The Pittsburgh Gazette.

Comic Music.

The Pall Mall *Gazette* indulges in the following severe remarks concerning comic music: "The popular music of the day is not below the notice of any one who wishes to sound the depths of vulgarity in which certain classes of our countrymen and countrywomen are not ashamed to indulge; and lately the significance of comic singing is rendered important by a sort of fashionable patronage which has been bestowed upon it. When we read in an advertisement column that 'Racketty Jack' and the 'Horseflesh Dinner' were sung by command of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, on the 19th of February, it strikes us that there is some risk of having introduced into our drawing-rooms a kind of entertainment hitherto confined to the streets and the music halls. It is not pleasant either, for many reasons, to learn that one of the chief minstrels and representatives of 'comic talent' now goes about every night in a brougham from one place of drinking and dancing to another, and prefaces his latest effusion by a speech, in which he tells the shopmen, soldiers, servants and people from the country, who make up his audience, that if they only like his song as well as H. R. H. and a host of his noble friends he (the Comic Talent) will be quite satisfied with his reception. After this announcement a thrill of awe and expectation passes through the hall, and the people get their beer, pipes, and gin ready in order to enjoy with comfort and satisfaction a piece of dogerel sanctified by the patronage of the aristocracy.

"Of the many sins that burlesques have to answer for, their use of those degraded songs is about the worst. The level of taste which the 'Chickaleary Cove" and its brethren are made to suit is lamentable in the extreme. It makes us almost despair of educating that dense mind which requires to be stimulated in its hours of recreation, with the sordid illiterate verses in which music is mocked, sentiment turned into sickening ridicule, and impure notions not only suggested, but often made the very groundwork of the composition. It must not be forgotten that these things are peculiar products of our own times. The sweet old quavering ditties, with their thin and silly compliments, were surely better for the people than 'Champagne Charlie.' The sea songs were once the rage even in taverns. A certain national meaning and spirit pervaded them,—a certain harmless and unmeaning romance pervaded others; but the fast comic song and the fast comic singer, with his carriage and his grin, or his power of jumping and roaring choruses at the same time, were unknown. Are we becoming more vulgar in our tastes than those who baited bulls?

"Not long since we had to record an exhibition of noblemen at the Strand Theatre. A lord dancing cellar flaps and breakdowns was to be seen by those who could endure a bad imitation of the niggers whom we have also domesticated in this country. Where shall we stop, if, after this, we pet our comic singers and introduce them into quarters hitherto reserved for such artists as Grisi, Tietiens, or Patti? It is difficult indeed to say. We swallowed the 'Cancan' (slightly mitigated) easily enough; and after Royalty had seen it, it was translated to where the working classes can elevate their minds by the sight of an indecent dance. The comic singers form a pretty accompaniment to this novelty. They are not to be blamed for making money out of such tomfoolery as the public will pay to see and hear, but surely they ought not to be glorified by distinguished persons, as well as salaried by enterprising managers, who run them about in stylish broughams? The 'great' this and the 'jolly' that, if they really wish to seize the occasion ought to open an opera house of their own. There is now a capital opportunity for it, and doubtless the boxes would be bespoken almost before the place was ready. So would we English justify our claim as a musical people to France and Germany. We too have our 'female comics' to sit beside Therese. They are not yet as bold as Therese, but it will give them courage to know that their male rivals in the profession are becoming not only fashionable but popular. It would not surprise us to learn, from the way we are tending in this direction, that Belgravian sons and daughters sang 'The Eel Pie Shop' in the course of the season, with, to quote the neat and expressive language of an advertisement, 'a harmonious bow-wow chorus by all the jolly dogs.'"

Desicated Eggs.

[From Littell's Living Age.]

Mr. Charles Lamont has discovered and patented a very ingenious process for preparing eggs so that they may be kept for years without change or decay. The process consists, as described by the *Chemical News*, in emptying the fresh eggs from the shell into a long covered trough; a shaft, armed with a series of metallic discs about fifteen or twenty inches in diameter, is made to descend into this trough while revolving, which beats the eggs into homogeneousness, and covers the surfaces of the discs with a thin covering of egg. The discs, still revolving, are elevated from the trough, and a current of hot air passed through the covered box, which quickly dries the egg, when a series of scrapers are brought into action, so as to scrape off the egg in the form of fine thin scales or granules, which have the appearance of being crystallized. This process may be repeated *ad libitum*. The preparation thus obtained retains perfectly all the properties and flavor of the fresh egg, and may be used for the various purposes where broken egg is needed, and for cooking, by dissolving a little in water, and beating it as usual. One pound is equal to forty-four eggs; 100 dozen eggs, when crystalized or desicated, occupy one cubic foot. We are glad that this very useful article of diet has been added to the now long list of preserved articles of food. An enterprising company in New York have, we understand, purchased the invention, and it is now being successfully introduced into the market.

The Circle Squared.

Mr. Constant Terry, of Eagle Pass, Texas, announces that he has squared the circle. He writes to a contemporary:

"In the rule for squaring the circle arithmetically I think originated the saying, 'It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.' I find the number seven (7) to be the sum of the roots of the rule to square the circle by the square. And I yet expect to learn that it originated the mysterious seven of the Bible. In squaring the circle geometrically, I find this problem 37620, in which science says is hid the mysterious *seven* and *three* score and *ten* of the Bible *twice* told. I dedicate the pleasure of the solution of this problem to the ingenious. Therefore it is evident I am not the first person who originated these rules for squaring the circle. I think they were originated the other side of Noah's flood."

The fact that Mr. Terry incidentally remarks that the number seven is "blended with life" advent into the world," that he knows "the state of the dead," that "the sixteenth verse of Obadiah is true," and so on, may incline some readers to doubt the value of his mathematical calculations.

—The Springfield *Republican* correspondent thinks Albany is a horribly wicked place. He has never stayed any length of time in Harrisburg.

South-western Peculiarities.

A Texas correspondent says: Upon arriving in this State I was impressed with the fertility of imagination displayed by the inhabitants as set forth in the names bestowed by them on their villages and towns. I immediately commenced making a list of the most popular, and I send you all that I have collected, with the assurance that I am indebted for none of them to my own imagination. Here is the list: Lick Skillet, Buck Snort, Nip and Tuck, Jimtown, Rake Pocket, Hog Eye, Fair Play, Horn Hill, Seven League, Steal Easy, Possum Trot, Flat Heel, Frog Level, Short Pone, Gourd Neck, Shake Rag, Poverty Slant, Black Ankle.

In the village of Henderson I was introduced to a buxom school girl of fourteen years, who possesses the following name: Dionysia Boadicea Jeffalinda Jacobina Christiana Buckiana Caledonia Susannah Emily Wyatt Wilkinson Moore Wynne "O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O."

The young lady is a cousin of a young man of that village who, in the short span of his life of twenty-two, has done and suffered the following things: He has had over a hundred personal encounters; has shot mortally, three men, not mortally, eight; is now resting under seven bail bonds; has been through the war from the beginning; married, buried an infant daughter, and separated from his wife, who is now going to school; and is now living on his father's substance, in possession of a pair of fine boots, a spavined horse, a Mexican saddle, a silver watch, three revolvers and a Derringer, and one dollar in specie. All this he told me himself, with much apparent satisfaction. He expects to attend the Waco races, but does not expect to lay heavy wagers.

Another correspondent writing from an out-of-the-way neighborhood in West Virginia, says of the prevailing dialect: "Words corrupted and mispronounced, as common with the illiterate everywhere, are often very provoking. Wunct, twicct, skiff, fift, sixt, sermont, islant, beyant, reether, retch, &c., for once, twice, skiff, fifth, sixth, sermon, island, beyond, rather, reach. Cheusday for Tuesday, nary for never a or never one, mo' for more, 'lowed for supposed or believed, outen for out or out of. A well-dressed young lady heard news of a marriage of an acquaintance, and exclaimed: 'Well, if she haint done gone and done it, and never let on.'"

Ammonia as a Motive Power.

Galignani says: Visitors to the Great Exhibition may recollect having seen an engine set in motion by the application of ammonia, which was exhibited in class 53 by M. Fort, a naval engineer. This engine attracted the Emperor's attention, as well as that of the public, the saving resulting from the system being enormous. It appeared from the experiments made that a common fifteen-horse-power steam engine working four hours consumed two hundred and forty-seven kilogrammes of fuel, while the ammonia engine, working four hours and eighteen minutes, did not consume more than one hunpred and seven kilogrammes. The saving was, therefore, about sixty per cent. The new adparatus has moreover, the advantag of being easily applicable to the old boiler.

The chemical theory on which M. Fort's system rests is this: "The latent heat of the dissolution of ammonia in water is the algebraical sum of the latent heat of liquifaction of that gas and of its heat of combination with water." The new engine, however, does not employ liquified ammoniacal gas, but a dissolution of that gas in water, and commonly known as liquid ammonia. This solution only absorbs 126 units of heat in its vaporization, while that of water absorbs 603 of those units. Moreover, common liquid ammonia boils at 50 degrees centigrade, and affords a pressure of six atmospheres at 111 degrees, while steam requires a heat of 160 degrees in order to produce the same pressure.

Nevertheless, an objection to this new system had to be removed. Ammonia will attack copper and brass with great avidity; and as many parts of a steam engine consist of brass, their speedy deterioration might be looked forward to. Fortunately, however, ammonia, the enemy of copper, is the friend of iron; that is, iron indefinitely in contact with it will be preserved from rust instead of suffering from it, and all the parts of the steam engine now made of brass may henceforth be made of iron. The escape of ammonia from the engine is not to be dreaded, because the fatty substances with which engines are greased being saponified by contact with that gas, will only make them more air-tight than before."

A CORRESPONDENT of the San Francisco *Bulletin* says, speaking of the laborers on the Pacific Railroad: "When a Chinaman is killed the whole gang invariably quits work upon that part of the road. What secret fear or open superstition they have upon this point I could not learn. The overseers only know the fact, and do not pretend to account for it. Early last winter a snow slide overwhelmed and buried thirty out of a gang of one hundred. The rest instantly prepared to leave, not so much as offering to dig out their brethren, who might possibly be still living beneath the snow. This the white overseer, a resolute fellow, would not permit, but, with his pistol, drove the frightened Chinamen to work digging for the poor fellows. They were all dead except one when dug out. He was in a steam of sweat. His first words were brief, and expressed his impressions—'Too muchee hot,' he said, and prepared to follow his pugnacious companions away from the tabooed section of the road. Yet John is a good and faithful workman, and without him the work would make but little progress.