

The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY E. L. EWING.

SUBSCRIPTION.
\$2.00 a Year, in Advance. If not paid within the year, \$2.50. Six Months, \$1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, 10 CENTS.

ADVERTISING.
LOCAL MATTER, 10 cents a line, or 50 cents an inch for every insertion.
TRAVELING MATTER, 5 cents a line for one insertion, and 4 cents a line for every additional insertion. The length of advertisements to be specified at the time of placing them.

STANDARD RATES.
1 inch 2 Months, 6 Months, 1 Year
2 lines 4.00 10.00 18.00
3 lines 6.00 15.00 27.00
4 lines 8.00 20.00 36.00
5 lines 10.00 25.00 45.00
6 lines 12.00 30.00 54.00
7 lines 14.00 35.00 63.00
8 lines 16.00 40.00 72.00
9 lines 18.00 45.00 81.00
10 lines 20.00 50.00 90.00
11 lines 22.00 55.00 99.00
12 lines 24.00 60.00 108.00
13 lines 26.00 65.00 117.00
14 lines 28.00 70.00 126.00
15 lines 30.00 75.00 135.00
16 lines 32.00 80.00 144.00
17 lines 34.00 85.00 153.00
18 lines 36.00 90.00 162.00
19 lines 38.00 95.00 171.00
20 lines 40.00 100.00 180.00

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

NO EXPERIMENT!

BUY FOR CASH & SELL FOR CASH:

CARHART & CO.,

ZION, MD.

Carpet Chain,

Wood and Willow-ware,

House Furnishing Goods:

CARHART & CO.,

ZION, MD.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &C:

CARHART & CO.,

ZION, MD.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

GAUZE—25 Each to the yard,

10 CENTS to the yard.

S. N.—White Wash—Baltimore Line.

NO. 10 Chromo—May 2, 1874.

L. Mauldin & Co.

AT ROCK RUN,

Are receiving about daily ADDITIONS to their

LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

WHICH THEY ARE SELLING AT THE

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE

FOR CASH.

Purchasers may rely on getting the

worth of their money.

See, please call and examine for yourselves.

May 2, 1874—If

STOP!

STOP!

And Look at This

I respectfully ask everybody to call and bring their

friends with them, so that they can see for themselves

that

THE Goods offered by me

are of the best quality, and can be bought on better

terms than at any other Store. All who call say that

my display is

GRAND

and all my clerks lay waiting on my customers.

As my location is CENTRAL

every one driving into town passes along the street on which I am,

and cannot fail to find my house, and will also find

Goods as

CHEAP

as can be purchased

in the city. I wish all the Farmers to give me a call,

and I will tell them for

CASH

any articles they may need for the coming Harvest, and

all who come to my STORE

will receive polite attention, and I guarantee also

to suit them.

JOHN K. DRENNEN.

Elkton, June 17, 1874—If

FERTILIZERS, &C.

Lister's Bones

THE CHEAPEST! THE BEST!

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR THESE BONES FOR

CO. COMPANY, Md., and offer them

Wholesale and Retail.

RETAIL PRICE \$38 PER TON.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR LARGE LOTS ON FORTNIGHT

ACCOUNTING TERMS.

See the addresses of the Farmers and

Mechanics of the county.

J. TOME & CO.,

PORT DEPOSIT.

D. SCOTT & BRO.,

ELKTON, MD.

DEALERS IN

Grain, Coal, Lime, Salt, Feed,

Fish, Plaster and Fertilizers

OF THE FOLLOWING STANDARD BRANDS:

Phosphates,

MORO PHILLIPS, WATSON & CLARK,

COOK & COFFEE.

Bones,

BADDELEY'S (Guaranteed pure)

TIES

LISTER'S AND OTHER BRANDS.

GUANO.

PACIFIC

A. S. MEXICAN

ORCHILLA

PERUVIAN

THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXIII—NO. 49. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1,057.

WHICH I LOVE BEST.

I love the Summer's luxury,
Its long and joyous life and light;
The shade of the deep woods' greenery,
The passionate warmth of sunshine bright.
And I love to see pale Winter thro'
O'er earth her garb of purple;
Her glittering surplice of driven snow,
Her ice-crown, and as the crystal sea;
Each I must love that can be expressed—
How can I tell which I love best?

Out in the midst of my garden grows,
With crimson petals and fragrant smell,
A deep and beautiful damask rose;
And O, I love that rose full well!
But there nestle beneath my garden-wall
A Lily, in secret loveliness;
Its fragrance as great as its flower is small,
And I love my lily none the less;
I love her both, in their beauty dressed,
But I could not tell you which I love best.

There are two maidens—one whose mirth,
Like the deep tones of my damask rose,
O'er all the loneliness of earth,
Her soft and joyous gladness thro'
The other, like the lily white,
Scatters her happiness all around,
And blesses with her clear pure light,
My poor heart trilled down to the ground.

To each is my motto, "Troy and Nest."
Why must I specify which I love best?

THE HOLY OFFICE.

A FLIGHT FROM THE INQUISITION.

Archibald Bower, whose singular experiences of an Italian Inquisition in the last century are proposed to narrate, was a native of Scotland, being born there about the year 1656. When only five years old, he was sent over by his parents to an uncle in Italy. In that country his education was entirely conducted, and he became so great a proficient in learning as to be appointed, but very young, to various scholastic offices. Eventually, he was made Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in the college at Macerata. There was established, an Inquisition, the constitution of which may be gathered pretty accurately from Bower's own account.

The Holy Tribunal, he says, consisted of an inquisitor, who was president of it, and twelve counsellors. The latter were chosen by the inquisitor either from among the ecclesiastics or the laity, but were always men eminent for learning. They had a salary of about two hundred pounds per annum each, and an apartment in the Inquisition house, where the inquisitor resided. There were in addition great privileges and much honor to the counsellors, besides a certainty of good government. The offences charged against the faith or practice of the Church, and those were generally very trifling, such as doing or saying anything disrespectful with regard to saints, images, relics, or the like. When any person was accused before the inquisitor, a council was summoned, always in the middle of the night. If any happened to be absent, their places was supplied by a notary—who for trials must be in a full coat—who made known to them the crime, without naming either the informer or the criminal.

On an accused person being apprehended, he was confined seven or eight days without the least glimpse of light or any other substance than a little bread and water once a day. After that time was elapsed, the court was summoned for the trial. A notary attended, to write down all the accused should say, and a surgeon to feel his pulse, and tell how much torture he could be made to bear. The machines and engines for torturing being all fixed, the prisoner was brought, and without ever having been told either his offence or accusation, or having had the least liberty to expostulate, he was exhorted to confess his guilt.

Any account of the tortures and punishments inflicted would be superfluous, for they are well known. We pass on to Bower's personal narrative. While Professor of Rhetoric in the college, he was, by favor of the inquisitor, appointed to a vacant office of Judge, which, looking to emoluments, was considered a good promotion. Speedily, the horrid scenes he was compelled to witness shocked his feelings. His sense of justice was outraged, and he wished himself well out of the office. For three years he was projecting his escape, and resolving in his mind every possible method of effecting it. But when he considered the formidable difficulties with which each of them was attended, and the terrible consequences if he failed in the attempt, he was held in suspense. At last an accident happened which confirmed his resolution, but at the same time gave the inquisitor an opportunity of trying him to the utmost. A person who was his intimate friend was accused of the Inquisition for having said something irreverent regarding the Cartesianians, and by order of the inquisitor, Bower was directed to arrest him. It was a dreadful trial of feeling, but he executed his commission. The inquisitor said the next morning, when Mr. Bower delivered the key of the prison and told him that the gentleman was there—"This is done like one that is desirous at least to conquer the weakness of nature."

After this, no one will be surprised that Bower was determined to effect his escape from an office so ill-suited to him. It was a most desperate undertaking, but he considered it necessary, as he had occupied his manner of life for so long, that he would not be thought of as leaving to go thoughtless, and for that purpose waited upon the inquisitor several times. Conscience, however, of his own design, whenever he attempted to speak, he feared the words would fall on his tongue, and he was sometimes before he preferred his request. At last one day, being in familiar converse with the inquisitor, he came out with it at once. "My Lord," said he, "it is long since I was at Loreto; will you send me a letter to go there for a week?" "With all my heart," was the reply. Having all his matters in readiness, including his valuable papers (among which was the *Directorio*) he ordered a horse to be at his door early the next morning. When the horse came, he carried his portmanteau down himself, and fixed it to the saddle. He carried two loaded pistols, in emergency, being resolved never to be taken alive.

The plan he had laid down was to take all the by-roads in Switzerland. Four hundred miles must be traversed before he was clear of the Pope's dominions; he knew the road for barely half the distance. When he had travelled about ten miles without meeting a soul, he reached a place where two roads met, one leading to Loreto, the other the way he proposed to go. "Here he stood," to quote his own words, "here he stood in the most profound perplexity. He resolved to quit his darling project as impracticable, and so turn to Loreto, but at last, collecting all the force of his staggering resolution, he boldly pushed his horse into the contrary road, and at that instant left all his fears behind him." It was in the month of April that he set out. In the first seventeen days he did not go one hundred miles, so terrible were the ways he was obliged to take among mountains, thick woods, rocks, and precipices; generally no better path than a sheep-track, and sometimes not that. Whenever Bower met any one, which was but seldom, he pretended he had lost his way, and inquired for the high-road, to avoid suspicion. For he well knew that as soon as they missed the papers he had carried away with him, or had any other reason to suspect his flight, expresses would be dispatched in every direction where it might be expected to gain tidings of him. Every possible method would be used to effect his capture. As appeared in the sequel, the expresses were actually a hundred miles in advance of him in a very short time. During these seventeen days he supported himself with a little goat's milk, got from a shepherd, besides some coarse victuals he was able to purchase from the people he met on the road, principally wood cutters. His horse was fed with what grass could be found, his sleeping place being always chosen in a cave, and a liberal supply of grass for the poor beast. At the expiration of this time, having tasted hardly anything for the last three days of it, he was compelled to strike into the high-road, and enter the first house he came to, which happened to be a post-house, with only one small room, where gentlemen stayed till their horses were changed. He begged the landlady to give him some victuals; but looking about, he saw a paper posted up over the door, which contained the most minute description of his own person, and offered a reward of eight hundred crowns to any one bringing him alive to the Inquisition, or of six hundred crowns for his head. This was terrifying enough, as there were two countrymen in the house. He tried to hide his face by rubbing it with his handkerchief and blowing his nose; and when he got into the room, by looking out of the window. But one of these fellows presently observing, "This gentleman does not care to be known," Bower thought there was nothing for it but to bray it out; so, turning to the speaker, he put his handkerchief in his pocket, and said boldly, "What have I done that I need fear to be known? Look at me, you villain!" The man made no reply, but got up, nodded his head, and winking significantly to his companion, they went out together. Bower watched them from the window, but a corner obstructed his view for a few minutes. In a short time he espied them with two or three others in close conference. This forebode no good. Not a moment was to be lost. He drew out his pistols, cocked in his hand, marched to the stable, mounted his horse, and rode off without saying a word.

Fortunately, the man wanted either presence of mind or courage to attack him, for they certainly recognized him by the description given in the advertisement. He was now again obliged to seek refuge in the woods, where he must soon have been famished, had not fortune once more stood his friend. At night, when he was almost fainting, he met with some wood-cutters, who supplied him with excellent provisions. He wandered for some time, and then sought paths in which he rendered his horse more assistance than he received, being obliged to clear the roads and lead him.

As night advanced, he laid himself down in a disconsolate condition, having no idea where he was or which way he should turn. When the day began to break, he found he was on a small eminence, where he discovered a town at a distance, which seemed of considerable extent, from the number of steeples and spires which could be counted. Though this was some satisfaction to him, yet it was not unaccompanied with fear, as he knew not what place it was, and he might incur much risk by going into the high-road to inquire. However, he advanced as far as he could, and asking the first person he met, was informed that it was Loreto, the residence of the Pope's uncle, and from whom all the expresses concerning the fugitive must have been despatched. This road, therefore, not suiting his views, he left it the moment his informer was out of sight, and once more betook himself into the woods, where he wandered for some time longer, oppressed by hunger and perplexed with uncertainty whether he should go.

One dismal, dark and wet night, he could neither find shelter nor certain where he should pursue his course, nor what course he should pursue; but after some time perceiving a light at a long distance off, he attempted to proceed towards it. With some difficulty he discovered a track, but so narrow and uneven, that he was forced to put one foot before the other in the most cautious manner. With much labor he reached the place from which he had seen the light; it was a miserable cottage. He knocked and called until some one looked out, and demanded who he was, and what brought him there. Bower replied that he was a stranger and had lost his way.

"Why?" cried the man; "there is no way to Loreto."
"Why, where am I?"
"In the Canton of Bern."
"In the Canton of Bern? Thank God!" exclaimed Bower, enraptured.
"How came you here?" said the man.
Bower begged that he would come down and open the door, and he would then satisfy him. He did so. Bower then asked him if he had heard anything of a person who had lately escaped from the Inquisition. "Ay," he said, "I have all the particulars of his flight, and he was very much surprised, and so much noise about him. Heaven grant that he may be safe, and keep out of their hands!" Bower said that he was the very person. The peasant, in a transport of joy, clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and ran to call his wife, who came with every expression of delight in her face; and making one of her best courtesies, kissed his hand. Her husband spoke Italian, but she could not; and Bower understood her, and she was obliged to make her congratulations in pantomime, or by her husband as her interpreter. Both expressed much concern that they had no better accommodation for him—"If they had had a bed for themselves, he should have had it. But he should have some clean straw and what covering they possessed."

The good man hastened to get off Bower's wet clothes, and was something surprised when he found they were all wet. He was in getting ready what victuals they had, which they regretted were no better than a little sour-kraut and some new-laid eggs. Three of these were served up with

MOUNT SINAI.

BY THE REV. DR. H. H. RIDGWAY.

From the place of our encampment at the end of Wady Solah, there are two routes to Mount Sinai, one by Wady es Sheik and the other by Nakh Howy. The latter is very precipitous and rocky, and impassable to loaded camels; so we took it, and went the pack camels around by Wady es Sheik, the route which the children of Israel are thought to have taken. Soon after entering this "Wady Pass," as the name signifies, we were obliged to dismount and make the ascent on foot. Nothing could exceed the wildness of the mountains, rising to the height of a thousand feet on either side. Such great heights in darkness, is swollen to a torrent, and imparts a look of firmness truly sublime. The granite region was now fairly entered. I observed the same order of rock formation in the wilderness as on the Nile—going up from Cairo: you have first the limestone, then the sandstone, and last the granite at Assouan and Phyllos. So here leaving Suez and going south, you meet the limestone, sandstone and granite in succession, showing that these great layers follow the same order from the Nile across the Gulf of Suez and Gulf of Akabah. Tricking along here and there, is a little stream, which in a comparatively easy, especially as the expectation is on the tip-toe to see the great mountain. We enter first Wady Aboo Salah. This merged into the Er Rahab, or Desert of Sinai, a broad open plain, rising midway its length and then sweeping down plumb to the very base of Mount Sinai. As we strode down the plain, so suited by its gradual descent to be an audience room, and capable by exact measurement, according to a plan of accommodating two millions of people, with a square yard to each one from the water-side—half its length to the foot of Mount Sinai—I said involuntarily to myself: "This is it! This is Mount Sinai. Here all conditions are fully satisfied." This was the opinion of us all. Subsequent observation served but to confirm this first judgment. At length we reach the convent of St. Catherine, far up the wady at the foot of Jebel Musa, which with its human inmates, its garden of green, fruits and flowers, gave promise of rest.

Lighting and gathering under the high projecting window of the convent, our draughtman set up the usual cry of "Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea!" and soon the Arab servant Musa took his head out—a little confab, and down came an iron book at the end of rope big enough to pull up a ton weight, and on it our letter of introduction from the convent at Cairo was nailed up. Very speedily the broad side gate at the new entrance was opened for us—we entered and were welcomed by a fat, sleek porter, who, by a series of leading passages, yards and stairways, was finally landed on a balcony looking interiorly, off which were sets of rooms for sitting, dining and sleeping. We were permitted to use the kitchen and dining-room for lunch. A hot cup of coffee was served us by the monks immediately on being seated with true Eastern hospitality. My thoughts and my eyes were not for the convent, though it was so high and so unique, but of the mountain; and so I found myself straining towards its lofty height and awed by its immediate proximity. I seemed a first step into a shadow, as though I had entered into God's own mighty temple, before which not only St. Peter's, but even that at Karnak was small.

That night we slept in our tents, pitched near the well of Jehro, and in the morning were bright and early at the convent to begin the ascent of Jebel Musa and Ras Sufsafah. Brother Jacobus was our guide. All travelers are expected to take the monks as guides. The foot of the mountain is 5,000 feet above the level of the sea—there remain 2,000 feet for us to climb. We took the path back of the convent which leads us through the gorge between El Zerel and Mount Musa. We soon reached a rough step, made by clearing away boulders and laying them in some order; this greatly facilitating the ascent, which is hard enough at best. Fortunately for us the atmosphere was very cool. Some of our party made the summit in about two hours, others were three hours in doing so. I, with two others, took ample time to it, feasting, as we went up, on the rich incidents by the way. The utter barrenness, rugged and massive grandeur of the walls of granite, which shoot up into huge turrets on both sides, must be seen to be appreciated. The only water is a few tubs of water or sage-like plant clinging on the crevices of the rocks. When about half-way up, a sudden turn brought us up to one of the confusional gates—a neat little arched gate-way between the boulders—at which it was formerly customary to confess the pilgrims in their ascent. A little further up was another; and then we came to an open basin-like area of about two acres in size, in the midst of which is a spring, a garden, and a tall cypress, and near by the chapel of Elijah and Elsha. From this point the climb was very steep. The top reached, the view was simply grand—such a wilderness of rocks, gray, speckled, red—which way the eye turns, mountains, mountains; it seemed that nature had done her utmost to loathly here the greatest desolation; nowhere animal or vegetable life to be seen. The summit is crowned by the little Greek chapel of the Transfiguration, standing on the rock into a cleft of which Moses was put when the Divine glory passed before him—a rock mosque, fallen to decay, also on a rock claimed by Moslems. As the one is the real Jebel Katharina, the highest mountain of the Sinaiic range, and just in front, toward the north, is Ras Sufsafah, which is part of this same mountain. On the south side is a deep abyss of about 1,000 feet, the head of the Wady el Ejah, in which is the decayed convent of El Arban.

Quitting this spot we penetrated directly through a ravine of the mountains, till we came to another oasis, where grows a willow and a few thorn bushes. This willow gives life to the water, and the thorn bush to the rock. Now came a tug to the head of Sufsafah—an almost perpendicular height, over broken stones and huge boulders, till a splendid gap is reached between the two peaks which constitute the head or front of the mountain. Here a good view is obtained of the Plain of Hahab. The peak on our left the monk led the way to as the particular spot of the appearance of Moses to speak to the people. The right hand

TOOMS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Washington Letter to Congressional Correspondent.

The visit of Mr. Toombs to the President has naturally attracted much attention, and in conversation with some friends last evening, we were told how it happened. Mr. Toombs, Augustus Perry, Esq., a merchant of considerable prominence. The morning after the arrival of his guest, Mr. Perry drove with him to see their mutual friend, William Corcoran, Esq. In passing the White House, Perry joyously remarked: "Toombs, you had better go in and see Grant."
"Oh, no, I am not a citizen of this country," retorted the fiery Southern General. "Nothing more was said, and they drove around the beautiful Lafayette Square, alighting with the clattering of children and adults from the hearts of a hundred boys, past it all to the quaint, irregular pile of bricks forming the picturesque home of Corcoran, the banker. There they were cordially received, and spent several hours in pleasant chat with the venerable host, who can be the most agreeable and then again the curtest man in Washington. On leaving, the driver, who wished to avoid the cobble stones covering the roadway of H. from Eighteenth street to Vermont avenue, turned his horses and again drove toward the avenue. As they were passing the President's, Toombs said: "Perry, if I were to go to a foreign country, I'd surely, if practicable, pay my respects to the potentate of that country."
"Why not, then, go see your President?" the son-in-law was asked.
"The order was given, and the horses were soon reined in front of the Executive Mansion. Alighting, they went in—up the long flight of steps into the room where so much weary, heart-wearing, soul-killing, patient waiting is done—where they found the usual crowd, some on idle business, some on matters pertaining to life and death. There was a sad-faced woman come here for the pardon of her son, convicted of forgery and sent to the Albany penitentiary—whom her is the grandfather of the string man, who strives in every way known to his rough nature to soothe the distressed mother. The cards of Mr. Perry and General Toombs are taken in, but the fear expressed that his Excellency could see no one till after one o'clock. Scarcely a moment had elapsed when the messenger returned and called:
"The President will see General Toombs and Mr. Perry."
On entering the room, General Grant rose to receive them, and General Toombs said: "I am not a citizen of this country, General Grant, but being in town, I have called

JOB PRINTING!

Every Description of Job Printing executed at this

WHOLE OFFICE—

Pamphlets, Checks, Receipt and Bill-books,

Printed and Bound to any style or extent.

POSTERS.

LETTER HEADING, Envelope Printing,

CARDS OF ALL KINDS.

Colored and Bronze Printing,

EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE.

Nothing in the Printing or Lithographing line

done here so cheaply and so well as at this office.

Terms Cash on delivery of all work.

To pay my respects to you as the General of this nation.

"Oh, never mind about that, General Toombs," answered Grant, "sit down. I am glad to see you at last, for I hunted very unsuccessfully after you during the war."

THE ARKANSAS VALLEY AHEAD.

From *The Commonwealth*, June 10.

The land department of the A. T. & S. F. railroad has forwarded to the agricultural editor of the *Commonwealth*, (that's us), some samples of the prolific productivity of the Arkansas river valley.

The first is a sample of cotton, product of 1874, raised in Sedgewick county, near Sedgewick City, on the line of the A. T. & S. F. road. It is quite a large pod and very fine in quality. If any State can beat Kansas in raising cotton, she will have to get up awful early in the morning and go to work without any breakfast.

The second is a sample of Egyptian wheat, product of 1874, from Haymond, Hico county, Kansas.

All these specimens give evidence of the unsurpassed fertility of Kansas soil, especially that portion of it "lying and being situated" along the line of the above road. Judging from the samples furnished us, it is no wonder that the tide of immigration is still settling strong to the Arkansas valley.

The A. T. & S. F. trains each day are full of people looking for homes. Farmers in the boundless west are greater in numbers offered than in Kansas—Every train which arrives from the east pours out its load of settlers for our new State, and wagon after wagon files through our streets throughout the week, bound for the southwest, their white-capped schooners being highly suggestive of "the milky way." These railroad and wagon trains are filled with men, women and children of all countries and all conditions in life. The pipe-smoking and strolling German, the tall, thin, blue-eyed Swede, the broad-shouldered Scandinavian, the tall, thin, enthusiastic Englishman, the enterprising American, and even the almond-eyed Chinaman, all wear their way to this fertile valley, and under their skillful hands homes are built, lands improved, and the State day by day increased in wealth and numbers. It is hard to estimate the thousands that are pouring in upon us, but a few years will tell the tale, and with the same rate of immigration as now, Kansas will then outnumber many of the older States, and in wealth, production and importance, will be second to none in the Union.

Pacific Ocean Deep Sea Soundings.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Professor Davidson announced some of the results of the soundings made by the U. S. S. *Thetis*, under the command of George T. Swallow, during last year, with reference to the projected laying of a telegraphic cable from this coast to Japan. This work had accomplished a remarkable development of the depths of the Pacific Ocean, which had not paralleled in the plateaus of the Atlantic. The *Thetis* first started in her line of soundings from the entrance to the Straits of Fuca, across that portion of the North Pacific designated as the Gulf of Alaska, toward the Asiatic coast. After leaving the entrance to the straits, the bottom slopes gradually to the westward. At 100 fathoms, during last year, the bottom descends to a depth of 1,400 fathoms, at a distance of 150 miles from the coast. The temperature of the water at the greatest depth on this line of survey was 34 degrees.

Commander Belknap then returned, prosecuting off and on soundings all along the coast to the entrance of San Francisco Bay. This work determined the fact that the sudden descent at the bottom of the Pacific to a great depth is continuous down the entire coast, varying from twenty to seventy miles out. In the lapse of 100 fathoms, the bottom descends to a depth of 1,000 fathoms, and then the plateau continues westward for hundreds of miles, and comparatively as level as a billiard table. Off Cape Mendocino, where shoals have been erroneously supposed to exist, from the seaward jutting of the mountains, a depth of 2,000 fathoms is reached eighty miles from the coast. At the Golden Gate, the bottom is reached at 100 fathoms; at 55 miles, it has descended to 1,700 fathoms; and 100 miles out, the enormous depth of 2,548 fathoms has been measured without reaching bottom.

LONGEVITY OF BIRDS.—Among the feathered creation the eagle and raven, the swan and parrot, are each centenarians. An eagle kept in Vienna died after a confinement of one hundred and fourteen years, around the beautiful Lafayette Square, alighting with the clattering of children and adults from the hearts of a hundred boys, past it all to the quaint, irregular pile of bricks forming the picturesque home of Corcoran, the banker. There they were cordially received, and spent several hours in pleasant chat with the venerable host, who can be the most agreeable and then again the curtest man in Washington. On leaving, the driver, who wished to avoid the cobble stones covering the roadway of H. from Eighteenth street to Vermont avenue, turned his horses and again drove toward the avenue. As they were passing the President's, Toombs said: "Perry, if I were to go to a foreign country, I'd surely, if practicable, pay my respects to the potentate of that country."
"Why not, then, go see your President?" the son-in-law was asked.
"The order was given, and the horses were soon reined in front of the Executive Mansion. Alighting, they went in—up the long flight of steps into the room where so much weary, heart-wearing,