

WAL. REF.
IND./W.W. Co./Box 1/HISTORY
681
WAT

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 67.—VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

{ PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH SUPPLEMENT.

THE WATCH AS A GROWTH OF INDUSTRY.

WE last week considered the watch historically, as a product of inventive thought, and saw that from this point of view it belongs to no single man, or nation, or generation, but, like all the other great triumphs of constructive genius, its development has occupied many minds for many years—more of both, perhaps, than any

watch is the outcome of the accumulated skill of thousands of men for more than twice these longest periods; it is a compend of four centuries of advancing science and art.

Were there but one watch in existence, as there is but one St. Peter's, it would undoubtedly be regarded as the greatest wonder of man's



ONE OF THE WORKING-ROOMS OF THE WATCH-FACTORY AT WALTHAM—INTEGRATION OF THE WATCH INDUSTRY.

other of the great achievements of art. From the Marquis of Worcester's first foreshadowing of the steam-engine to its completion by Watt was but little more than a century; Galileo's spy-glass developed into the forty-foot telescope of Sir William Herschel in one hundred and seventy years; the electric telegraph germinated in the experiments of Watson and Franklin in 1747, and was patented by Morse in 1837; while the Cathedral of St. Peter, from its foundation to its dedication, took one hundred and seventy-five years. But the pocket-

creation. It would be said, "The concentrated wit of fifteen generations has produced from a few shreds of metal a pocket solar system, which reports with perfect precision the rate of Nature's ongoings, and to which the fortunate possessor unhesitatingly commits the order of his life."

But the watch is no rarity of the museum. Wonderful as it is, ingenuity and perseverance have compassed the possibility of its endless multiplication. Once the luxury of the rich only, it is now the

necessity of all. Nor is watch-making any longer the mere matter of a few years' apprenticeship to mechanical shop-work. As it required the sagacity of centuries to work out the *conception* of the watch, so it has required the mechanical discipline and resources of centuries to work out its construction.

We saw, in the previous article, that the ideal watch has had its laws of growth: we are now to see that the industry which produces it has been equally a growth of time, and illustrates still more strikingly the same laws of development. And this, let us here remark, is something more than a mere curious speculation; it is nothing less than a principle of practical guidance for the watch-buyer. If industry advances and has its gradations of perfection, its products must be correspondingly graded. With respect to an article of which he is no judge, the most important clew the purchaser can have is a knowledge of the industrial conditions under which it was produced.

For nearly three hundred years watches were made by individual labor alone. Each artisan fabricated all the diversified parts of the watch, and all the tools with which they were made. This was the germ state of the industry, so that the watch-maker of those times resembled one of the lowest kind of animals, as the polyp, in which each part of the body carries on all the vital operations of digestion, circulation, assimilation, and excretion. The differentiation of this kind of labor had not commenced; the watch was the product of a homogeneous industry in which the work, slowly done, was inaccurate and expensive. The earliest watches, it is said, took a year to construct; cost the equivalent of fifteen hundred dollars apiece, and varied in their performance from forty minutes to an hour a day.

It is scarcely more than a century since the great principle of the division of labor began to be introduced into the business, one mechan-

ic devoting himself to one branch, and another to a different branch. This was the first step in the development of the industry, and resulted in a vast economy of exertion and in improved work, as, by confining himself to a single part, each workman could produce it not only more perfectly, but quicker, and therefore cheaper, than by distributing his efforts over a multitude of operations. This division of the industry into separate branches grew rapidly, and became immensely extended.

In an examination before a committee of the House of Commons it was stated that there are a hundred and two distinct branches of this art, to each of which a boy may be put apprentice, while after mastering it he is unable to work at any other. This differentiation of watch-making industry was an immense step in the direction of its true development; but it was only a transition step, and, as we shall presently see, it had its evil as well as its good results.

Division of labor, applied to the production of watches, produced different effects in different countries. In England, it both cheapened work and improved it. The English were the first suc-

cessful watch-manufacturers. Being the greatest maritime nation, they were driven to the improvement of the marine chronometer, which demanded the highest accuracy of workmanship, while the discipline of thoroughness which this necessitated, and which is, besides, a noble trait of the national character, enabled them to give an excellence to pocket-watches which made them preferable to all others. But that country did no more than supply the world with excellent but costly watches, the genuine English watch being always expensive.

The French and Germans have never been able to establish a large and permanent watch-manufacture. But the Swiss, from the very low price of labor, the absence of other industries, and the extensive employment of women and children—by which occupation is given to families



APPEARANCE OF THE OLD FACTORY.



VIEW OF THE WALTHAM FACTORY AS IT NOW APPEARS.

who do the work at home—have been able to triumph over all competition, and to lead in furnishing watches to the markets of the world. In Switzerland the division of labor has been carried to its utmost extent, and all its consequences fully realized. In the first place:



GILDING THE WHEELS.

such is her unrivalled cheapness of production that she has undermined the manufacture in the other European countries, which now send to Switzerland to have the pieces of their own watches made. Even English watches now have nearly all their parts made by the Swiss; and so disastrous has been the competition that it is declared, by high authorities in the London horological journal, that *three-fourths of all the watchmakers' tools in England are now in pawn*. But, with extreme cheapness, this highly-diversified industry brings also inferior work; for it is unlike the case of pins and screws, where the article is so simple that divided labor cannot impair its quality. The watch is a highly-complex thing, and the due performance of its functions depends upon the perfect coördination of its parts. Each piece is brought to the rigorous test of exact coöperation with a whole system of other pieces; and, as the strength of a chain is determined by that of its weakest link, so the quality of a watch is determined by the accuracy of its least perfect part, one flaw vitiating the whole result. But, when a hundred different personalities of hand-labor have been stamped upon these parts, it is mechanically impossible that they should come together with the precision and perfection that the mechanism requires. How far from perfect the best of this work is likely to be, may be inferred from the fact that one-third of all the pieces made are rejected as imperfect, though they are still thrown together, covered with showy cases, and sent to distant markets. It is obvious, therefore, that mere division of labor cannot produce a perfect result, while the further it is carried the greater are the chances of error and imperfection.

When the division of labor had reached a certain point, competition was sure to produce one of two results: either the industry itself must advance to a higher stage, or the manufacture must deteriorate. That point was reached when the Swiss obtained the virtual monopoly of the production; and, as the manufacture did not develop a new order of resources, the alternative step *was* taken, and the business degenerated in character. If the watch could not be made perfect, it must be made to *appear so*, and its imperfections be concealed. The door was thus opened to endless deceptive practices. Smooth and highly-polished work, which everybody can see, and which is done by children, is cheaper than accurate work, which requires skilled labor, and of which but few can judge. It was consistent with division of labor, aiming at cheapness, to give a high finish to non-acting surfaces, while it was not consistent with it to give the utmost perfection to those parts upon which the working quality depends. Again, a watch got up with a fine appearance, but with no reference to permanent use, may still be safely warranted for a year or two, because "wear" does not take place in that time, and an essentially worthless article may perform well for a season. Thus a disjointed and piecemeal labor, competing for cheapness in the production of an article of which people generally are no judges, has led to systematic imposture, and the products of a fraudulent commerce are scattered broadcast over the country, while its victims are taxed millions of dollars annually for the repair of shabby and dishonest work.

We have here the legitimate consequences of a half-developed industry. Watch-making had been highly differentiated, but only in a low degree integrated; genius and enterprise had not yet been directed to organize and concentrate its operations.

The efforts that have been made from time to time in Europe to combine the numerous branches of the business in single establishments were all abortive, and served only to show that the need was recognized, although the conditions of its fulfilment were absent. The despotism of the conservative spirit, the dominance of hereditary habits, the cheapness and competitions of labor, and the ignorance and stolidity of factory operatives—all combined to prevent that final perfection of the industry which consisted in the unification of its multiplied processes. It is a significant fact that this important branch of modern industry, though created by European genius, and rooted in European experience, with boundless capital at its command, and carried on by communities of artisans who were trained in watchcraft generation after generation, and that, too, under all the stimulus of national rivalry, should nevertheless be first brought to its highest stage of development in this country.

Half a century after Europe had perfected the mechanism itself, the American mind perceived that another step remained to be taken, and that, to give the world the full benefit of all that had been done by the constructive ingenuity of the past, the watch must be made by machinery, and all the hitherto separate branches of labor be combined in one establishment and under one direction. It is not yet twenty years since the company was formed which built the first American watch-factory at Roxbury. The undertaking was certainly a formidable one. The various sporadic attempts to make watches in this country by hand, commencing in 1812, had all failed, and there was no body of disciplined workmen to start with. Besides, the Swiss authorities would not permit the exportation of such machines, models, or drawings, as were already in use—so that the American managers of the project were thrown back upon first principles, and had to invent their own machinery and train their own workmen. The first experiment was thwarted by geological causes, the lightness of the soil producing a fine dust, which, although unheeded in other vocations, was fatal to the delicate operations of watch-making. The factory was therefore removed, and located on the banks of the Charles River, a little above the village of Waltham. Embarked in a novel, expensive, and, as many thought, a Quixotic enterprise, the managers pursued a cautious but vigorous policy, and the first factory, which was even then thought to be of great dimensions, rapidly expanded into an immense establishment, filled with machinery superintended by seven hundred hands, and turning out some eighty thousand watches a year—more than are produced in all England, and three times as many as are made in any other establishment of the kind in the world—while it is the only establishment in the world which makes the entire watch, case and all.



ENAMELLING THE DIALS.

An English watchmaker, in a recent lecture before the Horological Institute of London, describing the results of two months' close observation at the various manufactures in this country, remarked in reference to the Waltham establishment, "On leaving the factory, I felt

that the manufacture of watches on the old plan was gone." It was thus ingeniously confessed that American enterprise had made an industrial epoch, and beaten Europe in one of her oldest and most difficult productions. In this there is neither accident nor mystery, but it is the result of a great law that can no more be resisted than the flow of the Gulf-Stream or the advance of knowledge. An industry which stagnated for three centuries in an undeveloped condition, and which had been disintegrated for the last hundred years, was now for the first time brought into an all-connected and perfectly-organized system. The engraving on the first page discloses the secret of this important revolution. It shows how completely the multifarious operations of this delicate craft are combined and unified, yet it represents but one department of the establishment. Single tools, which gradually grew into simple hand-machines, with which a few of the parts of the watch had been produced, were here brought together, and hundreds of new ones, at many hundreds of thousands of dollars cost, were created, and all interwoven, as it were, into one vast mechanical organism. A single steam-engine distributes its power by means of driving-shafts through a whole colony of similar working-rooms, and the result is the production of watches at the rate of one every three minutes, and with a uniformity and perfection which have at once and forever antiquated all previous methods of the production. "The manufacture of watches on the old plan is gone," because the laws of growth have carried the industry to a higher stage of development. Let us note some of the conditions of this industrial advance.

The first great point of advantage here secured is critical and decisive in watch-work; it is the highest possible accuracy of construction. The delicacy of hand-operations is often remarkable, but it is only attained with great effort, and is always variable. It has, besides, its limit, which falls immeasurably short of the exactitude demanded in watch-machinery. When we approach the first action of the nervous system, we pass beyond the control of the will, and errors become inevitable. Lace-makers, who work along the utmost border of tactual and visual sensibility, afford striking illustrations of this fact. Even the reactions upon the nervous system, which come from mere change of locality, reappear in the quality of the tissue. When a lace-maker begins a piece of fine work in the city and finishes it in the country, the transition can be detected in the fabric, which will present two distinct aspects. Again, what is called the *personal equation* of telescopic and microscopic observers, is simply that source of error, in looking sharply at a fine object, which yields different results with different persons, which depends upon temperament, varies with the period of life, and has to be discounted in individual cases in order



FIRING THE DIALS.

to arrive at the exact truth. Now watch-work, in the precision it requires, takes us beyond this range of nervous aberration; it is, if one may so speak, trans-visual and trans-tactual, so that the only way to get rid of errors is to get rid of personality itself. This is precisely what the American Watch Company does: it commits the whole work to ma-

chinery, and thus secures the accuracy and uniformity that machinery alone can confer. The adjustment of parts is made with mathematical precision far beyond the reach of unassisted sense. It is not merely exactness of *fitting* that is here demanded, but, what is far more



GOLD AND SILVER WORKING.

difficult, the minutest nicety of permanent *action*. With precision there must also be freedom of movement, and each pivot must have its infinitesimal play for "side-shake" and "end-shake;" otherwise, an atom of dust or a rise of temperature would lock the parts, and stop the motion. To get this systematic exactness, three grades of gauges are used: the first and coarsest measuring to the $\frac{1}{2500}$ of an inch; the second to the $\frac{1}{12500}$ of an inch; and the third to the $\frac{1}{175000}$ of an inch. Thus nothing is left to the eye or the touch of the workman; he commits himself to the mathematical guidance of his gauges and to the precision of his machinery, and stamps an equal and certain accuracy upon the whole mechanism. The old watch-maker disappears, and the whole art is resolved into the construction of correlated and unified machinery on a very extended scale. Still, intelligent human agency is by no means superseded. The most accurate machine, like all other earthly things, has its imperfections, and these the skilful workman is ever on the alert to detect and rectify. By no lathe, for example, is it always possible to get a pivot turned exactly round. It has to be tested by gauges, and brought to a standard in which the errors are less than the ten-thousandth of an inch.

We have no space to describe or even to enumerate the multifarious operations of this immense establishment, although we found every department of it rich in curious instruction. We desire only to illustrate some of the difficulties that have been vanquished by machinery, and to show how the manufacture has been developed through the extensive integration of its numerous processes.

The very first thing that arrested our attention upon entering the factory was a little boy making screws. At first we could not conceive what he was doing, for the screws he made were so fine that it takes nearly a hundred and fifty thousand to weigh a pound. On white paper they look like tiny dots, or specks, and are much less distinguishable than the little cuts here represented. Yet, when viewed with a strong magnifying-glass, they appear like perfectly-finished little bolts. Though

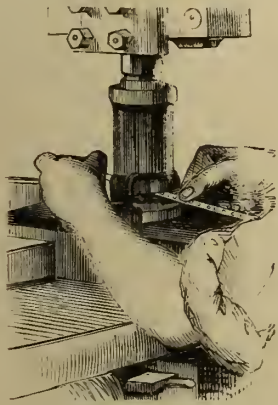
having two hundred and fifty threads to the inch, yet the taps and dies are so perfectly matched that the screws go closely and firmly to their places. They are made of fine steel wire, in lathes driven by steam-power. The end of the wire is applied by the attendant to the revolving die, and the thread is cut, and the head marked off and partially severed, almost instantaneously. The operator then inserts the screw into a little bar, with prepared holes to receive it, and snaps off the wire. Another is



As they appear under the Microscope.

made in the same way, and inserted beside the first. A row of them is thus set in an exact line, when the heads are pared down and polished by passing them over one wheel, and the slots are cut in the whole series by passing them over another. They are then unscrewed from the bar, and, after being tempered, are ready for use. These almost infinitesimal screws are made with great rapidity, and are nevertheless such exact duplicates that they may replace each other indifferently. This principle of the equivalence of parts pervades the whole construction of the watch.

The most conspicuous as well as important parts of the watch are the wheels, which require to be brought to the highest possible perfection in two points, the teeth and the pinions. Let us see how these are attained by machinery. The wheels are made from thin ribbons of sheet-brass. These are passed rapidly through a punching-machine, which cuts out a blank or outline wheel at every stroke. A large number of these are then threaded upon a rod, or spindle, and screwed firmly together. They are now placed in the tooth-cutting machine, where a rapidly-revolving tool ploughs a groove, or furrow, along the surface from end to end. The spindle then turns on its axis the width of one tooth, and another groove is cut be-



Punching Blank Wheels.

side the first. This is repeated sixty or eighty times, according to the number of teeth required in the wheel, and a girl will finish in this way ten or fifteen hundred wheels in a day. The most difficult wheel to make is the scape-wheel, owing to the peculiar shape of its teeth. A figure of it is given of ten times the actual size. We also represent the machine by which it is cut. Thirty punched blanks at a time are placed upon the rod, which is then inserted in the machine, where it moves backward and forward horizontally. The end of a large cylinder is represented, which contains within it six lesser cylinders, and each of these carries a cutting-tooth pointed with sapphire. One of these small cylinders is now set going at the rate of eight thousand revolutions a minute, the horizontal rod at the same time moving steadily forward, and thus a groove is cut across the edges of the thirty mounted blanks. By automatic action, the horizontal rod slides back to its former position, and the large cylinder turns sufficiently to bring the second of the smaller cylinders with its mounted tool into place. It, in turn, is set to spinning; the rod slides forward as before, and another portion of metal is cut away. When all the tools have been thus successively applied, the large cylinder has made a single revolution, and a single tooth on each one of the thirty blanks has been finished. In this way the scape-wheels are turned out, thirty at a time, all exactly alike, and each tooth a perfect geometrical copy of every other. The machine thus combines rapidity of execution with the highest possible perfection of work.

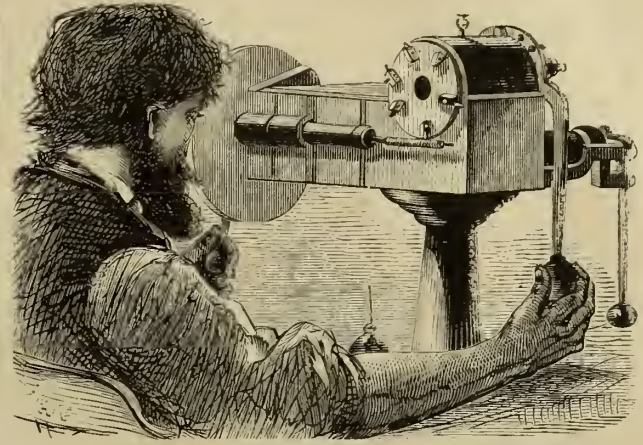


Scape-wheel magnified.

So much for the teeth of watch-wheels. Let us now consider the pinions—the little hardened-steel points upon which they run. This brings us to the most interesting part of the manufacture—the very romance of mechanics—the jewellery department, for the pinions run in perforated jewels. We have here the highest accuracy of human workmanship executed in adamant. That the watch may be “immortal as well as infallible,” all its points of friction must be made of the hardest substances that Nature produces, and these are the precious stones—ruby, sapphire, chrysolite. They can be only worked by tools of diamond and by diamond-dust. Diamond drills and chisels are made by skilfully working one diamond against another. Diamond-dust comes from Holland, and costs five dollars a carat, equal to seven thousand dollars a pound troy. The stones to be cut, which come chiefly from South America, and are growing scarce, are little rounded pebbles. These are first cut into slabs by a gang of thin circular saws of soft iron, the smooth edges of which are toothed with diamond-dust

applied in oil, the little diamond particles being bedded in the soft iron by turning against a steel roller. The stone is then pressed against their edges and rapidly cut through, a specimen larger than a pea being sawn into slices in forty-five seconds. The slabs are then skilfully broken into minute pieces, and are ready to be turned in the lathe.

When the American Watch Company commenced business, jewels were only made by hand-mechanism and by imported experts. Even



ESCAPEMENT-WHEEL MACHINE.

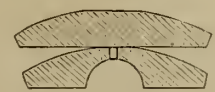
these could not make their own tools, but had to send to England for them. The extending operations of the factory, by which one part of the watch after another was first produced by machinery, did not alarm the jewel-makers, who said, “You will never be able to disturb our branch of the work.” But they were inopposed, one disagreeable day, that the thing was done, and their monopoly ended. Machinery, worked by steam, had been applied so successfully, that jewels, more perfect than those before made, could be produced by girls after a week's practice.

In turning jewels, the implement in most constant use is the alcohol-lamp flame. This is used to melt the shellac, by which the stone is fixed strongly in its place in the lathe. The bit of stone, being cemented to the “chuck,” is set to spinning like lightning, and a diamond-pointed chisel, fixed to an arm which moves round horizontally in a semi-circle, is applied to it. This gives to the face of the jewel the convex outline shown in the figure. By another application of the diamond-point, the little cup-shaped concavity for holding the oil is formed. The minute perforation for the pivot is next made by a fine diamond-drill, applied first on the one side and then on the other. The minuteness with which these orifices can be drilled is amazing. We have a little jewel strung upon a hair, which fits it so closely that it does not slide, although the hair, by measurement, is but the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter. We have now before us also a little ruby, hardly visible, which, when placed under the microscope, comes out a perfectly-turned jewel, and the pivot-hole is but the $\frac{1}{250}$ of an inch in diameter. This only shows what it is possible to do, the orifices not requiring to be made so small. These fine perforations are next “opened out,” or brought to the requisite size and smoothness, by a little hair-like wire covered with diamond-dust, the wire whirling one way, the jewel the other, and the two making twenty-five to thirty thousand revolutions a minute.



Shape of the Common Jewel.

In watches of the best construction all the bearings of the pivots are jewelled, and little bits of precious stones of microscopic precision of form are also set in the pallets to act upon the teeth of the scape-wheel. The Waltham watch, bearing the trade-mark of the American Watch Company, is completely guarded against wear by fixing precious stones at all its essential working-points; it contains nineteen jewels, while the watch next lowest in grade contains seventeen. The balance-jewel always has an end-stone, or cap, as represented in the cut, the balance running on the end of its pivot in order that it may have the utmost freedom—the pivot being but the $\frac{1}{100}$ of an inch in diameter. Diamonds are sometimes used for end-stones, but rarely, if ever, for



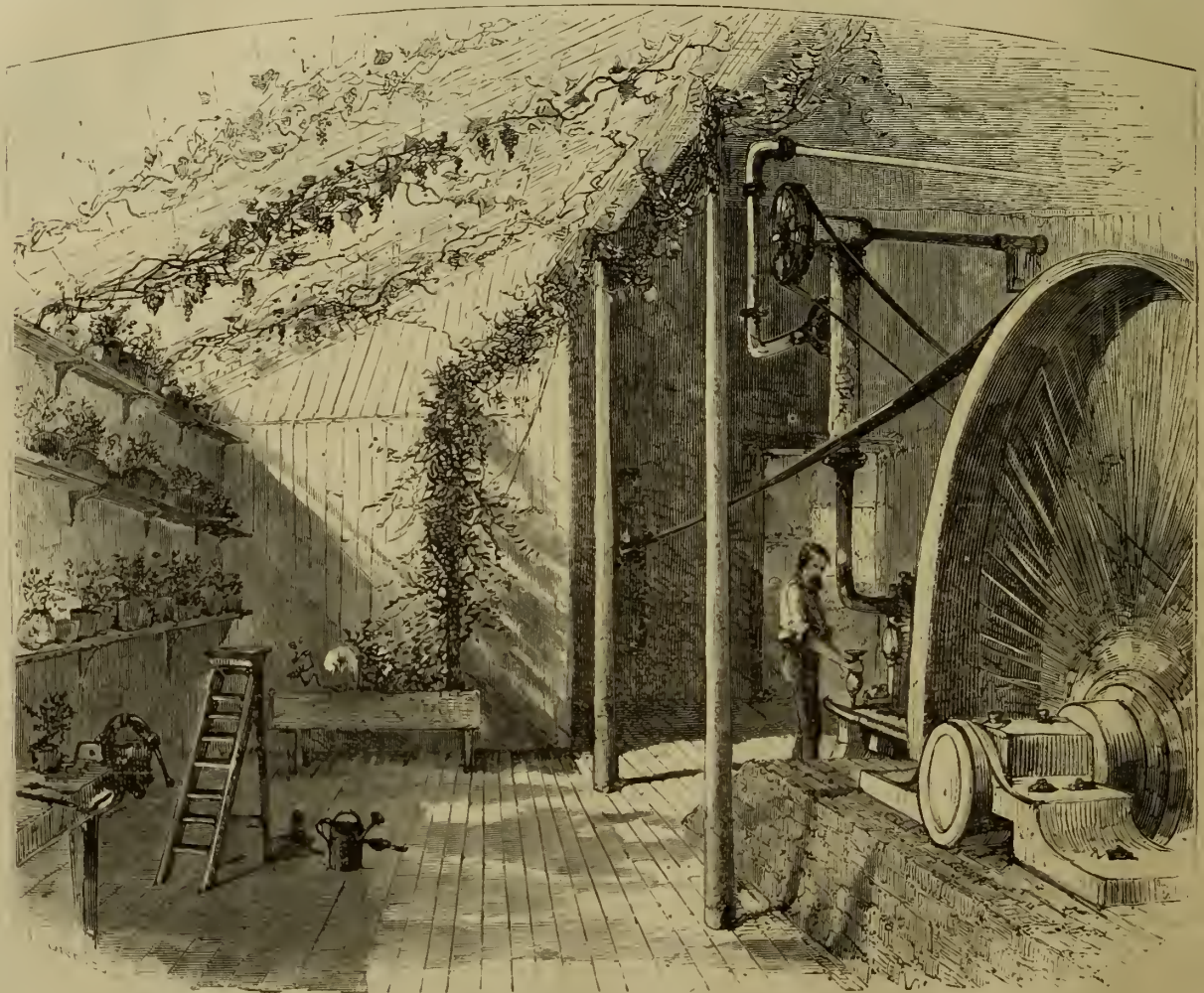
Jewel with End-stone, or Cap.

jewels, it being next to impossible to drill a hole sufficiently small in so hard a substance.

It is here, in matching the jewels and pinions, that we meet with the first exception to the policy of American watch construction; but even this, so far from being a real exception, forms the most impressive illustration of the perfection to which the system is carried. In forming all the parts of the watch, one piece is so exactly like any other of its kind, that a thousand might be taken to pieces and mixed up, and then reconstructed with pieces taken indifferently. But in opening out and smoothing the fine jewel-holes, and in giving to the steel pinions their exquisite polish, microscopic differences arise which make it necessary to match them by exact measurement. The pivots are first classified by a girl, with a gauge which measures to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. The jewels are then similarly measured and classified, and jewels and pivots of the same number

tions are here pictorially illustrated. But in all these processes numberless ingenious devices are introduced for simplifying and expediting the work, while so great is the magnitude of the production that it secures the utmost limit of industrial economy.

When all the parts of the watch are finished, they are brought to the train-room and put together, and then pass into the regulating department to be adjusted. This is indispensable, as no attainable exactness of workmanship, though the most expert and experienced finisher spent half his lifetime upon it, can produce a watch which, when first set up, will run with precision. The train may move with accuracy, as it is passive; but the will and temper of the more living parts are not to be calculated upon beforehand. The conflict of the springs—the main-spring steadily forcing the hair-spring, and the hair-spring striking back half a million times a day—must be composed and harmonized. And so the adjuster sits down to the watch like a physi-



ENGINE-ROOM OF THE FACTORY.

exactly fit. But for each pivot of a particular watch a jewel is selected, with a hole which is a degree or ten-thousandth part of an inch larger, so that there may be sufficient play. Each watch is numbered, and the exact size of all its pivots and jewels is accurately recorded. Note now the advantage to the watch-owner of this highly-perfected system. If any minutest part of his watch fails, wheel, escapement, pinion, or jewel, in whatever part of the world he is, if it is reached by the postal system, he can write to Waltham, and by return mail get an exact duplicate of the failing piece. Thus, in its highest stage of development, this complex and beautiful industry has itself become integrated with the highest and most comprehensive agencies of modern civilization.

Of course, in producing a work of such complexity as the finished watch, there must be many operations which are largely manipulatory; such, for instance, as enamelling and firing the dials, melting, purifying, and casting metals, gilding the works, etc, some of which opera-

tion beside his patient, notes its languid or fevered pulse, and makes such regulative prescriptions as will bring it to normal action.

But the door to extravagance is here widely opened. Watches are, in fact, like horses. There is the practical roadster, and the valuable carriage-horse, for daily, substantial service; and there is the high-blooded race-horse, expensive, delicate, requiring sedulous care, of no use except upon a few grand occasions, and then only of a *fancy* use. So there is the substantial every-day watch, moderate in cost and reliable in performance; and there is the highly-finished, exquisitely-adjusted article upon which, like the race-horse, you can expend a great deal of money for a few seconds of time. Such, however, are demanded, and so the American Watch Company produces them. But they are, of course, costly, because of the amount of attention which must be given to each individual watch. It has to be put through a six months' course of training, tried repeatedly in all positions, tormented in an oven, chilled in a refrigerator, and so ex-

actly adjusted that none of these changes will disturb its rate of going. But these watches entail upon their possessors the most vigilant care, if the fine results they are intended to give are to be realized. It is to the manufacture of the simplified and substantial watch, elegant but not gaudy, and running with all desirable accuracy, such a watch as everybody can afford and depend upon, and which is cheapened by improved production without being lowered in character, that the American Watch Company has brought its resources of skill, enterprise, and capital.

Let us now see what is the gain to the public of this higher development of watch-making industry. It is commonly said that the price of any commercial article depends upon the proportion between the supply and the demand; and this may be true of such things as wheat and coal, of the quality of which the consumers are competent judges. But in a large class of commercial articles another element comes into the case, and that is the guarantee to the purchaser of the excellence that is alleged. The buyer has to pay for two things: first, the cost of production of the thing purchased; and, second, the cost of verifying its character. The goodness of loaf-sugar, for example, is so obvious at the first glance that the consumer requires no guarantee of it, and of course will pay for none; but tea, on the other hand, is something of which it is very difficult to judge, and the consumer has to pay for the assurance of its quality. Hence, the price of loaf-sugar is uniform, the profit on it is small, and the grocer not desirous to sell it. The price of tea, on the contrary, is variable, the profit on it large, and the dealer anxious to sell. This leads to mixing different grades, to adulteration, and to reckless lying about its properties. He who should devise some means by which tea could be judged of as accurately as loaf-sugar, would save the cost of verification in this article and stop imposture, though, in doing the public a service, he would, at the same time, incur the hostility of the grocer.

Now, of all articles of commerce (except drugs), there are none which illustrate this double element of cost in so marked a degree as watches. We pay fairly for their actual production, and then we have to pay a still larger price to be assured that they are good. This last payment is the trader's great source of profit, and he is doubly tempted to make the most of it by his own greed and by the buyer's credulity and inexperience. Most purchasers know nothing of watches, and are without protection against the plausible deceit and urbane extortion of avaricious dealers. This again reacts against the purchaser, for, with the prevalence of trade frauds, the premium for verification rises, so that in buying a "Frodsham" or "Jurgensen" we pay one price for the making of the article itself, and two or three more to be assured that it is what it professes to be.

It is here that the American Watch Company comes to the protection of the purchaser. It relieves him of this exorbitant charge for verification. The unrivalled organization of its industry is a pledge of superior work, which public experience has abundantly justified, and is the purchaser's sufficient assurance of the character of the article; and, as he needs no guarantee of the trader, he may justly demand it at a moderate profit. Resting in its superior advantages of production, this company is working for a home-market, and has an interest in cultivating the friendly feeling of watch-buyers by giving them full

value. Unlike the unknown and irresponsible makers who send their watches across the ocean, where they may never hear of them again, it appeals to the intelligence of the American people, by whom it may be always reached, and held to its guarantee that all Waltham watches have the character they are represented to have.

The two great systems of watch production—the American and the Swiss—are now in conflict: the one representing a highly-developed, and the other a half-developed industry; the one appealing by a direct and open policy to the interest of the consumers, and the other to the cupidity of dealers through the artifices of trade. That many dealers should prefer to sell a foreign article at a speculating advance is perhaps natural; but the buyer should remember that their hesitancy in commending the Waltham watch, or their depreciation of it, is his guarantee that he gets *that* article by paying a moderate profit. In making inquiries of a reputable jeweller as to the cause of the popularity of Swiss watches with the trade, he frankly answered: "They are popular with the trade, because they afford a large profit to both jobber and retailer." The tactics of many dealers thus become sufficiently transparent.

There is another advantage which the public gain from the patronage of well-made watches, which, although it may be thought remote, deserves to be better appreciated; it is derived from their durability and permanence of value. Commercial articles have a wide range in this respect. Matches and cigars, for example, perish in a single use, while precious stones lose none of their value by centuries of wear. The full-jewelled, thoroughly-made watch, with the care that is suitable to it, ranks almost among indestructible things. We often meet them running well after fifty or sixty years' use; those that have seen a hundred years are not rare; and one was exhibited at an English antiquarian fair which was made two hundred years ago, and was still a "going watch." With the higher perfection of modern manufacture, the wearing quality is increased, so that a well-made watch, well cared for, should outlast many lifetimes. And what object is so fit for transmission in families, from generation to generation, as the watch—a thing so beautiful, so personal, so social, which daily takes its life from its owner's life, and thus links the rising children to the disappearing parents in a kind of vital continuity, while around it cluster all the tender reminiscences of loved ones that are gone? What relic of the past is so suited to stir the deepest sensibilities as that by which an ancestor has guided the course of his life until time removed him to where there is time no longer?

We may perhaps have too little of this feeling, as Europe may have too much of it; but, while we wisely refuse to parcel out the earth for the lincal glory of a few families, we should not neglect the lesser family mementos. The American watch has eminent claims as the true

republican heirloom—a triumph of industry in an age of industry, it symbolizes the progress and dignity of labor; a product of American enterprise, it is associated with the sentiment of patriotism; moderate in cost, it is accessible to the body of the people, and, thoroughly made, it is prepared for a lengthened future. Of the half a million which the American Watch Company has already constructed, many are no doubt destined to be prized by our distant descendants. When a hundred years have rolled away, and the continent is reclaim-



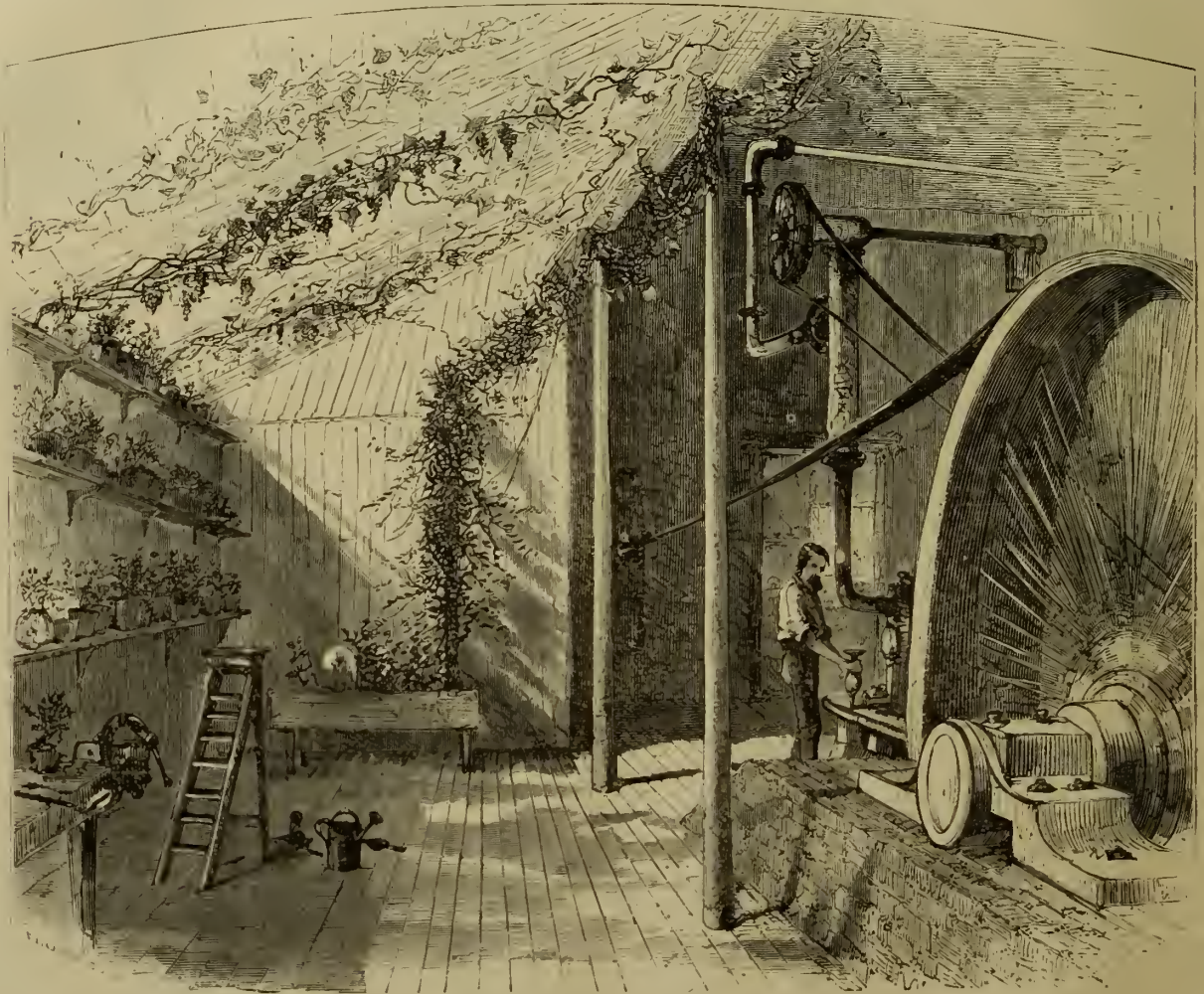
ENCLOSED GARDEN.

jewels, it being next to impossible to drill a hole sufficiently small in so hard a substance.

It is here, in matching the jewels and pinions, that we meet with the first exception to the policy of American watch construction; but even this, so far from being a real exception, forms the most impressive illustration of the perfection to which the system is carried. In forming all the parts of the watch, one piece is so exactly like any other of its kind, that a thousand might be taken to pieces and mixed up, and then reconstructed with pieces taken indifferently. But in opening out and smoothing the fine jewel-holes, and in giving to the steel pinions their exquisite polish, microscopic differences arise which make it necessary to match them by exact measurement. The pivots are first classified by a girl, with a gauge which measures to the ten-thousandth part of an inch. The jewels are then similarly measured and classified, and jewels and pivots of the same number

tions are here pictorially illustrated. But in all these processes numberless ingenious devices are introduced for simplifying and expediting the work, while so great is the magnitude of the production that it secures the utmost limit of industrial economy.

When all the parts of the watch are finished, they are brought to the train-room and put together, and then pass into the regulating department to be adjusted. This is indispensable, as no attainable exactness of workmanship, though the most expert and experienced finisher spent half his lifetime upon it, can produce a watch which, when first set up, will run with precision. The train may move with accuracy, as it is passive; but the will and temper of the more living parts are not to be calculated upon beforehand. The conflict of the springs—the main-spring steadily forcing the hair-spring, and the hair-spring striking back half a million times a day—must be composed and harmonized. And so the adjustor sits down to the watch like a physi-



ENGINE-ROOM OF THE FACTORY.

exactly fit. But for each pivot of a particular watch a jewel is selected, with a hole which is a degree or ten-thousandth part of an inch larger, so that there may be sufficient play. Each watch is numbered, and the exact size of all its pivots and jewels is accurately recorded. Note now the advantage to the watch-owner of this highly-perfected system. If any minutest part of his watch fails, wheel, escapement, pinion, or jewel, in whatever part of the world he is, if it is reached by the postal system, he can write to Waltham, and by return mail get an exact duplicate of the failing piece. Thus, in its highest stage of development, this complex and beautiful industry has itself become integrated with the highest and most comprehensive agencies of modern civilization.

Of course, in producing a work of such complexity as the finished watch, there must be many operations which are largely manipulatory; such, for instance, as enamelling and firing the dials, melting, purifying, and casting metals, gilding the works, etc, some of which opera-

tion beside his patient, notes its languid or fevered pulse, and makes such regulative prescriptions as will bring it to normal action.

But the door to extravagance is here widely opened. Watches are, in fact, like horses. There is the practical roadster, and the valuable carriage-horse, for daily, substantial service; and there is the high-blooded race-horse, expensive, delicate, requiring sedulous care, of no use except upon a few grand occasions, and then only of a fancy use. So there is the substantial every-day watch, moderate in cost and reliable in performance; and there is the highly-finished, exquisitely-adjusted article upon which, like the race-horse, you can expend a great deal of money for a few seconds of time. Such, however, are demanded, and so the American Watch Company produces them. But they are, of course, costly, because of the amount of attention which must be given to each individual watch. It has to be put through a six months' course of training, tried repeatedly in all positions, tormented in an oven, chilled in a refrigerator, and so es-

actly adjusted that none of these changes will disturb its rate of going. But these watches entail upon their possessors the most vigilant care, if the fine results they are intended to give are to be realized. It is to the manufacture of the simplified and substantial watch, elegant but not gaudy, and running with all desirable accuracy, such a watch as everybody can afford and depend upon, and which is cheapened by improved production without being lowered in character, that the American Watch Company has brought its resources of skill, enterprise, and capital.

Let us now see what is the gain to the public of this higher development of watch-making industry. It is commonly said that the price of any commercial article depends upon the proportion between the supply and the demand; and this may be true of such things as wheat and coal, of the quality of which the consumers are competent judges. But in a large class of commercial articles another element comes into the case, and that is the guarantee to the purchaser of the excellence that is alleged. The buyer has to pay for two things: first, the cost of production of the thing purchased; and, second, the cost of verifying its character. The goodness of loaf-sugar, for example, is so obvious at the first glance that the consumer requires no guarantee of it, and of course will pay for none; but tea, on the other hand, is something of which it is very difficult to judge, and the consumer has to pay for the assurance of its quality. Hence, the price of loaf-sugar is uniform, the profit on it is small, and the grocer not desirous to sell it. The price of tea, on the contrary, is variable, the profit on it large, and the dealer anxious to sell. This leads to mixing different grades, to adulteration, and to reckless lying about its properties. He who should devise some means by which tea could be judged of as accurately as loaf-sugar, would save the cost of verification in this article and stop imposture, though, in doing the public a service, he would, at the same time, incur the hostility of the grocer.

Now, of all articles of commerce (except drugs), there are none which illustrate this double element of cost in so marked a degree as watches. We pay fairly for their actual production, and then we have to pay a still larger price to be assured that they are good. This last payment is the trader's great source of profit, and he is doubly tempted to make the most of it by his own greed and by the buyer's credulity and inexperience. Most purchasers know nothing of watches, and are without protection against the plausible deceit and urbane extortion of avaricious dealers. This again reacts against the purchaser, for, with the prevalence of trade frauds, the premium for verification rises, so that in buying a "Frodsham" or "Jurgensen" we pay one price for the making of the article itself, and two or three more to be assured that it is what it professes to be.

It is here that the American Watch Company comes to the protection of the purchaser. It relieves him of this exorbitant charge for verification. The unrivalled organization of its industry is a pledge of superior work, which public experience has abundantly justified, and is the purchaser's sufficient assurance of the character of the article; and, as he needs no guarantee of the trader, he may justly demand it at a moderate profit. Resting in its superior advantages of production, this company is working for a home-market, and has an interest in cultivating the friendly feeling of watch-buyers by giving them full

value. Unlike the unknown and irresponsible makers who send their watches across the ocean, where they may never hear of them again, it appeals to the intelligence of the American people, by whom it may be always reached, and held to its guarantee that all Waltham watches have the character they are represented to have.

The two great systems of watch production—the American and the Swiss—are now in conflict: the one representing a highly-developed, and the other a half-developed industry; the one appealing by a direct and open policy to the interest of the consumers, and the other to the cupidity of dealers through the artifices of trade. That many dealers should prefer to sell a foreign article at a speculating advance is perhaps natural; but the buyer should remember that their hesitancy in commending the Waltham watch, or their depreciation of it, is his guarantee that he gets *that* article by paying a moderate profit. In making inquiries of a reputable jeweller as to the cause of the popularity of Swiss watches with the trade, he frankly answered: "They are popular with the trade, because they afford a large profit to both jobber and retailer." The tactics of many dealers thus become sufficiently transparent.

There is another advantage which the public gains from the patronage of well-made watches, which, although it may be thought remote, deserves to be better appreciated; it is derived from their durability and permanence of value. Commercial articles have a wide range in this respect. Matches and cigars, for example, perish in a single use, while precious stones lose none of their value by centuries of wear. The full-jewelled, thoroughly-made watch, with the care that is suitable to it, ranks almost among indestructible things. We often meet them running well after fifty or sixty years' use; those that have seen a hundred years are not rare; and one was exhibited at an English antiquarian fair which was made two hundred years ago, and was still a "going watch." With the higher perfection of modern manufacture, the wearing quality is increased, so that a well-made watch, well cared for, should outlast many lifetimes. And what object is so fit for transmission in families, from generation to generation, as the watch—a thing so beautiful, so personal, so social, which daily takes its life from its owner's life, and thus links the rising children to the disappearing parents in a kind of vital continuity, while around it cluster all the tender reminiscences of loved ones that are gone? What relic of the past is so suited to stir the deepest sensibilities as that by which an ancestor has guided the course of his life until time removed him to where there is time no longer?

We may perhaps have too little of this feeling, as Europe may have too much of it; but, while we wisely refuse to parcel out the earth for the lineal glory of a few families, we should not neglect the lesser family mementos. The American watch has eminent claims as the true

republican heirloom—a triumph of industry in an age of industry, it symbolizes the progress and dignity of labor; a product of American enterprise, it is associated with the sentiment of patriotism; moderate in cost, it is accessible to the body of the people, and, thoroughly made, it is prepared for a lengthened future. Of the half a million which the American Watch Company has already constructed, many are no doubt destined to be prized by our distant descendants. When a hundred years have rolled away, and the continent is reclaim-



ENCLOSED GARDEN.

ed to civilization, and telegraphs enclose the globe like a net, a white-haired man shall say: "My son, when I pass away I shall leave you this watch. It has been in our family for a century: it was made at the great centre of the watch-manufacture—Waltham—and was one of their earliest productions, when they had revolutionized the industry and transplanted it to the New World; it was my grandfather's inseparable companion through the great civil convulsion which ended slavery in the United States; it has counted out the precious minutes for two generations, and it will soon mark the moment of my own departure; it has been a faithful servant; cherish it with care for its fidelity and its sacred memories."

In closing this article, we would call attention to one feature of the Waltham Watch Factory which impresses the thoughtful visitor with a feeling of sincere gratification; it is the fine æsthetic taste which is manifested in all its arrangements and surroundings. Nothing, certainly, is more fitting than that a thing so exquisite as the watch should be born and cradled amid scenes of beauty, or that those who produce it should be surrounded by the most tasteful and agreeable influences. There is nothing that suggests the usual close and sunless dinginess of the manufactory. Windows, opening at all points of the compass, let in floods of light, give access to the fresh breezes, and open the prospect to the most charming scenery. On one side is the beautiful river, on the other an elegant park surrounded by the neat cottages of the workmen, while the quadrangle within, with its summer-house and fountain, is filled with neatly-kept shrubbery. Even the engine-room, usually a grimy and greasy den, is here a spacious conservatory crowded with all varieties of plants, and festooned with flowers. In fact, the whole aspect and spirit of the place betray the intelligent sympathy of the managers with their large family of working-people, men, women, and children.

There is something here more than mere sentiment. In carrying machinery to such a pitch of perfection as is here attained, and in changing dead hand-labor to a mere light superintendence, the mind is greatly released, and is left free to interest itself in surrounding things; and thus, by offering to the contemplation of the laborer the beautiful things of Art and Nature, he not only has a constant source of pleasant and improving suggestion, but the frame of mind so induced cannot fail to react favorably upon the work performed; pleasant feelings are ever a stimulus, while painful ones are depressing and obstructive. There is, indeed, to us a still deeper meaning in this kindly solicitude of the American Watch Company for the enjoyment of their employés. Does it not foreshadow that grand step which yet remains to be taken in the growth of the world's industry, the final harmony and complete integration of the interests of employer and employed?

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE RAVEN.

SOME days after Mr. Ponsonby's visit, Mary Westbury saw from her room, where she happened to be sitting, a carriage drive up the avenue. It was only about twelve o'clock, an unusual hour for visitors; and the carriage was of the order known as a fly, with just such a white horse, and a coachman in white-cotton gloves, as had made an important feature in the landscape to Ben Renton seven years before in Guildford Street, Manchester Square; but there was not, of course, any connection in Mary's mind between such a vehicle and her cousin's brief romance. She watched it, with a little surprise, as it came up. Who could it be? There was, somehow, a greater than ordinary attempt to look like a private carriage about this particular vehicle, with, as might have been expected, a failure still more marked. And flies of any description were not well known at Renton. The lodge-keeper had looked at it disdainfully when she opened the gate; and the butler, who was standing at the door, received the card of the visitors with a certain mixture of condescension and contempt.

"For Miss Westbury," he said, giving it to a passing maid to carry up-stairs, and only deigning, after an interval, to show the visitors into the drawing-room.

The card which was brought to Mary had a very deep black border,

and the name of Mrs. Henry Rich printed in the little square of white. Who was Mrs. Henry Rich? There had been very little intercourse between the Riches and the Rentons since Frank's marriage; but Mary recollected with an effort, when she turned her mind that way, that one of the sons had died some time before, and that he turned out to have been married, and to have left an unknown widow to be provided for after he died. These facts came quite dimly to her mind as she pondered the name. But she had never heard who the widow was, and could not think what a stranger in such circumstances could want with her.

"I don't know them well enough to do her any good," Mary said to herself.

The border was so black, and the fly had impressed her with such a feeling of poverty—wrongly, to be sure, for, of course, had Mrs. Henry Rich possessed a dozen carriages she could scarcely have brought them with her to Cookesley—that the idea of a weeping widow seeking something very like charity, was suggested to Mary by the name and the deep mourning, and the hour of the visit. Civility demanded of her that she should see this unexpected visitor.

"But I must tell her we see very little of them, and that I can do nothing," Mary said to herself, as she went down-stairs.

She was dressed in one of her fresh, pretty muslins, pink and white, with all the pretty, crisp bits of lace and bows of ribbon that make up that *toilette fraîche et simple*, which is one of the greatest triumphs of millinery, and next to impossible to any but the rich. And a pleasant figure to behold was Mary amid the sunshine, in the calm of the stately, silent house which was so familiar to her, and in which her movements were never without a certain grace. The most awkward being in the world has an advantage in her own house over any new-comer. And Mary was never awkward. The worst that could be said of her was that she was in no way remarkable. You could not specially distinguish her among a crowd as "that girl with the bright eyes," or "with that lovely complexion," or "with the fine figure." Her eyes were very nice, and so was her color, and so was her form; but, as she herself said, her hair was the same color as everybody else's; she was just the same height as other people; her hands and feet the same size; her waist the same measure round.

"I have never any difficulty about my things," Mary would say, half-laughing, half-annoyed; "everybody's things fit me;" and though she had preserved a great deal of the first fresh bloom of youth, still it was a fact quite known and acknowledged by her that the early morning and the dews were over with her. Such was the pleasant household figure, full of every thing that makes a woman sweet to her own people, and yet not beautiful, which went softly into the great Renton drawing-room, in the morning sunshine, to see her visitor, not having the least fear of the stranger, or any thing but pity, and a regretful certainty that her own ministrations, which she supposed were going to be appealed to, could be of no use.

Mary went in so softly that she surprised the ladies—for there were two of them—in an investigation into some handsome cabinets which were in the room, and which, indeed, were perfectly legitimate objects of curiosity. But to be discovered in the midst of their researches discomposed the strangers. They stood still for a moment between her and the widow—two tall, sombre, black figures—draped from head to foot in the heaviest mourning. They had their backs to the light, and Mary could not for the moment distinguish their faces. She went forward with her soft smile and bow; and then she made a bewildered, involuntary pause. It was many, many years since she had seen that face, and she could not remember whose it was; but yet it struck her, even in her ignorance, a curious, paralyzing blow. It was the kind of blow said to be given by that mysterious monster of the seas, which the great French novelist has introduced into literature. It jarred her all over, and yet seemed to numb and take all power from her. "Mrs. Rich?" she faltered, with a wonderful mingling of recollection and ignorance; and then stood still, too much startled to say more.

"Dearest Mary, have you forgotten me altogether?" said the youngest of the two ladies, coming up to her with both hands outstretched. Still Mary did not remember whose face it was, and yet she grew faint and sick. The tall figure towered over her middle-sized head; the lovely blue eyes looked appealing into her heart. "Don't you remember Millicent?" said the sweet voice; and then her reluctant hand was taken, and those softest rose-lips touched her cheek. Mary was glad to point to a chair, and shelter her own weak-

ness upon one beside it. "It is so unexpected," she said, making a feeble apology for her consternation; and then Mrs. Tracy came and shook hands with her, and they all sat down in a little circle, poor Mary feeling the room go round and round with her, and all her courage fail.

"You did not know me under my changed name," said Millicent; "and I am so changed, dear Mary, and you are exactly as you were—you are not a day older—that is the difference between living such a quiet life and being out in the world."

"I should have known you anywhere, my dear," said Mrs. Tracy, coming a little closer to Mary's chair.

"That is very strange," said Mary, recovering herself, "for I think I only saw you once. But I am very much surprised. Millicent, was it you that married Mr. Henry Rich?"

"Who else could it be?" said Millicent, slowly shaking her head with a soft pity for herself, and then she pressed her handkerchief lightly to her eyes. She was dressed in profound black, in what it is common to call the most hideous of garbs—a widow's mourning-dress. Her bonnet was of crape, with a veil attached to it, which was thrown back, showing the lovely face, just surrounded by a single rim of white. Though it goes against all ordinary canons of taste to say so, I am obliged to add that her melancholy robes were very becoming to Millicent, as indeed they are to most women. Her dazzling whiteness of complexion, the soft rose-flush that went and came, the heavenly blue of her eyes, came forth with double force from the sombre background. Poor Mary was overwhelmed by her beauty, her quiet consciousness of it, her patronage, and tone of kindness. And to come here now, at such a moment, when the world was about to begin again! It was so much her natural instinct to be courteous, that she could not make any demonstration to the contrary, but her manner, in spite of herself, grew colder and colder. The only comfort in the whole matter was that Mrs. Renton had not yet come down-stairs.

"Her happiness lasted but a very short time," said Mrs. Tracy, taking up her parable; "such a young man, too! But my poor dear child has been very badly used. It was not only that; he died just when he ought to have been making some provision for her."

"Oh, mamma, dear, that was not poor Harry's fault!"

"But we found out afterward," continued Mrs. Tracy, "that he had not any thing like what he had given himself out to have. He had squandered his money in speculation—that was the truth—and now his family, instead of appreciating the position of a poor young creature thus deprived of her natural protector—"

"Oh, please," said Mary, interrupting her; "I know the Riches a little, and I'd rather not hear any thing about their affairs."

"I am speaking of our affairs, my dear," said Mrs. Tracy, solemnly—"of Millicent's affairs; for, alas! I can scarcely say I have any of my own. Since my poor boy died, seven years ago, I have not cared much what happened—to myself."

"Poor mamma worries about me more than she ought," said Millicent. "But we did not come to trouble you about that, dear Mary. How nice you look in your pretty muslin! I wonder if I shall ever wear any thing pretty again? I feel such an old woman in those hideous caps. Don't I look like a perfect ghost?"

"I think you look more beautiful than usual," said Mary, with a certain spitefulness. She intended no compliment. It was rather a reproach she meant, as if she had said, "You have no right to be beautiful. Why shouldn't you look a perfect ghost like other people?" It was sharply said, not without a touch of bitterness, though it sounded pleasantly enough; and Millicent shook back her veil a little farther, and laid her fingers caressingly upon Mary's hand.

"Ah, it is you who are partial!" she said, while Mary boiled with secret wrath. "But tell me about Thornycroft, and if it is still kept up; and our old Gorgon, you know, and all the people. There was that poor Mr. Thorny, too," said Millicent, with a little laugh; "tell me about them all."

"Mr. Thorny died—as you must have heard," said Mary, "and it was your doing, everybody said; and then poor Miss Thorny gave up. I wonder you like to think of it. It might have been going on like old times but for you—"

"Could I help it?" said Millicent, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "If a man is a fool, is it my fault? You must know by this time, Mary, as well as I do, what fools they will make of themselves; but it is too bad to call it our fault."

"I don't know any thing about it," said Mary, fiercely, and then there was a pause.

"This is such a lovely place," said Mrs. Tracy; "we have heard so much about it. We used to know your cousin, Mr. Benedict Renton, Miss Westbury—at one time. I suppose he is still abroad?"

"Yes, he is still abroad."

"What a sad thing for him, with his prospects! It must have upset all your calculations. But the time is up now, is it not?" Mrs. Tracy said, with her most ingratiating smile.

Mary perceived in a moment what was their object, and hoping it might be but a voyage of inquiry, shut up all avenues of intelligence in her, and faced the inquisitor with a countenance blank of all meaning—or so at least she thought. "What time is up?" she said.

"Oh, the time," cried Millicent, breaking in impatiently—"the time, you know, for the will. As if you did not know all about it! Oh, you need not be afraid to trust us. Ben Renton was not so careful; he told me every thing about it. I must tell you that we saw a great deal of Ben at one time," Millicent added, with one of her vain looks. Mary says it might have been called an arch look by a more favorable critic. "He was, in short, you know, a little mad—but you will say that was my fault."

"I have no more to do with my cousin's private affairs than I have with Mr. Rich's," said Mary; "indeed, I wish you would not tell me. My cousin is not a man to like to have his affairs talked about. I would rather not hear any more."

"Miss Westbury is quite right, Millicent," said Mrs. Tracy, "and shows a great deal of delicacy. She is always such a thoughtless child, my dear. She never stops to think what she is going to say. The harm it has done her, too, if she could only see it! Millicent, my darling, if you would but learn some of Miss Westbury's discretion! But it will be pleasant for you to have your cousins home again, I am sure."

To this artful question Mary gave no answer at all. Indignation began to strengthen her. She sat still, with an air which any well-bred woman knows how to assume when necessary—an air of polite submission to whatever an unwelcome visitor may choose to say. It neither implies assent nor approbation, but—it is not worth while to contradict you. Such was the expression on Mary's face.

"Ah, mamma, Mary has not such a warm heart for old friends as I have," said Millicent at last. "I have been raving about coming to see her for weeks back, but she does not care to see me. She is indifferent to her old friends."

"Were we ever old friends?" said Mary. "I don't remember. You were older than I was. I thought you were very pretty, as everybody did, but—"

"But you did not like me. Oh, I am used to that from women," said Millicent, with a mocking laugh; and she actually rose to her feet to go away.

And the color rushed into Mary's face. Used to that from women! because of her beauty, which transcended theirs! The ordinary reader will think it was a self-evident proposition, but Mary was of a different opinion, being thus directly and personally accused.

"I don't know about women," she said, indignantly; "but I have never had any occasion—to be jealous of you." This was said with a fierceness which Mary never could have attained to had it been simply true. "I admire you very much," she added, with a little vehemence. "I did so at school; but that does not alter the truth. We were never great friends."

"Well, it is kind of you to put me in mind of that," said Millicent. "Mamma, come. You see it is as I told you. We shall find no nice neighbors at Renton. It is best to go away."

The word neighbors made Mary start, and she had not had time to realize that she was about to get rid of them, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and Mrs. Renton's maid appeared with her shawls, and her cushions, and her knitting. "Mrs. Renton is coming down immediately," said the woman; and on this, to Mary's bewilderment, her visitors sat down again. She was driven to her wits' end. To leave them to encounter poor Mrs. Renton was like bringing the lamb to an interview with the wolf.

"May I ask you to come to the library?" she said, hurriedly. "My aunt is a great invalid, and sees no visitors. Pray forgive me for asking you—this way," and rushed to the door before them. But the Fates were against poor Mary on that unfortunate day.

"We have made quite a visitation already," said Mrs. Tracy, and got up again to shake hands. As for Millicent, though she had been so angry, she took Mary's two hands again; and, stooping over her, gave her another kiss. And all these operations took time, and, before they had made any progress toward their departure, Mrs. Renton came in, and received with some astonishment the courtesies and salutations of the unknown guests.

"Pray don't hurry away because I have come. I am always so glad when Mary has her friends to see her," Mrs. Renton said, with the sweetest amiability; "do sit down, pray." The mother and daughter waited for no second invitation. They put themselves on either side of Mrs. Renton, as they had done of Mary; and thus a kind of introduction had to be performed most unwillingly by the victim, who felt that her cause was lost.

"Mrs. Rich!" said the lady of the house, gathering up her wools—"that must be a relation of the Riches of Richmond. Oh, yes; we know them very well—that is, they are very good sort of people, I am sure. When my son Frank was at Royalborough, he used to go to see them. All the officers do, I believe; and he made me call. Oh, yes, of course, I understand—the son who died. Poor thing! your daughter is a very young widow." This was aside, to Mrs. Tracy, who had already volunteered to arrange the cushions in Mrs. Renton's chair.

"Not much more than a child," said that astute mother; "and left so poorly off, after all! You may suppose, Mrs. Renton, if I had not thought it would be a very good marriage in point of money, I should never have sacrificed my child to the son of a man in the city. I would rather have starved. And then it turned out he had not half what he was supposed to have. People that do those sort of things should be punished," Mrs. Tracy said, with fire in her eye.

"Indeed, that is my opinion," said Mrs. Renton; "but I always thought the Riches were rolling in money." And then she made a little internal reflection that, perhaps, on the whole, Frank had not done so very much amiss.

"So we thought," said Mrs. Tracy, confidentially; "or rather, so I thought, for my poor child is as innocent as a baby. But poor Harry had speculated, I believe, or done something with his money; and his father is as hard—oh, as hard— If I could but see justice done to my Millicent, I care for nothing more."

"And, dear me, we had thought they were such liberal kind of people!" said Mrs. Renton, thinking more and more that Frank, on the whole—"And your daughter is so very prepossessing," she added, in a lower tone. "Of course they knew all about it—before—"

"That is just it," said Mrs. Tracy; "the marriage took place abroad, and we were both so ignorant of business, and I fear the settlements were not quite right *en règle*. I am so foolish about business; all I trust to is the heart."

"Dear, dear, what a sad thing! But I should always have looked over the settlements," said Mrs. Renton, who knew as much about it as her lapdog, shaking her head and looking very wise. Millicent had pretended to talk to Mary while this was going on, but principally had employed herself in gazing round the room, noting all its special features. Furnished all anew, in amber satin, it would look very well, she thought; and, oh, what a comfort to have such a home, after all the wanderings of her life! And then she wondered what the house was like in Berkeley Square. Poor, dear Ben! what a surprise it would be to him to find that she was established at The Willows! She wondered whether he would be very angry about her marriage, or whether he would think, as so many men did, that a young widow was very interesting; and how long a time it would be before they had made up their quarrels and he was at her feet again! These questions were so full of interest that Mary's taciturn manner did not trouble her. "I dare say she would like to have him herself," Millicent said; and the desire seemed so natural that her respect for Mary rather increased than otherwise. If she had let such a prize slip through her hands without so much as an attempt to secure it, then Millicent would have thought her contemptible indeed.

At length there came a moment when it seemed expedient that she too should strike into the conversation with Mrs. Renton. There was an audible pause. Millicent was not so clever as her mother; but in such a crisis as the present she was put upon her mettle. So long as there were only men to deal with, there was no need for much exertion. Nature had provided her with the necessary weapons to use

against such simpletons—her eyes, the turn of her head, her smile, a soft modulation of her voice; but with a feminine audience it was a different matter. There, wit was more useful to her than beauty—mother-wit—adroitness—the faculty of adapting herself to her part and her listeners. Mrs. Tracy looked at her with an anxiety which she could not disguise. A statesman looking on while his son made his first speech in Parliament could scarcely have experienced a graver solicitude. As it was, Millicent addressed herself to her mother with the softest of voices. "Mamma," she said, "does it not seem strange to find yourself here, after all Mr. Ben Renton used to tell us? How fond he was of his beautiful home!"

And then came the expected question from his mother—"Ben? My son Ben? Did you meet him abroad? Is it long since you saw him? Dear, dear! Why, I am looking for my boy home every day. They are all coming home about—about—" Here Mrs. Renton caught Mary's warning eye, and paused, but immediately resumed again—"Why, of course, everybody knows. Why should not I say what it is about? It was an arrangement of my poor dear husband's. They are coming to read the will. We don't know how we are left, none of us, for it was a very odd arrangement; but I am sure he meant it for the best. We shall be together next month, and I am sure Ben will be charmed to resume his acquaintance with you. What a nice thing you should be in the neighborhood! The only thing is, that I am afraid you will find The Willows damp."

"But what a pleasure for you to have all your family with you!" said Millicent; "and, oh, what a delight to your sons to return to you!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Renton. "Of course, I shall be very glad to see them. And then, to be sure, shooting will have begun, and they will be able to amuse themselves. I am such an invalid, I tremble at the thought of any exertion."

And when Mrs. Renton said this, Millicent rose, and declared she knew that she could put one of those cushions more comfortably in the chair.

It was quite late in the afternoon when they left the Manor at last, for Mrs. Renton insisted that they should stay to luncheon. She was distressed beyond measure when she heard of the fly which had been waiting for so long.

"It will cost you a fortune," she cried; "and we could have set you down when we went for our drive."

"We are not very rich," Mrs. Tracy said in reply; "but to have made acquaintance with you is such a pleasure! And it is not often we indulge ourselves."

Mrs. Renton declared, when they were gone, that it was years since she had seen any one who pleased her so much. "As for the daughter, she is perfectly beautiful!" she cried, in rapture; "and to think that such a lovely creature should have married Harry Rich!"

"But we don't know any thing about Harry Rich," said Mary, who was disposed to be misanthropical; "perhaps he was a lovely creature too."

"I don't understand what has come to you, Mary," answered her aunt. "Why should you be so disagreeable? Such a nice, pretty creature! One would have thought she was just the very companion you want. And your own old school-fellow, too! I never like to give in to what people say of girls being jealous of each other; but it really looks more like that than any thing else."

"Yes; I suppose I must be jealous of her," said Mary; and Mrs. Renton took the admission for irony, and read her a long lecture when they went for their drive. It is hard upon a young woman to be lectured when she is out driving, and can neither run away nor occupy herself with any thing that may make a diversion. Poor Mary had to listen to a great many remarks about the evils of envy and self-estimation, and the curious want of sympathy she showed.

"Poor thing!—a widow at such an early age, and badly left, and with such very sweet manners! And the mother such a very judicious person!" said Mrs. Renton. "I am so glad they are at The Willows! It will be quite a resource to the boys."

Then, indeed, something very like bitterness rankled in Mary Westbury's heart. Envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. Yes, very likely it would be a resource for the boys. In all her own long and tedious fulfilment of her duties, Mary had never once proposed to herself any reward "when the boys came home," and yet, perhaps, there had been in her heart some hope of appreciation—some idea that they would understand what abnegation of herself it had

been. They would know that this long, monotonous stretch of duty—which was not, after all, her first natural duty—was not less, but perhaps more, hard than their own wanderings and labor. And now, all at once, a cloud had fallen over this prospect. One soweth, and another reapeth. Mary had labored and denied herself for their sakes; but it was this stranger who would be the great resource for the boys. And Ben! Mary's heart contracted with a secret, silent pang as she thought of Ben coming defenceless, unprepared, to find the siren who had—she did not doubt—bewitched and betrayed him, seated at his very gates. Her last conversation with him rose up before her as clear as if it had but just occurred. Ben, too, had ventured to suggest that she—that all women—would be envious of Millicent. Her heart rose with an indignant swell and throb. Was there nothing, then, in the world better than blue eyes and lips like rose-leaves, and the siren's voice and smile? If that was all a man cared for, was he worth thinking of? She had gone and married Henry Rich when Ben was poor. And now that the man whose name she bore had opportunely vanished from her path, she had returned now Ben was about to regain his fortune, to lie in wait for him, with a miserable pretence of old friendship and tender regard for his cousin, who was to be the victim, and scape-goat, and sacrifice for all! Perhaps it was not much wonder that Mary was bitter. And she had all a woman's natural distrust in the man's powers of resistance. It never occurred to her that the siren of his youth might now have no attraction for him. "They are like that," she said to herself, with the true woman's feeling of half-impatient tolerance, and pity, and something like contempt—not blame, as if he were a free agent. It was not he, but she, upon whom it was natural to lay the blame.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A ROMANCE OF THE DOCKS.

FOR a month or more previous to the day on which they first become of interest to any particular reader, two ugly, uncouth vessels have been towed, and pushed, and anchored, about the piers and wharves, making a horrible, bustling din and clamor in the daytime, and awkward, angular shadows in the night. One is a ponderous box with a cabin aft, a small donkey-engine in the centre, and two huge-teethed beams standing upright, forward, with a pulley at the top, and a heavy ladder reaching from the deck upward. The other is also a box, but a square one, and much larger. It has a more powerful engine, higher beams, a net-work of heavy chains, a braced and bolted cross-timber, to which is hung an enormous yawning iron box, which is also bolted and barred, and which, with the hanging chains, give out a fitful, dismal chorus over the silent wharves, deserted and damp, now that the night is setting in.

The two machines have been dredging and thundering in the docks, and are now drawn up together to rest, moored to the piers and quite motionless, except when the slow, incoming swell lifts them, chafing and grinding together. Nobody is about within speaking distance, though there are dim lights to be seen in the small windows of both the crafts. It is damp, steaming, and noisome, although the sky is starlit, and it is not yet so dark but that one may see the figure of a man laboriously climb from the cabin of the smaller vessel, and also be able to see to some extent what sort of man he is.

He is tall, broad-shouldered, but a little bent, as if he were a hard worker, with a narrow chest, a lagging gait, and an irresolute air. He wears a flannel shirt, a belt with a sheath-knife behind, his trousers thrust into his heavy boots, a slouch hat, and a set of heavy, tangled whiskers, and a shock of hair. He takes a step or two, stops, feels for the wind, hesitates, and looks over the side into the water, then to the sky. A few more steps, and he feels for the wind again. Then he goes hesitatingly to the opposite side of the deck, and, after a moment of doubt, kicks the side of the other vessel several times with his boot. He listens a little, and kicks again. Presently there is a rattling of chains and a man's head appears, which he hails, and which hails back again; whereupon he wheels about and goes forward by the upright beams, where he awkwardly seats himself with his feet hanging over and touching the water. Soon the other man follows him. He appears to be much younger, and, though as roughly dressed, is springy and elastic in his movements. He seats himself so close to the other as to appear to be in his confidence. A moment elapses, which the elder man seems to occupy in thinking, while the other

glances at him from the corners of his eyes and impatiently taps his boot against the wood-work. Finally he speaks hastily:

"Well, Harker, what are you glum about? Has it been going on again to-day the same as the rest?"

"Yes," replies the other, glancing behind at the cabin-windows, and speaking under his breath, "yes, just as always. They was sweeter at it than ever."

"By ——!" mutters his companion, striking his knee with his fist, "how mad it makes me to think of it!"

"He was here, sure enough, as handsome and laughing as ever. She came out of the cabin and stood over there against the railing, talking and chatting like a magpie. They didn't mind the men who saw, nor the noise and dust. He brought her a bunch of flowers, and was telling her about them, and she's got them stuck in a tumbler very careful."

"Why didn't you stop it? Don't you see the way it's going?"

"Because I ain't a fool, that's why. If I were to let in a word against him, or to warn her that he is fooling her, would she take it meek and mild? No, she wouldn't. I daren't breathe to her, nor look at her hardly, though she is my baby. And what are you so hot about, is it my daughter? No, it ain't. It's your chances with her that fetches you to me with such long faces. Why don't you march square up to her and tell her plain, instead of going unhappy and miserable about your work, because she can't tell you're loving her when she don't set her eyes on you the livelong day?"

"You ain't going the back track?" asked the other, anxiously.

"Not a step. I'm a better friend to you than you are. I'm in hopes you'll get her, for you're smart, and you're one of her kind, and the other ain't."

"No, he ain't," broke in the young man, sharply. "He's handsome, he's a notch above her, and he's playing with her, d—n him!"

"What sets you a-thinking that, Dawley?" His voice was a little thick; he looked hastily behind him again.

"Are you stone-blind? Don't you see that she's poor and pretty, that he is a smooth-talking one and handsome; haven't you watched them grow to know each other, until to-day it's got to flowers, and to-morrow it'll be bracelets, and the next day dresses and finery? Don't you see that you'll be getting edged out of her fancy as he edges in? She won't put up with a homely cabin along the docks with a rough man to love her, when she's been told that her pretty hands, her sweet voice, her dearest love, is *wasted* on such as you. Gospel ain't truer than that, Harker." Dawley caught the arm of the other tightly at the elbow and twisted him around.

"I tell you the gospel ain't truer. Haven't you read the same things since you were a baby? haven't you heard it in books and stories? It is a little cheating, a little smiling, a little money, and years on years of heartbreak and misery. Think of her drawn away out of your sight with a pack of lies, and then of meeting her skulking, spoiled, and shameless, like one of them." Here he pointed up along the edge of the dusky, shadowy wharf, where there were faint, whitish figures moving slowly about with the dress and gait of women.

The larger man shuddered and turned away with a swallowing movement of his hairy throat, and a muttering protest at the words of the other.

"Don't, Dawley, don't. She ain't to be spoke of so."

"Ain't to be spoke of so?" he repeated, excitedly, and drawing nearer, with a closer hold upon the arm. "What's that, to using of her so? If you're seared to *think* of being robbed of her brown face, her bright eyes, and sweet voice, how will you stand it when you *feel* them slipping out of your way; and perhaps may come across the self-same floating about in the dirty water some day, where she's flung herself, desperate and tired?"

"Stop, Dawley. Stop, man! It can't come to that."

"But it is, Harker, it's very nigh to it. She's nothing but a woman, and he's artful. It's an old game with him, most likely. Come, brush up! look at me, what will you do to stop it? I'm ready to turn my hand to any thing, and I'm not her flesh and blood. I only worship her, that's all; I ain't her father, she don't remind me of any wife, or don't eat at my table; she don't put her arms around my neck ever, nor nurse me when I'm sick, nor cheer me when I'm tired, and yet you see what I'd do for her: I'd——" Here he stretched out his hand with the fingers apart, and then slowly curled them back into his palm, clinching them so tight that the tension of the muscles made his arm quiver to the shoulder. His lips parted over his set

teeth, and to the irresolute, shrinking man by his side, he seemed, for the moment, to be the impersonation of hateful malignity. A moment of silence, and mute glances exchanged in the dark, and then a stealthily secret drawing away on the part of Harker, almost imperceptible, but still eloquent. The hand of the other remained outstretched in mid-air until a hooded and shawled figure, which had been standing behind them for some moments, bent down and laid a hand on the shoulder of each.

"Father and you," it said, looking from one to the other, "get up and come into the cabin." Without a word, the two slowly elampered to their feet with hanging heads, making an awkward pretence of ease, and picked their way over the cables and chains after the girl, who went rapidly on before. She halted by the little companion-ladder, and let them pass her, and, after they had groped a difficult, noisy way into the bowels of the vessel, she followed, mopping her eyes hastily with her shawl, and drawing a deep breath, while making a quick gesture from her lips toward the city with her hand.

The two men sank hulkingly into some seats, and put their soiled hats carefully upon the floor. The younger, Dawley, was, however, a little quicker with his eyes, and a little readier to become self-possessed. He looked like a man ready to take fire, and he followed the girl with the closest but most covert looks. She passed them, throwing off her hood, and stood beside her father, with a hand upon his head.

"Jacob Dawley," said she, half reflectively and half directly, "I wonder if you meant well by me when you sat talking all that to my father, up there?"

"You know I could never mean harm to you, Aggy," replied he, thickly, "though you do treat me so miserable."

The girl flushed a little, and the tears started again.

"But was it all your true belief, did you think it? *do* you?"

"May I be struck dumb and blind!" cried the other, stamping upon the floor, as a flood of morbid thoughts rushed back upon him, "what business has he to hunt in these parts? If he is going to fetch shame and sorrow among you two, I say, tell him to keep away, not to show his devilish face here, and to keep his foot off your father's deck, and his eyes off of you.—Don't you say so, Harker?" He turned savagely upon the other man, with the same extended fingers, looking eager to make the same significant gesture that he had made before.

"Maybe," growled the father, evasively. "Maybe."

The girl caught her hands together in front of her, and, fixing her bright eyes upon him, regarded him with a statue-like steadiness, and an almost statue-like paleness.

"Who knows but you see all you heard me say, Aggy?" cried he, leaning forward, questioningly. "Per'aps you have the head to bid him to stay away, but not the heart, eh?" He hesitated, waiting for an answer, but none came. "Would you let me warn him to keep off from you? Say, Aggy, would you?" There was something of a softness in his tone, and, for a bare instant, her eye faltered, but she answered promptly with a resolute shake of the head, and a calm voice.

"No. I want him to come; he's coming to-morrow."

Harker let his hands fall outward upon the table, while he turned a working, sickly face upward, to look at her. Dawley labored to his feet, breathing heavily through a pair of dry, contracted lips. He pointed a forefinger at her, which trembled from his agitation.

"Aggy, Aggy darlin', what are you saying?" His faltering words fell upon the little cabin as a stone upon a narrow pool—disturbing, distracting all within it. To outward appearance, all three were calm and silent, but within themselves there were tumults of thoughts which had never been before. "And you're bent on going to—the bad, Aggy, is that it?"

His eyes eagerly caught the sight of a whiteuing, furious anger which swept over her face, and saw in it a good hope for his purpose. It appeared to him that she was true in her intent, but wrong in her judgment. It seemed to be a matter of view, and he rushed on, seeking to convert her to his, but, manlike, began with upbraiding her.

"I don't know why I'm called upon to talk to you; there's your father there, whose heart you're breaking, per'aps he would say a little to you if he was fit to speak. But he's choked, don't you see? It would make him right happy if you'd pull out your hair by handfuls and show you're crazy. You are crazy. It would be better if you'd spoken your last word and looked your last look than to live over-night till to-morrow comes. I'd rather see you take a knife and cut your pretty face out than to have him look at you again! He has no business with you but evil. If you don't tell me to keep him away,

you're lost; you've no right to live among honest folks. You're one of them that—"

"I say, Dawley, hold up, man!" thundered Harker, leaning over the table with a warning hand. "'Tain't for you to say that, d'ye hear? God knows there's mischief enough come, but I'm the one to drive her to the river if she's going to be drove."

"Oh! oh, my poor father," cried the girl, throwing her arms about his neck, "has he cheated you, too?" She muffled her voice upon his rough face, while her ever-ready tears burst forth again, the ever-grateful vents of unhappiness. "Has he made you believe it? It is not true. He is honest with me, Dawley. Oh, he could not lie."

"How do you know he could not?" demanded Dawley, fiercely.

"Because I live," she retorted. "If I dreamed that he could fool me, I should die. I feel it in the memory of his face, his touch, and dress. He lie? Ah, never! He is too noble. He is too gentle. Do you see my flowers?" She pointed to a trifle of a bouquet floating in a glass of water. "Well, that is heliotrope. It means a message to me from him. It is my sunshine, and, without it now, I should feel so dreary and tired. But with it"—she cried, with glowing face—"but with it, I could do so much and so well. You are nothing to me, Jacob. I never led you on, for you are too fierce and too easy to anger—I—I—oh, don't look at me so—don't, Jacob. Do not torment me; go away for to-night; here—here is my hand; good-night—good—"

He brushed her hand off his shoulder with an oath, and, seizing his cap, ran furiously to the ladder, upon which he stumbled, too blinded with rage to watch his footing. He struggled up, and, bursting the loek apart, forced his way into the murky darkness; and they heard him quit the deck with hurried strides.

Frightened for the moment, the girl remained silent, and then turned with a seared face to her father, who had folded his huge arms, with their veined, browned hands, before him, and laid his shaggy head upon them.

"You're not doubting me, father, are you?" whispered she, stooping.

"May God fetch you through all 'right, Aggy," answered he, brokenly, "and keep this boy's heart clean toward you."

"Would you give him work, father, if he came for it?"

"Work, child! What does he want with work?" The man raised his head, wonderingly.

"Maybe they'll turn him out for my sake," replied she, slowly, with a sorrowful face, and slipping her hands caressingly over the shock of hair.

"And so, Aggy, here comes the bitter fruit dropping already. It's all wrong, wrong, wrong. Jacob would have been true, though he's much rougher."

Here there came a silence, and for an instant the hand stopped, but soon it went on again with its soothing, until its wordless, saddened possessor went her usual rounds of the locks and bolts, and soon after all within was dark and quiet.

Without, too, it was also dark, and, barring the noise of a heavy, regular footfall, which echoed dismally among the wharfs and ship-sides, it was also quiet. Around the deck of his dredger, of which he was owner and master, from the windlass aft, along by a narrow skiff turned bottom up, to the great, oily, sturdy mast, with its gallows-like beam, then by a heap of muddy cables and anchors, and back to the windlass again, walked Dawley. His driver and spirit was Jealousy. It whipped him into speed when he hurried furiously past the shadowy way-marks, stamping with his feet, and beating his breast with his clinched hands, or lulled him into a thinking, pondering face, with drooping head and long breaths; and the last seemed more dangerous and malignant than the first.

The people who slept beneath looked out and begged him to stop and go down; the watchmen on the wharves hailed and warned him; the loud voices calling and expostulating aroused the dogs on guard on the neighboring crafts, and the foggy harbor became discordant and alive with sounds. The men came and stooped over the edge of the piers above him, and turned their lanterns upon him; they called his name, but he did not answer, but went on with his walk. They whispered together among themselves, and then went away and left him.

Nothing interrupts him or his thoughts; they slip from her to him, and then back again, catching fragments of fire as they go. Soon they fix themselves on one of the two, and the other slides away

leaving *him* alone with his rival. Over this subject he hovers, vulture-like, and plunges upon it, vulture-like. He rends and analyzes with a morbid persistence, turning all into fuel to feed his consuming hate. As his walk drives his blood, so it drives his fury from his heart to his fingers' ends, where it changes its character for that of revenge. As it reaches this point he walks slower, for it has reached the puzzle of how to take it. The question of, shall he or shall he not, is long since settled; and, with his hands grasping his surtout at the lappels, his eyes turned downward, and his step grown moderate, he walks his ceaseless round far into the night. He turns occasionally, as if measuring, and looks up at his far-reaching cross-beam, with its ponderous box and chains, and then at the spot on the deck of the other craft where *he* always stands, laughing and chatting, and where he will stand to-morrow. Then to his walk again; then another look. The watchmen come, as their rounds lay that way, and watch him curiously, and fruitlessly call him. As the clocks strike twelve they find them there; also at one and two; at three, however, they miss him; and, laughing among themselves that he is love-struck with Harker's pretty daughter, they conclude that he has turned in and gone to bed.

The truth is, in fact, that he has mounted the wharf and has gone to a drinking-place close by, where he arouses the inmates and demands something to quiet his nerves, and he then goes to sleep upon a bench, where he stays for twenty-four hours nearly, debauching himself in his endeavors to get himself up to a certain point; he does not reach it, and still drinks, and, as it happens to be Sunday, they do not miss him much aboard of his craft.

As the girl Aggy promised, Suffern came in the morning, but with a stimulated elation in his face and step. He whispered that it was all over with; that there had been an outbreak, and that he was homeless; work with her, in sight of her, was now his object; and for her it would be a greater pleasure than he had ever had. Her tears and sorrow availed nothing; they could change nothing; for he had made up his mind; and he turned to Harker.

Harker's keen eyes gleamed with suspicion, but they found nothing but frankness, honesty, and a resolute will. They turned upon his daughter; there they found something to fear in her impetuous face, and he felt that the question before him was an ultimatum which presented either the acceptance of Suffern's labor or her instant quitance of him, with its attendant loneliness and misery; and so, with a lurking fear and a lurking dread, he gave the boy his laud.

He reluctantly led him about, pointing out his rough duties; the piles to be driven, and where, the working of the engine, the hoisting and the precipitating of the guillotine-like fall, and where he might be expected to help. The workmen in their holiday-dress looked curiously at the sight, but Harker, with the vision of his daughter before him, kept on with his task, until all was shown.

The young man was stout, full-faced, and handsome. To any other but this father he would have been all that was true, but for the time he became a hypocrite, and something worse, for the words of Dawley were neither lightly spoken nor lightly meant. He beheld him standing in the sunlight all the long afternoon, side by side with his daughter, with a growing fear and distrust. To eyes of such a color, nothing itself becomes a monster, and a caress and glance the hateful indicators of a thrice-cursed intent.

The day was spent in brooding and watching, and, when the night came again, and with it the departure of Suffern, he lay stretched upon the warm deck, harassed by the memory and import of the parting kiss. To him, as with Dawley, Suffern and not the girl bore the burden of his thoughts. And such a burden! Cruel, ungenerous, vindictive. They burned within him, so that he began to dream of taking her, his only treasure, and of secretly flying off out of the way to some spot where the spoiler could not penetrate, and of giving his life to winning her back. She, so beautiful, so trusting, to be torn from him, to be petted, then thrown worthless, alike to him and all the world, to be a wretch, a preacher's text, and the abhorrence of her kind! God forgive him, but what would he not do to save her!

As he lay, groaning and sighing, he caught the sound of footsteps coming over the planked wharf. This could be no one but Suffern, for Suffern was uppermost in his mind. He watched greedily, but not savagely. He saw the figure grope down the rough ladder hesitatingly, and emerge from the pitchy blackness into the faint starlight; he did not hail it, but lay still watching it. It stopped as if unused to the spot, and looked about. It was indistinct, but still he could

follow it. It crossed the dredger's deck and stood upon the rail; another step and it stumbled; it caught wildly at the sides, but missed every thing, and fell into the water, with a little noise and no outcry. Harker, as all men would do, leaped to his feet. He listened; there was no noise of running help; nobody saw him; there were a few faint flashes and struggles. Suffern in the river! Well, let him stay there. He sank cautiously down again with beating heart. He listened; the struggles lessened, and grew less frequent; he was being freed! Presently he started again; his keen ear caught a painful, hoarse whisper:

"Har—Harker! Oh, Harker, Harker!"

It was Dawley.

Like lightning, and human-like, with a hurried prayer, he grasped a boat-hook and jumped to the side, and, with encouraging words, thrust it into the water.

"Quiet, Dawley, boy, quiet; don't move; I have you."

He threw himself flat upon the deck, and fumbled about with his hands, and, with a powerful arm, brought the man to light, weak and shivering.

He struggled with his heavy body, and laid him, a leaden weight, upon the deck. Weakened but sober, Dawley gazed thankfully but vaguely around, while Harker bent over him. His eyes, glancing upward, caught his face, and a fierce smile gathered upon his weazened, colorless lips. He struggled to speak, and for a moment in vain. Presently he succeeded.

"I saw you there, Harker."

No answer but a gulping movement of the throat, which the half-drowned man watched eagerly.

"You thought it was *him*—Suffern?"

A motionless pause, and then a frightened glance downward into the horrible, purple, cadaverous face turned upward, and after that another wait—a time seized by Dawley to read, to doubt, and be reassured of the temper of his scowling savior. He raised his drenched arms out of their pools of water, and rested them across his breast for an instant. Suddenly he raised them, dripping, and threw them about Harker's neck, and drew him down with all his weight, and pressed his cold lips to his ear.

"Would ye do the like for him again?"

He released him, and sank back upon the deck, as if his question had a recoil. Had his own spirit put the interrogation, Harker's lips would have whispered a savage "Yes," but now they muttered a scared "No, no, no! not that way, Dawley."

And he stooped and seized him in his arms, and carried him to his cabin, where he laid him in his bunk, and, kneeling beside him, told him of the events of the day.

It was days afterward that Dawley put himself the question, concerning this moment, whether Harker was acting the part of a subtle coward, or that of an overburdened man who sought to lessen his load by imparting all he knew and felt to another. As he remembered his own unbounded fury, the strengthening of his frame with the infusion of new draughts of jealousy and envy, the defined and unflagging wish and intent which were born of that news, he was ready to believe that Harker told it him to stimulate and egg him on; but, when he recalled the sight of the bowed head, the broken voice, the tears, he was ready to think it but the overflowing of the cup, the awkward but innocent search for sympathy. Possessed of the intent by these new and infuriating causes, he dreamed of it, or rather tossed and groaned under it, as a nightmare, and then, haggard, alert, and unrelenting, he arose with it in the morning. His first thought concerned it, his first movement lay toward it, his first wish was for its consummation. Calculating and dogged, he subordinated his men, their labor, his previous plans, to its working. It was while in the very act of giving his strange directions to his astonished helpers that Suffern crossed his deck smiling, happy, and in earnest. He gave him a nod, which Dawley was too honest or too absorbed to return, and passed on to Harker's craft.

As the early hours wore away, and the time for work was at hand, the pile-driver was warped into its position close by a row of half-submerged timbers, and securely anchored. Suffern lent his hand bravely, despite the novelty of the work, and the scowling, heavy face of his employer. He often nodded and smiled toward a happy, brown eye that looked proudly upon him, though it would sadden and fill at times as the woman overrode the lighter thoughts of the girl, and she beheld the sacrifice.

Full of his intent, careful and cool, Dawley worked his engine into the place which he had chosen with consummate skill. In doing so, he had calculated an angle, a curve, a force, a motion, and a distance. With his own hands he belayed the lines. He looked aloft at his far-reaching yard, with its festoons of slippery, blackened chains, its yawning, monster dredge, pendent, and gaping for its feast of river-mud; from thence to the clear deck of his neighbor, thirty feet distant, and so near that his chief assistant comes respectfully and says he hopes that there'll be no danger of the dredge swinging out of their control, for it might do damage, meaning to give a warning; but Dawley tells him to mind his business, and orders work to begin. It does, and Dawley pretends to find employment in the roar and bustle which ensue. He fumes and domineers more than usual, to show them that his mind has no other occupation than in filling the floats from the river-bed. His heart seems to be in the rattle and noise, the surging and boiling of the muddied water, the clanking of his engine, the cries and halloos of his men, but it is all and wholly on one sweating, brave-hearted lad, who is toiling for love's sake thirty yards away. His evil eye watches his slightest movement, his coming and returning, and especially greeds upon the gay gesture which is made now and then toward a blithesome figure aft. His hate of him has reached a point so low that it can go no further; it settles as it were into a pool, smooth and calm, but deep, very deep.

His intent, now defined, changes its place, and a chance is now what he waits for. He looks aloft, and then at his enemy. Suffern comes aft occasionally, and Dawley breathes thickly to see him so near, but he returns immediately, and is again out of reach. The morning passes and the chance has not yet come. At regular intervals the huge arm, stretching far over the water, swings away to the left, plunges the great box into the seething river until the slaeking chain shows that it has touched the mud. The little engine then groans and slowly sways the bolted arm to the right, and the dredger drags its way and fills itself, is raised and emptied while in the midst of its mid-air flight around a circle about its mast, and is caught and held by a tether of windlassed rope. Should the windlass give, or the rope part, the dredger would fly round and round until the engine could be made to whip it up to the beam, and the force spend itself. No one knows this better than Dawley. He waits patiently for his chance. At five in the afternoon, as the shadows begin to lengthen and creep over the waters, it comes. Suffern comes aft, tired, weary, but as much in earnest as ever, and stands by a huge cleat, talking and laughing with the girl, who seems happy but anxious. She looks at his hot face, and flicks the dust from his clothing, allowing her hand to rest an instant, in spite of the daylight. Dawley sees it, he needs no pretext, for he is filled with hate, from his dry lips to his wet hands, and, like lightning, he measures with his eye; he sees every thing; he vanishes for a moment, and then reappears, a furnace within, an iceberg without.

The enormous dredge swings to the left. The two still stand. Dawley is calm, and carries his hands in his pockets. He conjures the visions of the dim figures of the women on the wharves which he and Harker saw two nights ago, and then the face of Aggy. He sees the dredge move to the right, ploughing and straining. It seems to have twice its force. He cannot help a gasp as he sees it rise. The two are still silent. Up it comes. It sways, is caught, is emptied, but does not stop; it flies away bustling through the air, the windlass shifts the tether, and the men shout. A swift-moving shadow falls athwart the deck. A scream rings out wild and piercing. Thirty men fling down their tools and stare with pale faces. Dawley turns. The girl is unhurt, but in agony, and a body falls plashing into the water, bleeding and heavy, fifty feet away. Dawley, with his fierce heart and fiercer face, makes a pretence of moving, and steps away a little. It was a splendid aim! Suddenly a din of voices arises. All of them about glare at him and motion wildly with their arms, and scream. He does not understand. He trembles. A something comes between him and the sun. He turns. He shrieks. He cannot step or even fall. The dredge! The gaping, horrid, yawning dredge! A half glance at the world about him and it is upon him. It engulfs and batters him down, and all is over.

In a sunny, breezy room of the hospital they lie together. Pain has long since fled, and both are mending—one in body, and one in soul. One draws in the grateful air, the sight of flowers, the sweetnesses of sympathy, as a thankful man only can do. The other, crushed and broken, is looking beyond all men and things of men,

and on this day sees further and deeper than before. They gather solemnly and slowly about him, at his feet, and at his left, leaving the side toward Suffern free and open. There are ghastly traces of deformity distinguishable even through the white linen, and those about him shrinkingly look upward to the face where there are none, and they find instead, in the set of the thin lips, the wavering smile, the instant's glance, a purity and beauty which attract from all that lies below. The purity becomes purer, and the beauty more beautiful, as the sunlight grows richer and redder with the passing moments. They hold their breaths, and glance covertly at one another. As his lips move, they stoop to listen, but catch nothing in sound; but the frightened girl at his side, kneeling close to him, looks up quickly and catches her father's eye, who nods. She then raises her hand warningly above her head toward Suffern. He turns about, and she whispers sobbingly in the man's ear, and touches his cheek with her hand; a smile overspreads his face, and he turns about slowly, with his eyes still closed. They watch him with beating hearts. An instant passes, fraught only with the singing of birds and the hum of the insects among the flowers arranged on the window-sill. His eyes slowly open upon other eyes eager and soft with tears. His thin, weak hand lifts a little, while he smiles again, and it clings longer about his lips as the other whispers, "Good-by, Dawley, God bless you, God bless you."

They watch for the face to turn back, but it never does. It rests there, and the work begun a month before is finished. They draw the linen sheet up higher, and, in doing so, they cover all, and, without its face, the misshapen pile loses all semblance to a man.

Then they pass by and go to the other. Crippled, maimed, helpless, he hopes to be nothing but a burden. The fond, trusting girl prays to him to let her work for both; he half yields, but a glance downward at his horrid bandages forces him to shake his head firmly. She weeps, she implores, and buries her head in his bosom. It is useless. The resolution which made him seek her, also bids her turn her face away and save herself from misery. Full of agony she obeys, but haunts the place.

One day they discover that he may mend and walk again. She looks upon the operation they perform, dauntlessly, for through it and in it is her true life. The strength of her presence, the cheer of her eye, and the food which he finds in her touch and smile, make him powerful, and bring him through his subsequent strait. They set him upon his feet, he gropes, he totters, he hobbles, and, as days pass by, he walks again—other days come, and finally that upon which they cheerfully say he may go. He looks about for the last time, gladly at one cot and mournfully at poor Dawley's. He then takes her arm and they pass out together, and Harker meets them cheerily at the gates.

THE ENCHANTED MIRROR.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

I.

WHAT time o'er Persia ruled that upright Khan
 Khosru the Good, in Shiraz lived a man,
 A beggar-earle, to whose rough hands were given—
 I know not how—a mirror clear as heaven
 On beauteous, vernal mornings, and more bright
 Than streamlets sparkling in midsummer's light;
 But, strange to say, whoso should look therein,
 Though uglier than a nightmare dream of sin,
 Grew comely as the loveliest shapes we know;
 The while—oh, wonder!—a fair form and face
 Caught straightway somewhat of celestial grace.

Where'er in twilight dust, or noontide glow,
 Where'er he walked through the broad land of palms,
 Or yet his lips unclosed to plead for alms,
 The beggar held his mystic treasure high
 To glass the forms of those who passed him by;
 And all who came within that marvel's range,
 Paused spell-bound by the strangely-dazzling change;
 Lords, ladies, gazed! the prospect pleased them well;
 "Ah, Heavens!" they sighed, "how irresistible!"

E'en the coarse hag, foul, wrinkled, and unclean,
Beamed like a blushing virgin of sixteen.

Hearts are transformed with faces; outward beauty
Seems to make quick the inward sense of duty;
For none, of all the charmed throng that pass
Revivified within the fairy glass,
But pours upon the beggar pence with praise,
Invoking on his head long, golden days,
And every joy that lights our mortal way.

II.

In vain!—the beggar sickened.—While he lay
In death's cold shadow, prostrate and forlorn,
He bade his wife call to him, on a morn,
His only son: "Guard well when I am dead,"
Feebly, with fluttering breath, the old man said;
"This mystic glass, whereby great things are won—
Be shrewd, be watchful; do as I have done,
And thou shalt prosper likewise, O my son!"

He took the precious gift—that brainless wight—
But, scorning to employ its powers aright,
Returned all pale and penniless at night.

"Fool!" cried the angry father, "well I guess
Why thus thou seek'st me, pale and penniless:
O stupid dolt! vain peacock! arrant ass!
Thou hast watched all day thine own face in the glass;
Go to! this foolish fruit of idle pride
No human heart hath ever satisfied,
Far less an empty pocket lined with gold;
Thy cockcomb pate to base self-love is sold!
Yet hearken once again: *he's only wise*
Who dupes the world through flattery's mirrored lies;
But past all terms of scorn the insensate elf
Who holds his glass therein to view—himself!"

THE TRINIDAD PITCH-LAKE.

IT was in the autumn of 1863 that I visited the English colony of Trinidad; and I shall never forget the effect produced upon me by the first glimpse of this truly picturesque and beautiful island. It is situated at the mouth of the river Orinoco, and extends from latitude nine degrees thirty minutes to ten degrees fifty minutes north, and is separated from the province of Cumana, on the South American Continent, by the Gulf of Paria. The island appears at a distance like an immense ridge of rocks along its whole north front; but, on entering the Gulf of Paria, we behold one of the most magnificent, variegated, and luxuriant panoramas that Nature ever formed. To the east, the waves of the mighty Orinoco dispute for the empire of the ocean with contending billows; the lofty mountains of Cumana rise from the bosom of the horizon in stupendous majesty; and, on the west, appear the cape, headlands, mountains, hills, valleys, and plains of Trinidad, enamelled with eternal verdure, and presenting a *coup d'œil* which is rarely surpassed. Nor is the mind disabused of these delightful emotions on penetrating into the interior of the island. Its azure skies, deep-blue seas, fertile glades, and elastic atmosphere, have, in the language of one of its historians, each and all, combined to crown Trinidad with the appellation of the Indian Paradise.

It is not the object of this article to furnish a graphic account of the island, but merely to give a description of a very remarkable phenomenon existing there, called the "Pitch-Lake." I had not long been in the island before an opportunity presented itself of joining a party of ladies and gentlemen on a visit to this interesting lake, which I readily availed myself of. The lake is distant from Port of Spain, the capital of the island, some sixty miles, and is most readily accessible by water. The western shore of the island, for about twenty

miles, is quite flat, and richly wooded, and, though only one or two houses are perceptible from the sea, the interior is well cultivated. Nearer, toward the lake, the shore assumes a more smiling aspect. Here one sees a noble forest; there, a sheet of bright-green points out a cane-field. Cocoa-nuts and palm-trees are sprinkled over the landscape, and now and then a well-built house, close to the water's edge, appears, with a verdant lawn extending from it to the sea, and the ground sometimes broken into sinuosities, and then slightly undulating.

The lake is situated at Cape La Brea, where we arrived in a small steamer used for conveying passengers to and from different places along the coast. After wending our way over rocks of pitch and crustulated sand, we soon came to the road leading directly to the lake, and, emerging from it, the spectator stands on the borders of what appears at the first glance to be a lake, containing many wooded islets, but, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum (pitch). The lake is elevated eighty feet above the level of the ocean; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hard state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it. In some places beds of cinders are found; and a strong sulphurous smell pervades the ground to the distance of eight or ten miles from the lake, and is perceived in approaching the shore.

The lake is bounded on the northwest by the sea, on the south by a rocky eminence, and on the east by the usual argillaceous soil of the country; it is nearly circular, and more than half a league in length, and the same in breadth. The variety and extraordinary mobility of this phenomenon are very remarkable; groups of beautiful shrubs and flowers, tufts of wild pine-apples and aloes, swarms of magnificent butterflies and brilliant humming-birds, enliven a scene which would be an earthly representation of Tartarus without them. With regard to mobility, where a small islet has been seen on an evening, a gulf is found on the following morning, and, on another part of the lake, a pitch-islet has sprung up, to be in its turn adorned with the most luxurious vegetation, and then again engulfed. The usual consistence and appearance of the asphaltum (except in very hot weather, when it is usually liquid an inch deep) is that of pit-coal, but of a grayish color. Sometimes, however, the asphaltum is jet black and hard. Deep crevices, or funnels, are found in various parts, filled with excellent limpid, running water, and often containing a great variety of mullet and small fish. Alligators even are said to have been seen in these extraordinary chasms. Pieces of what was once wood are found completely changed into bitumen, and the trunk of a large tree, on being sawn, was entirely impregnated with petroleum. Where the petroleum mixes with the earth, it tends greatly to fertilize it, and the finest fruits of the island come from districts bordering on this singular lake, the pine-apples, in particular, being less fibrous, more aromatic, and of a deeper golden color, than are to be found anywhere else. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but, as one walks toward the middle with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, and the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated that it is necessary to dance up and down in a most ridiculous manner. During the rainy season it is possible to walk nearly over the whole lake, but, in the hot season, a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. In standing still on the lake, near the centre, the surface gradually sinks, forming a sort of bowl, as it were; and, when the shoulders become level with the lake, the prudent traveller will make the best of his way out.

Science is at a loss to account for this extraordinary phenomenon, for the lake does not seem to occupy the mouth of an exhausted crater, neither is the hill on which it is situated of volcanic origin, for its basis is clay. The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country round being covered with it, and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place during the memory of man, although the principle of motion still exists in the centre of the lake. During the past three years several thousand tons have been shipped to this country, and yet I am assured by a gentleman residing there, with whom I am in frequent correspondence, that no diminution is visible. My last advices from Trinidad inform me that a company, formed in the United States, was at that time engaged seeking for oil in the neighborhood of the lake, and that oil had been discovered in several places.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

II



DINNER-TIME AT THE TOBACCO-FACTORY.

A SCENE of an amusing character is given in Mr. Sheppard's sketch of "Dinner-Time at the Tobacco-Factory." Dave and Ginger are rustics, Pete and Humphrey are city negroes, stemmers in a large factory where tobacco is manufactured for chewing. Dinner-time, twelve o'clock, is to them the happiest hour of the day. If at sunset all Africa dances, the hour of the midday repast is the time for the little factory-nigger's enjoyment—

"nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus."

Pete, in our picture, is taking a lesson at the hands, or, more strictly speaking, at the feet of Humphrey, under the obvious disadvantage of being barefoot, while Humphrey rejoices in boots. But Pete is an apt scholar, and will soon execute the break-down and the double-twister with the best dancer in the factory. All Northern people, intending to visit Richmond, are hereby made acquainted with this little darkey, and, in going to see the horrible process of the tobacco manufacture, they may chance to behold him in the dance as Mr. Sheppard has so skilfully drawn him.

"Old Fred the Wood-sawyer" is a character of a very marked individuality indeed. He is not, be it understood, the typical person of the old apothegm "as independent as a wood-sawyer." For that member of society has disappeared before the advance of modern civilization, not having undergone extinction like the dodo, but having retired, like the red Indian and the beaver, to remoter regions. The wood-sawyer, whose "independence" became proverbial, was the pit-sawyer who spent the greater part of his time in the forests, and was thus removed from the restraints and conventionalities of life. The introduction of the portable steam-engine has done for him what the employment of steam in the apparatus of the paid fire-brigade in our large cities did for "Mose," who ran with "Forty" and killed for "Keyser," or what the railway did for the confraternity of which the elder Mr. Weller was an honored representative. "Old Fred" is a wood-sawyer of a different kind. He carries his two crosses, in the shape

of his wood-horse, upon his back, and his saw in his hand, and wanders about from house to house in search of a load of wood, to saw up for family use. He is very old. He has seen States rise and fall, societies flourish and decay, and, unaffected by the mutations of empire, he still saws away, careful only to keep his implement sharp-set. He has but a vague idea of the political condition of the country, though he recollects President Jackson, and can clearly comprehend the fun involved in his voting for "Old Hickory." He has never heard of "Hearts of Oak," though he understands cutting through them. "Old Fred" was born at a very early period of the present century, but, having received traditional accounts of the revolution against King George, he is quite sure that he was a participant in the stirring events of that period, and that he saw Earl Cornwallis in the flesh. He calls the British commander "Cobwallis," repeating, with great satisfaction, the drivelling old joke that he was no longer Cornwallis after the surrender at Yorktown, because "Gin'ral Washington had done shell all the corn off of him." According to "Old Fred's" own idea of his age, he is a centenarian compared with whom Old Parr was short-lived. He sets at rest any doubts that may be expressed on the subject with the declaration that he "been know James's River ever since it was a little stream." "Old Fred" understands his business, and has a dexterity in the use of his saw that enables him to get through with a pile of wood in a much shorter time than would be supposed from his infirm appearance. He has been so long accustomed to deal with knotty difficulties, and knows so well what it is to go against the grain, that what he has lost in strength is more than made up in experience. He has nothing to fear, therefore, from the competition of younger and more vigorous wood-sawyers. They understand less than he of the varieties of wood and the style of sawing adapted to each. "Old Fred" is perfectly familiar with the animal life of the wood-pile. He would not expect to find an Ariel in the cloven pine, but he keeps a pretty sharp lookout for what he calls the "scarrapin," a kind of venomous reptile known as the scorpion, which often comes to market in a cord of wood. Such as "Old Fred"

is—the tall, white-headed, venerable darkey that he appears in Mr. Sheppard's admirable drawing of him—he is most probably *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the wood-sawyers. Machinery has already cut so deeply into his calling, that it may almost be said of him:

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Boundless is the superstition of the negro race. The untutored savages of Africa, of whom M. du Chaillu tells us, are not more credulous of supernatural influences affecting their every-day life, than the blacks of the South. To them the solitudes of Nature are peopled with malignant incorporeal beings, and the night is filled with terrors. The horseshoe is always nailed over the door of the negro's cabin. They have perfect faith in good and bad luck, signs, charms, incantations, abracadabra. Like all people entirely ignorant of physical laws, they refer the phenomena by which they are surrounded to miraculous agencies. They have the banshee and the evil eye. Ghosts are as real in their ken as their daily companions. They believe that on the anniversaries of the great battles the dead of Manassas and Shiloh, of Lookout Mountain and Spottsylvania, come out of their graves at midnight and fight the conflict over again. But of all their superstitions, none possesses them so thoroughly as that of being "tricked." You may, perhaps, shake their belief in "sperrits" in particular instances, but the "tricked darkey" is not to be moved from his conviction that some other negro has cast a spell over him that can never be lifted unless by a counter-charm of equal potency. The form which this delusion takes is most frequently that of acute rheumatism. "Old Uncle Harry" is a martyr to rheumatic pains, and is convinced that an enemy has hurled bones in his vegetable garden, and that, until these are discovered and removed, his own osseous organization will rack in agony. The utter wretchedness of the darkey while under the mastery of this singular superstition is indescribable. He wanders about, refusing to be comforted, moping, mooning, and mowing. He digs among his peas and potatoes for the hidden tibia and fibula, with which his own aching joints are in sympathy, and not until he has found them can the skill of the physician avail to give him relief. But while the rheumatic form of "tricking" is the most common and the bones theory a favorite one, the modes and manifestations of this malignant sorcery are numberless. Sometimes the spell is cast upon his head and sometimes upon his garments. It is wakefulness, or neuralgia, or toothache. "Harry is oneasy in his mind, and has got a misery in his head." Again it is a "gal" that has wrought the mischief, and the old negro is "Merlin," at the mercy



THE WOOD-SAWYER.



A "TRICKED" DARKEY.

of some woolly-headed, invisible "Vivien." "Old Harry" is very often "tricked," like many less superstitious people, in his whiskey, only that he refers the effects of this hateful drench to his mysterious enemy rather than to the number of his drinks or the vileness of the distillation.

THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK, AND EFFORTS TO IMPROVE THEM.

VII.

EMIGRATION.

WE have spoken, in a recent article, of the peculiar and novel effort of the "Children's Aid Society" of New York to relieve the city of its homeless and neglected children by emigration, or a transference to homes in the West. This most sound and practical of charities always met with an intense opposition here from a certain class, for highted reasons. The poor were early taught, even from the altar, that the whole scheme of emigration was one of "proselytizing," and that every child thus taken forth was made a "Protestant." Stories were spread, too, that these unfortunate children were renamed in the West; and that thus even brothers and sisters might meet and perhaps marry! Others scattered the pleasant information that the little ones "were sold as slaves," and that the agents enriched themselves from the transaction.

These were the obstacles and objections among the poor themselves. So powerful were these, that it would often happen that a poor woman, seeing her child becoming ruined on the streets, and soon plainly to come forth as a criminal, would prefer this to a good home in the West; and we would have the discouragement of beholding the lad a thief behind prison-bars, when a journey to the country would have saved him.

Most distressing of all woes was, when a drunken mother or father followed their half-starved boy, already marked and sore with their brutality, and snatched him from one of our parties of little emigrants, all joyful with their new prospects, only to beat him and leave him on the streets.

With a small number of the better classes there was also a determined opposition to this humane remedy. What may be called the "asylum-interest" set itself in stiff repugnance to our emigration-

scheme. They claimed—and I presume the most obstinate among them still claim—that we were scattering poison over the country, and that we benefited neither the farmers nor the children. They urged that a restraint of a few years in an asylum or house of detention rendered these children of poverty much more fit for practical life, and purified them to be good members of society. We, on the other hand, took the ground that, as our children were not criminals, but simply destitute and homeless boys and girls, usually with some ostensible occupation, they could not easily, on any legal grounds, be enclosed within asylums; that, if they were, the expense of their maintenance would be enormous, while the cost of a temporary care of them in our schools and lodging-houses, and their transference to the West, was only trifling—in the proportion of fifteen dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars, reckoning the latter as a year's cost for a child's support in an asylum. Furthermore, we held and stoutly maintained that an asylum-life is a bad preparation for practical life. The child, most of all, needs individual care and sympathy. In an asylum, he is "Letter B, of Class 3," or "No. 2, of Cell 426," and that is all that is known of him. As a poor boy, who must live in a small house, he ought to learn to draw his own water, to split his wood, kindle his fires, and light his candle; as an "institutional child," he is lighted, warmed, and watered, by machinery. He has a child's imitation, a desire to please his superiors, and readiness to be influenced by his companions. In a great caravansary he soon learns the external virtues which secure him a good bed and meal—decorum and apparent piety and discipline—while he practises the vices and unnamable habits which masses of boys of any class nearly always teach one another. His virtue seems to have an almshouse flavor; even his vices do not present the frank character of a thorough street-boy; he is found to lie easily, and to be very weak under temptation; somewhat given to hypocrisy, and something of a sneak. And, what is very natural, *the longer he is in the asylum, the less likely he is to do well in outside life.* I hope I do no injustice to the unfortunate graduates of our asylums; but that was and continues to be my strong impression of the institutional effect on an ordinary street boy or girl. Of course, there are numerous exceptional cases among children—of criminality and inherited habits, and perverse and low organization, and premature cunning, lust, and temper, where a half-prison life may be the very best thing for them; but the majority of criminals among children, I do not believe, are much worse than the children of the same class outside, and therefore need scarcely any different training.

One test, which I used often to administer to myself, as to our different systems, was to ask—and I request any asylum advocate to do the same—"If your son were suddenly, by the death of his parents and relatives, to be thrown out on the streets, poor and homeless—as these children are—where would you prefer him to be placed—in an asylum, or in a good farmer's home in the West?"

"The plainest farmer's home rather than the best asylum—a thousand times!" was always my sincere answer.

Our discussion waxed warm, and was useful to both sides. Our weak point was that, if a single boy or girl in a village, from a large company we had sent, turned out badly, there was a cry raised that "every New-York poor child," thus sent out, became "a thief or a vagabond," and for a time people believed it.

Our antagonists seized hold of this, and we immediately dispatched careful agents to collect statistics in the Central West, and, if possible, disprove the charges. They, however, in the mean time, indiscreetly published their statistics, and from these it appeared that only too many of the asylum graduates committed offences, and that those of the shortest terms did the best. The latter fact somewhat confused their line of attack.

The effort of tabulating, or making statistics, in regard to the children dispatched by our society, soon appeared exceedingly difficult, mainly because these youthful wanderers shared the national characteristic of love of change, and, like our own servants here, they often left one place for another, merely for fancy or variety. This was especially true of the lads or girls over sixteen or seventeen. The offer of better wages, or the attraction of a new employer, or the desire of "moving," continually stirred up these latter to migrate to another village, county, or State.

In 1859 we made a comprehensive effort to collect some of these statistics in regard to our children who had begun their new life in the West. The following is an extract from our report at this time:

"During the last spring, the secretary made an extended journey

through the Western States, to see for himself the nature and results of this work, carried on for the last five years through those States, under Mr. Tracy's careful supervision. During that time we have scattered there several thousands of poor boys and girls. In this journey he visited personally, and heard directly of, many hundreds of these little creatures, and appreciated, for the first time, to the full extent, the spirit with which the West has opened its arms to them. The effort to reform and improve these young outcasts has become a mission-work there. Their labor, it is true, is needed. But many a time a bountiful and Christian home is opened to the miserable little stranger, his habits are patiently corrected, faults without number are borne with, time and money are expended on him, solely and entirely from the highest religious motive of a noble self-sacrifice for an unfortunate fellow-creature. The peculiar warm-heartedness of the Western people, and the equality of all classes, give them an especial adaptation to this work, and account for their success.

"Wherever we went' (we quote from his account) 'we found the children sitting at the same table with the families, going to the school with the children, and every way treated as well as any other children. Some whom we had seen once in the most extreme misery, we beheld sitting, clothed and clean, at hospitable tables, calling the employer "Father," loved by the happy circle, and apparently growing up with as good hopes and prospects as any children of the country. Others who had been in the city on the very line between virtue and vice, and who at any time might have fallen into crime, we saw pursuing industrial occupations, and gaining a good name for themselves in their village. The observations on this journey alone would have rewarded years of labor for this class. The results—so far as we could ascertain them—were remarkable, and, unless we reflect on the wonderful influences possible from a Christian home upon a child unused to kindness, they would almost seem incredible.

"The estimate we formed from a considerable field of observation was that, out of those sent to the West under fifteen years, not more than two per cent. turned out badly; and, even of those from fifteen to eighteen, not more than four per cent."

"The former estimate is nearly the same as one forwarded to us since by an intelligent clergyman of Michigan (Rev. Mr. Gelston, of Albion), of the result in his State. Of course, some of the older boys disappear entirely; some few return to the city; but it may generally be assumed that we hear of the worst cases—that is, of those who commit criminal offences, or who come under the law—and it is these whom we reckon as the failures. One or two of such cases, out of hundreds in a given district who are doing well, sometimes make a great noise, and give a momentary impression that the work is not coming out well there; and there are always a few weak-minded people who accept such rumors without examination. Were the proportion of failures far greater than it is, the work would still be of advantage to the West and a rich blessing to the city.

"It is also remarkable, as years pass away, how few cases ever come to the knowledge of the society, of ill-treatment of these children. The task of distributing them is carried on so publicly by Mr. Tracy, and in connection with such responsible persons, that any case of positive abuse would at once be known and corrected by the community itself.

"On this journey," says the secretary, "we heard of but one instance even of neglect. We visited the lad, and discovered that he had not been schooled as he should, and had sometimes been left alone at night in the lonely log-house. Yet this had roused the feelings of the whole country-side; we removed the boy, amid the tears and protestations of the "father" and "mother," and put him in another place. As soon as we had left the village, he ran right back to his old place."

"We give our evidence below, consisting of letters from prominent gentlemen, clergymen, bankers, farmers, judges, and lawyers, through the West, where the main body of these poor children have been placed. We think these letters, coming from some hundred different towns, and the evidence on our books from the boys themselves, establish the remarkable success of the work. Some of the writers speak of the children as thriving 'as well as any other children;' and, in some cases, those who have become disobedient and troublesome are said to have been so principally through the fault of their employers; few instances, comparatively, from this four or five thousand are known to have committed criminal offences—in some States not more than four per cent. This is true of Michigan; and in Ohio, we do not think, from all the returns we can gather, that the proportion is even so large as that. The agent of the American and Foreign Christian Union for Indiana, a gentleman of the highest respectability, constantly travelling through the State—a State where we have placed five hundred and fifty-seven children—testifies that 'very few have gone back to New York,' and that 'he has heard of no one who has committed criminal offences.'

"The superintendent of the Chicago Reform School, one of the most successful and experienced men in this country in juvenile reform, states that his institution had never had but three of our children committed

by the Illinois State courts, though we have sent to the State two hundred and sixty-five, and such an institution is, of course, the place where criminal children of this class would at once be committed.

"A prominent gentleman residing in Battle Creek, Michigan, in the neighborhood of which we have put out about one hundred and twenty, writes: 'I think it is susceptible of proof that no equal number of children raised here are superior to those you have placed out.' Two prominent gentlemen from Pennsylvania, one of them a leading judge in the State, write that they have not known an instance of one of our children being imprisoned for a criminal offence, though we have sent four hundred and sixty-nine to this State."

These important results were obtained in 1859, with but four or five thousand children settled in the West. We have now in various portions of our country *between sixteen and seventeen thousand* who have been placed in homes or provided with work.

The general results are similar. The boys and girls who were sent out when under fourteen, are often heard from, and succeed remarkably well. In hundreds of instances, they cannot be distinguished from the young men and women natives in the villages. Large numbers have farms of their own, and are prospering reasonably well in the world. Some are in the professions, some are mechanics or shopkeepers; the girls are generally well married. Quite a number have sent donations to the society, and some have again in their turn brought up poor children. It was estimated that more than a thousand were in the national army in the civil war. With them the experiment of "emigration" has been an unmitigated blessing. With the larger boys, as we stated before, exact results are more difficult to attain, as they leave their places frequently. Some few seem to drift into the Western cities, and take up street-trades again. Very few, indeed, get back to New York. The great mass become honest producers on the Western soil instead of burdens or pests here, and are absorbed into that active, busy population; not probably becoming saints on earth, but not certainly preying on the community, or living idlers on the alms of the public. Many we know who have also led out their whole family from the house of poverty here, and have made the last years of an old father or mother easier and more comfortable.

The immense, practically-unlimited demand by Western communities for the services of these children shows that the first-comers have at least done moderately well, especially as every case of crime is bruited over a wide country-side, and stamps the whole company sent with disgrace. These cases we always hear of. The lives of poor children in these our homes seem like the annals of great states in this, that, when they make no report and pass in silence, then we may be sure happiness and virtue is the rule. When they make a noise, crime and misery prevail. Twenty years' virtuous life in a street-boy makes no impression on the public. A single offence is heard for hundreds of miles. A theft of one lad is imparted to scores of others about him.

On the whole, if the warm discussion between the "asylum-interest" and the "emigration-party" were ever renewed, probably both would agree (if they were candid) that their opponents' plan had virtues which they did not then see. There are some children so perverse, and inheriting such bad tendencies, and so stamped with the traits of a vagabond life, that a reformatory is the best place for them. On the other hand, the majority of orphan, deserted, and neglected boys and girls are far better in a country home. The asylum has its great dangers, and is very expensive. The emigration-plan must be conducted with careful judgment, and applied, so far as is practicable, to children under, say, the ages of fourteen years. Both plans have defects, but, of the two, the latter seems to us still to do the most good at the least cost.

A great obstacle in our own particular experience was, as was stated before, the superstitious opposition of the poor. This is undoubtedly cultivated by the priests, who seem seldom gifted with the broad spirit of humanity of their brethren in Europe. They apparently desire to keep the miserable masses here under their personal influence.

Our action, however, in regard to these waifs, has always been fair and open. We know no sect or race. Both Catholic and Protestant homes were offered freely to the children. No child's creed was interfered with. On the committees themselves in the Western villages have frequently been Roman Catholics. Notwithstanding this, the cry of "proselytizing" is still kept up among the guides of the poor against this most humane scheme, and continually checks our in-

fluence for good with the younger children, and ultimately will probably diminish to a great degree the useful results we might accomplish in this direction.

The experience we have thus had for seventeen years in transferring such masses of poor children to rural districts is very instructive on the general subject of "emigration as a cure for pauperism."

BERKSHIRE GLORIFIED.

I.



YING on a couch before a window which overlooks this charming valley, it is impossible, today, to write of any thing but Berkshire. If Eden was lovelier it was only because its inhabitants were sinless. Nature here was never outdone.

Pittsfield lies just below me, with South Mountain for a background to its glittering steeples and its tall mansions. The long lines of great trees which overhang its streets are as beautiful as autumn can make them. These streets are broad and level, but outside of the town all the valley is un-

dulating. Various eminences command the extent of the valley, though none so pretty in its slopes as ours, which is called Spring-side, named from a famous spring at the north which supplied water to the upper part of the town before the Ashley was introduced.

Beautiful lakes lie here and there in the valley; little manufacturing villages, making up quite extensive suburbs, dot the country in all directions. Much of these, with the farm-houses in the distance, the courses of the East Housatonic and the West Housatonic marked, as Jean Ingelow would say, "by the green ribbon which pranks the downs," and encompassing all the various ranges of these majestic Berkshire hills, make up the picture spread before me.

I confess that I came here rather reluctantly four or more years ago, and yet of choice—reluctantly, because I had a lovely home near the sea-coast, the birthplace of this troop of children preserved to me during their infancy by the beneficent sea-breezes—of choice, because, when I was offered three different dwelling-places, I chose this. One home was to be in the city. To this I answered: "What! with this delicate brood of children to rear? Never!" Another in the beautiful Western University town, which, surrounded by lakes, and richly endowed otherwise by Nature, had its own attractiveness; but I am too much of a conservative for a newer civilization than this of the seaboard States, and not even the possibilities for the future of my boys among a people so plastic and receptive as those in the Northwest, could induce me to go so far. Then came the offer of a home in Berkshire.

The vision of its hills crowned with maple-groves, all aglow with their October fires, as my husband depicted them, won me. I had spent my girlhood at school up in the hills of New Hampshire, and with the thought of a "home among hills" again, came a vision more fascinating and grateful than autumnal hues could paint. I saw a new spring-time for myself, and health insured to my children. I dreamed of youth renewed, of elasticity brought back to mind and body, of enthusiasm rekindled from its ashes, and of life growing hopeful and worth striving for.

Let me tell you here, that this was a dream which time has verified. I have taken here a new lease of life for myself, and a sturdier family of children Berkshire itself cannot show in its bounds. I should

be half-reconciled to a home in a city again, for my boys and girls can afford to grow into men and women on such a stratum of health—half-reconciled to it, if it “needs be.” But, thank Heaven, there is no “needs be” for my children, who bourgeon may in their paradise in Berkshire.

Four years ago last spring we came to “Hillside,” a farm-house at the west of the town. I saw it first in a spring rain. As I stood by a window in what was to be my room, commanding the Eastern hills, Washington Mountain, and the Hoosacs, with the emerald intervals, a friend stood by me and said kindly:

“You are getting homesick in this dismal weather.”

“Not I. I am commiserating every one who has not this prospect. This is wonderful, and to me unimagined beauty. I can hardly believe in my own good fortune. Do you know that I shall have this every day in the sunshine as well as under the clouds? It is beautiful even in the drip of the rain. See the storm coming with new power over the hill yonder; first through one gorge and then another, hiding that mountain-top beyond, and now this nearer, revealing distances which I do not believe are discernible in the fine weather. I suppose this is the way our troubles and sorrows, what people call ‘afflictions,’ bring out shades of character, and show heights and depths which are undreamed of in the times of our prosperity. Well, this will be *living!* No more narrow yards and brick walls, and neighbors who see all that takes place within your house, and *much more, usually.*”

“I am very glad you like it. I was afraid this plain farm-house, the only place which we could get where your demands for green-sward and shade-trees could be met, would discourage you.”

I laughed. “This home is so full of promise and hope that its plain walls are hung with beautiful pictures. We shall be very happy in Berkshire, I am sure, in spite of that hard uprooting in my ten-years-old home.”

We spent two summers and the intervening winter at Hillside. I see its white walls gleaming now through the maples, two miles to the southwest of us, the town lying between. Our garden adjoined the grounds of the Briggs Homestead. Massachusetts's best-loved governor was not living when we came here. The good man had passed to a life even more beautiful than this he so dearly loved in Berkshire. But we were reached by ripples of the influences left by such a man's character in his home and in the community. They were bright still with the beauty and glory which made his being luminous.

On the west of Hillside was an undulating meadow, with here and there a fine tree. I remember next the spreading and stately wild-cherry under which our young people hung their swing, and a drooping elm, which so reminded me at first of my home in the East, that I grew homesick at sight of it. In front of us, leading from our house to the governor's mansion, and the pretty cottage houses of his children clustered about it on the “homestead meadow,” was the finest avenue of maples and elms in Pittsfield. Through these come glimpses of Graylock, the tallest mountain in Western Massachusetts, and the Taghconics rose at the west in thin, graceful, flowing outline. Richmond and South Mountain were behind and at the side. About us, more nearly, were orchards whose bloom made June a paradise, and meadows at sight of whose green billows even my puny baby clapped his hands.

How we all rejoiced there! My husband said that first June was the happiest month of his life, and I did not care to dispute the assertion. I believe he ended every pleasant day lying on a grassy bank overhung by grand and gracious trees, making verses. His music was as jubilant as the children's voices.

Hal, my five-years-old boy, came in one morning, his face running over with his happiness:

“Mamma, will you please write to Nina for me?”

“What shall I tell her?”

“Oh, I want her to know how the wind sings and whistles in the avenue trees, and tell her how beautiful it is to watch the sunsets from the piazza; and, mamma, do tell her *how the west meadow smiles when the sun shines on it.*”

And this was how we came to live in Berkshire.

If Hillside was lovely, I must coin a new word of double its significance to describe our present home. Governor Briggs called “Springside” the gem of the valley. Beautiful for situation, since it commands all the valley and its encompassing hills, it has yet a sheltered position under the lee of the hill at the north. So Graylock is

not visible except from our observatory, but we gain too much in comfort to regret this.

The house is large, but an air of cosiness is given to it by the eaves as broad as the wide galleries below them, supported by brackets, and thus by increasing width seeming to diminish height—an architectural excellence not enough understood in our northern climate, though much insisted upon by the best architects.

The west piazza enlarges into a summer-house, and is surrounded by a well-grown hedge and a broad terrace; below these lie orchards and meadows; and beyond are the fine trees which skirt the road. Towering above these are the Western hills, seen from no point to such advantage as from Springside.

The east piazza, running out like the west, gives room to the great “bay” of the library. The croquet-lawn—Berkshire cannot show one finer—the hedge-enclosed gardens, the little lake with its bridges, the hills terraced this side of the lake, and crowned by seats on the other, the woods with the road curving through them, all this belongs to Springside—almost thirty acres of beauty; and above them, in the distance, rise the Hoosacs, green in the sunlight and blue in the shadow.

But the south porch is our delight. A stranger, coming here on business only, one day stood on its steps, and, looking around him, said: “People ought to be very good who live here, or the world has been made beautiful in vain.” Arched glass-doors shut it off from the piazzas, and keep off the “breezes” for which Berkshire is so famous in the spring and autumn, while the front arches support a roof so broad that the sunshine never quite peeps under it. So spring, summer, and autumn, we love the south porch, and sit on its low seats, and look over through the valley between South Mountain and Washington to the Lennox and Stockbridge hills, very blue in the distance, and terminating a vista of great beauty.

The views from our windows would make rich an artist's portfolio. We should feel rich if they overlooked even our grounds alone, with their variety of lawns, gardens, orchards, terraced hills, streams overhung by willows, and leaping over the rocks in their descent from the great spring, and the little lake mirroring its overhanging beauty, and glowing like silver in sun and moonlight.

All the year is charming here. The winters are glorious; sleds and skates find full occupation, and the frosty air rings with merry voices and gay laughter. The children are happier than in the summer, if possible, and staid grown people are very dull, indeed, who do not catch the infection of their joy. The hills are covered with sparkling, jewel-encrusted snow; the hedges, and the great variety of evergreens which surround the house, are tufted with soft feathery masses, or glittering with sprays of brilliants; the trees gleam with silvery rime; the broad cones are fringed with transparent pendants gay with prismatic hues. The blue heavens pour over us an atmosphere more exhilarating than red wines, more lasting and more health-giving in their influences.

Professor Agassiz at one time spent several consecutive winters in the South. He gave up his post in the Charleston College, saying his whole being required a winter in his year. The stimulus he needed is found in perfection in Berkshire. High, dry, clear, crisp, sparkling Berkshire, with the most brilliant skies overhead, and the firmest and smoothest roads under-foot, with fleet horses, and warm fur robes, and the ringing music of the sleigh-bells—commend me to a winter in Berkshire. The very snow-storms are enjoyable. The earth's covering is so fleecy and so purely white, the drifts and the fantastic shapes the wind gives to the banks, ornamenting their edges with volutes an architect or sculptor would find inimitable, are so beautiful in form, so enchanting in these artistic traceries; the dazzle, and effulgence, and glory of winter here are ineffable.

We do a great deal of sleigh-riding, of course; skimming over the roads by moonlight especially, crossing the firm ice-roads of the lakes, while the gleaming hills tower majestically about us, is a pleasure peculiar to our Northern home. “Three months of fine sleighing” sounded very formidable to me before I came here; a tropical residence of years had intervened since my school-life in the far North. I confess I was a little afraid of the climate. I must confess again, I greet the snow almost as gladly as the children do. I have dreamed of skimming over the ground lifted up a foot or two. I think it is an experience of every one, but I do not think any one, who has not had some experience of winter, ever realized so nearly that delightful dreaming. Come to Berkshire, and see how charming it is.

TABLE-TALK.

THE news of the sudden death of CHARLES DICKENS, by apoplexy, on June 9th, flashed under the Atlantic by the electric cable, caused a general and profound emotion of sorrow throughout the United States. As a man, Mr. Dickens was greatly esteemed in this country for his genial and generous nature, and for his eminent services to the cause of progress and reform in England. As an author, no writer since Scott has stood so high in popular estimation, and no one has been so widely read and so warmly admired. Without any theological cant or parade of religious profession, the sentiment and aim of his novels have been truly Christian, as well as truly democratic. They have attacked oppressions and abuses; they have made ridiculous and odious hypocrisy and every form of Phariseism and every species of snobbery; they have shown the hatefulness of selfishness and the loveliness of charity, kindness, and generosity; and have sought especially to cultivate regard and tenderness for the class most in need of such consideration—the class of the poor, and humble, and forlorn. Another great master of fiction, the only contemporary who can be said to rival Mr. Dickens as a novelist, said of the latter, several years ago: "I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal." But it is not alone by the wholesome tone and elevated purpose of his writings, by his constant effort to encourage goodness and discourage badness, to correct abuses, and to create sympathy for the unfortunate, that Dickens has commanded the esteem and admiration of the civilized world. He has charmed and delighted mankind by his humor to a degree that surpasses not only any other author, but, we may almost say, all other authors put together. Even Shakespeare does not approach him in the abundance and variety of his comic scenes and personages. A single novel with two humorous characters has given Cervantes universal and probably immortal fame, and made his work one of the classics of the world. But what are Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in comparison with the long array of genuine creations of comic humor which begin with Mr. Pickwick and extend to Mr. Boffin? The mere list of characters in the novels of Dickens exceeds fifteen hundred, and of these there are scores that stand in the front rank of the masterpieces of English humor. No other writer has contributed so much to the amusement of mankind, or has given to the world of letters so many new and lively types of character. And all this vast fund of pleasure and entertainment, it must be remembered, has been

created from the author's own resources, without borrowing from or imitating other writers, and without one violation of propriety in thought or decorum in language. Henry J. Raymond said, in his speech at the Press Banquet to Mr. Dickens on his last departure from this country:

"Every thing that he has ever written—I say it without the slightest exception of a single book, a single page, or a single word, that has ever proceeded from his pen—has been calculated to infuse into every human heart the feeling that every man was his brother, and that the highest duty he could do to the world, and the highest pleasure he could confer upon himself, and the greatest service he could render to humanity, was to bring that other heart, whether high or low, as close to his own as possible. . . . But I know that there is not a man here, and there is not a man who has known any man here, who knows any thing of his writings, who has made himself familiar with their spirit, or has yielded to their influence, who has not been made thereby a better as well as a wiser, kinder, and nobler man."

This was well said, and we think it is to this admirable quality of the writings of Dickens that we may attribute in great part the singular warmth and regard which were felt for him wherever the English tongue is spoken, and the universal and profound emotion caused by the tidings of his premature death.

— Close upon the news of the death of Charles Dickens came the intelligence that another great literary light had gone out. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS died at Charleston on Saturday, June the 16th, in his sixty-fifth year. Mr. Simms has been commonly ranked after Cooper in the list of American novelists; his genius, indeed, was akin to that of the author of the "Leather-stocking Tales;" like Cooper, his tales were modelled upon the heroic pattern, of which Scott was the great English exemplar; like Cooper, his subjects were drawn largely from the life of the backwoods, from the border contests between the white pioneers and the Indians, and in some instances were based upon the almost fiercer warfare of rebel and tory in the Revolution. The first production that gave him recognition was a long, imaginative poem entitled "Atlantis: a Story of the Sea." This was soon followed by a romance called "Martin Faber: the Story of a Criminal," and then came, in rapid succession, volumes of history, romance, poetry, and biography. "His novels," says a biographer, "may be divided into four classes: those of a purely imaginative character, those founded on general history, the series of Revolutionary stories, and the romances of backwoods life designated as border tales." Mr. Simms did not write equally well; no author does; but his better romances must always rank next to Cooper's in their portrayal of the wild but heroic characters of the borders, and in the description of romantic adventure. Mr. Simms, in a letter to us, dated June 2d, nine days before his death, speaks of having suffered "from a long and exhausting malady," that he is "worn to such diminutive propor-

tions, that my friends would not know me now." Yet his letter bears, neither in chirography nor style, evidence of illness or suffering, and we little dreamed, as we perused his graceful and genial lines, that his dissolution was so near. Mr. Simms was loved as well as admired by all who knew him; "his manners," said one of his eminent contemporaries, "like the expression of his countenance, are singularly frank and ingenuous, his temper generous and sincere, his domestic affections strong, his friendship faithful and lasting, and his life blameless."

— The elm-trees in the Mall at Central Park look remarkably well this season. They have now attained a very respectable size—if our readers can imagine what size this may be—are very thrifty in appearance, and many of them present a picturesque mass of foliage very fine even now, and giving promise of a superb maturity. For some years these trees had a hard struggle of it. Some of those first planted died, and had to be replaced by others; and it was a long time before any of them exhibited genuine vigor. Every care was taken to naturalize them in their new position. Each spring the decayed vegetation of their native woods was brought and distributed in the soil around their roots; they were in fact nourished and watched over with tireless care, and the result of these efforts is now apparent. The trees are evidently at last thoroughly at home; they are growing with remarkable vigor, and are already very beautiful objects to contemplate. It will not take many years, at their present rate of progress, for them to attain a positive massiveness that will render the Mall supremely beautiful. Their present very notable picturesqueness arises from the fact that they were transplanted with full tops, and not according to the usual custom, which is to set out trees denuded of every branch, cut down to their mere trunks. Trees thus treated rarely regain their sweeping breadth of branch; they acquire, after years of struggle with all forms of uncouthness, a measurable fulness at the top, but not that picturesque pile of foliage that mark trees that have never fallen under the gardener's axe and saw. Orthodox gardeners shook their heads at the tree-planting in the park, and predicted failure; but the commissioners were determined that the trees on the Mall should have the sweep and majesty of the native growth. In despite of warnings and admonitions, they transplanted them with every bough and branch just as they grew, and now, to reward their persistence, finer-looking trees for their age and size cannot be found anywhere. Has the reader ever observed what havoc your professional will sometimes make with trees? To our imagination these men are so many Vandals, who in the name of science carry ruin to the picturesque in tree-forms wherever they can do so. Not many years ago there stood around the fountain in Washington Park a group of noble willows. These quaint old trees surrounded the fountain on nearly every side;

they bent their heads together above its murmuring waters, and dipped their pendent branches in the cool and refreshing fluid. But one day a number of men with ladders, and saws, and axes, mounted these trees, cut off all their branches, and left nothing of their beauty but bare trunks. This was done to save the trees, it was said; but a few unscientific laymen shook their heads and mourned for the fine old monarchs thus shorn and despoiled. The trees did their best to overcome the injuries they had received. They put forth new branches, and tried to cover their stumps with new forms of grace and beauty; but their efforts gradually grew feebler, and after two or three summers' hard effort they abandoned the struggle and died. Anybody but a gardener would have known it. About the same time this occurred there stood before St. Mark's Church, on Second Avenue, a magnificent willow. It was the pride of the neighborhood; the delight of all who looked upon it. One day the Vandals attacked this venerable monarch with their terrible weapons, and left, to the amazement and grief of its friends, nothing but a tall, branchless trunk. Who was responsible for the outrage we do not know; but whoever he was, let him be anathema. This tree, like those in Washington Park, strove desperately to recover its former grace and proportions; but the rot got into its exposed stumps, and in a few years its dead trunk was cut down and carted away. Judicious pruning is no doubt of great advantage; but if you have any fine old trees that you love, reader, guard them from the too liberal favor of the professional gardener with all your soul and all your strength.

— A spirit of opposition, existing more or less actively in every breast, leads us sometimes to revoke the recorded judgment of the world and to reject conclusions that have been definitely settled. We occasionally find people denying the crystallized wisdom that finds utterance in proverbs or other time-honored sayings. The fickleness of Fortune, for instance, has been a stereotyped charge against that dame from time immemorial; but a correspondent, in an apparent testy humor at his want of success, writes to us in sharp condemnation of what he terms the falsity and philosophical error embodied in this sentiment. In some histories, he admits, time brings about strange changes; but, in a large majority of people, Fortune, so far from being fickle, is unrelentingly harsh through long years of struggle. In short, there are lucky men and unlucky men; for the former, Fortune is always faithful, always a south-wind bringing odors and balms and sweet services; while, for the large unlucky class, it is always an east-wind, harsh, chilling, and bitter. "Fickle Fortune!" cries our correspondent; "I have watched hopelessly for the least show of fickleness. Whatever I attempt, fails; whatever I hope for, disappoints me; whatever good I anticipate, turns to ashes; fickleness means variability, changeableness; and Fortune has always a frown and never sunshine

for me. Dame Fortune, indeed! In my case it is not *Dame* Fortune, but *Miss* Fortune!" Our correspondent possibly likes to emphasize his doctrines for the sake of his argument; but he is quite right in saying that with many men it is very far from fickle fortune indeed, if fortune means simply wealth and business success. But are there absolutely unlucky men—that is, men who fail where others succeed, after exhibiting an equal skill and as determined purpose? Philosophy would say not. Yet as sagacious a man as Rothschild believed firmly in lucky and unlucky men, and would have nothing to do with those whom he considered to come under the latter distinction. Will some of our essayists gather the evidence on this point, and show whether, in truth, some men are born with the grain, so to speak, and others born against it?

Foreign Musical Notes.

A USEFUL and interesting History of the Piano-forte has recently appeared in London, and, as a concise account of what is the musical instrument of the age, supplies a want that has long been felt. From it we learn that the first instrument with a clavier, or finger key-board, was the organ, which, in very crude guise, is recorded as early as the year 757; and about the year 1300 some ingenious Italian applied the same means of action to a kind of harp or lyre, with hard leather plectra for snapping the strings. Simultaneously with this appeared the clavichord, in which vibration was induced by a wedge of brass striking the string. Forkel, a celebrated writer on ancient music and musical instruments, says that the great Sebastian Bach delighted in this instrument, as he considered it the best for study and for the expression of his thoughts. In England the clavichord was superseded by the virginal and spinet—instruments identical with it in detail, differing only in form. The virginal was popular in the court-circles during the Tudor reigns—Henry VIII., his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, being proficient performers on it. To the virginal and spinet, with but one string to each note, succeeded the harpsichord, with two and sometimes three or four wires to a note, actuating stops, and other complicated apparatus. The piano-forte proper, with its elastic percussion and damper action, such as we now have it in an improved form, first saw the light in Italy. According to some, Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, constructed the first in 1711; but priority of invention is claimed by both French and Germans. The following extract is taken from an old play-bill, still in existence, and is interesting as being the first notice we have of a public performance on the piano-forte:

"FOR THE BENEFIT OF MISS BRICKLER,
16th of May, 1767.

... "At the end of the first act Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument, called the piano-forte."

The novelties of the London opera-season, Weber's "Abu Hassan" and Mozart's "L'Oca del Cairo," have excited great interest. The story of "Abu Hassan" is based upon the well-known tale in the "Arabian Nights,"

and presents sufficient occasion for fun, and for the fresh, pretty music Weber wrote for it. The history of the work is short and uneventful. Written in 1810, when Weber was twenty-four years old, it was produced at Munich in 1811, and subsequently had a hearing in various German towns, with uniform success. The music is not highly characteristic of Weber, who evidently had not at the time of its composition found out his real strength. "L'Oca del Cairo" is a *pasticcio* which three years ago drew curious classicists to the Fantasies Parisiennes. MM. Victor Wilder and Charles Constantin took the fragments left by Mozart after his quarrel with the obstinate Abbé Varesco, and expanded them into the work as now performed. The former wrote a libretto, founded as nearly as possible upon that of Varesco, and added to Mozart's six numbers others from his operas "Il Sposo Deluso" and "Laide," so that the entire music is undoubted Mozart. M. Constantin finished the instrumentation of the pieces which Mozart had not written out for the orchestra, and, like his *collaborateur*, executed his share of the task in a manner eminently satisfactory.

The new opera-house in Paris will not be completed before the end of 1872; but the exterior will be finished by the 15th of August next, the Fête Napoléon. It was intended to manage all changes of scene by a new and elaborate contrivance, which should be controlled by a key-board; but the scheme was abandoned as impracticable, to the saving of about a million and a half of francs. The edifice will in any case cost enough, two million three hundred thousand francs being demanded for 1870, three million for 1871, and two million seven hundred thousand for 1872.

Mr. Barnby's new oratorio, "Rebekah," recently executed in London for the first time, is well spoken of. "It is composed of thirteen numbers—solos, concerted pieces, full choruses, a march, and a couple of fugues. The libretto takes no few liberties with Genesis; but the music is admirably fitted to the theme, and shows undoubted cleverness. The counterpoint is good, the modulations bold—perhaps occasionally a trifle labored—and the melodies generally pleasant and flowing, though in some cases overburdened with a load of harmony."

The Birmingham Festival, it is announced, will begin on the 30th of August, and end on the 2d of September. The novelties are Mr. Benedict's "St. Peter" and two cantatas by Ferdinand Hiller and Mr. Barnett; the other large works being Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Costa's "Naaman," Handel's "Messiah" and "Samson," and Mozart's "Requiem."

M. Bagier, the French opera-manager, has signed an agreement with Patti for next year, by which, in consideration of eighty thousand francs and an insured benefit of fifteen thousand francs, the *Diva* will sing in twenty representations.

The "Symphonie Dramatique," by the English composer Mr. Alfred Holmes, lately performed in Paris, achieved only a qualified success.

It is said that M. Ambroise Thomas reserves his "Françoise de Rimini" for Mlle. Nilsson to interpret.

Herr Rubinstein is engaged to write an operatic work for the French Opera, 1871.

Scientific Notes.

THE dome of the Capitol at Washington is one of the largest in the world, being one hundred and thirty-seven feet in diameter at its base and two hundred feet high. The architect, Mr. Walter, naturally thought so large a mass of iron would be affected by the sun's rays, so that the expansion would be unequal, according as the sun shone on the one side or the other. To ascertain the extent of the expansion, he extended a wire within the dome, from the top to the bottom, and connected with it, by a delicate mechanism, a pencil, which would draw on a paper the line of movement. He expected quite a regular curve as the opposite sides of the dome were affected by the daily passage of the sun. But he found that it is not the sun, but the wind, that has most effect. The *American Journal of Science* contains a copy of the figure, drawn one windy day, showing all the changes and hills of the storm, and making a very curious, complicated figure.

A Russian newspaper publishes a letter from a German *savant*, engaged in exploring the plain of Troy, which will cause great excitement in archaeological circles. While making some excavations near the village of Cypax, this gentleman suddenly came upon the ruins of a cyclopean wall about eight feet thick. The works were actively pushed on, and, from what has already been brought to light, the writer is convinced that he has at last discovered the remains of the famous palace of Priam. Indeed, he asserts that the part of the ruins already uncovered exactly tallies with the description of the palace given by Homer in the "Iliad." As soon as the works are sufficiently advanced, he promises to publish a detailed memoir concerning this marvellous discovery.

Two new birds have arrived at the London Zoological Gardens, the alleged habits of which afford a curious theme for speculation, and serve to supply an illustration to poets and philosophers. The male has a strong, short, curved beak, the female a much longer bill. The naturalists tell us that the male breaks open the bark of the tree, within which lies hid the grub on which they feed; and the female pulls out the worm and presents her mate with half the meal. Here is a delightful instance of the essential incompleteness and mutual helpfulness of the sexes, the two forming one, as we are told they should, in perfect conjugal union.

Professor Tait lately advanced the opinion in *Nature* that the tails of comets consist of meteorites, basing his belief on the discovered fact that the meteors of August and November have been found to be identical with two known comets. The only serious objection to this explanation, and one apparently insurmountable, is that the tail, in being whisked round the sun, keeps always pointing away from the sun, in apparent defiance of the law of inertia. This would seem to prove that the tail is not a constant substance, but a cloud constantly forming, and as constantly evaporated, as suggested by Dr. Tyndall's notion of a cloud produced by actinic precipitation from an invisible atmosphere.

It is reported that M. Sauer, a surgeon-dentist of Berlin, after having performed various

comparative experiments with anæsthetic substances, has come to the conclusion that the very best is a mixture of protoxide of nitrogen, chloroform, and atmospheric air. He considers this compound to be free from the dangers attendant on the use of either chloroform or the protoxide alone. The proportions which he advocates and employs are the following: Liquid chloroform, six grammes; atmospheric air, three-quarters of a litre; and protoxide of nitrogen, sixteen litres.

There is at last a prospect of the vast mineral wealth of China being turned to some account. Tring Foota has received permission to open up the coal-fields at Nankin and Kintaing, where coal of a very superior quality is obtainable. He intends sending to England for competent engineers and the requisite machinery. Good specimens of coal have also been obtained at San-ti, some two hundred miles above Hankow.

Experiments made to ascertain what colors are most quickly and easily perceived by the eye, seem to show, according to the *Photographic News*, that bright yellow is the color most easily distinguished, and it is, therefore, suggested for railway signals. It is remarkable that yellow yields dark shades in photographs: thus, a yellow-haired person is apt to have black or dark hair, and yellow dresses never turn out light.

A dynamite-factory exploded not long since at Dunwald, near Cologne. The quantity exploded was only about two hundred and twenty pounds; but the destruction of life and property was such as could hardly have been effected by thirty times as much gunpowder.

Doctor Schontetten, of Metz, says that, by a certain application of electricity, he can, in a few days, produce those qualities in wine which it usually requires by being kept for years.

Miscellany.

Hungary.

MR. A. J. PATTERSON, in a work just published, called "The Magyars; their Country and Institutions," gives an interesting description of the social changes that have befallen that country within forty years. He says: "In Hungary, as in most other countries, at any rate in modern Europe, we find two populations living confusedly together—the old and the young. If young Hungary suggested to me America, Old Hungary reminded me of Addison's *Spectator*, and Fielding's "Tom Jones." There was indeed a close resemblance between the England of last century and the Hungary of thirty years ago. . . . From the middle of last century until the end of the first quarter of this, the Hungarians vegetated rather than lived in the state which M. Szemere so epigrammatically described when he spoke of his countrymen as having been 'rich without money, poor without want.' The more vulgar phrase expressed the same idea by saying that the Hungarians were choked in their own fat. In this state of things hospitality was not so much a virtue as an amusement. The stranger who brought a new face to the festive board or the card-table supplied the place of newspapers and theatres. Provender for his beasts was furnished in

abundance by the farm-yard, and the larder and store-room were full to overflowing, for there were no roads to take the accumulated produce away. What wonder, then, if the village inn-keeper received strict orders from his landlord to send all guests having the faintest claim to respectability up to the mansion-house? Once arrived in a nobleman's *curia*, it was not so easy to escape. One of the wheels of the travelling-carriage was taken off and hidden away in some hay-loft, the fatted calf was killed, and the neighboring gentry were invited to witness the triumph of the host. Even now, in spite of the changes that have passed upon the land, I saw enough in Transylvania to explain how in the last century Goldsmith could wander over half Europe with an empty purse and a tuneless flute. I think I could have dispensed with the flute. . . . Few travellers who are now whirled by the railway or the steamboat to Pesth, where they find a gay modern capital with its large booksellers' shops full of Hungarian books, with its national museum and its palace of the Academy, suspect how new all this is. In 1820 there was no museum, there was no academy; nay, there was not even a capital. The idea that Hungary ought to have a capital had not yet arisen, or was as yet confined to the brains of a few poetical visionaries. There was then scarcely any Hungarian literature, much less any booksellers' shops for its sale. The very language in which the present literature is written was then in the process of making."

Disraeli and Goldwin Smith.

In Disraeli's "Lothair" is the following passage, which evidently refers to Professor Goldwin Smith, formerly of Oxford, England, but now of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.:

"The Oxford professor, who was the guest of the American colonel, was quite a young man, of advanced opinions on all subjects, religious, social, and political. He was clever, extremely well-informed, so far as books can make a man knowing, but unable to profit even by his limited experience of life, from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevent him from ever observing or thinking of any thing but himself. He was gifted with a great command of words, which took the form of endless exposition, varied by sarcasm and passages of ornate jargon. He was the last person one would have expected to recognize in an Oxford professor; but we live in times of transition.

"A Parisian man of science, who had passed his life in alternately fighting at barricades and discovering planets, had given Colonel Campian, who had lived much in the French capital, a letter of introduction to the professor, whose invectives against the principles of English society were hailed by foreigners as representative of the sentiments of venerable Oxford. The professor, who was not satisfied with his home-career, and, like many men of his order of mind, had dreams of wild vanity which the New World, they think, can alone realize, was very glad to make the colonel's acquaintance, which might facilitate his future movements. So he had lionized the distinguished visitors during the last few days over the university, and had availed himself of plenteous opportunities for exhibiting to them his celebrated powers of exposition, his talent for sarcasm, which he deemed peerless, and several highly-finished, picturesque passages, which were introduced with extemporary art.

"The professor was very much surprised when he saw Lothair enter the saloon at the hotel. He was the last person in Oxford whom he expected to encounter. Like sedentary men of extreme opinions, he was a social parasite, and instead of indulging in his usual invectives against peers and princes, finding himself unexpectedly about to dine with one of that class, he was content only to dazzle and amuse him."

In reply to this satirical sketch, Professor Smith has published the following letter:

May 23, 1870.

The Right Hon. B. Disraeli:

SIR: In your "Lothair" you introduce an Oxford professor who is about to emigrate to America, and you describe him as "a social parasite."

You well know that if you had ventured openly to accuse me of any social baseness, you would have had to answer for your words.

But when, sheltering yourself under the literary forms of a work of fiction, you seek to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent, your expressions can touch no man's honor—they are the stingless insults of a coward.

Your obedient servant, GOLDWIN SMITH.

A Thought.

If flowers could always bloom at eve
As sweetly as they bloom at morn;
If joys could ne'er take wing and leave
Our hearts to languish all forlorn—
Then flowers would ne'er seem half so bright,
And joys would ne'er be half so dear—
The sweetest dawn of morning light
Is that we gaze on through a tear!

George Sand.

Imagine a woman of low stature, fat, without obesity, broad-shouldered, and whose head, out of proportion in size, has the plaicid expression of people who are always dreaming, and who possess the faculty of abstracting their thoughts from external objects. Her widely-opened eyes are black, a coarse, deep, opaque black, without a luminous point. The pupils are so fixed they make the owner impenetrable. The mouth is vulgar, and reveals nothing, neither passions nor appetites. The complexion is the color of old ivory, and a physician would diagnose a liver-disease at sight of a line which resembles that caused by extravasated bile. As for her hands, their microscopic dimensions remind me of the reply made by a princess who was complimented on her small feet. "When they get to be that size they are not advantages, they are infirmities." Mme. Sand's short, plump hands look like those of a child eight years old. She rises at eleven o'clock, and breakfasts alone, having an egg and a cup of coffee without milk or sugar. Breakfast ended, she lights a cigarette of Maryland tobacco, which she buys ready-made in Paris. She is very fond of smoking, and smokes incessantly. When her cigarette is nearly consumed she throws it into a small earthenware pot half filled with water placed on the table. The *poût* made by the burning tobacco as it falls in the water highly amuses her. She forbids her guests smoking cigars and pipes. After breakfast she walks in her park, if the weather permit, or plays a few games of *cochonnet* (twelve-faced Jack), in which she is very skilful. At half-past twelve she goes to her chamber, and there she works until half-past six, when din-

ner is served. Meat soup is always on the table, but never any fish or vegetable soup. Game is rarely seen on the table. Fish is occasionally served: her favorite fish is fried stickleback, which she herself catches with a large butterfly hoop-net in a neighboring stream. She is extremely fond of vegetables and fruit, especially the latter. She frequently has, during the season, as many as five varieties of strawberries on her table at one time.

The Head of the English Church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who might be supposed to know, lately addressed a document to the queen, in which he styled her "the supreme head on earth of the Church of England." The *Saturday Review* pronounces this the strangest blunder that it ever saw. It says that for more than three hundred years the title of head of the Church has had no legal being, and has formed no part of the royal style. It was used by Henry VIII., and by Edward VI., but never afterward: "Yet the notion clung to men's minds in a way which seems quite unaccountable. That the king is by law the Head of the Church is one of the commonest of beliefs; the great mass of people, we have no doubt, fully believe it; lawyers and political leaders believe it; they put the supposed fact into their law-books and into their parliamentary speeches, and ground elaborate legal and parliamentary arguments upon this mere delusion. And though it is certain that the title has never, since the early days of Mary, formed any part of the regular royal style, it is not at all unlikely that it may have crept into formal documents earlier than the present singular paper dated from Addington. And yet, after all, the belief that the king is by law head of the Church is exactly of a piece with the kindred beliefs that the 'royal family' may not marry 'subjects,' that the law of charitable uses is the Mortmain Act, that a man may not marry his second-cousin, or that he may sell his wife in the market. Still here is the fact, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, or whoever draws up papers in his name, bestows on Queen Victoria a title which Queen Elizabeth distinctly refused, and which Queen Victoria has certainly not asked for. The writer of the document probably thought himself extremely clever in digging up some forgotten form of the time of Henry VIII. or Edward VI.; so he copied the heading of it quite literally, in blissful ignorance of all that had been said about the matter in the sixteenth century and all that has been said about it in the nineteenth."

A Famous Parrot.

The French papers announce the death of Jacko, the famous parrot of the war-office in Paris. Jacko was first brought into the office in 1830 by Marshal Soult, and he remained for forty years at his post unaffected by revolutions or party conflicts. After a time he came to be looked upon as an indispensable appanage of the war-department, and when there was a cabinet crisis people used to ask who was to get, not the war-office portfolio, but the war-office parrot. Though he served under eighteen different ministers, he always remained consistent to the principles which were instilled into him when he first entered office. Both under the republic and the second empire he remained a staunch royalist, and there were few members of his party who spoke their minds with so much frankness. One

day his repeated cries of "Vive le roi!" so annoyed Marshal St. Arnaud when he was war-minister, that he ordered the indiscreet bird to be turned out. Jacko had a friend, however, in the porter, who took him into his lodge and taught him to add "de St. Arnaud" to his usual cry. The bird was then put back into his room, and, as the marshal was passing, screamed out, "Vive le roi de St. Arnaud!" "A la bonne heure," said the minister, and Jacko was at once retaken into favor. Of late years the clerks tried to teach him "Vive l'empereur!" but he never could bring out the entire sentence without tremendous efforts. He got on very well as far as "Vive l'empe—" but at this point he seemed to choke, his feathers stood on end, and his eyes rolled with an anxious expression, as if he felt his conscience reproaching him. At last, after several minutes' intense struggling, he would jerk out the last syllable "—reur" in a hoarse, sepulchral tone. He died immediately after the Duchess de Berri, and on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon I., three days before the plebiscitum.

Russian Peasants.

Throughout the whole of Great Russia the dwellings of the peasantry are still mere log huts, frequently without chimneys, and uniformly containing only one room, which is the common dormitory. The rigor of the climate renders these habitations miserable in the extreme. Swarming with vermin, where not filled with smoke, and without ventilation, the hut is generally in winter the refuge of the sow and her farrows, of the lamb and the weakly sheep, as well as of men, women, and children. It contains no furniture beyond a deal table and a bench against each wall. Pillows, and sometimes felt, constitute the only bedding, the place of which is supplied by the sheepskin, that seldom leaves the peasant men and women of Russia. Their domestic utensils consist of a few pots of burned clay, or cast iron, the "samovar," or tea-urn, being only found in the hut of a well-to-do peasant. An earthenware cup and saucer, or a glass tumbler, are among the articles which the peasant deposits in a small cupboard below the images of saints. There is no garden to this log hut. The heavily-worked peasant-woman can scarcely find time to attend to the plot of flax which belongs to her individually, and on which the family depends for the more necessary articles of clothing. Any great material improvement of these peasant dwellings can only follow on education and enlightenment, for it is the tendency of the half-civilized peasant to expend his superfluous money on articles of personal adornment rather than on those of mere comfort, of which he has in reality no understanding. In villages on the Volga, where peasant families share the same roof with domestic fowls and animals, and burn wood-laths instead of tallow candles or oil, the women attire themselves on holidays in crinolines, and silk damask dresses and jackets, while the men cover their unsightly sheepskins with good broadcloth.

Suicides.

During the past year no less than five thousand and eleven persons committed suicide in France—four thousand and eight men and ten hundred and three women. Of these, nine hundred and sixty men and four hundred and seven women drowned themselves; ninetec-

hundred and seventy-two men and three hundred and thirty-five women chose death by hanging; four hundred and eighty-eight men shot themselves, while but five women owed their death to fire-arms; one hundred and ninety-two men and one hundred and thirteen women made use of the fumes of charcoal; knives were used by one hundred and seventy-six men and thirty-three women; poison by seventy-four men and forty-four women; ninety-nine men and fifty-five women met death by jumping from windows, towers, etc.; thirty-one persons flung themselves in the way of trains. One individual starved himself to death. It thus appears that hanging is the most prevalent method of self-destruction in France, then comes drowning, then suffocation by charcoal, and lastly by poison. It is a well-known fact that, so far from decreasing, the number of suicides increases in a direct ratio to the spread of education and civilization. In Prussia, the most highly-educated country in Europe, the annual average of persons per million inhabitants who destroy themselves is two hundred and forty—more than double the average of France, and nearly fourfold that of England. On the other hand, in Spain the average of suicides is only fourteen per million inhabitants.

Belgian Miners.

The *Food Journal* gives some interesting statistics in reference to the food of the Belgian miners. According to the reports, which it takes as authentic, the Belgian miners eat two pounds of bread per day, about two ounces of butter, one ounce of coffee and chicory mixed; while for dinner they have in the evening a portion of vegetables mixed with potatoes, weighing at the most one and a half pounds. They have meat on Sundays and festivals, but during the week they drink neither beer nor other fermented liquors. Coffee is their only beverage. Yet these workmen are hardy and healthy. It is not the coffee which sustains them, for it constitutes but one-thirty-fifth of the nutritious properties of their aliment, though M. de Gasparin, in a paper read some years ago before the French Academy of Sciences, attempted to prove, from certain tables, that the waste in liquid excretion is less where coffee is drunk than at other times. The miners' coffee is not like the French *café au lait*, for it has but one-tenth part of milk in it; he drinks several pints in the day, and eats only bread and butter until the vegetable meal of the evening. The albuminous substance which enters into the rations of the Belgian miner is thus reduced from twenty-three grammes to fifteen grammes of azoç. This is less nutritious even than the diet of the monks of La Trappe at Aiguebelle. Here is, therefore, proof that life and health can exist throughout a whole population with less nutritive substance than is generally considered necessary.

Unitarianism.

Mr. Beecher, in the *Christian Union*, gives the following definition of Unitarianism: "It is a luminous ether. It hangs in the theologic heavens as a nebula, a vast congeries of nascent matter, without solidity, floating hither and thither by the attraction or repulsion of neighboring orbs. Its mountains are mists, its hollows are empty spaces. It veers and changes as clouds do. Forever changing, it calls change growth. It organizes nothing, and is

itself unorganized. Its whole temper and spirit is opposed to positiveness. No sooner does Dr. Bellows construct a creed, than James Freeman Clarke cries out against it, not because it is erroneous, but because it is an effort to limit truth by a definite statement. Its whole existence has been a protest against dogma and system. Its methods have been Emersonian—the thoughts related to each other by juxtaposition rather than by suggestion. The bulk of that which it employs with effect it holds in common with the evangelic sects. As for the rest, it has not been creative, but only critical. Unitarianism has never had power to reach the mass of men. It flourishes among the refined and cultured. It fails just where primitive Christianity was strongest—among the ignorant, the rude, the sorrowing, the sinning millions."

Victor Amedee Peyron.

Italy mourns the loss of one of her most illustrious *savants* in the person of M. Victor Amedée Peyron, senator of the kingdom, member of the Academy of Turin, and foreign associate of the French Institute, who recently died at the advanced age of eighty-six years. Death surprised him in the midst of his literary pursuits, which he had not yet relinquished in spite of his increased infirmities.

Only a few months ago he astonished the literary world by his remarkable work upon the Greek Tables of Heraclea, while previous to his last illness he gave the finishing touch to a memoir upon the Coptic language. Eminent as a philologist, and of wonderful penetration and sagacity, M. Peyron especially distinguished himself by his study of Egyptian antiquities, and his researches on the Coptic language and the Greek texts, preserved in the papyrus of Egypt. His Italian translation of Thucydides, enriched with his historical commentaries, has long been admired and esteemed for purity of style, beauty of language, and strength of erudition.

The merits of M. Peyron's knowledge and erudition were heightened by the possession of the noblest qualities of character; the reputation he has left behind being that of a man of genius, whose excellence of heart was as conspicuous as his superiority of mind.

Asparagus.

Asparagus grows wild in France, and may even now be gathered in the Bois de Vincennes and other French forests. The wild-asparagus is long, thin, and green, all through, and has a slightly-acid but agreeable taste. It was first cultivated nearly a hundred years ago by a well-known horticulturist, Louis Thérault. He was at once strongly impressed with the difficulty since felt of rearing asparagus successfully, and declared that, in order to produce a good result, the watchfulness of a parent and the skill of a physician are needed by the young plants. They require, above all things, plenty of sunshine, and seem to acknowledge their obligations by pushing up their shoots toward the rising sun. Most of the asparagus eaten in Paris is grown at Argenteuil. Three sorts are cultivated there—the early, intermediate, and late. The early variety comes up about the 25th of March; it then costs ten francs the bundle of twenty stalks. The first bundle generally appears on the emperor's table. The very largest stalks cost from forty to sixty francs. Besides the Argenteuil asparagus, the consumption of which greatly in-

creases year by year, Paris is supplied with asparagus from the south. This is long and green, has a fine flavor, and requires very little cooking, but is not much appreciated by the Parisians.

Stewart's Store.

On the 1st of June, Mr. A. T. Stewart held a remarkable reception at his magnificent store on Broadway. It was open to all comers, and is thus described by one of the newspapers: "The richest silks shone like imprisoned rain-bows, spanning the dome and interweaving among the lofty pillars. Forty thousand gajets flooded the place with light. On the counters were piled the richest fabrics of all looms, and in their fitting places were seen the innumerable things of beauty with which women love to add to that which they inherit from her of paradise—loves of bonnets, worth any price, from five dollars to a hundred; shawls from five to five thousand; dresses, all ready for their tenants, and as costly to the possessor as a brown-stone front for a modest family; flowers, gloves, laces, and so on in endless chain of useful loveliness. From half-past seven to half-past nine the great show-rooms of the building, floor over floor, were crowded with visitors. Long lines of carriages surrounded the building, in advance of the opening hour. Mr. Stewart was present among his visitors, and was an object of even greater curiosity to many than his superb surroundings. Among the special attractions of the evening was a superb piece of tapestry representing the 'City of Marseilles from the Sea.' It was lately purchased by Mr. Stewart, and cost ten thousand dollars."

An Irate Naturalist.

The late Dr. N. W. Taylor, the noted New Haven theologian, was an obstinate defender of the literal interpretation of the six days of creation in the Book of Genesis, as against the idea of six long periods of time which Professor Silliman advocated. One day Professor Silliman took Dr. Taylor into the geological cabinet, and confronted him with sundry trilobites in rocks of the lower strata, and said, "Now, Dr. Taylor, how did these once living animals get into this position, except as the rock gradually formed about them in one of those long early periods?" "Nonsense, nonsense!" answered Dr. Taylor. "Do you think that God, when He made the rock, couldn't have stirred in these things just as easily as a cook stirs raisins into a pudding or a cake?" Professor Silliman was so disgusted, that he put on his hat, without reply, walked straight out of the building, and did not say a word to Dr. Taylor for three weeks.

Harro-Harring.

Paul Harro-Harring, a Danish political exile, aged seventy-one, recently committed suicide in the island of Jersey by poisoning himself with phosphorus taken off the ends of lucifer-matches. He had been a great political agitator, and had been banished from France and Russia for being mixed up in revolutionary movements. He had for years past labored under the hallucination that he was the special object of the hatred of the Russian Government, and gave constant trouble to the police by seeking for protection from imaginary Russian police-agents and spies. He was a friend of Lord Byron, and fought with him in the war of Greek independence. On reading lately

Mrs. Stowe's book he became greatly excited, and his malady was considerably increased. He was in the receipt of a small allowance made by private friends, among whom was Mazzini, from whom he received one pound per month.

New Potatoes.

This is the way that new potatoes are manufactured in Paris: Old potatoes, the cheapest and smallest that can be obtained, are purchased by the *rafistoleurs de pommes de terre*, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are then put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trousers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satiu-like appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmands. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper, and arranged in small baskets, which are sold at the *Marchands de Comestibles* for five francs apiece. The oddest part of the whole business is that the *rafistoleurs* make no secret of their trade, and may daily be seen at work near the Pout Louis Philippe, within sight of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Accommodating.

Du Chaillu, resting after a long journey, had the good fortune to be considered a spirit by the old men of the tribe. Early one morning he was surprised to see between six and seven hundred young women of the tribe march up and form a circle around him. An old man stated that, as he wished to have him stay with them, they had brought their young women to him so that he might choose a wife. The sable beauties appeared quite willing to make him happy, and so expressed themselves. Du Chaillu said that, as he was a good spirit, he did not wish to make all the others unhappy by choosing but one. The old men withdrew and consulted together. At length the orator of the occasion appeared and said: "We have seen it. Aguize (spirit), you spoke what was true. If you took one, the rest would be unhappy. Take them all." Du Chaillu travelled the next morning.

Constancy.

Gone all the dreams of early youth,
Like morning's vanished ray;
Alas! that what we deem is truth
Should ever fade away!

Gone all the friends whom once I knew,
Companions of my prime;
I little thought such friendships true
Could perish ere their time.

Gone! gone! Except one—one that shows
How constancy endears;
My watchful watch! It never goes—
It hasn't gone for years!

Australian Flowers.

The native rose has the color, but no other resemblance, to the European queen of flowers. It is one of the few field flowers possessing any odor. Wafted on the passing gale, it commends itself pleasantly to the senses; but, strange enough, on closer acquaintance, there mingles with the rich perfume an undoubted smell of fox—a scent which, however productive of rapture in "the field," is hardly adapted to the boudoir. In the low lands of the botany

scrub, there is a crimson-and-orange flower, like the fox-glove in form, very handsome, but so hard and horny in texture that the blossoms actually ring with a clear, metallic sound as the breeze shakes them. It might be the fairies' dinner-bell, calling them to dew and ambrosia! But, alas! there are no "good people" in Australia. No one ever heard of a ghost, a bogie, or a "feteh" there.

Cabarrus.

Dr. Cabarrus, the eminent French physician and leader of the French school of homeopathy, is dead. He was the son of Ouvrard, an army contractor, and the beautiful Thérèse de Cabarrus, who afterward married Tallien. It was her arrest and condemnation that induced Tallien to denounce Robespierre. The specialty of Dr. Cabarrus was the treatment of throat-diseases. All the famous singers, Faure, the basso, Madame Sass, Patti, and Christine Nilsson, were among his clients, and were his fast friends. He was preëminently a society man, and was intimately allied with Emile de Girardin, Mery, Rothschild, Arsène Houssaye, Prince Napoleon, the banker Mirès, and other chiefs of the Parisian world. He married the sister of Ferdinand de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame.

Madame Ollivier.

The Spanish Order of Noble Ladies, which has just been conferred on Madame Ollivier, carries with it the title of "excellency," and confers a rank equivalent to that of grandee. The cordon consists of a violet ribbon and white stripes, to which a medal is attached. There are at present in France ten other ladies who have the right to wear it—the empress, the Duchess de Mouely, the Princess d'Essling, the Duchess de Malakoff, the Countess Walewska, the Marquise de Turgot, Madame Thiers, Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, Madame Barrot, and Madame de Presson.

Varieties.

MIDDLE. JANAUSCHEK was lately interviewed at the Tuileries by the emperor and empress of the French. After hearing her sing, Louis Napoleon asked a young lady who accompanied her if she also possessed a special talent. She replied "No," her only distinction consisted in being a member of Sorosis. "Sorosis," queried the emperor; "what is that?" "Oh!" answered the empress, promptly, "that is something they have in America; it is a woman's club." "Ah," responded the emperor, stroking his mustache, "we have nothing of that sort here." "No," said the empress, "but we are going to."

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man fifty years of age has slept six thousand days, worked six thousand five hundred days, walked eight hundred days, amused himself four thousand days, was eating one thousand five hundred days, was sick five hundred days, etc. He ate seventeen thousand pounds of bread, sixteen thousand pounds of meat, four thousand six hundred pounds of vegetables, eggs, and fish, and drank seven thousand gallons of liquid, namely, water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc.

The *Cornhill Magazine* says of the Duke of Wellington, that no man who can fairly be called great ever had a narrower escape from stupidity.

Strong-minded Susan said to Hobbs:

"Had we our choice of labors,
How soon we'd take the biggest jobs
Away from our neighbors!"

Said Hobbs: "Already you can beat
The men, if they but knew it;
How easily you sweep the street!
But then you're trained to do it!"

Doctor O'Leary says that a girl can die of too much love as well as from too little. "If you ever see one of those turtle-dove pairs who are always 'my loving,' 'my dearing,' 'my ducking,' each other," says the doctor, "you may set it down that one or the other will die of heart-disease or consumption within three months, and it is almost invariably the woman who dies. Those women," he adds, "who always scold and speak crossly to their better-halves—they never have the consumption or die of heart-disease."

COOK.—"Yes, Susan, I'm a-writin' to Mary Hann Miggs. She've applied to me for the charieter of my last missus, which she's think-en' of takin' the sitiwation—"

SUSAN.—"Will you give her one?"

COOK.—"Well, I've said this. (Reads.) 'Mrs. Perksits presents her compliminks to Miss Miggs, and begs to inform that I consider Mrs. Brown a respek'able young person, and one as knows her dooties; but she can't coushensley recommend her temper, which I had to part with her on that account.' It's allus best to be candied, you know, Susan!"

An American traveller in Italy has dunn-founded the government by seriously proposing to lease Mount Vesuvius. He says he will make roads and lay out pleasure-grounds upon its rocky sides, build hotels and set up soda-fountains on its summit, and help visitors up and down by machinery. To pay him for all this outlay, and amass a fortune besides, he will charge a small admission fee from all who wish to step up and see the show.

Forty-one Episcopal clergymen died in the United States during the year ending November 10, 1869. The ages of twenty-one of them are known, and amount to fourteen hundred and seven years, being an average of sixty-seven years. The oldest was eighty-three, and the youngest twenty-seven, being, with one exception, the only one under fifty-six years old.

A London gentleman writes to his newspaper that he lately visited a theatre, paid one pound and two shillings for his two seats, a shilling for a programme, a shilling for his wife's cloak being hung up, a sixpence for his own coat being hung up, and bore it with all equanimity, being used to it; but became wroth when he was taxed a sixpence each for the use of two footstools, without which it was impossible to sit on the very high seats with comfort.

A communication from Vienna states that, since the publication in Austria of the laws on religious liberty, a movement has arisen in the population in that city, which is, to say the least of it, a strange one. In the course of less than two years about six hundred and eighty persons of both sexes have abjured Christianity for the Jewish faith, and, what is curious, these conversions are on the increase.

A Parisian lady called on her milliner the other day to "take up" the character of a servant. The morality of the latter was be-

yond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner; "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

The French dramatist Casimir Delavigne had so extraordinary a memory that it was his custom to finish the composition of a play before writing a word of it. The first act of "Louis XI." was composed, but not written, before starting on a voyage to Italy. While away, Talma, who was to have represented the king, died, and the intention of completing the drama was for a time abandoned. When, some years afterward, he again turned his attention to it, he was able to recall to his memory the first act as originally composed, and which had remained so long dormant in his brain.

At one of the entertainments given to the Duke of Edinburgh in India an old lady was present, who, being afflicted with deafness, carried an ear-trumpet. She had occasion to summon one of the table-servants, who was carrying a dish of peas, and put up her trumpet to hear his reply to her question. The unlucky Hindoo, misunderstanding her wishes, instantly transferred a bountiful helping of peas to the open mouth of her acoustic instrument.

A simple but ingenious enigma for the young people is the following:

"In my first my second sat;
My third and fourth I ate."

The answer to which is, like Columbus's egg-problem, very easy when one has learned what it is—*Insatiate*.

The English press is engaged in peering under the masks concealing the characters in Disraeli's "Lothair." They have decided, to their own satisfaction, that Mousignore Catesby is a respected and accomplished English priest, Father Capel. And, by a strange oversight, Mr. Disraeli has, in one instance, allowed the name Capel to be printed instead of Catesby.

In all parts of Europe there is increased excitement on the woman-question. Besides numerous meetings and associations in England and France, conducted mostly by ladies and gentlemen of culture and rank, the example has spread to Russia; and far-off Tiflis, almost beyond the pale of civilization, opens lecture-halls for ladies.

The ladies of Peoria, Illinois, are opposed to female suffrage; they have resolved, "That woman's sphere of duty is distinct from man's and is well defined; and that, as going to the polls forms no part of it, we will strenuously oppose this movement as an *invasion of our right not to do man's work*."

"The fact is," said an elderly wife, "a man does not know how to straighten up things. He does not know where to commence. I don't wonder," she continued, "that when God made Adam he went right to work and made a woman to tell him what to do."

Reverend T. Binney, a famous English clergyman, at a recent public meeting said he was much obliged to Mr. Disraeli for his extended parable, "Lothair," which was one of the finest anti-Romanist publications he had ever seen.

When Nature wishes to appear lively and beautiful, she takes a bath, and the example is a good one for the human family to follow.

Oh! not upon our tented fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone!
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than war has known;
Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
May with a heart as valiant smite,
As he who sees a foeman reel
In blood before his blow of might.

A Washington belle says: "In walking up a long room when the women who don't like you are looking at your back, there is a moral support conveyed by a Paris dress not to be derived from the firmest religious principles."

A traveller who has crossed the Atlantic tells a story of a storm, when the rain poured down in such torrents the ocean rose ten inches. "There's no mistake," said he; "besides, the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

Cornelius O'Dowd says that in England a man meets a marvellous energy and "go" that he finds nowhere else. "I, of course, except America," he says, "for with us we work life at a high boiler-pressure, but the Yankees do more—they sit on the valves."

At a recent trial in France, the foreman of the jury, placing his hand on his heart, and with a voice choked with emotion, gave in the following verdict: "The accused is guilty, but we have our doubts as to his identity."

An advertisement was sent to the *Cleveland Herald*, in which occur the words, "The Christian's Dream: No Cross, No Crown." The blundering compositor made it read—"The Christian's Dream: *No Cows, No Cream!*"

The approach of the census-taker has prompted some journalist to bring out Saxe's funny sketch, which reads:

"Got any children?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhiue;
The lady shook her Saxon curls,
And civilly answered, '*Nein*.'

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhiue;
The lady shook her Saxon curls,
And civilly answered, '*Nein*.'"

A certain barrister, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed that he had been turning over Coke. "I should have thought that it was coals you had been turning over," observed a wag.

The late Rev. Dr. Bethune was accustomed to go every summer to Moosehead Lake, in Maine, to enjoy the woodland solitude and eat onions. For this vegetable he had a passionate attachment, but he dared not partake of it save far in the depths of the primeval wilderness.

The *Evening Post* says of an eccentric old lady who recently died in England that "an inquest on the body showed that the deceased was the daughter of a Spanish nobleman of high distinction." What a wonderful thing science is, to be sure!

Jerrold said one day he would make a pun upon any thing his friends would put to him. A friend asked him whether he could pun upon the signs of the zodiac; to which he promptly replied, "By Gemini, I Cancer."

In cleaning out his well the other day, a farmer had occasion to lower an Irishman about forty feet into the bowels of the earth. When about half-way down, the Celt became frightened, and shouted, "Let me up, or I'll cut the rope!"

The latest story from Paris is that a workman, drinking with a companion, offered to bet that he could kill him with a single blow of his fist. The bet was accepted, the blow dealt, and the man fell dead.

Hawthorne wrote of Carlyle: "Carlyle dresses so badly, and wears such a rough outside, that the funkeys are rude to him at gentlemen's doors."

There is a girl near St. Paul, Minnesota, who, although only twenty years of age, supports, by working a farm, her aged father and mother and an idiot-brother.

Women-lecturers have appeared at St. Petersburg, and a lady-lawyer recently pleaded an important case at Kavar before the Court of Appeals of Justice.

A wag remarks that he has seen a couple of sisters who had to be told every thing together, for they were so much alike that they couldn't be told apart.

The Palaeontographic Society of London has been dining on *Arnocopti*, *Herbei*, *Pulluli*, *Litotrophagroiaceens*, *Anarticula*, *Pisochumizenses*, and other antiscorbutic viands.

It is estimated that there are over a hundred young ladies in this country studying law. The question is, Will any of them ever become mothers-in-law?

Hayes City, Kansas, has a female constable. The young men are in constant fear that she may have "an attachment" for them.

A jury out West brought in a verdict that they had "agreed to disagree;" for which little joke they were fined twenty dollars.

Of the British poets, Byron is the most popular in Germany, and Tom Moore in France.

There were not enough righteous people in Sodom to save it, but there was a pretty good Lot.

"What fishes have their eyes nearest together?" Answer—"The smallest."

Dumas says he finds it difficult to live comfortably on a thousand dollars a week.

The Museum.

WE gave, in the Museum for No. 61 of the JOURNAL, an ideal view of the geological period known as the Silurian, the first era in which vegetable and animal life existed. The period next in order is that known as the Devonian, or "Old Red Sandstone," called Devonian because the formation is very distinctly traced and of great extent in the county of Devon, England. Vast seas covered with a few islets form the ideal of the Devonian period. The vegetation is still simple in its development, for forest-trees are altogether wanting. The asterophyllites, with tall and slender forms, rise singly to a considerable height. The light, still dim, seen through the semi-opaque atmosphere, only permits of a vegetation belonging to the acrogenous group of plants—plants which throw out their leaves and branches at the extremity, and bear in the axils of their leaves minute circular eases, which form the receptacle of their spore-like seeds. Cryptogams, of which ferns and club-mosses convey some idea, would form the chief part of this primitive vegetation. In consequence of the softness of the tissues, their want of consistence, and the absence of much woody fibre, these earlier plants have come down to

us only in a fragmentary state. Among animals, the class of fishes seems to have held the first rank in the Devonian fauna; but their structure was very different from most of the fishes of recent times. They were provided with a sort of cuirass, and from

the nature of their scales were called *Ganoïd* fishes. Numerous fragments of these Devonian fishes are now found in geological collections; they are of strange forms, some being completely covered with a cuirass of many pieces, and others furnished with wing-

like fins. Among other creatures of this period we find worm-like animals protected by an external shell; also many different species of mollusks and crustaceans. The Devonian rocks are composed of schists, sandstone and limestone.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Devonian Period.

CONTENTS OF NO. 67, JULY 9, 1870.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE WATCH AS A GROWTH OF INDUSTRY. (Illustrated.).....	29	BERKSHIRE GLORIFIED. By C. N. B. R.....	47
THE THREE BROTHERS: Chapter XLV. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," etc.....	36	TABLE-TALK.....	49
A ROMANCE OF THE DOCKS. By A. Webster, Jr.....	39	FOREIGN MUSICAL NOTES.....	50
THE ENCHANTED MIRROR. From the Persian. By Paul H. Hayne..	42	SCIENTIFIC NOTES.....	51
THE TRINIDAD PITCH-LAKE. By G. W. Greenwood.....	43	MISCELLANY.....	51
SOUTHERN SKETCHES: II. (Illustrated.) By J. R. Thompson....	44	VARIETIES.....	53
THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK, AND EFFORTS TO IMPROVE THEM: VII. By C. L. Brace.....	45	THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	53
		SUPPLEMENT—"Ralph the Heir," Chapters XX., XXI., and XXII. By Anthony Trollope.	

NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, and 63.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, *issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete*. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61; Part Third with No. 65.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

APPLETONS' HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

NORTHERN AND EASTERN TOUR.

A New Edition of the Hand-Book of Travel, *entirely rewritten*, is now ready, containing LATEST INFORMATION of all Lines of Travel north of Maryland and east of Ohio, embracing the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the British Dominions; affording

Descriptive Sketches of the Cities, Towns, Rivers, Lakes, Waterfalls, Mountains, Hunting and Fishing Grounds, Watering-places, Seaside Resorts,

And all scenes and objects of importance and interest within the district named.

1 vol., 12mo. Flexible Cloth. Price, \$2.00.

This work is an invaluable guide for the summer traveller. It is the most complete hand-book of American travel published—giving an exhaustive and reliable survey of all lines of travel, and of all places of note in the Northern and Eastern States, including the entire range of ordinary summer travel.

. Mailed, post-paid, to any address within the United States, on receipt of the price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

Applications for Advertising in "Appletons' Journal" should be addressed to **MR. HENRY W. QUIN**, at D. Appleton & Co.'s, 90, 92 & 94 Grand St.

Advertisements must be handed in two weeks before issue.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

I can inform any one interested of hundreds of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear that to-day are in better working condition than one entirely new. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest tests for durability and simplicity.

GEO. L. CLARK,
Lyndenville, N. Y.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

Offer, in order to close,
Extraordinary Bargains
IN CHILDREN'S

Linen, Lawn, and Pique Suits,

TRIMMED OR BRAIDED.

LADIES' LINEN AND CRETON SUITS.

A great variety of
SILK, POPLIN, AND BAREGE

Ladies' Suits and Dresses,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

UNDERWEAR,

Etc., etc.,

At extremely attractive prices.

The above are Fresh Goods, recently received, and well worthy the attention of purchasers.

Broadway, Fourth Av., Ninth & Tenth Sts.

Composite Iron Works Co.

IRA HUTCHINSON, President.
IRAH CHASE, Vice-President.

(FORMERLY CHASE & CO.)

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT COMPOSITE IRON-WORK,

Gates, Railings, Guards, Bedsteads,
etc., etc.

IMPROVED WIRE-WORK,

FOR BANK, COUNTER, AND OFFICE RAILINGS; LAWN,
COTTAGE, AND FARM FENCES.

Ornamental Work in Iron, Zinc, and Bronze.

VASES, FOUNTAINS, STATUARY,
STABLE FITTINGS, etc.

109 Mercer St., near Prince St., New York.

COLGATE & CO.'S

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior for TOILET USE.

Sold by Dealers in Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

THE OLDEST, LARGEST,
AND
MOST PERFECT MANUFACTORY
IN THE UNITED STATES.
45,000 NOW IN USE.

Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s

ORGANS AND MELODEONS

Will be delivered in any part of the United States reached by express (where they have no agent), FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of list price.

Send for price-list and circulars. Address

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.,
CHICAGO, Ill.

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS,"

Says Macbeth. Much of it might be so disposed of with advantage to mankind, but it would be hard upon the dogs. The "sweet oblivious antidote," which Macbeth asked for in vain, is however vouchsafed to the dyspeptic and bilious in TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. It regulates, purifies and invigorates the system; is a positive specific for indigestion and constipation; promotes perspiration, and reduces fever.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

*** "My Grover & Baker Machine was purchased about nine years ago. For nearly seven years it was employed almost constantly in heavy work—ladies' cloaks, men's and boys' clothing and the like—yet when the occasion required would perform the finest work with entire satisfaction. For two years it has been doing family sewing of every variety, and it works equally as well as it did when first purchased."—Mrs. J. M. Washburne, West Stafford, Conn.

A NEW UNIFORM LIBRARY EDITION OF

Grace Aguilar's Works.

Price \$1.00 per volume.

EACH VOLUME ILLUSTRATED AND HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH.

I. Home Influence.

A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. 1 vol., 12mo. Illustrated. \$1.00. Now ready.

II. The Mother's Recompense.

A Sequel to "Home Influence." 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.00. Now ready.

III. Woman's Friendship.

A Tale of Domestic Life. 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.00. (In press.)

IV. The Vale of Cedars.

A Story of Spain in the Fifteenth Century. 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.00.

V. Home Scenes and Heart Studies.

1 vol., 12mo. \$1.00.

VI. The Days of Bruce.

A Story of Scottish History. 2 vols., 12mo. \$2.00. (In press.)

VII. The Women of Israel.

2 vols., 12mo. \$2.00. (In press.)

"Grace Aguilar knew the female heart better than any writer of the day, and in every fiction from her pen we trace the same masterly analysis and development of the motives and feelings of woman's nature."

Either of the above mailed, post-free, to any address within the United States, on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

Waltham Watches,
IN 2-OZ. CASES,
For Merchants, Clerks, and Professional Men.

Waltham Watches,
IN 3-OZ. CASES,
For Farmers, Carpenters, and other Mechanics.

Waltham Watches,
IN 4-OZ. CASES,
For Mariners, Soldiers, and Expressmen.

Waltham Watches,
IN 5-OZ. CASES,
For Conductors, Engineers, and Baggage-men.

Waltham Watches,
IN 6-OZ. CASES,
For Miners, Lumbermen, and Stage-Drivers.

Waltham Watches,
IN 8-OZ. CASES,
For all who wish something very substantial.

All the above are described in our Price List. Write for it as follows:
Messrs. HOWARD & CO., No. 785 Broadway, N. Y.: Please send me your illustrated Price List of WALTHAM WATCHES, as per advertisement in APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

SIGN NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL, and you will receive it, post-paid, by return mail. It gives all the information you desire, and explains our plan of sending Watches by Express without any risk to the purchaser.

HOWARD & CO.,
785 Broadway, New York,
(Formerly of 619 Broadway).

GET THE BEST! IN THE LARGEST TYPE!

THE ONE DOLLAR EDITION
OF

CHARLES READE'S GREAT STORY,
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

THE AUTHOR'S EDITION,

Printed from advanced sheets, for which Sheldon & Company pay Mr. Reade \$10,000.

IN THE LARGEST TYPE OF ANY AMERICAN EDITION, AND CONTAINING 360 PAGES (ABOUT 150 PAGES MORE THAN ANY OTHER EDITION).

With all the English Illustrations, made especially for this book, and printed on Tinted Paper.

It is the Cheapest Book, for One Dollar,

That has been published for a long time.

It is the only Edition of this GREAT STORY that will be published in Type large enough to be read with ease.

One vol. 8vo, 15 full-page Illustrations, \$1.00
One vol. 8vo, 15 full-page Illustrations, bound in fancy cloth, 1.50

THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION

of "PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE," small 12mo, tinted paper, uniform with Fields, Osgood & Co.'s edition of Reade's Novels. Price \$1.00.

The long-promised book, by THEODORE TILTON, Editor of the New York Independent:

SANCTUM SANCTORUM;

Or, LEAVES FROM AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

One vol., 12mo, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. Spurgeon's New Book,

FEATHERS FOR ARROWS.

One vol., 12mo, tinted paper, \$1.50.

SHELDON & COMPANY,

498 & 500 Broadway, New York.

APPLETONS' RAILWAY GUIDE.

THE BEST GENERAL ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN THE COUNTRY.

It reaches the hands of the travelling community—business and pleasure—from one end of our land to the other.

Try it.

HENRY W. QUIN,

90, 92 & 94 GRAND ST., N. Y.

**TIFFANY & CO.,
SILVERSMITHS AND JEWELLERS,**

550 & 552 BROADWAY,
FACTORY, NOS. 53 AND 55 PRINCE STREET,
Are daily receiving,
OF THEIR OWN MAKE,

**NEW PATTERNS, IN STERLING SILVER,
OF
Forks, Spoons,**

AND
Fancy Articles in that Line.
Combinations of these put up
EXPRESSLY FOR WEDDING PRESENTS.
They would call particular attention to the pieces in
gilt, parcel-gilt, and with their new finish.
Outfits at a fixed price per ounce.

**FINE
HARNESSES.**

The Largest and Best Variety in New York.

W. C. & C. M. MOSEMAN,
Manufacturers.

Warerooms: 148 Chambers St., New York.

50 CTS. Will pay for the WEEKLY
DOLLAR SUN from now
to January 1, 1871. ONE
DOLLAR will pay for the
SEMI-WEEKLY.

Address **THE SUN, New York.**

USE **Thaddeus Davids & Co.'s** USE
Writing Inks,
FLUID, SEALING WAX, MUCILAGE, &C.,
The Best Known.
ESTABLISHED 1824.

A GREAT OFFER.

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, N. Y.,
Will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELO-
DEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers,
including Chickering & Sons, AT EXTREMELY LOW
PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take
from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid; the same to Let,
and rent-money applied if purchased.

**CASES FOR
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.**

READING CASES.

We have ready a Cover, or Portfolio, designed for
filing, in a convenient shape, the numbers of APPLE-
TONS' JOURNAL. The Case will hold thirteen numbers,
which are readily retained in position by India-rubber
bands. This cover keeps the numbers in a form ex-
ceedingly convenient for reading, preserves the pages
unsoiled, and is a good substitute for binding. When
full, the older numbers can be laid away for binding, if
desired, or other cases procured. Bound in half
leather, price \$1.00.

BINDING CASES.

Binding Cases for First and Second Volumes of
APPLETONS' JOURNAL, in cloth, gilt back and side.
Price, 75 cents each.

Either of above mailed, post-free, to any address, on
receipt of price.

In ordering, pains should be taken to designate ac-
curately whether a Reading Case or Binding Case is
wanted.

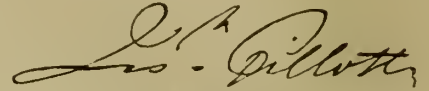
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,
90, 92 & 94 GRAND ST., N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
CELEBRATED
STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Every Packet bears the Fac-Simile
of his Signature.



MANUFACTURER'S WAREHOUSE, 91 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

**Cheap, Popular Edition of
THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS,**

Popularly known as "The Plum-Pudding Edition,"

Handsomely printed, from clear type, on good paper, and of convenient size.

Now complete in 18 volumes, at the annexed prices:

Oliver Twist..... 25 cents.	Hard Times, and Addi- tional Christmas Stories. 25 cents.	Barnaby Rudge..... 30 cents.
American Notes..... 15 "	Nicholas Nickleby..... 35 "	Old Curiosity Shop..... 30 "
Dombey and Son..... 35 "	Bleak House..... 35 "	Sketches..... 25 "
Martin Chuzzlewit..... 35 "	Little Dorrit..... 35 "	Great Expectations..... 25 "
Our Mutual Friend..... 35 "	Pickwick Papers..... 35 "	Uncommercial Traveller, Italy, etc..... 35 "
Christmas Stories..... 25 "	David Copperfield..... 35 "	
Tale of Two Cities..... 20 "		

ANY VOLUME MAILED, POST-FREE, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

On receipt of \$5, we will mail to any address, post-paid, the entire works of Charles Dickens, and also an elegant STEEL-PLATE PORTRAIT OF DICKENS, suitable for framing.

SPECIAL CLUB RATES.

Sets for Clubs are sent by express, at the expense of the purchaser. Each Set in a Club entitled to the Steel Portrait.

Three Sets, with 3 Portraits of Dickens.....	\$12.50
Five Sets, " 5 " "	20.00
Ten Sets, " 10 " "	37.00

Library Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, complete in six volumes. Illustrated with Original Designs by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, JOHN LEECH, and H. K. BROWNE, and with an elegant Portrait on Steel of the Author. Price per vol., \$1.75, or \$10.50 complete. Any of the volumes sold separately. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

W. M. A. WILLARD & CO.,
LOOKING-GLASSES,
No. 177 CANAL STREET,
2d block West of Bowery, NEW YORK.

TURKO-RUSSIAN BATHS.
Gibson's Building, Broadway & 13th St., N. Y.
The Largest, most Luxurious, and Elegant Bathing
Establishment in the United States.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL
OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL is published weekly, and consists of thirty-two quarto pages, each number attractively illustrated. Its contents consist of serial Novels and short Stories, Essays upon Literary and Social Topics, Sketches of Travel and Adventure, and papers upon all the various subjects that pertain to the pursuits and recreations of the people, whether of town or country.

PRICE 10 CENTS PER NUMBER, OR \$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR TWELVE OR SIX MONTHS.

TERMS FOR CLUBS.—Any person procuring FIVE Yearly Subscriptions, and remitting \$20, will be entitled to a copy for one year GRATIS; FIFTEEN Yearly Subscribers, and remitting \$50.00, will entitle sender to a copy one year GRATIS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA, 16 vols., 8vo, cloth, price \$80, will be given to any person sending 50 Subscribers, and remitting \$200.

The postage within the United States, for the JOURNAL, is 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, in advance, at the office where received. Subscriptions from Canada must be accompanied with 20 cents additional, to prepay the United States postage. New York City subscribers will be charged 20 cents per annum additional, which will prepay for postage and delivery of their numbers.

In remitting by mail, a post-office order or draft, payable to the order of D. Appleton & Co., is preferable to bank-notes, as, if lost, the order or draft can be recovered without loss to the sender. In ordering the JOURNAL, the name should be clearly given, with the post-office, county, and State, in full.

Reading Cases for APPLETONS' JOURNAL, arranged to hold thirteen numbers. In half leather, price \$1.00. Binding Cases for vols. 1 & 2, cloth, gilt, price 75 cents each. Mailed post-free on receipt of price.

Appletons' Journal and either Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Harper's Magazine, Putnam's Magazine, Lippincott's Magazine, the Atlantic Monthly, or the Galaxy, for one year, on receipt of \$7. Appletons' Journal and Littell's Living Age, for \$10; Appletons' Journal and Oliver Optic's Magazine for \$5; or the Riverside Magazine, for \$5.50.

The publication of the JOURNAL began April 3, 1869. Back numbers can always be supplied. Third Volume began with No. 40, January 1, 1870.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL is also issued in MONTHLY PARTS, price 50 cts. each, or \$4.50 per annum, in advance.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, 90, 92 & 94 Grand St., N. Y.

BARDOU & SON'S CELEBRATED
"UNIVERSAL"
OPERA-GLASS.

None genuine unless stamped "Universal Opera-Glass."

Awarded the first-class medals at the Universal Expositions of London, 1862, and Paris, 1855 and 1867.

SOLE AGENCY AND DEPOT for the UNITED STATES,
FREDERICK TRUMPLER,
IMPORTER OF OPTICAL GOODS, 8 MAIDEN LANE.

EXCELLENT BEEF TEA,

At Two Cents per Cup, made in two minutes,

From the

Genuine Texan Liebig's Extract of Meat.

The best and cheapest stock for Soup, Gravy, and made Dishes. Forty-five pounds of prime beef concentrated into one pound. Keeps good for years. Invaluable for Invalids, Travellers,

AND ALL PERSONS REQUIRING NOURISHMENT.

For sale by Druggists and fine Grocers, and by

A. GLANZ, Sole Agent,

194 William St., N. Y.

D. APPLETON & CO.,

90, 92 & 94 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK,

Have just Published,

PRIMITIVE MAN.

By **LOUIS FIGUIER.**

Illustrated with thirty scenes of Primitive Life, and two hundred and thirty-three figures of objects belonging to pre-historic ages.

One vol., 8vo, 348 pp. Cloth. Price, \$4.00.

This volume takes up the subject of pre-historic man, beginning with the remotely ancient stages of human life belonging to the drift-beds, bone-caves, and shell-heaps, passing on through the higher levels of the Stone Age, through the succeeding Bronze Age, and into those lower ranges of the Iron Age, in which civilization passes from the hands of the antiquary into those of the historian. The author's object has been to give, within the limits of a single volume, an outline of all the evidence bearing on this subject sufficient to afford a working acquaintance with the facts and arguments of the science as they exist.

By the same Author.

Mammalia.

A popular description of their natural order. Beautifully illustrated with 267 Woodcuts. 1 vol., 8vo. Cloth, \$5.00; half calf, \$7.00; full calf, \$8.00.

Birds and Reptiles.

A popular account of their various orders, with a description of the habits and economy of the most interesting. Illustrated with 307 Woodcuts. 8vo. Price, \$5.00; half calf, \$7.00; full calf, \$8.00.

The Insect World.

Being a popular account of the orders of Insects, together with a description of the habits and economy of some of the most interesting species. Illustrated with eleven full-page Engravings, and 553 beautifully printed Woodcuts. Cloth, \$5.00; half calf, \$7.00; full calf, \$8.00.

The Ocean World.

A descriptive history of the Sea and its Inhabitants. Illustrated with 47 Engravings. 1 vol., 8vo. Price in cloth, \$5.00; half calf, extra, \$7.00; full calf, \$8.00.

The World before the Deluge.

Containing 34 full-page Illustrations of extinct Animals and Ideal Landscapes of the Ancient World, and 202 figures of Animals, Plants, and other fossil remains and restorations. 1 vol., 8vo, 437 pages. Cloth, \$5.00; half calf, \$7.00; full calf, ext., \$8.00.

The Vegetable World.

Being a history of Plants, with their botanical descriptions and peculiar properties. Illustrated with 446 Engravings, and 24 full-page Illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo. Cloth, \$5.00; half calf, \$7.00; full calf, extra, \$8.00.

Either of the above sent free, by mail, on receipt of the price.

PIANOS FOR SALE.

For sale, a couple of PIANOS, of the best makers in the United States. They can be selected from the stock of the manufacturers. Will be sold cheap for cash.

Address

HENRY W. QUIN,

90, 92 & 94 GRAND ST., N. Y.

NEW NOVELS

Published by **D. APPLETON & CO.,**

Nos. 90, 92 & 94 Grand Street, New York.

I.

LOTHAIR.

A Novel. By the Right Honorable **BENJAMIN DISRAELI**, M. P. 12mo, cloth. Price \$2.00. Cheap edition, 8vo, paper covers, price \$1.00.

"Lothair" is the great literary sensation of the year. It is in the hands of every reader, provokes general discussion, and is generally admired for its "rare originality, versatility, flexibility, force, and freshness."

II.

THE CAGED LION.

A Novel. By **CHARLOTTE M. YONGE**, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Chaplet of Pearls," etc. 1 vol., 12mo, pp. 347. Price \$1.25.

"The Caged Lion" is an historical novel, the scene of which is laid at the time of Henry V. of England, having James I. of Scotland and other famous historical personages of the period for its characters. It is very stirring, novel, graphic, vivid, and picturesque.

III.

QUEEN HORTENSE;

A Life-Picture of the Napoleonic Era. By **LOUISA MÜHLBACH**. Translated by Chapman Coleman. 1 vol., 8vo. Illustrated. Paper covers, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

"Miss Mühlbach's novels are history, quite as much as Macaulay, perhaps, with this difference, that she owns at the start that they are novels. But they do the office of history just as well as graver records, and are therefore worthy the attention of the student as well as of the reader who desires only to be amused. Never was history made more fascinating."—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

IV.

BREEZIE LANGTON:

A Novel. By **HAWLEY SMART**, author of "A Race for a Wife." Octavo, paper covers. Price 75 cents.

V.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

By **MARMION SAVAGE**, author of "The Bachelor of the Albany." 1 vol., 8vo, paper. Price 75 cents.

"The Woman of Business" is a novel by Marmion Savage, the author of 'The Bachelor of the Albany,' a story that counts among its warm admirers nearly everybody who has ever read it. It has the rare quality of being interesting without sensation, and of liveliness without extravagance or slang. Its humor is ever springing, but never too exuberant, and it delights by its bright and quiet flow of wit, good sense, and feeling. The one novel of the author, for his others were not much known, gave him a very choice place among the writers of English fiction. His present story is of a slightly different character, but it is eminently readable. It is full of incident of the dramatic sort, and would indeed dramatize without great change, and make a capital play for the stage."—*Hartford Courant*.

VI.

A RACE FOR A WIFE.

By **HAWLEY SMART**, author of "Breezie Langton." Octavo, paper covers. Price 50 cents.

VII.

RED AS A ROSE IS SHE.

By the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," "Not Wisely, but Too Well," etc. 1 vol., 8vo, paper covers. Price 60 cents.

Of this novel the *London Graphic* says: "Its great merit on the whole, its remarkable promise, and above all its bright and charming style, entitle the authoress to candid congratulations. The dialogue and description are so sparkling and witty they might have been the work of an accomplished French novelist."

VIII.

MRS. GERALD'S NIECE.

By **LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON**, author of "Too Strange not to be True," "A Stormy Life," etc. 1 vol., 8vo, paper. Price 60 cents.

IX.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE.

A Love Story. By the Right Honorable **BENJAMIN DISRAELI**. 1 vol., 8vo, paper. Price 50 cents.

"Henrietta Temple" is the first of a reissue of Disraeli's novels in a cheap but neat form. Will be followed by "Alroy," "Vivian Grey," "Venetia," and others.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

* * Persons not within reach of a bookstore can receive either of the above by mail, post-paid, upon remitting the price to the publishers.

"A Capital Summer Book—bright, dashing, and full of amusing adventure."

THE LADY OF THE ICE.

A NOVEL.

By **JAMES DE MILLE,**

AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD," "CORD AND CREESE," ETC.

With Twelve Illustrations by C. G. Bush.

ONE VOL. OCTAVO. PAPER. PRICE, 75C.

Mailed, post-free, to any address within the United States, on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

3-4 Plate.
16 and 20 Sizes.

To the manufacture of these fine Watches the Company have devoted all the science and skill in the art at their command, and confidently claim that for fineness and beauty, no less than for the greater excellences of mechanical and scientific correctness of design and execution, these watches are unsurpassed anywhere.

In this country the manufacture of these fine grades of Watches is not even attempted except at Waltham.

For sale by all leading Jewellers.

THE

**UNITED STATES GAS LIGHT CO.'S
APPARATUS**

For Lighting RAILWAY CARS, STEAMBOATS, etc., is the only one in use on the ERIE RAILWAY, and on the NEW YORK CENTRAL and HUDSON RIVER RAILROADS.

THE

GANSTER MACHINE WORKS

Also manufacture a simple, safe, and reliable apparatus for supplying PUBLIC BUILDINGS and PRIVATE RESIDENCES with a superior and cheap GAS LIGHT.

No other apparatus is operated on the same or any similar principle, which guarantees a light of uniform quality, in either Argand or Open Burners, without the use of artificial heat.

Its practical operation, and testimonials from well-known citizens, who have the apparatus in use, may be seen at the

OFFICE OF THE MANUFACTORY, No. 155 West 29th St., bet. 6th & 7th Aves., New York.

WALTHAM WATCHES

AT

LOWEST PRICES.

A. RUMBILL & CO.,

Jewellers and Silversmiths,

273 Broadway, New York.

PARIS MILLINERY.

(Established 1841.)

MADAME FERRERO,

No. 6 LAFAYETTE PLACE (between Fourth and Great Jones Street).

Always the Newest and Choicest Styles of

BONNETS & ROUND HATS ON HAND.

Particular attention paid to orders.

We beg to call special attention to our

ALPACA UMBRELLAS.

These Umbrellas have the appearance of fine quality SILK. The handles are of one piece, and the latest and most beautiful styles.

They wear longer than any Glugham or Silk.

It has been demonstrated that the action of the atmosphere (caused by the changes from sunshine to rain) upon COTTON Coverings, stretched upon umbrella-frames, will remove the color and destroy the fabric. We warrant our

ALPACA UMBRELLAS

To be perfectly fast colors.

After a long experience (since A. D. 1802) in the manufacture of Umbrellas, we must say that *Alpaca* is the cleanest, most durable, and the most economical Umbrella Covering.

ISAAC SMITH, SON & CO.,

UMBRELLA & PARASOL MANUFACTURERS,

405 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN WATCHES

OF ALL GRADES,

In newest styles of

Gold & Silver Cases.

T. B. BYNNER & CO.,

189 Broadway, N. Y.

HANOVER

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

(INCORPORATED 1852.)

Office, 120 BROADWAY,

(Cor. Cedar Street,) New York.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$400,000.00

SURPLUS.....326,399.94

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1st, 1870. \$726,399.94

B. S. WALCOTT, President.

I. REMSEN LANE, Secretary.

Agencies in all principal Towns in the United States. In Southern and Western States, "Underwriters' Agency."

WALTHAM WATCHES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

In want of

CORRECT TIME-KEEPERS,

In the Newest Styles of

GOLD AND SILVER CASES,

Will do well to call on

FULLER & CO.,

25 JOHN STREET, N. Y.

ROMAN

SASHES, SCARFS,

AND TIES,

GENUINE GOODS,

OPEN TO-DAY,

AT

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

637 BROADWAY.

R. HOE & CO.,

NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND LONDON,

Manufacturers of

Cylinder and Platen Presses,

Of various kinds, adapted for

Newspapers, Fine Books, Woodcut and Job Work,

Such as their

ROTARY PRESSES

With from Two to Ten Impression Cylinders, speed from six thousand to twenty thousand per hour.

Also, PERFECTING PRESSES of various descriptions, with two or more Impression Cylinders, to be used with Type or Stereotype, and with one or more Feeders, or with rolls of paper.

Single and Double Cylinder Steam Printing Presses, for Newspapers.

Single Large Cylinder Press, for fine Job Work.
Bed and Platen Power Press, for Book Work.

NEW STOP CYLINDER PRESS,

With Table Distribution, and from Four to Ten Form Rollers, for the finest Illustrated Newspapers and the best Book and Woodcut Work.

Small Job, Card, Railway Ticket, and Coupon Presses.

Single Large Hand Cylinder Press, and Single Hand Cylinder Railway Press, for Newspapers of moderate circulation, printing, by hand, eight hundred impressions per hour.

Also, every article required in Printing Offices (including Type).

Hydraulic and Screw Presses.
Bookbinders' Machinery of every description; also, Machinery for Electrotypers and Stereotypers.
Cast Steel Saws.

Illustrated Catalogues furnished on application.

R. HOE & CO., 31 Gold St., N. Y.

Infant's Wardrobe "B" for \$100.

2	FLANNEL BANDS.....	at \$0.62½	\$1.25
2	BARROW COATS.....	" 2.00	4.00
2	FLANNEL SKIRTS.....	" 3.00	6.00
3	CANTRIC ".....	" 1.75	5.25
3	" " Tucked.....	" 2.25	6.75
6	LINEN SHIRTS.....	" 1.25	7.50
6	NIGHT-DRESSES.....	" 2.50	15.00
2	DAY ".....	" 5.00	10.00
2	SLIPS.....	" 3.00	18.00
1	ROBE.....		10.00
1	BASKET, furnished.....		6.50
6	PAIRS KNITTED SOCKS.....	at 0.62½	3.75
1	EMBROIDERED MERINO SHAWL.....		6.00—\$100.00

The whole or any single article of the above Outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent C. O. D. by Express. Every article is made in the best manner, and from the best materials. Complete directions for Self-measurement sent by mail, if desired.

**LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT,
LORD & TAYLOR.**

Nos. 461, 463, 465 & 467 BROADWAY, corner of Grand St.
Nos. 255, 257, 259 & 261 GRAND STREET, corner of Chrystie St.