

Miscellaneous.

A VULGAR ERROR CORRECTED.—The flattery with which our assembled working-classes are apt to be served, undoubtedly contributes to keep many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not received with open arms by the educated and refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the irresponsible pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that finds its own level. Genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work. "Lord!" said one, "I knew him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his gran'ther next door to us. Poor as Job's turkey. But I ain't seen him since, till I hear him in—ball, t'other night. Don't suppose he'd come anigh me with a ten-foot pole. Them kind of folks has short memories! ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working man is, nohow."

No, no, good friends, you are in the wrong. There is indeed a great gulf between you and your early friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self-love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's bouse, you will find many a one who lives in lodgings, with the commonest three-ply carpets, cane-seat chairs, and one warm room; while you have a comfortable house of your own, with, very likely, tapestry and velvet in your parlor, and registers all about. No, sir, it is not because you are poor, nor because you work; for he is as hard a worker as you, though perhaps not so long about it; but because—begging your pardon—you are vulgar and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting-room at home, with your coat off, and your hat on, and smoke your pipe; because you plunge your own knife into the butter, and your own fork into the toast, having used both in your eating with equal freedom; because your voice is loud, your tongue swaggering, and your grammar hideous; because, in short, your two paths from the school-house diverged; his led up, yours did not; and the fault is not his. You both chose. He chose to cultivate his powers. You chose not to do so. Call things by their right name!—[Gail Hamilton.]

PACIFIC RAILROAD.—From the annual report of Gov. Stanford, President of the company:

"By the time of our next annual meeting, should we not be disappointed in obtaining labor, we shall have the cars running to Crystal Lake, twenty miles above Dutch Flat and within fifteen miles of the Summit. Complete surveys have been made for this distance, and the work found of a more favorable character than had been anticipated. There are three corps of engineers engaged in making surveys beyond this last mentioned point, one of which will commence this week to survey from Donner Lake eastwardly. The principal object in making that survey at this time is that the work may be ready for construction as early as possible. I deem it important to commence the work of grading from Donner lake eastwardly and laying the track without waiting until the road can be constructed from this side to that point. By pursuing the course indicated we may expect to have the entire road completed from this side to Salt Lake in three years from this season. The grading can proceed on the other side of the mountains without retarding the work on this, and by the time the season will permit the transportation of iron over the mountains at low freights next year, the railroad will have reached a distance on this side from whence iron can be transported by teams to where the track will commence on the other side for from ten to fifteen dollars per ton."

THE BELLES OF CHICAGO.—The great event of Saturday in Chicago was the counting of the votes east in the Sanitary Fair for the prettiest girl in that city, the victor to receive the elegant one thousand dollar dressing-case heretofore described. The fortunate fair one was Miss Anna L. Wilson, who received 1,073, being a majority of five over Miss Hill, the next highest competitor. The contest having been confined to these two young ladies, we presume they may be considered by common consent the belles of Chicago.

THERE is a company to be known by the name of the "Dressmakers' Corporation" now forming in London. The object is not so much to make money as to reduce the evils which assail the

sewing women of that metropolis. Over eight hundred ladies have subscribed to it already. They propose to pay good prices to the seamstresses, and not overtask them with late hours or severe labor.

THE ARMY WORM.—The Washoe Times has been informed that the army worm is causing great destruction in all kinds of vegetable produce along the Truckee river.

A NEW planet was discovered at Naples on the 26th of April by de Gasparin, the eighth found now by that astronomer. In brilliancy it is only equal to a star of the twelfth magnitude, and is therefore only to be seen with the aid of a powerful telescope. It has received the name of Beatrice, in honor of Dante.

CONDITION OF THE IRON INTEREST.—Chicago, May 25.—The Iron and Steel Association re-assembled this morning, President Ward in the chair. Several statistical reports from members as to the condition of their respective works, were presented. W. B. Berger, of the Bhenango (Penn.) Iron Works, said they would cease operations as soon as the present stock of material is exhausted; C. Grant, of Southeastern Ohio, reported four rolling mills, with a capacity of sixteen thousand tons per annum when running full time, but all idle now; also, forty blast furnaces, which can produce sixty tons of charcoal pig metal, will this year produce about thirty thousand tons. The furnaces on and near the Alleghany River, Penn., number about twenty, which, when in full blast, made about one hundred thousand tons per annum. Only about eight of these furnaces are now in blast. Out of nine blast furnaces in the State of Missouri, making annually, when in full blast, about forty-five thousand tons, but three are now running. Of four blast furnaces at and near Detroit, one only is in operation. Pittsburg has twenty-five rolling mills, with a capacity of producing eight hundred to nine hundred tons of finished iron and nails daily. These mills are not averaging more than a quarter time at present. There are five blast furnaces in that city, each having a capacity to produce twenty-five tons of pig iron per day, and but two of them are now out of blast. The production of bloom iron in the counties bordering on Lake Champlain, New York, is believed to be about one-third of that of last year. Many forges are idle; others working on half time. Other reports from districts represented in the convention, showed a similarly depressed condition of the iron business in all parts of the country, with hardly an exception.—[Cincinnati Gazette.]

ANNEXATION ON THE NORTH.—Some of the people of British Columbia are talking of annexation to the United States. A meeting was held at Victoria, V. I. a short time since, for the purpose of considering the matter. One hundred and fifty-five of the most influential and respectable men in Victoria were the gentlemen who composed the meeting. Several speeches were made, in which the prospective benefits of annexation were warmly and eloquently set forth. The manner in which the official affairs of the colony are governed, is the principal cause of grievance among the people. The feeling in favor of annexation is said to be widely spread throughout the Colony.

FARMS SWALLOWED UP.—A quite singular, and to the parties owning the land, a very unprofitable phenomenon, in the shape of "land slides," occurs quite often on the farms running along Lake Erie shore. The shore is generally a high bluff, and the land is for some distance back underlain with a sort of quicksand. The depth of soil covering this quicksand may be twenty, or even fifty feet. It does not seem to matter much. Some little rivulet running over the bluff will first plow a small gully for itself, and a heavy rain setting in will loosen the earth and cause it to cave at the edge of the bluff. The Lake will then wash away at the foot, and the treacherous quicksand will commence to slide gradually into the Lake, carrying with it a tremendous amount of superincumbent earth. Soon a huge breach is made into the farm, which is continually enlarged by renewed slidings of the ever-shifting foundation beneath. Many fine pieces of land are cut into this way by the acre, and no way of stopping the "slide" is yet discovered. On one occasion the residents near one of these openings gathered together and cast into the chasm an immense amount of trees, logs, brush, and such material, hoping to form a mixed mass of substance that

could not slide into the lake. They were just resting from their labor and congratulating each other on the success of this effort to barricade the exit of more land, when suddenly the whole mass of stuff began to move, and in a short time slid gracefully into and under the water, leaving the people to console themselves as best they could.—[Erie Dispatch.]

FEMALE BRIGANDS.—The Italia (of Italy) says:—Public attention in the Basilicata will soon be occupied with a very curious trial. A correspondent writing from Potenza announces that the members of Masini's band will be tried before the military tribunal of that town. The brigands are seventeen in number, and are charged with 314 crimes, extending over a period of four years. Among the accused are three female brigands, who having been violently abducted from their homes, afterward followed the band on horseback, armed, and in male attire. They are very young and beautiful. They have taken part in many crimes, and often displayed more ferocity than the very brigands themselves whose mistresses they were.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—On the 27th of May, the last mile of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable was completed, and wound through the last of the covering machines, in the presence of the most distinguished electricians and engineers, and leading scientific men. The cable is 2300 nautical miles, or, in rough numbers about 2600 miles long. There are no less than 25,000 miles of copper wire in the conductor, about 35,000 miles of iron wire in the outside covering, and upwards of 400,000 miles of strands of hemp—more than enough in all, to go twenty-four times round the world. It has been made mile by mile, joined up in long lengths of 700 or 800 miles, and shipped on board the Great Eastern into three enormous tanks. The first of these is 51 ft. in diameter, the second, 58 ft. 6 in., and the third 58 feet. The first will hold a coil of 630 miles of cable, the second one of 840, and the third one of 830. The tanks themselves, with water and their contents of cable, weigh in all upwards of 5,000 tons. The mere cable, however, is but an item in the mass of heavy weights the Great Eastern will have to carry on this occasion. Her draught of water will be rather over than under 30 feet, and, all told, her weights, when starting from Valentia, will come near the stupendous mass of 18,000 tons.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.—"Our policy in regard to Europe which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the Government *de facto* as the legitimate Government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve these relations by a frank, firm and manly policy; meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness, nor can any one believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference.—[Extract from Mr. Monroe's Seventh Annual Message.]

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, he replied: "I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become like her, wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society." Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless, dressy slattern: "It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for anything, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example."

—A physician, learned, skilled, but poor, once asked a quack who lived in purple and fine linen, how he succeeded so well. "Look out of the window," said the quack. It was done. "There have a dozen men passed," said he; "how many of them are capable of close reasoning?" "Possibly one." "Very well, you may get that one; I am sure of the other eleven."

Bits and Scraps.

..... "Overcome evil with good," as the gentleman said when he knocked down a burglar with the family bible.

..... "Mr. Smith, your hogs are getting into our corn-field." "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn won't hurt 'em."

..... The gentleman who "fired at random" did not hit it and in disgust he lent his rifle to the youth who had determined to "aim at immortality."

..... Fanny Fern once having occasion to write to an acquaintance who had just been blown up in a steamboat explosion, commenced her letter thus: My e-steamed friend!

..... A young lady in the millinery line, having been deserted by her adorer, exclaimed, "Such a menial ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a bandbox."

..... An advertisement in a Boston paper lately, for a young man to work in a store, was answered by eighteen applicants. But one for a "gentleman" to travel and play on the banjo, met with 409 persons.

..... "My dear colonel, I perceived you slept during sermon time last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners. "Ah, doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so drowsy." "Would it not be well, colonel, to take a little snuff, to keep you awake?" "Doctor," was the quick reply, "would it not be well to put a little snuff in the sermon?"

..... A woman of excellent sense, and somewhat of a satiric turn of mind, was asked by her friends if she really intended to marry Mr. —, adding that Mr. — was a good kind of man, but so very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "so much the better; if he is very much unlike other men, he is more likely to make a good husband."

..... During the stormy days of 1848 four stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm de Rothschild, of Frankfurt. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; you must divide with us." "Very well; what do you suppose the firm of De Rothschild is worth?" "About forty millions of florins." "Forty millions, you think, eh? Now there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin a-piece. Here's yours."

..... Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. A very smart lawyer had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client, who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office said, "I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?"—"So I did," answered the lawyer; "but you see when I brought it up there before the judges they said it was *quiburn non judice*."—"Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it; and he paid the costs and a large fee besides without another murmur."

..... Deacon C——, of Hartford, Connecticut, is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance in the shape of a huge nose. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which he belonged, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed it round before, but no such effects had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and he had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question the plaster had dropped off; and the deacon seeing it as he supposed on the floor picked it up and stuck it on again. But, alas! he picked up, instead, one of the pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool-cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read, "Warranted to hold out 200 yards!" Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.

..... "Pop goes the Weasel!" has become the chorus of a thousand snatches of song, but not one of a thousand who sing it ever heard of its origin. Yet its parentage is as easily traced as that of an English baronet. A famous Methodist preacher, by the name of Craven, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows: "Here are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now, you have seen wheat which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found that it only came to forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and—pop goes the weevil. Now, you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law and finger of the Gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whisky-bottle." From "pop goes the weevil" to "pop goes the weasel" the transition is easy.

..... The late Mr. Mason, says the Boston Journal, was something of a giant in physical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. While in the strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving along a road in the country, half buried under buffalo robes, and looking rather insignificant to the casual observer—at least so he appeared to an impudent teamster, who approached in an opposite direction, occupying so large a portion of the road with his team that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mason politely requested the teamster to turn out and give him room; but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse—laid the reins over the dasher—and began rolling down his robes, at the same time drawing up his legs, and rising gradually from his seat. The teamster silently watched these movements; but as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Mason's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread over his hitherto calm face, and with a deprecating gesture he presently exclaimed, "That'll do, stranger! don't rise any more—I'll turn out!" Mr. Mason soon had the track to himself, and our bewildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace. "Creation!" said he, as he touched up the off-leader with his whip, "I wonder how high that critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him?"