

# **NAPOLEON III. AND THE CHASSEPOT RIFLE.**

A Paris letter says:—The Emperor and Prince Oscar of Sweden proceeded on Saturday in an open carriage with postillions and outriders along the boulevards to Vincennes, to witness some experiments with the Chassepot rifle, which all the French regiments, as is known, are to receive in succession. In consequence of orders received, the battalion of the foot chasseurs of the Guard left their barracks in Paris at 11 o'clock, and marched to the firing ground near the fort, where they were soon after their arrival joined by Marshal Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely and Generals Bourbaki and Brincourt. At two o'clock the imperial party arrived, and on the Emperor alighting the firing commenced. The regiment was placed at 600 yards from the mark, and the results obtained were quite extraordinary. After a period of precisely two minutes, the trumpet sounded the call to cease firing. It was then found that the battalion, 500 strong, had fired 8,000 balls, of which 1,992 had struck the line of object aimed at. Some of the persons present, however, affirmed that better practice had been obtained both at Chalons and Satory, and that the men were under a certain emotion from firing for the first time in presence of his Majesty. All the ground immediately in front of the mark was cut up by the balls in such a way as not to show a blade of grass left. The Emperor uttered an exclamation which graphically depicts the result:—"It is frightful! It is a positive massacre!" The battalion afterwards executed several times a similar exercise, but at distances increased to 1,000 yards. His Majesty, during the whole time, remained in the midst of the men, questioning them on their experience of the arm, on its superiority over the old, and on the recoil, which they all agreed in representing as insignificant. The Emperor also fired one shot himself to judge of the effect, and then ordered the men to go on loading and firing as they had done before.

## **AMERICAN PIANOS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.**

The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* writes the following in reference to the American pianos on exhibition, which satisfactorily proves that our instruments are generally admitted to be superior to those of European make:

"In the heart of the American triangle the pianos are arranged, one of the largest and best collections that the country has ever exported or exhibited. Artists of eminence make perpetual music here, and the quarter is always densely crowded. The superiority of our instruments is not questioned even by the rival manufacturers of Paris, Vienna, and Leipzig. Playel, Erard and Herz have far inferior displays, and find it difficult to attract the Litholais, Jaels and Liszts of the continent to their plainer cabinet wares and feebler instruments. All our great firms are represented, and the contending keys, in the passage which all the world warbles, mingle their wings as if the birds of the West, in choirs, had assembled here to sing. The spectators divide their enjoyment, now listening to some composer trying his own latest music upon a Schomacher, a Chickering, or a Knabe; but the seven superb instruments of the Steinways allure the professional people, and here the best musical talent in Europe may be seen from morning till dark—Stephen Keller, Eugene Ketterer, W. Kruger, Alfred Jaell—grouped about the bird-cages. The 'overstrung' harp, as it is called, in the Steinway piano, has attracted the greatest interest here from its novelty and the sweetness and power which its superior vibration gives. The best piano makers in Europe have sought the privilege of sending their workmen to examine it; and professional artists compete to play upon it. It is very odd to note how, by our mechanical genius, we have so carried away the honors in the arts, and our department has the best music in the whole Exhibition. The Steinway was said by Rossini to resemble a nightingale cooling in a thunderstorm."

**QUICK RETORT.**—"According to Milton, Eve kept silent in Eden to hear her husband talk," said a gentleman to a lady friend, and then added, in a melancholy tone, "Alas! there have been no Eves since." "Because there have been no husbands worth listening to," was the quick retort.

# **EUROPEAN OPINION OF AMERICAN IRON-CLADS.**

Sir Archibald Allison, in a recent speech delivered in Glasgow, acknowledged the rapid advance of the United States as a naval power, compared with England. He remarked as follows:

And here an observation of the utmost importance occurs, to which, gentlemen, I earnestly request your particular attention. It is, that the application of iron to the plating of vessels, and casting of all ships in armor which is impervious save to two hundred or three hundred pounders, has not only made a change in the art of naval war, but as at one blow deprived us, so far as available ships go, of our naval superiority. Three Trafalgars won by the French or Russians, the Germans or Americans, could not do this as effectually as the iron vessels have done. Our great wooden fleet, so long the pride of Britain, the terror of the world, lies stored up in Portsmouth harbor, of no earthly use in maintaining any maritime contest. Those noble three-deckers, such as the Duke of Wellington, would be brought to the bottom by a single gun carrying a three hundred pound ball. We have at one blow virtually lost the fleet which had been growing up for two hundred years. For the construction of a new fleet of iron-clads we must wait for time and money, just as all other powers must do. We have lost our start in the race; we must all set off anew and abreast. This is the real secret of the vast sums voted annually for the navy, and the general complaint that we have so little to show for them. We have been laying the foundations of a fleet which can be as yet only in its infancy. Other nations are just as far on as we are. It is doubtful whether our Royal navy as yet equals that of America.

United to that of Russia, the latter is decidedly superior to anything we could bring forward. If a forest of hostile iron-clads appear off Spithead or Plymouth, vain will be the forty or fifty noble sail of the line lying in our harbors. Everything will depend, not on the fifty old wooden line-of-battle ships, but on the eight or ten fine iron-clads. This great change has entirely altered our relative position in any future naval war; and unless steps are taken, and that speedily, to counterbalance its effects, it may safely be predicted that evil days are coming upon us; and that the days of our national independence are numbered.

**INCREASE OF CELIBACY IN FRANCE.**—The increase of celibacy in France, and especially in Paris, is still a subject of discussion. The government, which wants soldiers, the manufacturers who want hands, the farmers who want laborers, and last but not least, the women who want husbands, ask everybody, ask each other, ask in perplexity and consternation, "why don't the men marry?" Pere Hyacinth preaches against celibacy at Notre Dame; the newspapers preach against it at the street corners; yet as one of them despairingly remarks, in an hour's walk from the Madeleine to the Bastille, one may now meet 100,000 bachelors: In former times, continues this writer, an unmarried man was obliged to exhaust his ingenuity in framing excuses for his condition. "Alas, I am yet the victim of betrayed affection." "Alas, my villain of a notary has made away with all my fortune." "Alas, I am like Werther, I am in love with a woman who is already married." "Alas, I have suffered much." "Alas, I am like Antony, I dare not mention the name of her I love." But no one ever dared to avow his final impotence, he appealed to the compassion of his friends or a temporary misfortune, and they, credulous, were willing to exclaim, "The poor fellow, he is a bachelor, in spite of himself!" But all that is changed now. From the top to the bottom of the social scale comes the unblushing avowal, "I am a bachelor; I have been a bachelor, and I always will be a bachelor," and reasons are as fertile as formerly excuses. "I will not marry, because I wish to extend my youth to my last days." "I will not marry, because in 1867 it costs too much to dress a wife." "I will not marry, because I want to have peace at home." "I will not marry, because I want to spend the evening where I please without being obliged to give an account of myself." "I will not marry, because I dread a mother-in-law more than hydrophobia and earthquake."

**THE WOODPECKER'S FORESIGHT.**—The woodpecker in California is the storer of acorns. The tree he selects is invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn; for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits acute foresight, and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated with rain, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, which seem to delight in this special food; it is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red wood cedar, or the sugar pine is invariably selected; it is not probable that the insect, the most dainty to the woodpecker's taste, frequents only the outside of wet trees; but so it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, when there is not an oak tree within several miles.—[A. B. Barton.]

**CLASTIC ANATOMY.**—M. Anzoux, the projector in France of classic anatomy, by which is meant specimens of human and vegetable types faithfully reproduced, each part of which, though composed of a solid material, may easily be taken to pieces and put together again, has a superb collection of his productions at the Paris exhibition. Among these is a classic horse. This horse separates into two hundred pieces, which take off one over the other, as in dissection, from the external surface to the bones of the skeleton. Every cavity of the chest and abdomen, and each organ contained, can be separately taken out and handled. This steed costs no less than 4,000 francs, yet every cavalry regiment in France possesses one for the instruction of the men. The anatomical preparations of M. Anzoux, says a correspondent, are admitted by all savans as being the most complete and perfect means for the student to acquire the science of anatomy and physiology, which can thus be attained without passing through the bloody ordeal of the dissecting room of a hospital or of veterinary schools.

**IMMENSE EMIGRATION.**—The journals of Italy are calling the attention of the Government to the immense number of emigrants constantly leaving that country for South America, and complain that during the last levy for the army not a single individual capable of bearing arms was found in some of the towns.

**PSYCHOMETERS.**—Dr. Holmes in his new novel "The Guardian Angel," now being published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has the following: "To know whether a minister, young or still in flower, is in safe or dangerous paths, there are two psychometers, a comparison between which will give as infallible a return as the dry and wet bulbs of the ingenious 'Hygrodeik.' The first is the black broad cloth forming the knees of his pantaloons, the second, the patch of carpet before his mirror. If the first is unworn, and the second frayed and threadbare, pray for him. If the first is worn and shiny, while the second keeps its pattern and texture, get him to pray for you."

ENGLAND has sent two things to Paris which has not usually been classed among "objects for exhibition"—the observance of Sunday and a whole regiment of pick-pockets. The Parisians are intensely amused with the one and very much disgusted with the other. French pickpockets are nowhere by the side of the light-fingered gentry from over the channel.

DEAK, the Hungarian statesman, has an income of not more than \$1,250 a year, and yet he has invariably refused to accept any office of emolument or any material testimonial of the gratitude of his countrymen. During the Parliamentary session he lodged economically at one of the hotels of Pesth, and during the recess he lives with a relative in the country. He devotes a large share of his income to charity.

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