore throat, which otherwise would have a course of two or three days. In case of a bad sore throat, use the ice frequently and freely. In case of ulceration or diphtheria, keep a small lump of ice constantly in the mouth.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—The Edinburgh *Review*, analyzing Sir Charles Lyell's recent work on this subject, says:

This undercurrent of thought affecting the Mosaic narrative gives to the discussion of the antiquity of Man a piquancy of interest at the present moment not, perhaps, favorable to its impartial discussion. We can hardly doubt that the only approximate solution likely to be attained for a very long period, if ever, will be of the nature of a compromise; that the Bibleists will have to expand the chronology of Usher by some thousands of years, whilst the Lyelliens (or Huttonians) will be compelled to restrict their demands on past time in a still greater proportion.

HOW TO RULE A WIFE.—Artemus Ward has been giving the Prince of Wales some good advice about his new wife. Here is a list of his own experience:

As I said, I manage my wife without any particular trouble. When I first commensated trainin' her, I instituted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandon'd.

You'd better do similar. Your wife may object to gettin' up and biddin' the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overcome this prejudice. I regret to observe that I didn't commence arly enuff. Wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to biddin' fires, that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was rather a cold mornin' when I first propos'd the idee to Betsy. It wasn't very well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor purty sudent. I thought I'd git up and bid the fire myself.

It's best to give a woman considerable leeway. But not too much. A naber of mine Mr. Roofus Minking was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the door yard while she was cleaning house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, specially as it was rainin' violently; but he said he wanted to give his wife a little leeway. That was too much. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there in the rain much longer, woen she said, "it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared," at the same time tossin' him his mother's bible. It was orful! I nussed him as well as I could however, but I was a putty wet nuss, I tell you.

There's vari's ways of managing a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

BEEF SOUP FOR THE SICK.—Broil a beef-steak on the gridiron and preserve the gravy that runs from it; then chop the steak up fine and put it with the gravy that run from it and about a quart of cold water. Let it boil well and then strain it. Season with salt and nutmeg. It is just as nourishing as beef-tea.

[From the Richmond Whig, September 25.]

THE FUTURE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The general judgment of mankind sustains the conviction which is universal with our own people that the Confederate States cannot be prevented from obtaining the independence for which they are so bravely struggling. Their success is, certainly, to themselves not a matter of question. It will not therefore be considered that we are "building castles in the air" if we glance at some of the advantages we shall possess as a people, and upon which we base the expectation of becoming a prosperous and powerful confederacy. Of course in the brief space of an editorial article we can only notice a few of these advantages.

We assume that, as the result of our secession and the war that has followed, all the states that adhere to the institution of slavery will sooner or later swing loose from the old wreck, and range themselves alongside of those with which they have a common interest and destiny. We shall then, without including territories, cover an area of 800,000 square miles, embracing a population of 12,000,000, including 4,000,000 of slaves—a land possessing every desirable variety of climate and of soil; with agricultural capacities almost unlimited; with facilities for domestic manufactures and foreign commerce surpassed by no other country of equal extent on the face of the globe. The eastern limit of this vast territory is formed by the Atlantic Ocean, which washes its shores from the mouth of Delaware Bay to the Cape of Florida, a distance of 1,500 miles. Its southern boundary stretches from the Cape of Florida, along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, a distance of

1,200 miles. This immense line of sea coast is dotted with convenient bays and harbors, and is intersected at short intervals by large and navigable rivers, whose branches spread and ramify through every part of the interior. Among these may be mentioned the great Mississippi, which for the last 1,200 miles of its course flows through slave territory, and belongs exclusively to the Confederate States. An extensive system of railways already extends its Briarean arms through the land, and the day is not distant when the whole country will be covered with a network of those artificial channels of communication, and when the means of rapid intercourse and exchange will be established between its remotest extremities. Of the productions of the South, it is only necessary to say that they constituted more than three-fourths of the exports of the old government and that the whole civilized world is dependent upon her great staple, cotton, for the most indispensable article of clothing.

Such are some of the physical advantages we possess. Who shall venture to say that such a country, in the hands of a brave, intelligent, enterprising, liberty-loving race, may not attain the very acme of national prosperity and grandeur? And, without arrogance, such a race may claim to be—in proof of which we cite the fact, not only of the development, progress, and culture exhibited in the states composing the confederacy, but the indisputable fact that the wealth of the old government, the wisdom of its laws, the glory of its arms, its prestige and power, were mainly due to Southern intellect and valor, and the productions of Southern labor and soil. Every page of the now closed history of what was the United States is lustrous with the genius of Southern minds and the achievements of Southern courage.

With such a country, inhabited by a people capable of defending it, and capable, too, of turning its great natural advantages to the most productive uses, nothing is needed to secure the highest prosperity and happiness, but wise institutions, judicious legislation, and a prudent administration of public affairs. In these respects it is our good fortune to have had the teaching of some of the wisest statesmen, and the examples of some of the purest patriots the world has ever seen. Washington, Madison, and Mason, Taylor, of Carolina, and Randolph, of Roanoke, and many others, from a single one of these states, have left imperishable legacies of statesmanship and patriotism for the guidance of all after ages. In addition we have as a stern and perpetual warning the shipwreck of the Northern States, the result of radical agrarian theories, of demagogical agitations and knavish practices. Add to these the great conservative substratum of slavery as the basis of our society and institutions, and we may fairly indulge the hope that the people of the Confederate States will not permit themselves to be mis-governed. Let this hope be realized, and, with the favor of the great disposer of human destinies, what will be wanting to enable the Confederate States to occupy a front rank among the great powers of the earth? Great in capabilities, they would soon become great in reality. We presume that no reasonable man will deny that they are capable of supporting at least as dense a population, in proportion, as Massachusetts. The number there to the square mile is 126. This number, multiplied by the square miles composing our territorial area, would give a population of more than a hundred millions. We may therefore assume that the confederacy is abundantly able to maintain a population of one hundred millions—a number sufficient to satisfy either vanity or ambition.

But, recurring to our present condition, and leaving the future to take care of itself, the staple productions of our soil, our cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar, and breadstuffs, constitute the basis of a foreign trade that must make commercial alliances and treaties of trade with us desirable to all commercial nations. Cotton, the principal product of our soil, is the most important article of commerce in the world. Cotton clothes one-half the human race, that is, about 500,000,000 of human beings, and two-thirds of all the cotton of the world has been grown in the Confederate States. The foreign commerce of Great Britain consists almost entirely in the exchange of her manufactures for the rude products of other countries, and nearly one-half of her exports are manufactures of cotton. It is estimated that the manufacture of this material employs a capital of \$400,000,000, and gives employment to at least 5,000,000 of her people. It is evident from the statement that the confederacy has its hand on the mare of the British lion, and that the beast, so formidable to all the rest of the world, must finally crouch to her.

We need not advert to the commercial advantages which the confederacy will derive from the establishment of a direct trade with foreign countries, nor the facilities which we possess for navigation and manufactures. It will be a singular anomaly, if with a sea coast of nearly three thousand miles in extent the Confederate States do not become a great naval power, and it will be equally strange if they fail to turn to account the abundant elements of manufacturing prosperity with which they are so bountifully endowed by nature. Indeed, we are dwelling on subjects with which our own people are generally familiar, and which those of other countries are beginning rapidly to comprehend. We therefore close this article without having more than opened the door to the illimitable and smiling prospect on which it looks.