

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NOT MUCH!

UNCLE SAM TO SITTING BULL—"If you will come back peaceably, we will forgive you the Custer matter, and give you everything you ask for."

SITTING BULL TO UNCLE SAM—"Don't trouble me. You have lied to us before. You have more lies now. I shall stay here with my White Mother. Go home by easy stages—and don't come back."

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

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THE SENATE AND LOUISIANA.

THERE seems to be a deliberate determination on the part of certain Senators of the United States to keep alive the decaying sparks of party strife. They are deaf to the demands of the people for peace, and are bent only on carrying out their own personal purposes of revenge and on keeping up old quarrels, in the hope that something may come of it that will be of benefit to themselves. It is a pitiable spectacle, but it may as well be held up in all its deformity to public view. In the Chief Council of the nation one would expect to meet more enlarged ideas and a more liberal scope of action, but it must be confessed that narrow partisanship is more the rule than the exception; and there seems to be on the Republican side a total lack of those high qualities of statesmanship that were wont to rule there. It seems almost vain to expect anything reasonable from that quarter, but the voice of the people must now speak to them in tones of severest rebuke, in the hope that they will accept the warning and change their course.

The question of the Louisiana Senators has vexed the country for many years. Various Radical Legislatures in that State, elected largely by fraud, have sent one man and another to knock at the doors of the Senate, but their papers were so manifestly dubious that they failed of gaining admission. The Republicans, even with their considerable majority in the Senate, did not dare to recognize palpable wrongdoing by admitting these men to seats. While this trouble was pending, matters became quieted down in Louisiana. When the searching light of popular and untrammelled investigation was let in upon the mode of operations in the Pelican State, it was found that the people had expressed at the polls their desire that the Democratic Party should control the Government. There was no escape from this conclusion, and accordingly a Democratic Governor was seated and a Democratic Legislature commissioned. From that day peace dawned upon the once distracted commonwealth, and prosperity followed in its wake. It was a new era, and it was supposed that the new and better order of things was to rule everywhere. Accordingly, Messrs. Spofford and Eustis were sent to Washington, duly and fully accredited as Senators, elected to their high office by the lawful Legislature of Louisiana. They bore the broad seal of the State on their commissions, and it seemed impossible that there should be any mistake as to their recognition. This was the one step required to make the reign of peace complete.

But it seems that there are certain so-called statesmen in the Senate who do not desire peace. They are narrow partisans, whose horizon is bounded by their individual ambitions, and they have no idea of giving up anything by which they can cause trouble and bring themselves into prominence. When the Senators-elect of Louisiana presented their credentials, these gentlemen immediately turned to the records of the past and began to pick over old quarrels. They remembered the heroic names of Kellogg and Pinchback, and thought that it might somehow be advantageous to themselves to make a fight on behalf of these fossil remains of ancient and most dishonorable corruption. They brought out their whole array of technicalities to induce the majority of the Senate to refer the matter to a committee, where, possibly, the lawful claimants to seats might be buried. In this attempt they succeeded, after cracking the party whip for a while over the heads of doubtful men in their ranks, and the Louisiana credentials were referred, and the Senators-elect bidden to wait until the quarrel should be fought out. It was a deliberate bid for the continuance of partisan strife, and as such cannot too strongly be condemned. The one course open to them, on all principles of equity, was to seat the gentlemen who came armed with the credentials of the only government now recognized in Louisiana, and then to receive and respectfully investigate the claims of any who might pretend to a right to the place of a sitting member. This peaceful course was

open to the Republican majority, and they would have followed it had they been animated by the least desire for the country's prosperity. As it was, they sought only to perpetuate a miserable sectional strife, and did their best to retard the reawakened vitality of our industrial interests.

It is understood that these gentlemen are not wholly satisfied with the President's course in respect to the South, and that on this account they have proved recalcitrant. But this is an absurd method of reasoning. The President's action has nothing to do with the merits of the case. He can recognize but one government in Louisiana, and every citizen who has business with the State is compelled to do the same. The fact is that the people of Louisiana are entirely satisfied with Democratic rule in their State. More than that—they desire to be represented by Democratic Senators at Washington. No man can look upon the existing state of affairs in Louisiana to-day, and doubt what the view of the people really is. When the Republican claimants were elected, all was in doubt and confusion. There was fraud everywhere, and it was evident that gross corruption existed in the Legislature. The credentials obtained under these circumstances were more than suspicious. On the other hand, the Democratic Senators were fairly chosen and by an overwhelming majority of the Legislature, and with the full consent of the people at large. Thus it would seem that there could be no room for doubt. And there is none. The President ought to be eliminated from the discussion. What he has done for the restoration of harmony has nothing whatever to do with the merits of this case. That he has undergone obloquy, and been attacked with unmeasured and unmerited harshness because he labored for conciliation, is evident, but it has nothing in the world to do with the empty Senatorial seats of Louisiana and South Carolina. Those seats are vacant because the Republicans dare not place their own corruptly chosen representatives there, and because they are unwilling to do a simple act of justice by giving them up to the men who have a lawful title to them.

This is a matter which should be clearly understood by the people of the United States. It is the duty of all good citizens to inform themselves as to the identity of those who seek to further disturb the public peace, and as to the hopes and hates that animate these partisan disorganizers. The people of this country understood that when peace was made in Louisiana and the Nicholls Government was formally recognized, there was to be an end of all strife. The natural result was understood also to be the return of Democratic Senators in Congress. This was the understanding, founded in great part upon the report made by Vice-President Wheeler as to the true state of affairs in the commonwealth, and it is said, without contradiction, that he still strongly adheres to his original views, and believes that the people of Louisiana desire Democratic rule. Certain it is that he fully sustains the President in his course, and has no sympathy with the men who, under the shadow of technicalities, still seek to perpetuate strife. These agitators are dangerous to the peace of the community, and deserve no quarter. Their modes of action are not in accord with our Republican institutions. It is broad, constitutional ground that the people of a commonwealth have the right to be represented by those who are in sympathy with them, and any attempt to foist upon them the creatures of a corrupt combination of political vampires is an outrage upon their vested rights.

In this view of the case, the entire people of the land are deeply interested in the proper adjustment of the Louisiana Senatorial difficulty. It will not answer, therefore, to bury the question in a packed committee, or appeal its final settlement to a partisan majority. The day for such star chamber proceedings has happily passed—let us hope for ever. The present trouble must be settled openly and on broad principles of equity. If the dominant majority in the Senate of the United States hesitates to do justice to the Senators elected from the State of Louisiana, its members will be held to a strict and searching accountability as wanton disturbers of the public peace.

ATTORNEYS AND JUDGES.

THE rules lately adopted by the Court of Appeals of this State regulating the admission of persons to practice as attorneys and counselors, and requiring a three-years' clerkship in a lawyer's office, or two years' attendance at a law-school and one year's clerkship, before being admitted as an attorney; and two years' practice as a counselor, institute a reform which has been long needed.

Prior to 1846 an applicant for admission to the Bar was compelled to study seven years in an office of a practicing attorney. So long a period of apprenticeship came to be looked upon as oppressive to the poor student, who was dependent upon his own efforts to secure a livelihood. Public sentiment became so strong upon this point

that when the Constitution of 1846 was adopted, a section was interpolated abrogating the old rule, and providing that "any male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, of good moral character, and who possesses the requisite qualifications of learning and ability, shall be entitled to admission to practice in all the courts of this State." From that date until a very recent period admission to the Bar followed the application therefor as closely and as certainly as cause is followed by effect. The practice of law was placed on a footing the same as of any trade or business. The rules governing the admission of persons to practice as attorneys and counselors, were even less stringent than the laws governing the licensing of liquor-dealers.

Certain rules were adopted, requiring three years' study in a lawyer's office, or two years' attendance at a law-school, but these rules, by reason of their obscurity, were nullities, so far as their observance was concerned. The clerkship consisted in having a certificate of an attorney, certifying to the commencement of such clerkship, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals, three years prior to the proposed presentment of the applicant for admission. During the interim a visit to the office once a week or month, or even year, was sufficient to constitute a continuance of his office duties. An attendance for eight months in each year at a law-school made up the two years required; while in some cases a one-year's course only being required, a period of eight months devoted to the study of law was all that was necessary to prepare a man for the profession of a lawyer. Eight months only required to fit a man to construe the laws that have taken centuries of time and thousands of the ablest minds to prepare and arrange. Eight months—a period scarcely sufficient in which to learn the business of running a passenger elevator in one of our first-class hotels.

When we take into consideration the number of lawyers who have spent not even eight months in careful study of the law, and who, like Mr. Tweed, have been admitted simply upon the merits of a law-school certificate, without any examination as to legal acquirements, it is not to be wondered at that the tone of the New York Bar has been lowered; it is only surprising that any reputation has been left to the profession. The scandal and mischief of so loose a system became more and more apparent each year, and of late the examination for admission has been somewhat more rigid, but has still remained a totally inadequate test of skill or capacity. Not only knowledge of law is required to prepare a man for the profession of law, but long familiarity with practice is necessary, and it is a dangerous system which permits that familiarity to be wholly acquired in actual practice and at the expense of clients. The mischief done to clients is not the only evil attendant upon an ignorant and untrained Bar. The character of the Bench is in a great measure dependent upon the ability and integrity of the Bar. It is within the power of the lawyers to uphold a competent judge, and to depose a corrupt or incompetent one. The position which the Bar occupies, between the Bench and the people, enables it to exercise a criticism which the people of themselves cannot do.

Only an educated and courageous Bar can exercise such wholesome criticism, and in the shameful degradation of the Bench for ten years prior to 1870 we find an illustration of the great good which might have been accomplished by the censorship of a brave and able Bar; and the evils resulting from the alliance of a heterogeneous body such as ours, with corrupt judges for the spoliation of the public and the pollution of justice. While there were among the better class of lawyers some who felt the degradation into which the Bench and Bar were alike being dragged, they dared not raise their voices to publicly assail the ermined malefactors. Not until the press had waged its warfare against the unprincipled knaves, and it was plain that success would follow its efforts, did the members of the profession, whose familiarity with the excesses of the Bench should have made them chief prosecutors, lend their assistance to depose the men who had so long defied justice and public opinion. To guard against a repetition of our past experience, the elevation and education of our Bar must be assured. The admission of those only, who are honorable, fearless and learned, will secure a Bar that will be to the people a protection and safeguard against not only personal wrongs and lawlessness, but will add to the purity of our judges, and restrain and prevent judicial incompetence and corruption.

SOCIAL MYSTERIES.

WHEN another great crime was announced in prominent New York circles a few days ago, and people learned that its perpetrator was a man high in the

confidence of the church and the esteem of society, they said one to another, "Whom can we trust?" Perhaps it would have been better had they put the query in this way: "Whom do we know?" Events prove that we really know very little about our neighbors and friends. Every day we brush clothes with people who are social mysteries, and who carry hidden in their bosoms undiscovered depths of rascality, sorrow or goodness. It is only when we are startled out of ourselves by some great scandal like a forgery, an elopement, a theft or a divorce—and the scandal touches leaders in society—that we feel our ignorance. It almost invariably happens that these offenders never had anything particularly mysterious about their organization to attract study. They have gone about their usual avocations just as other people have done. Had there been anything peculiar it would have been remarked. In all notable public examples the element of mystery carries it over everything else in exciting and sustaining interest. Descending to the domestic and social standards of this quality, we should say that in family life those are most interesting who are most fully known to the observer, whose intricacies of character have been a long study; while in social life it is the new and unfamiliar, which has to be guessed at, that gives the most amusing and exciting exercise to this vein of observation. The lovers of new acquaintance are always expecting to make discoveries of more than meets the eye, of depths unsuspected by the careless and indifferent; but they are impatient, and often miss what they are looking for. The really interesting character grows in interest, and only fully reveals itself to the constant sympathy of a kindred nature. We think it may be observed that the epithet is oftener applied to men than to women, which may be explained by the fact that women, in their easy, unscientific way, are much oftener students of character than men; and, as men play the more conspicuous part in the world, they are naturally the objects of this study. But also it may be that mystery, if we may so apply the word, belongs rather to man's organization. Those who do not take much pains in the choice of their epithets, but use those in vogue, will call a woman charming where they would call a man interesting; both epithets connect the object of admiration with the admirer. The man who calls a woman charming has both felt her charm and believes himself to be the object of an intention to please. The praise of moral and intellectual excellence may be bestowed without this condition, but there is always a subtle affinity between the interesting man and the person interested, between the charming woman and the person charmed.

Whenever we hear the term "interesting" applied to a person's character, it is apt to excite intense curiosity. Perhaps there are few epithets so flattering; but when we attempt to define it, we find it impossible to treat the subject apart from oneself, to make it other than a personal question; we cannot say what is interesting in the abstract apart from what is interesting to us. Of course, indeed, it is this alliance between the interesting and the interested that gives the epithet its meaning and constitutes the charm. We can define a sensible, an amiable, a generous person, without our individuality being concerned; but if we set about a definition of the interesting, assuming the same conditions, we are pulled up at once by the consciousness of the standard being different according as we treat the question in the general, or from our own particular, point of view. If we would say what sort of persons are interesting to the world at large, we assume a cynical spirit; the abstract interesting question is another creature altogether from the man who has the honor to interest us. We invest him with touches of the sentimental, the lackadaisical, the Byronic, the affected, the sham and illusory, to fit him as the ideal of the common run of undiscerning, easily deceived men and women; but, if we are interested, it must needs be by some choice, special grace of nature which it implies some fellow-feeling on our part to detect and bring into prominence. Our highest sympathies may, however, be awakened long before we know why; and the question what it is in some men that separates them by this marked distinction from their fellows may cost one some expense of thought while the interest excited is at its strongest.

We have said that personal considerations come in first in dealing with this question. People may indeed think a man interesting without any prospect of personal experience of his qualities; but, when driven to justify their preference, they will find it to rest on a belief of mutual affinity; the interesting person is supposed to have an exceptional share of sympathy, not for the world at large, probably, but for those worthy of his sympathy. He must be capable of strong human likings and—as inseparable from strong likings—

strong dislikes. The interesting person that pleases us is a marked character, but differs from the character often so described by being not easy to read. If there is any one point essential to the interesting person, it is a touch of mystery. Nobody is really interesting who does not stimulate curiosity, whom we think we know all round, who leaves no room for guessing. There must be something supposed to exist that is not altogether of a piece with appearances. Nobody is interesting who can be interpreted by general laws, who needs no tenderness of insight, who awakens no speculation. Perhaps if there was less of this sort of sentimental introspection and more real study of character, people would less often be the dupes of the defaulter, sharper and rascals who know so well how to trade on the weaknesses of poor humanity.

"LITERARY FELLOWS."

A CERTAIN ex-Secretary of the Interior is credited with a deprecatory remark concerning literary fellows in politics. Very likely he never uttered it; but the allusion has been received with quiet glee by half the public, and with silent horror by the other half. Are not both parties talking zealously about civil service reform? Is not the scholar in politics the theme of a hundred commencement-day addresses every year? And shall thoughtful men of letters be frightened away from the field of politics at the very time when they have been wooed thither by all the blandishments of the "swallow-tails" and all the promises of the "short-hairs"? Certainly not; but recent discussions of the subject have illustrated an old opinion concerning literary men which we believe to be an insult to some authors and an injury to others—namely: that as a class they ought to be provided by Government with comfortable positions abroad or at home. That successful social essayist, Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, has for many years insisted that educational societies are injuring the clerical profession by bringing into the ministry a class of men who are willing to be helped. In the opinion of many, a minister is a man who should be a sort of polite pauper from the time he begins his theological studies until he delivers his last sermon. A similar notion, though not carried to such an extreme, is abroad concerning writers. We ought, we are told, to give the warm corners in life to ministers, because they are too good to know anything about worldly affairs; and similarly we are encouraged to provide for literary men, because, poor things, they haven't the faintest idea of the value of a dollar.

When a poet, or a critic, or a novelist, applies for a Custom House position, there is an uproar over the cruelty of the Government if he does not get it; and the authorship of a successful comic poem on an Americanized Chinaman is made sufficient cause for a demand that its writer be given the Chinese Mission. In point of fact, our Government, in one way or another, has been very liberal to authors. Of those who have held positions under it, we recall the names of Washington Irving, George Bancroft, Alexander H. Everett, John Lothrop Motley, George H. Boker, George P. Marsh, Eugene Schuyler, Wickham Hoffman, James Russell Lowell, William D. Howells, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George M. Towle, Elihu Burritt, R. H. Stoddard, Richard Grant White, and Walt Whitman, besides a great many journalists. These gentlemen, almost without exception, have performed their duties faithfully, and they would be the first to resent any assumption that they were given easy places because of the incompetence and shiftlessness of the literary class.

But are authors any more shiftless than other people? We think the facts prove that, as a rule, they are very good managers of worldly affairs, and that, in the long run, they make and save as much as the banker, the merchant, or the manufacturer. Shakespeare was a thrifty playwright and manager, and carried out a deliberate plan of amassing property enough to retire to Stratford as a well-to-do owner of real estate. Without following down the long line of English authors, our own literary men are, as a rule, prudent in business and far removed from the necessity of Government pensions. Longfellow's fortune, inherited and acquired, enables him to live in an aristocratic old house at Cambridge, surrounded by unoccupied land in the centre of the city, on which he pays taxes merely to preserve his river view. Lowell, another Cambridge resident, manages his considerable piece of real estate with much care. Bryant has a city house and two country residences, at Roslyn, L. I., and another at Cummington, Mass., besides owning a large share of a profitable newspaper property. Holmes is removed from the necessity of practicing his profession, and his comfortable Boston home is stocked with books and articles of luxury. Whittier, most modest and economical of men, has long lived in bachelor ease at Amesbury, Mass. Hiram

Rich, Charles Sprague, E. C. Stedman and Charles H. Webb have found banking enterprises remunerative, the latter also owning a valuable patent on a gun devised by himself. Prescott and Motley were rich, and Bancroft owns a Summer residence at Newport, which costly abode is also the home of T. W. Higginson and Charles T. Brooks. The Summer place at Newport of T. G. Appleton, the Boston humorist and essayist, is one of the finest in the city. Emerson, Howells, Fields, Alcott, Aldrich and Trowbridge are other authors who are comfortably housed in their own homes near Boston. New York literary men are fonder of French flats and hotel life, but the choice is not one of necessity. The really starving and shiftless writers of to-day can be counted on one's fingers. There are, to be sure, plenty of poor young journalists and struggling story-tellers. But we are speaking of the whole literary class, and we venture to say that its average income, from the time when a writer starts as reporter on the daily press until he publishes a history of Constitutional Government and builds a country home, is as large and steady as that of the legal or medical professions, or even, taking failures into view, as that of those engaged in mercantile life. Its rewards, as a rule, are not sudden or large, but neither are its losses. At any rate, American literature is no regiment of Grub Street beggars, and it ought neither to ask or receive alms.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

IMPERSONAL LEGISLATION.—It is a subject of universal gratification that thus far no disposition to set on foot a great number of investigations for the purpose of making political capital has been manifested in either House of Congress. No committees, either standing or special, have yet been appointed, and no suggestions looking to the formation of special investigating committees have been made. The only movement of this character of which anything has been said in conversation among Democratic Representatives, is an inquiry proposed by Mr. Marsh, of Pennsylvania, into the cause of the labor troubles in his own and other States, during the last Summer, the measures resorted to for their suppression, and what legislation, if any, in regard to them, is necessary.

GOVERNMENT RECEIPTS.—At a Cabinet meeting, on October 26th, Secretary Sherman submitted his budget, showing that the Government is running behind in its expenses. He pointed out to his associates the necessity of cutting down their estimates, in order to bring them within the revenues of the Treasury. The estimates for appropriations are those sent in by the several Secretaries, which will be, in due time, sent to Congress. Secretary Sherman was anxious to have the amounts reduced to the lowest possible figure before the tables are printed. The President was in favor of reducing the expenses as much as possible, and certainly of bringing them within the revenues. He urged the closest scrutiny of the whole subject, and the enforcement of economy in every department of the public expenditures.

JUSTICES' MILEAGE.—There is a movement among those who feel a particular interest in the affairs of the Supreme Court of the United States to bring about such legislation as shall charge to the public treasury the fare of the justices for traveling to and from the sessions of the court, and also about their circuits when in attendance upon their judicial duties. The argument is that of all the officers of the Government, there are none more justly entitled to their entire salaries, undiminished by such expenditures, than the justices of this court. They not only spend the days of the session in hearing causes, but their nights in preparing opinions to sustain the decisions made, thus working more hours out of the twenty-four, by at least one-half, than members of Congress. Besides, during the vacation, they are engaged much of the time in the business of their circuit. As an illustration of the expense they incur out of their own pockets, it is said that Mr. Justice Field travels, in the course of the year, in the ordinary course of his official duties, about 9,000 miles. A system of mileage is claimed to be a just remedy for them.

THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.—The attention of the Department of State has been called, by the French Minister, in Washington, to the statement recently made that American citizens desiring to participate in the Universal Exposition of Paris will be authorized to do so upon simple presentation by the Minister of the United States in France. The French Minister again informs the American Government that, according to the regulations, foreign exhibitors cannot be admitted to the Exhibition of 1878, except through the intervention of a special delegate, officially designated by their Government, and accredited to the French Commissioner-general. No presentation, indeed, would be made by the Minister of the United States at Paris, without special instruction from this Government, and the Department of State has no intention of taking any step in the matter that would anticipate the action of Congress, or in any way assume the authority to create positions of commissioners, or incur any expenditure not expressly authorized by law. In short, nothing can be done on this subject until Congress shall act upon it.

CIVIL SERVICE EXPLANATIONS.—Frequent letters have been received at the White House from office-holders in different parts of the country, since the President issued his civil service order, requesting an interpretation of it, either in whole or in part, and asking for a decision as to its application to certain given cases. Replies have been sent to most of these letters, in which attention has been called to the fact that the order is not intended to, and, in fact, does not, interfere with the free poli-

tical action of any Federal office-holder. Its object, it has been explained, is simply to prevent a monopoly of the management of party machinery by those who hold the Federal offices, and who are therefore tempted to use that machinery oftener for their own personal advantage than for that of the party itself. It has been repeatedly decided that the order does not forbid any office-holder to express his opinions on any political question either orally or in writing, nor does it prevent him from doing anything to promote the interests and secure the success of the political organization with which he is identified. The distinction between legitimate political activity and that exclusive management of machinery in which many Federal office-holders have been engaged, is believed at the White House to be so obvious that any misunderstanding on the subject is wholly unnecessary.

OUR ONTARIO TRADE.—The United States Consul of Toronto has forwarded to the Department of State a report of the commerce of the Province of Ontario with the United States. The consul says that as far as trade is concerned, Ontario is the same as one of the States of the Union. He reports a large and continually increasing business in American manufactures, their superiority in style and finish having completely obliterated old prejudices. At present the feeling of the people, politically and commercially, is thoroughly American. The consul thinks that for the future Ontario will rely upon the United States for all her manufactures, as it would now be impossible to start any manufactures there which could hope to compete with those of the United States. The imports into Ontario during the year 1875 (the last official reports published), amounted to over \$42,000,000. Of this amount over \$26,000,000 were from the United States, against \$15,000,000 from Great Britain. The exports during the same year from the forty-six ports of the Province amounted to a little over \$18,000,000, more than \$8,000,000 less than the imports from the United States alone. The failures in all Canada during the last two years are represented as amounting to more than \$50,000,000, but on account of the American system of cash sales, it is thought that \$600,000 of this total will cover American losses.

THE EXTRA SESSION.—The prospect gets no better for the early payment of money due the officers and men of the navy for the closing quarter of the last fiscal year. It was supposed that with the assembling of Congress in extra session the matter would be adjusted at least as soon as the 1st of November, but a leading Congressman, in sketching the probable future of the session, said last week that with the announcement of the committees on October 29th, the Appropriation Committee would be ready to report the Army Bill, and the House could pass it and send it over to the Senate; then, if it were passed by the Senate, Congress could adjourn *sine die*, for it would take all the interval until the first Monday in December for the Naval Committee to investigate what ex-Secretary Robeson did with the money intended to pay the navy. "You may rest assured," said the Congressman referred to, "the House will never vote a dollar of this deficiency until it explores the rascality of the transaction and brings to light all the secrets connected with the making away of that money. The committee can make the inquiry just as well during the recess, and be ready to report to the House at the regular session in December. As there is nothing to be done therefore but pass the Army Bill, and as that will not take over a day or two, there is no reason that I can see why Congress cannot adjourn over, not only the interval to the November elections, but the whole time to the regular session."

AMERICAN PATENTS.—The Commissioner of Patents has completed his annual report of the business of his office during the last business year. The total receipts from October 1st, 1876, to October 1st, 1877, were \$709,044; expenditures, \$604,000; excess of receipts over expenditures, \$105,000. The number of patents applied for was 18,629. The registered trade-marks number 1,324, the labels, 579. The patents allowed, but not issued, on account of failure to pay the final fee, owing to the severity of the times, amounted to 4,271. There were 14,242 patents issued, and 1,517 trade-marks and labels. This is a reduction of about 1,000 in the number of patents issued as compared with last year. No radical change in the patent system of the United States is recommended. There has been some discussion of the form of legislation necessary for the restoration of the destroyed models. When a case for reissue comes up "the applicant might amend the drawing and specifications, but he cannot alter the model, nor can he get a reissue unless it is shown in the model." Much difficulty and litigation will ensue, it is thought, if inventors are not allowed to furnish their own models. "The law now requires the presentation of the original model." After the fire of 1836, the Government permitted the models to be restored by inventors, simply requiring sworn evidence that they were duplicates. Several thousand models were thus restored, and the law required that after proper authentication, they should be regarded as if they were originals. Recent examination of the ruins of the burnt portions of the Patent Office has resulted in the important discovery that some thousands of models can be restored sufficiently for the uses of the office. It is proposed to clean these at once, and proceed to their identification. One wooden model was found in the rubbish which had gone through the fire without the destruction even of the label.

THE SITTING BULL FAILURE.—The correspondents of the Administration papers claim that in discussing the results of the Sitting Bull Commission, the purpose of the Government in appointing the commission seems to have been lost sight of. If the purpose was simply to induce Sitting Bull and his band to return to the United States, the commission was a failure. But the commission was not constituted for this purpose alone. It was organized at the request of the Government of the Dominion, because that Government did not want the Sioux to remain on its territory. So far as the United States

Government is concerned the results will be advantageous, because we have been relieved of Sitting Bull entirely, and, so long at least as he remains in the Dominion, will neither be called upon to feed nor fight his band; and had the commission succeeded in inducing him to return we would have to do both alternately. After Sitting Bull was forced to retreat across the border the Secretary of the Interior for the Dominion visited Washington and arranged with Secretary Schurz for sending a commission to treat with him, the desire of the Dominion being to rid themselves of such troublesome inhabitants. The United States could not decline to appoint a commission for this purpose, but Secretary Schurz informed Mr. Mills that the United States would treat with these Indians only upon terms of absolute surrender of their arms and ponies. If the Indians would make this surrender this Government would place them on a reservation under military guard, and provide for them as other Indians are provided for. It was not expected that Sitting Bull would assent to these terms, and the commission was sent out in deference to the wishes of the Dominion, and not with the expectation of being able to induce the Indians to return as prisoners. Their refusal to accept the terms presented by the commission relieves this Government of all responsibility for them, and leaves them in charge of the Dominion authorities, who will prevent them from making predatory incursions across the border.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SOUTHERN APACHES to the number of 247 surrendered at Fort Wingate.

WOOD'S museum and menagerie at Chicago was burned on the 23d, and all the animals perished.

THE Universalist General Convention of the United States was held in Cincinnati, beginning October 24th.

GEORGE L. FOX, the comedian and pantomimist, died at Cambridge, Mass., on the 24th, after a lingering illness.

THE report on the New York Canals for the last fiscal year shows a heavy falling off in receipts, and a deficiency of \$1,400,000.

JOHN F. HENRY received the Republican nomination for Mayor of Brooklyn, and James Howell the Democratic.

AT Syracuse, N. Y., the Thirty-first Anniversary Convention of the American Missionary Association was opened October 23d.

AFTER a session of twenty days in Boston the Protestant Episcopal General Convention concluded its business on the 25th ult.

THE suit of the people of New York against Thomas Coman, in which Tweed was expected to testify for the city, was discontinued.

UNDER the apportionment of taxes made by the State Comptroller the amount assigned to New York City is \$746,250 more than that of last year.

IT is understood that in his report Comptroller Knox will recommend to Congress the repeal of the tax on bank deposits, and the abolition of check stamps.

THE members of the National Academy of Sciences met in semi-annual session, under the presidency of Professor Henry, in Columbia College, New York City, October 23d.

GEORGE T. PLUME, the New York stock-broker, admits having lost \$100,000 belonging to the Lamont estate in speculation, but an examination of the accounts shows the amount to be nearer \$300,000.

A SYNDICATE of European financiers proposed to loan the State of Louisiana \$12,950,000 with which to pay off its present debt, and take the amount in five per cent. bonds, principal and interest payable in forty-five years.

DURING the week ending Saturday, October 27th, the price of gold in New York fluctuated as follows: Monday, 102½ @ 163; Tuesday, 102½ @ 102½; Wednesday, 102½; Thursday, 102½; Friday, 102½; Saturday, 102½ @ 102½.

A SPECIAL Commission on Fireproof Buildings, appointed by the President, reported in favor of constructing a fireproof building of ample dimensions for the storage of the archives of the Government not in constant use and a new structure for the Naval Observatory.

THE Fall meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club opened at Pimlico on the 23d ult. On the following day there was wild excitement when, in the third race—a dash of two miles and a half—Parole went to the front two lengths ahead of the famous Ten Broeck, who was four lengths ahead of the celebrated Tom Ochiltree. Parole's time being 4:37¾.

TWO Bills for the repeal of the Resumption Act, a remonstrance from New York merchants against the repeal of the Bankrupt Law, and Bills to re-establish the Alabama Claims Commission and to prohibit gambling in the army, were presented in the SENATE. In the House resolutions were adopted for the appointment of committees to consider the Civil Service and Presidential election laws, and to inquire if the eight-hour law has been violated in navy-yards. After a lengthy debate the Colorado contested election case was referred to the Committee on Elections. Petitions were presented for assistance to enable colored men to emigrate to Liberia, and for the establishment of a fund for the encouragement of rifle-practice in the regular army and navy and the uniformed State militia.

Foreign.

ALL the provinces in Santo Domingo, excepting that of Puerto Plata, are in a state of revolt.

A WAR is reported in Transkei, South Africa, between the Galekas and the British and their native allies.

AN explosion in a colliery near Glasgow on the 22d ult., is supposed to have killed upwards of 233 miners.

GENERAL GRANT reached Paris, October 24th, and was informally received by President MacMahon on the following day.

TWO hundred and thirty houses were destroyed by fire in Portland, a suburb of St. John, N. B., October 20th, by which nearly 3,000 persons were rendered homeless.

FULL confirmation of the Ottoman disaster in Armenia was received. Mukhtar Pasha lost 18,000 men and 40 guns. Osman Pasha ordered all irregular troops and non-combatant Mohammedans to quit Plevna, and the Czar called for the mobilization of all the Cossacks not in active service.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 155.



BULGARIA.—THE GRAVITZA REDOUBT AND RIGHT WING OF THE TURKISH POSITION AT PLEVNA.



BULGARIA.—TURKS INTERROGATING A WOUNDED RUSSIAN, AFTER THE BATTLE OF KACELJEVO.



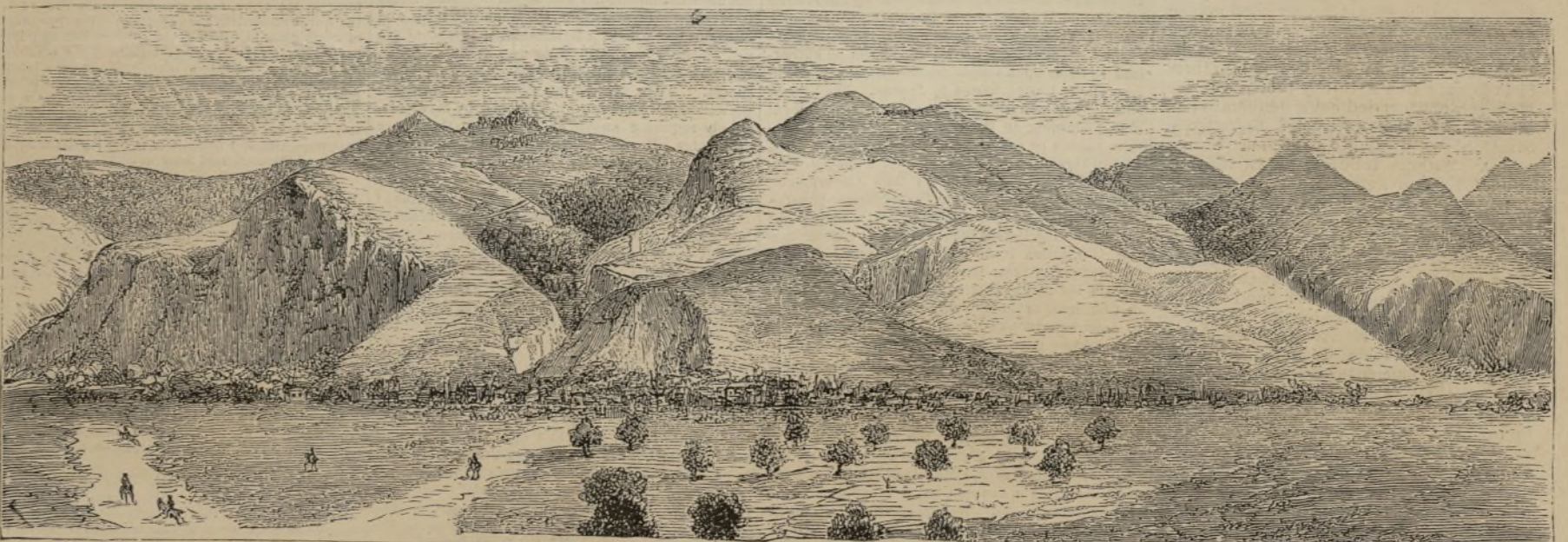
BULGARIA.—A TURKISH SOLDIER SAVING HIS BROTHER'S LIFE IN THE BATTLE OF KACELJEVO.



BULGARIA.—THE RESIDENCE OF THE CZAR AT GORNY-STUDEN.



BULGARIA.—FIELD-TENT OF THE CZAR AT BIELA.



BULGARIA.—VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF SHIPKA AND THE RUSSIAN POSITION AT MOUNT ST. NICHOLAS.



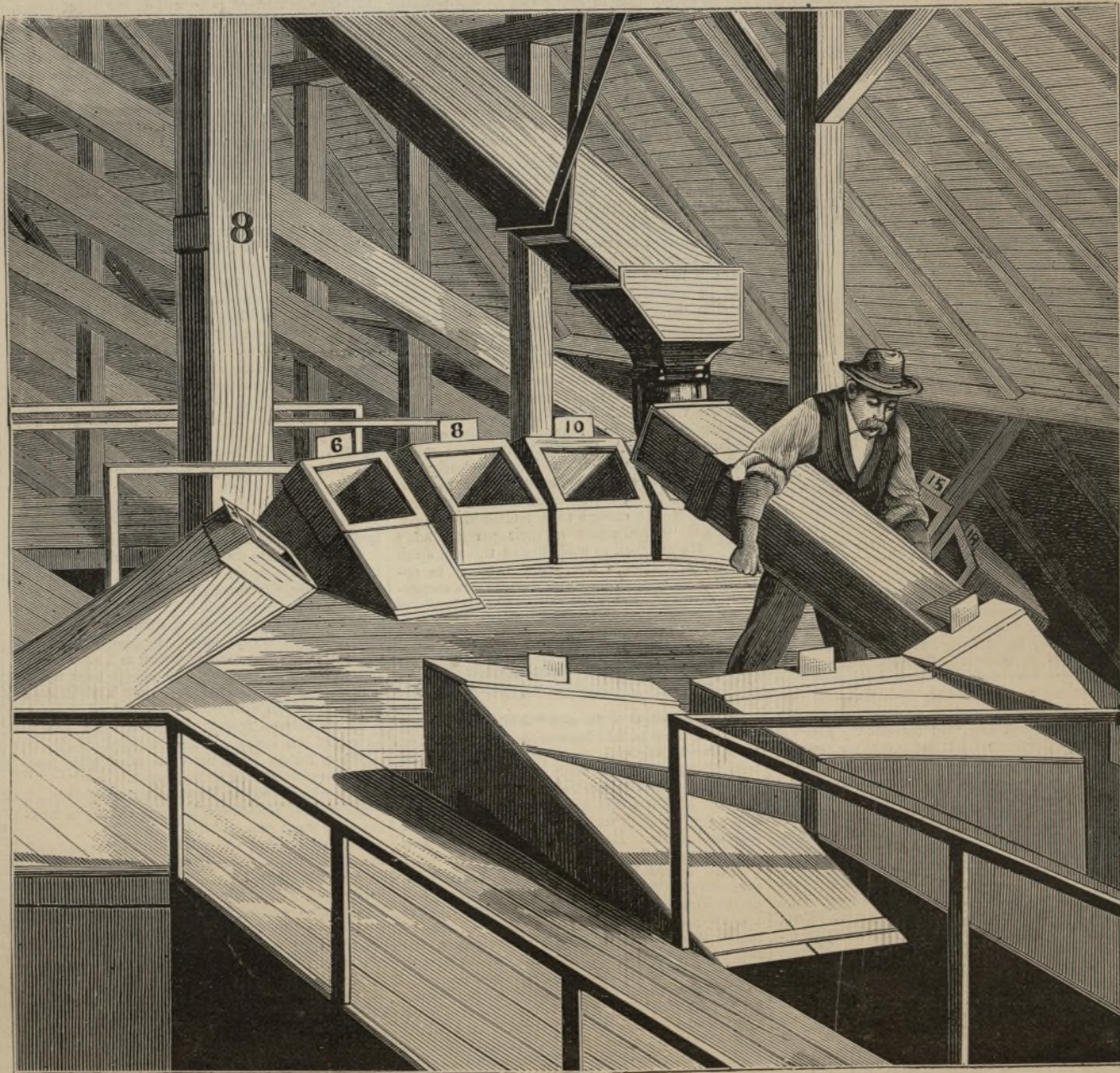
TRANSPORTING GRAIN FROM THE ELEVATOR TO A STEAMSHIP, FOR FOREIGN CONSUMPTION.



INSPECTING THE QUALITY OF THE GRAIN IN THE CAR, ON ITS ARRIVAL AT THE ELEVATOR.



WEIGHING THE GRAIN.



DISCHARGING GRAIN THROUGH THE SHOOTS FOR STORAGE.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE WESTERN GRAIN MOVEMENT—HANDLING OF GRAIN IN THE MAMMOTH ELEVATOR OF THE N. Y. & H. R. R. R. CO. SIXTY-FIRST STREET AND NORTH RIVER.—SEE PAGE 159.

THE COMING OBELISK.

FROM the land of the Nile and the Pharaohs,
From the land of the lotus and palm,
Comes a monolith ancient and wondrous,
With a story that reads like a psalm.

Though a ponderous column of granite,
It was polished and carved like a gem,
And the dark hieroglyphics upon it
Must have puzzled the children of Shem.

Since 'twas cut from the quarry, what changes
Over races and nations have passed,
What a crowd of ambitions and follies
Have been into oblivion cast.

In the days of the lawgiver Moses,
Of the prophetess Miriam's song,
In the days of the heroes of Homer,
It had stood on its pedestal long.

And they all may have seen it in silence,
Nor have thought it a wonderful thing,
In the midst of the splendors of Egypt
And the shadows the pyramids flung.

But how Thothmes and Meris had wondered,
Had they looked through the vista of time,
And beheld a pet monolith lifted,
And borne off to a barbarous clime.

But, O shades of the mighty departed,
We will keep it with honor and care,
Where no poster of bills shall come near it,
For we'll rear it in Madison Square.

And New York may itself become ancient,
And honored and mighty the while,
And the obelisk watch by the Hudson,
Full as long as it watched by the Nile.

BENJ. G. SMITH.

AN ECCENTRIC DEPOSITOR.

ONE day, some years ago, a rough-looking man, of singular appearance, came slouching into the bank, and, walking up to my desk, took off his hat respectfully and held it in his hand. Now it is a strange fact that it is not usual in London for any one to take off his hat on entering a bank, although I believe it is done in some country banks; so I looked at the man with some suspicion, expecting to hear a pitiful story, with a pathetic appeal for assistance. He was dressed in ill-fitting black clothes; a black silk handkerchief was wound around his neck in many folds, no shirt-collar being visible. His hands looked rough and horny, like those of a laboring man. No trace of whisker appeared on his well-shaven face, and a certain good-natured expression which it wore was marred by a villainous squint. He was apparently about sixty; his hair was quite gray, and was arranged upon each of his temples in those strong circular curls, which are vulgarly known as "Newgate kneecracks." Altogether, he had a most unprepossessing appearance, something like what you would expect to see in a retired burglar. He stood, hat in hand, before my desk, respectfully waiting until I should be disengaged. He then said, apologetically:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but could I speak to you for a few minutes?"

I replied, of course, that I was at his service, whereupon he seemed to become confused, shifted uneasily from foot to foot, and twirled his hat nervously. He had evidently something to say, but did not know how to begin.

"You see, sir," he said at last, "I've just come back to England from Australia. I've got a little bit of money as I don't know what to do with, not being a scollard; so I thought I'd come in and ask your advice, sir, and whether you'd take care of it for me."

I made no reply, but waited. The first appearance of the man had aroused my suspicions, and these were increased when he produced from some mysterious pocket a very dirty leather bag, tied with a string. He opened it, and handed over to me a packet, consisting of bank-notes and new Australian sovereigns, amounting to two thousand pounds. He then produced out of an old pocket-book a document, which proved to be a draft upon the London branch of one of the largest Australian banks for five thousand pounds.

In reply to my question, he told me that his name was Ebenezer Knott—he showed a noble indifference to the spelling—and verified his assertion by showing me an envelope addressed to him in that name. He informed me that he had been in Australia for more than twenty years, having gone out there at the period of the great gold fever to seek his fortune. He had formerly been a "coaster" in London, he said, and thought he should be as well able to rough it in the "bush" as would many gentlemen who were going out there at the time. Anyhow he was strong, and was not afraid of work. He did not inform me in what way he had contrived to pay his passage out—he seemed disinclined to speak about it. I have my own suspicions on the subject, but I shall probably be safe in asserting that his emigration was "assisted." His success was not great at the diggings; "a lot of hard work," he informed me, "and standing in a river all day, and only getting as much as paid your way. We didn't find no big nuggets; me and my pals was glad to get a little dust, but sometimes the 'swells' used to manage to find some good ones."

The gang was soon broken up, and Knott next started a spirit-store at Scott's Rush. The store became the resort of some of the richest men of the place, who used it as a kind of exchange or club. By degrees Knott's Store grew to Knott's Hotel, which Mrs. Knott managed with great skill and success. Ebenezer had now reached the height of his ambition, and he was happy. His wealth had increased without his care or effort; everything he bought seemed immediately to increase in value. But just at this time a great blow came, which nearly broke his heart. A malignant fever broke out at Scott's Rush, and Mrs. Knott fell a victim to it. Poor Ebenezer was disconsolate, for he was now left altogether alone in the world. He hated the place which had been the scene of so great a misery to him, although it had been also that of all his fortune. He conceived an intense yearning to return to the old country, and longed to find himself once more among the old familiar faces and streets of London. He there-

fore determined to realize his property, and return with it to England; "not as a gentleman, you know, sir," he added, apologetically, "but in order to see my native land again, and, perhaps, be able to help some of my old pals who have not been so fortunate in life."

There was something so genuine in the tone and manner in which this narrative was told me that I could not refuse to give it at least a partial credence. I therefore opened a deposit account in his name, and received from him seven thousand pounds. It was a difficulty that he could neither read nor write, although he informed me, with a certain air of triumph, that he could make a cross "which it would lick anybody to copy." He therefore signed his mark in the signature-book with a great many intricate flourishes, back strokes and dots, which quite justified his description of it, and I proceeded to fill up and sign the deposit receipt. When I offered it to him, however, he drew back with a comical look of dignity.

"I don't want no receipt, sir," he said. "Do you think I can't trust you? Why, sir, I think my money's as safe in this here bank as in any place on earth."

I explained to him that it was not a question of confidence, but a rule and custom, and that, without the receipt, it would be difficult for him to draw the money out. This seemed to disconcert him, and he replied:

"Well, and supposing I was to lose the blessed paper, and some cove was to bring it here and get the money out; what good would it do me? No, no, sir! I reckon as you are not likely to forget my phiz; and when I comes again, with or without papers, I know you'll do the right thing. Look here, sir," he continued, firmly, seeing that I still held the paper out to him, "if you give me that there paper I'll tear it up, as sure as my name is Ebenezer Knott."

After much argument, I consented to keep the receipt in my desk for him, and he departed after making bold to offer a pinch of snuff to all the clerks in the vicinity of the counter.

About a week after this our nerves were upset by the strains of a large organ, which was being played outside the bank-windows. This excited the more surprise as no organs are allowed in the city during business hours. Thomas, the old bank-porter, went out with an air of official importance, and endeavored to silence the player. The latter, however, was an Italian, who either could not or would not understand, and Thomas's efforts were for some time unavailing. At length the arrival of a policeman on the scene put a sudden end, in the middle of a bar, to the music. The policeman seized the horse by the bridle, and led it off with the organ and the much-gesticulating Italian to the Mansion House. We were still laughing at the suddenness of the catastrophe, when Mr. Knott entered in a state of great agitation. He informed me that he had purchased the organ and the horse, and had engaged the services of the Italian, with the object of making a tour with them in the provinces. Previous to leaving London, however, he had resolved upon treating the bank to a serenade, in order to show us at once his gratitude and the superior nature of the instrument. He had no notion that in doing this he was breaking the regulations of the city, which must have been made, he said, since he left London; and he was deeply mortified at having been interfered with by the police. As I happened to know one of the officials at the Mansion House, I accompanied him there, and speedily put matters right for him.

At his earnest request I called upon him at the Old Bell in Holborn, where he was staying, on my way home from the city that evening. He began by expressing the gratification which my visit had given him, and his sense of the honor I had done him. He then entered at once on the business concerning which he wished to consult me.

He informed me that, when he left this country twenty years ago, he had had many friends, and that one reason of his returning to it had been that he wished to see if he could not do some good to them or their children. He had devoted much time, and had gone to some expense, in tracking them out, and had found that nearly all of them had either died or had taken to bad courses. Many of them were in prison. Their wives had taken to drinking, and their children to worse vices still. He was soon convinced that nothing could be done for them, and that any pecuniary help which he might give them would probably be badly applied. He saw clearly that the only effective means he could take to assist them would be by taking from them the children who were young enough to be reclaimed, and giving them "a dedication as their parents 'adn't 'ad." He proposed to place five of these at small schools, and after a few years' training to apprentice them to different trades, such as carpenters, masons, bricklayers, etc. The parents of these five had consented to part with their children; but now came the difficulty. He didn't know how to set about it—what schools to select, how to provide for the payment of their fees, and those of their subsequent apprenticeship, and so on.

So he appealed to me as a "scollard" to assist him. He said he had been much disappointed on returning to England, where he found himself utterly friendless and isolated, and had made up his mind to go back to Australia after a time; there at least he knew that his money would gain for him a consideration which he saw it would not get him in London. He laid it all down to his want of "dedication."

Much moved by the simple and disinterested generosity of this rough and illiterate man, and by the strong common sense which had marked his application of it, I willingly offered to render him all the assistance in my power, and suggested that he should appoint three trustees to carry out his wishes, adding that I should be happy to ask three charitable gentlemen of position to act in that character. The old man's eyes grew moist and gleamed with pleasure, and his face assumed an expression of kindness and goodness which quite effaced the roughness and uncomeliness which a hard life had impressed upon it. He thanked me warmly for my proposition, but said he would only assent to it upon one condition, which was that I should consent to be one of the

trustees myself. It was then agreed that I should ask the manager of the bank and another gentleman I knew, both of whom were interested in the education of the poor, to act with me.

"And now, sir," he continued, drawing his chair nearer to me, speaking in a mysterious whisper, and looking cautiously round, as if he feared that there might be some listener concealed in the room, "I want you to do me another favor. When I was in Australia I invested a goodish sum in Government Stocks, which pay me very well. They gave me a lot of bonds for it," he added, in an undertone, "and I'm blest'd if I know what to do with the blessed papers. I always carry them about with me, and they're a perfect torment; 'cos if anybody was to steal them from me, you know, or if I was to lose them, they wouldn't pay me the interest. So I wanted to ask you if you'd mind taking care of them for me."

I told him he could leave them at the bank, and that they would be properly taken care of for him. He then went up to his room and returned with a parcel wrapped in a very dirty newspaper, tied with a string, and proceeded to open it. What was my surprise when I found it contained New South Wales bonds to the tune of ten thousand pounds!

"Why, Mr. Knott!" I exclaimed, "you are a rich man. That makes seventeen thousand pounds!"

"Why, yes, sir!" he replied, humbly, "I have been very lucky, and that's a fact. But, besides this, I've got a mortgage on some property in Australia for three thousand five hundred pounds. And the money ain't no use; I wish it was. I should like to make it useful, if I could, to some of those poor boys I see every day playing in the courts and alleys here."

"Well," I said, "it is very good of you. And I think you are quite right in putting those bonds into a place of safety, so bring them to the bank and I will arrange it for you."

I then took my leave, with much difficulty resisting his oppressive hospitality.

The next day Knott appeared with his bundle of securities, which I placed in the strong-room of the bank. I had spoken to the manager and to the friend I had mentioned to Knott, and had had no difficulty in persuading them to act as trustees with me. I arranged for an interview between them and Knott at the offices of the bank's solicitors, where he gave instructions for the drawing up of the trust deed. We were all much surprised when Knott, after many preliminary coughs and much clearing of the throat, announced that he would at once transfer five thousand pounds to the credit of the trust. He gave instructions that the income of this sum, or of any other moneys which he might in future transfer to it, were to be applied, as far as they would go, to the education and apprenticeship of any destitute children we might select, giving the preference at first to the five whom he named.

"And mind you, sir," he said, addressing the solicitor, "I want you to put it in writing that these boys and girls are to be brought to earn their bread honestly, and not to be made ladies and gentlemen of. Let the girls be sent to service, and the boys be taught useful trades. All the rest I leave to these gentlemen, who will do the right thing. And I want them to be able to send these boys and girls, when they have learned their business, to the colonies, where they can get on better than they can in this country, if so be that they're industrious and not afraid of work. That's my experience."

In a few days' time the deed was drawn up and signed, the money transferred to the new account, and the children indicated sent to industrial schools.

Shortly after this Knott took his leave, and started upon his musical tour. For about four months we heard no more of him; but one day in the late Autumn he reappeared, his face and hands very much bronzed, and altogether looking in much better health. I took him into the manager's room, and he then related to us the story of his travels. He had traveled with his organ along the whole southern coast of England, from Margate to Falmouth, and had returned through Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, to Bristol, and thence by train to London. He had enjoyed himself "splendid," he said, and would have gone further, only that the organ wanted some repairs.

"We have lived like fighting-cocks," he said, "and I've made about eighty pounds over and above expenses. And now, sir," he continued, confidently, "you remember what I told you at the Old Bell that day? I've made up my mind to go back to Australia for a spell, and I shall come back again in a couple of years' time. But before I go, I want to add the rest of the money you have of mine in bonds to the other for the poor children."

I endeavored to dissuade him, pointing out how inconvenient it would be for him if he should in any way lose the remainder of his fortune. He laughed cheerily and said:

"Oh, never fear for me. I shall fall on my feet all right, as I always have. Besides, I'm not so old but what I can earn my living as I always did. I've got now five hundred pounds in bank-notes, and after paying my passage I shall have enough left to live upon with what I can make."

At his earnest request I accompanied him to Liverpool and saw him safely on board his ship.

When taking leave his eyes filled with tears and his voice faltered with emotion.

"God bless you, sir," he said, pressing my hand, "and may He reward you for your charity in looking after these poor children!"

And he brushed his eyes with his horny hand, and turned away. Then pulling himself together, as with an effort, he said: "Excuse me, sir, for being such a fool, but I'm only a poor ignorant man, and no scollard," he added, with a sob which fairly choked him. "I'll see you soon again, sir; you'll find I'll come back, like a bad shilling."

I could not trust myself to speak, but wrung his hand and left the ship.

When I reached the shore I looked back, and saw him standing at the ship's side, the wind blowing about his long gray hair while he waved me a last farewell.

The events I have mentioned took place many years ago, but no word has reached me of Knott since then, although I have made inquiries concerning him in all the principal cities in Australia. Perhaps he may return some day unexpectedly, as

I hope he will, and be rejoiced, as I have been, at the happy fruits of his disinterested charity. By means of it forty children have already been rescued from the influence of vice and infamy, apprenticed to trades, or sent into service according to their sex. Ten of them have been already sent out to New South Wales, and are prospering.

AN AMERICAN POET'S HOME.

A GLITTERING morning in the past week found the writer en route to Cragie House, the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, situated at Cambridge, about three and a half miles from the City of Boston. The lines of the poet have fallen in pleasant places. There is an atmosphere of fascinating repose in the dreamy old-world village, its quaint, dignified homesteads, its lordly elms, its venerable tangled greenery—a village in which edifices more than a century old frown reprovingly upon a few small, flippant *parvenu* residences that have sprung up like mushrooms "in the span of the night"—a village where, at every turn, one expects to encounter ladies of state and dignity attired in mob caps and mittens, or grave old courtiers, be-ruffled, be-wigged and be-sworded. The blood-red finger of Autumn was upon the foliage, and the yellow leaves clung to the brave old trees oozing the last heart-throb of Summer in drops of gold, as we entered the grounds attached to the mansion commonly known by the Bostonians as Washington's House. This ancient mansion formerly belonged to Colonel John Vassal, by whom it was built in the early part of the eighteenth century, and is considerably more than a hundred years old, as Colonel Vassal expired in it in 1747. It is supposed that the house was built in the year 1733. After the death of Colonel Vassal his son inhabited it. At the commencement of the Revolution it was occupied by Hon. Jonathan Sewall, and on the 2d July, 1775, on the arrival of Washington, it became the headquarters of the great captain. Mrs. Washington, who arrived in Cambridge on the 11th of December of the same year, resided in it during her sojourn in New England. After this it was inhabited by Andrew Cragie, the Apothecary-General of the Northern Army. The house then passed to Thomas Tracy, a nabob, whose servants drank costly wines from carved pitchers. "Spacious times," as the old chronicler words that period of milk and honey. Mr. Tracy was the owner of privateers that scoured the seas, compelling hostile galleons to surrender their sunniest juices, and West Indianmen to disgorge silks, satins, fruits and spices. "Spacious times" of a verity! In 1792 Andrew Cragie purchased the estate and dwelt in the old hall until his demise in 1819, his widow surviving him until 1841. In 1843 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow became possessor of Cragie House, in which he has resided, as he informed the writer, for over forty years. He sees what Washington saw; the same placid meadow-lands, the same undulating horizon, the same calm stream and broad green reaches sloping to the Charles River, with the gentle Milton hills as a background. Talleyrand, periwigged and powdered, has dined at Cragie House, while Edward Everett, Jared Sparks and Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, have spent some time within its walls. What a bright page in the history of its country, what a golden link, what a blossoming garland, is the home of our poet!—a home where, soaring in the high regions of his fancy, he is surrounded by the glories of the past, and "wined" in the mellowness of a still more glorious present.

The house stands some little distance back from the street—Mount Auburn Street—in the midst of stately elms, one of which Mr. Longfellow has recently "topped" at the suggestion of Mr. Walter, proprietor of the London *Times*, while that high and mighty personage was visiting him. The mansion is of wood, two stories in height, with a high slated roof, from out of which two perky-looking windows peep like a pair of watchful eyes between chimneys that stand up as listening ears. The top of the roof is flat and railed. Four pillars support the facade, while shady verandas stretch upon either side. The house is painted cream color, the pillars white, the sun-blinds bright green. A flight of steps leads up to the hall-door, upon which a glittering brass knocker disports itself in swaggering brassiness. The hall is square and carpeted. Opposite the door is the staircase, and upon the first landing stands an old Dutch clock, mounted in brass devices, and crowned with a figure of Father Time brandishing his scythe. We paused reverently before this faithful chronicler of the golden hours set in diamond minutes that flash past us on the river of life, mentally repeating Mr. Longfellow's lines:

"Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw.
And from its station in the hall,
An ancient time-piece says to all:
'For ever—never!
Never—for ever!'"

Two oil-paintings hang upon the walls, one of them representing a monk trudging by the side of a mule laden with firewood. Upon the right hand is the study.

Longfellow's study! The mind becomes filled, as with a subtle essence of the beautiful, at its mere mention. What glorious dreaming, what golden fancy, what glittering weaving has lighted up this inner sanctuary as with dayshine—great thoughts, great feelings trooping in like angelic visitants upon a sheen of dazzling light. The stream flowing from Mr. Longfellow's soul—deep, calm, beautiful and pure—reflects no shape of ill; evil finds no glancing mirror in its pellucid waters. It may be said, as was written over "poor Goldsmith," *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*—he touches nothing that he does not adorn. What tender grace hangs round Mr. Longfellow's creations like a perfume. "Hyperion," whose course is as that of a river wandering at its own sweet will. "Evangeline," simple, earnest, graceful, true—that charming picture of rural life and rural love. "The Golden Legend," that human heart-throb of tenderness and devotion. "Hiawatha," that wondrous song of Indian life, glowing with color and with light. Ballads familiar in our mouths as household words. Songs and sonnets, touching in their earnest purity as the prayers of children. From Longfellow's Study has come forth the teeming treasures of his brain as gems from the enchanted cave in the Oriental tale. Longfellow's Study! and we paused on the threshold while memory woo'd us with one soft caress laden with the perfume of the poetry of the man into whose presence we were about to enter.

When, after the battle of Bunker Hill, the house was allotted to General Washington as his

quarters, the apartment which Mr. Longfellow now uses as his sanctum was then devoted to the same purpose by the great commander, many of Washington's unpublished letters being indited in this particular room. We were received by Mr. Longfellow with a high-bred courtesy and that exquisite finish of manner perfect as the *ad unguem* attributed to Phidias. He was seated in the chair, as represented in the drawing, and engaged in the perusal of his new poem, still in its cradle, and not yet known to fame—"Keramos." This poem treats of Ceramic or Ceramic art—Mr. Longfellow, out of his scholarship, using the Greek K—and will be published before the coming year. He will not stoop to conquer Wedgewood or Sevres, but will roam at his sweet will in magical Italian iridescence, Egyptian color, and the vivid hues of China—traveling in his weird song from Indus to the Pole. "It is an old love of mine," he said, "and one I wooed in an earlier poem," alluding to the lines upon the colored tiles in the fireplace of the room over our heads, which had been Washington's bedchamber. The study is square, low-ceilinged and paneled. The fireplace is of the Georgian era, as is also the high wire fender. Bookcases in carved oak, the magic tracery of which would put a Belgian altarscreen—even that of Verbruggen's at Antwerp—to the blush, surround the apartment. These shelves contain a choice collection of choice editions of authors, amongst which we noticed the works of De Quincey, Irving, Bacon, Milton, Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, *et hoc genus omne*. The walls are decorated with two portraits of the poet himself, whose "eye in fine frenzy rolling" is as bright to-day as in the picture of that enthusiastic, yet dreamy-looking, youth of five and twenty. Mr. Longfellow's eye flashes like that of an eagle's, caresses like that of a woman's, and, if he reaps "the harvest of a quiet eye," he is assuredly possessed of a soul-window "like Mars, to threaten and command." Portraits of Sumner, Emerson, Felton and Hawthorne gaze at the visitor from the walls, Hawthorne's being especially vivid. The future author of the "Scarlet Letter" was a classmate of the poet's, a retiring youth, noted for a peculiarly shaped coat ornamented with brass buttons. Portraits of Washington and his wife, by Schapless, hang over the doorway, while opposite, upon an oaken table, stands a bust of Greene the historian, by Crawford, and above it a statuette of Dante. A bust of Shakespeare crowns a bookcase to the right. A high desk is situated near a window, at which the poet occasionally writes, but not often; while at an open desk, upon a round table in the centre of the apartment, are those glorious soul-whisperings revealed, which vibrate through the hearts of men like strains of music "when soft voices die."

A circular mirror, the fashion of the bygone time, surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, adorns the panel over the fireplace. In the right-hand corner, as the visitor enters, stands an old upright clock, but not the clock, which gives its "Never, for ever" in a dozy, dreamy way. Upon a small table a photograph of the ghost of Hamlet's father, from the piece of sculpture of Thomas Gould, sternly confronts the poet.

"I have some curious and priceless relics here," said Mr. Longfellow, presenting us with the waste-paper basket of "Tommy" Moore, a shabby-looking little straw common thing, just large enough to contain those gilt-edged invitations from double duchesses, and lords-in-waiting, which the charming warbler loved to receive.

"This is Coleridge's inkstand, presented to me by S. C. Hall," said our host; and, as we gazed upon it, we mused that to this ebullient font came the hand that gave the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" to an enraptured world. Mr. Longfellow next showed us a Samian cup from a Brito-Roman tomb excavated in Yorkshire, and an agate vase and mountings chiseled by the marvelous Benvenuto Cellini, a veritable *rara avis in terris*. The centre-table is littered with books, presentations from illustrious authors and fledgelings from trembling, unknown ones. "I always keep Tom Taylor's Breton ballads upon my table," said the poet; "they are exquisitely refreshing. Here are two volumes of a work I am engaged upon, 'Poems of Places.' There is nothing original of mine about this work. Sixteen volumes have been published here and four in England. The poems solely refer to localities. This work also lies near my hand, 'London, its Celebrated Characters and Places,' given me by Mr. Walter, of the Times."

Mr. Longfellow spoke very eulogistically of Tennyson, preferring his "Maude," and purely lyric poems. He considers the last act of Harold intensely dramatic, immensely powerful. He admires much of Browning and much of Swinburne, comparing the latter's gift of word-play to a juggler keeping half a dozen balls in the air to the awe and astonishment of all beholders. He revels in Rossetti's translations from the Italian, possessing as they do, that exquisite finish so dear to the inner heart of the true poet. With the song "La Neige," Mr. Longfellow expressed himself perfectly charmed. Asking Mr. Longfellow what he thought of Byron, "Byron makes the blood leap!" was his reply. "Every poet should be taken at his best, and at his best he should be criticised. Byron, at his best, makes the blood leap."

In reverting to the prose writers, our host gave the palm to Thackeray, exclaiming, enthusiastically, "I consider that 'Esmond' is the best written work in English fiction." Of Wilkie Collins's power of weaving a story, Mr. Longfellow spoke admiringly, making special mention of the introduction to "No Name."

The question of copyright having come upon the tapis, *apropos* of the burlesque of "Evangeline," which the poet was glad to learn possessed no relation to the poem save in the title of the piece, our host pronounced a very decided opinion with reference to its anomalous position, concluding with: "Copyright is the only property the law does not protect, and one might as well lay down that, after a man's building a house, and enjoying it for a short time, that another person is to come in and take possession of it."

Mr. Longfellow has no preference for any of his own works. "One may have a favorite child," he said, "but it is not so with me. If I possessed any leanings, they might go out towards the 'Golden Legend'; but I place 'Evangeline,' 'Hyperion,' and the 'Golden Legend,' in the same category. When I read some of the old songs, I recall the special atmosphere in which they were written, and I read them as though I were another man." Having asked him if any of his sonnets were composed under exceptional circumstances, he replied in the affirmative, stating that "The Two Angels" was written upon an occasion of joy and of sorrow, of pleasure and pain—joy, at the birth of his daughter; sorrow, upon the death of the wife of his friend Lowell, now Minister at Spain.

Mr. Longfellow is of opinion that no young aspirant to literary fame should marry, unless he be possessed of an independence outside the realms of fiction. Something tangible, which would ease off the corroding anxiety for the Lares and Penates, the wife and child, that eats like a cancer, emaculating brain-work. Uneven writing is the

inevitable outcome of struggling authorship—that ghastly conflict between the brain and bread-and-butter. A young *littérateur* should woo wisely and well, and build up a name, together with some weather-protection against the rainy day, ere he plunges into "wedded misery"; for such the poet was pleased to designate the condition of the impecunious *ménage*.

We accompanied Mr. Longfellow through the brave old house, rich in paneling and quaint coigns of vantage. In the library, the chamber formerly occupied by Washington's aides-de-camp, are two illustrations by Birket Foster of "Hyperion."

"I have had the great good fortune," observed our distinguished *cicerone*, "to have my books illustrated by two masters, Gilbert and Birket Foster, Gilbert doing the figures, Foster the landscapes."

Bookcases are scattered all through the mansion, in halls, in passages, in every available nook, all of the richly-carved oak to which their owner is so much attached. In the apartment in which Washington slept, the poet wrote "Hyperion," that true romance, that beaker of the wine of youth; also "Voices of the Night." The portrait of a Venetian Senator by Tintoretto, and a likeness of David, challenge attention, especially the former, the flesh tints being still wondrously luminous. A portrait of Liszt, the composer, is also included in Mr. Longfellow's collection.

Fain would we have lingered within the charms of the place, within the spell of the "Autumn fruitage of a mind eminent for the fragrance and luxuriance of its early blossoms, and whose golden Summer has not unbeset the promise of its Spring"; but the magic-wave hour had passed, and we were compelled, *bon gré mal gré*, to turn Bostonwards. Before parting, Mr. Longfellow pointed out to us the quaint old mansion wherein the Baron Riedesel, commander of the Hessians, and his wife, were prisoners on parole subsequent to the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga; also the magnificent old elm beneath which Washington took command of the American Army on the 3d of July, 1775.

Mr. Longfellow resides at Craigie House, save when he visits his cottage by the sea at Nahant, whither he repairs during the season of Summer. The poet said many things of many men which we would fain reproduce here, but as they were not intended to go forth to the public they shall perforce remain but as treasured memories. Mr. Longfellow looks hale and full of suppressed fire. His eye blazes beneath his shaggy brows, and his white hair rolls off his noble forehead in a lordly, lion-like way. If Time has dared to sow a few deep wrinkles on his brow, they have borne but little harvest, while the vitality in the whole face bids them a bold defiance. When interested, his brows contract, and his look of intense concentration possesses a magic all its own. His beard is white and of that stubborn growth that bespeaks a vigorous constitution. In speaking he uses considerable action, especially with his hands—hands that in themselves possess expression. Soon may we quaff from a fresh beaker the rich autumnal wine of Mr. Longfellow's fancy, soon revel in his images and precious thoughts that shall not die!

A MASK FOR FIREMEN.

THE accompanying cut represents a novel Smoke-excluding Mask or Respirator, for the purpose of enabling persons to pass through or remain in smoke or gases for an indefinite time. The apparatus, according to the picture, consists of a combined mask and cap of india-rubber, that fits tightly to the head, the mouth and nose being connected by a mouthpiece and one or more tubes with filters containing moistened sponges, which filters are in turn connected by tubes with an elastic



water receptacle strapped around the neck or body so as to re-supply from time to time the sponges in the filters with the required degree of moisture by a slight pressure on the receptacle. Many valuable lives are often sacrificed at fires through suffocation by smoke or gases, also much property is destroyed by water, the firemen being unable to locate the fire with precision on account of the smoke. This invention is calculated to remedy such disasters.

Elephants as Timber Carriers.

"ONE of the great industries of Burmah," says Dr. Field, "is the timber trade. The teak wood, which is the chief timber cut and shipped, is very heavy and requires prodigious force to handle it; and as the Burmese are not enough advanced to use machinery for the purpose, they employ elephants, and bravely do the noble beasts perform their task. In the timber yards, both at Rangoon and Maulmain, all the heavy work of drawing and piling the logs is done by them. I have never seen animals showing such intelligence and trained to such docility and obedience. In the yard that we visited there were seven elephants, five of which were at that moment at work. Their wonderful strength came into play in moving huge pieces of timber. I did not measure the logs, but should

think that many were at least twenty feet long and a foot square. Yet a male elephant would stoop down, and run his tusks under a log, and throw his trunk over it, and walk off with it as lightly as a gentleman would balance his bamboo-cane on the top of his finger. Placing it on the pile, he would measure it with his eye, and if it projected too far at either end, would walk up to it, and, with a gentle push or pull, would make the pile even.

"If a still heavier log needed to be moved on the ground to some part of the yard, the mahout, sitting on the elephant's head, would tell him what to do, and the great creature seemed to have a perfect understanding of his master's will. He would put out his enormous foot and push it along, or he would bend his head, and, crouching half way to the ground and doubling up his trunk in front, throw his whole weight against it, and thus like a ram would 'butt' the log into its place; or, if it needed to be taken a greater distance, he would put a chain around it and drag it off behind him. The female elephant especially was employed in drawing, as having no tusks she could not lift like her big brothers, but could only move by her power of traction or attraction. Then using her trunk as deftly as a lady would use her fingers, she would untie the knot or unhitch the chain and return to her master, perhaps putting out her trunk to receive a banana as a reward for her good conduct. It was a very pretty sight, and gave us a new idea of the value of these noble creatures and of the way in which they can be trained for the service of man."

Great Men at Play.

CARDINAL MAZARIN is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs arranged in positions varying the difficulty of clearing them. On one occasion he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entered the room, and surprised the cardinal in his undignified pursuit. It was an embarrassing position, for Mazarin, he knew, was as haughty as he was eccentric. But the young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the interest in the proceeding, he said, with well-feigned earnestness, "I will bet your Eminence two gold pieces I can beat that jump." He had struck the right chord, and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with the Prime Minister, whom he took care not to beat; he lost his two gold pieces, but he gained before long a mitre.

Samuel Clarke relieved his theological pursuits in the same way, and on seeing a pedantic fellow approaching, said to the pupil who was sharing his amusement, "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming in."

Old Burton, the author of the "Anatomie of Melancholy," the only book which got Dr. Johnson out of his bed two hours before he intended to rise, found his chief recreation in going down to Folly-bridge, at Oxford, and listening to the ribaldry of the bargees. It was well for him that he could not read the stinging reproach which Dante represents himself as receiving from Virgil for a similar weakness.

Byron's great delight was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick, and that he practiced more methodically than any other thing in his decidedly unmethodical life.

Henry V. was devoted to tennis, and Philip, the great Duke of Burgundy, spent much of his leisure time, and we may add, enormous sums of money also, in contriving houses full of *diableries*, such as hidden trap-doors, spring snares, and the like. He would then invite some stranger inside, and the miseries of this unfortunate being—who would find himself at one time falling through space, at another time soused in water, or banged with sacks which came tumbling, charged with flour, on his bewildered head—afforded infinite amusement to his eccentric torturer.

Old Butterflies.

THERE are absurdities in the role of butterfly past the proper limits of butterfly existence, which are wholly unconnected with questions of bearing and costume. In the orthodox flutter from flower to flower, portly butterflies, somewhat ripe in years, do not always alight on blossoms sufficiently stolid and mature to bear them. The majority of very young men have a proverbial tenderness for the butterfly whose form is not too ethereal, and who has had some experience in the art of fluttering. Their enjoyment of the unequal flirtation is frank and boyish, and not unpleasant to behold; but their simplicity and good faith do not invariably add to the grace or dignity of their partners in the play, who are apt, at times, to approach a position bordering on the grotesque. Nor, as the years pass over her, and the effort to flutter and look delightfully spring-like becomes limper and lamer, does one feel any sort of esteem for the restless *materfamilias*, eager as ever for a plunge into the whirlwind of *poudre à la Maréchale* she has always called "life." The wings of the butterfly hang flabby and feeble, but the soul of the butterfly is there. She is hunting for a seat in a box on a first night, an invitation to line a ball-room for five hours, a card for a dinner, a ticket for a show, when the poor old figure ought to be healthy, graceful, perhaps happy, in an armchair, by the fireside, and busy with her knitting-needles—if those instruments are not obsolete.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Turkish War Pictures.

Much interest has been felt by those who have paid any degree of attention to the Russian campaign in Turkey to the recent operations of Mahomet Ali Pasha's army, between the river Lom and the river Jantra, against the army of the Czarowitz resting on Biela. The important actions that took place at Karahassankoi and at Kaceljevo (or Kazelevo) have been described. Some of our engravings this week represent stirring incidents of the battle at Kaceljevo, fought on September 5th, when the Russians were driven back from the Lom, and were forced to retire upon the Jantra. One of these represents a Turkish soldier in the midst of the conflict, bravely risking himself in defense of his brother. Another shows a party of Turkish officers interrogating a wounded Russian whom the chances of the battle threw into their hands. By September 7th all the important Russian positions on the other side of the Lom, opposite Kazelevo and at Popkol, were voluntarily abandoned, and it seemed the intention of the Czarowitz to concentrate the forces at his disposal in this quarter of the seat of war at Biela. The corps commanded by Achmet Eyoob Pasha was stationed at Kazelevo; that under Prince Hassan on the line between Karahassankoi and Sarasulfar, his advanced posts taking up ground on the left bank of the Lom. The Gravitz redoubt, which protects the right wing of the Turkish position at Plevna, is the subject

of another of our pictures, illustrating the situation in side the Turkish lines.

Inside the Russian Lines.

As a counterpart to our selections of foreign pictures this week, illustrating scenes and incidents inside the lines of the Turkish army on the Danube, we present our readers with several engravings the originals of which were sketched inside the lines of the Russian army of invasion. The two illustrations of the Czar's personal habitations in the field serve to show the humble straits to which that imperial autocrat is reduced in forcing his way to the possession of a "Winter capital" at Constantinople. The Czar's residence at Gorny-Studen is a house which belonged to a rich Bulgarian, who was not only a friend of the Turks, but had even secretly become a Mohammedan. When the Turkish population fled, this Bulgarian fled with them, and his house is now the temporary residence of the Emperor. Round about it tents have been put up for the persons attached to the imperial headquarters. Another sketch portrays the village of Shipka and the various Turkish positions on the heights round Fort St. Nicholas, seen in the centre of the sketch, the only position held by the Russians in the Shipka Pass, but one of such strength that it is almost impregnable, although nearly surrounded by the Turks. Moreover, as the northern portion of the fortress abuts on the Gabrova road, the Russians are thus able to convey supplies and reinforcements, notwithstanding all the efforts of Chaki Pasha, who holds the heights commanding the road.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—AN agricultural exhibition was recently held at Grahamstown, South Africa.

—UNTIL recently human as well as animal bones were used in French sugar-refineries; in fact, the former were as lately as 1858 sent from Algeria to France.

—Two thousand American business firms are awaiting the official recognition of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, by Congress, before arranging for the exhibition of their goods.

—AARIFI PASHA, the newly-appointed Turkish Ambassador to France, has no less than fourteen wives. If he takes them all with him, Ambassadors in Paris will fall to a sad discount.

—A DETACHMENT of artillery, while recently practicing among the Shropshire hills, miscalculated the range and threw thirteen cannon-balls into the village of Minton, two miles away.

—IN 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill believed to have been the first in the world which combined all the requirements of making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

—REPORTS from the vine-growing regions of France indicate that the wine of 1877, if not as good as that of last year, will be better than that of 1875. The prices bid for it are unusually high.

—A GRAND exhibition of butter, cheese and eggs will be held at Chicago December 18th and 20th. Premiums to the amount of three thousand dollars are offered, and competition is open to the dairymen of the world.

—IN the Cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise, in Paris, there is a grave from which rises a woman's arm, beautifully chiseled in marble. The hand is clasped by another, evidently a man's that comes from an adjoining grave. It was the fancy of a young husband who did not long survive his bride.

—A TERRIBLE famine is now desolating the north of China and the Ghoras, and the inhabitants are dying by thousands. The famine is principally due to a host of grasshoppers, which has ravished the plantations for 200 miles inland, and the plague has come to aggravate the existing horrors.

—OVER twenty million dollars of gold yearly passes over the gold balance scales in the United States Mint. A new balance has just been made, having a capacity of ten thousand troy ounces (about six hundred pounds) in each pan. The beam measures five feet six inches in length, is mounted on agate bearings, and is sensible to one grain when loaded.

—THE Methodist missions in Mexico, although only a few years old, have become quite strong. An illustrated paper is published in the City of Mexico which has 1,200 subscribers, and the members of Guanajuato are contributing towards the support of the mission. Missions of all denominations have been more successful in Mexico than in any other country.

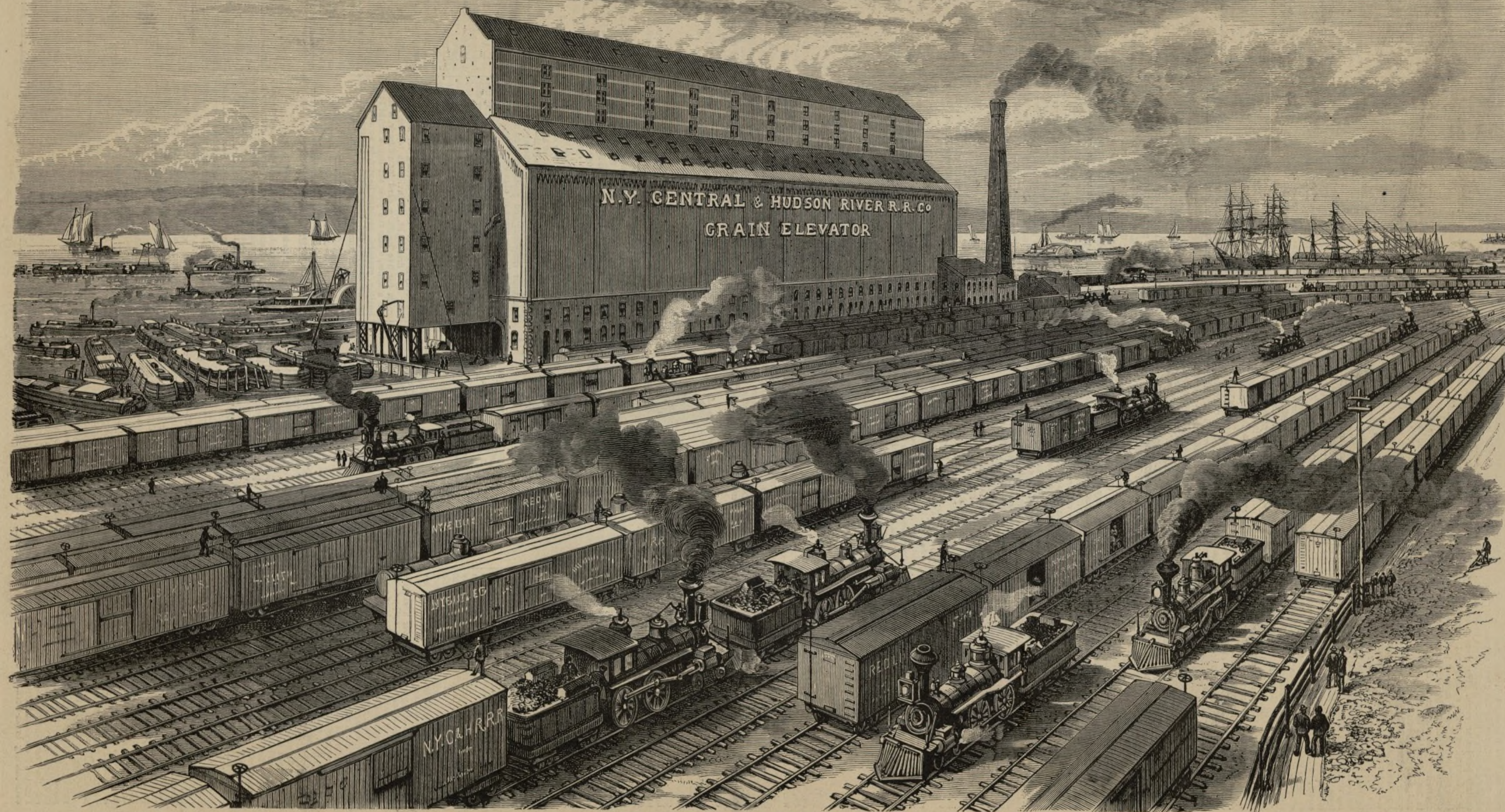
—ELECTRICITY has been applied to a novel use in the East Indies. A platinum wire connected with the poles of a battery is stretched around a tree, and becoming red hot, is gently sawed until it burns its way through. It is thought that a tree can be cut down without any waste of timber in about fifteen minutes that would require two hours to fell in the ordinary way.

—A TEST of character. An Englishman, an Italian, a Frenchman and a German are dining together. A fly finds its way into the full glass of each. What happens? The Englishman throws the glass and its contents out of the window; the Italian empties his glass on the floor; the Frenchman carefully removes the fly with the handle of a fork; while the stolid, by no means particular, German swallows the liquor, fly and all.

—THE San Francisco Bulletin has the following: A package was delivered by Wells, Fargo & Co. today at the Bulletin office from Cincinnati. "The charges," said the agent, "are \$6.80 in currency, or if you have no currency, then \$6.90 in silver, or \$6.70 in gold. You can pay in either kind of money, but on the above basis." These are every day occurrences. The much-despised greenback is at last worth more than any silver coin. The long looked for day when specie payments would be resumed has arrived.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

THE theatrical announcements for the week ending November the 3d, are as follows: The Union Square Theatre will present "Pink Dominoes." . . . Mr. Joseph Jefferson appears every evening at Booth's Theatre, Saturdays excepted, in his world-wide rôle of Rip Van Winkle. "Under the Gaslight" on Saturday evening. . . . Wood's Theatre, Brooklyn, will have as the stellar attraction Mr. Wallace Grant in "Remorse," while the Park, in the same city, will introduce Mr. George Rignold. . . . "Marriage" continues the attraction at Wallack's, no change being necessary. . . . This is the last week of Opera Bouffe at the Broadway Theatre. . . . The "London Circus" at Gilmore's Garden meets with greater success than the management anticipated. . . . The Fifth Avenue Theatre will for the present continue English Opera. . . . At Tony Pastor's Opera House and the Theatre Comique variety entertainments are announced. The addition of fifty young box constrictors to the other attractions at the Aquarium will be the features of the week. . . . Mr. John P. Smith will introduce the "Danites" to Brooklynites this week, Mr. McKee Rankin and wife in the leading rôles.



NEW YORK.—THE GRAIN MOVEMENT FROM THE WEST—ARRIVAL OF ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF GRAIN AT THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER ELEVATOR, FOOT OF SIXTY-FIRST STREET, NORTH RIVER.—SEE PAGE 159.

NOVEMBER 10, 1877.]



MASSACHUSETTS.—AN AMERICAN POET'S HOME—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY, IN THE OLD WASHINGTON HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, CAMBRIDGE.
 FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—Read our Special Correspondent's Interview with Mr. Longfellow, page 154.

TOSSING THE HAY.

OUT in the meadow, tossing the hay,
An old, old man, one August day,
Sighed as he worked, and wearily said:
"The flowers of Summer will soon be dead,
And the leaves of the trees will wither and die,
And the bees' hum cease, and the song-bird fly
To the sun-blessed South; and the harsh winds blow,
And the earth grow cold with the ice and snow,
And long months pass ere again we see
The roses, sweet roses. Ah, me! ah, me!
For I am as weary as weary can be."

Out in the meadow, tossing the hay,
Working as though the work were play,
A brown-faced boy right cheerily said:
"The apples and pears are turning red,
And the grapes grow sweet, and the nuts grow brown,
And the maple will soon wear a fiery crown;
And when it is faded old Winter'll be king,
And the rivers will freeze, and the sleigh-bells ring.
Then, ere long, for the days so short will be,
The roses, sweet roses, again we'll see,
And I am as happy as happy can be!"

THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES.

By the Author of "ALL IN THE WILD MORNING,"
"THE DOOM OF THE ALBATROSS," "A SECRET OF
THE SEA," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON the same sunny afternoon that Anthony Latouches held both Ellen's letters in his hand—there had been a delay in the mails, and they had come by one post after all—as he learned her deep, burning, despairing love, in wildly written words, as he had never learned it before, and had scarce time to feel the glow of gratitude and pleasure that arose in his heart for them when he had to read the cruel denial and refusal of the second letter, with its solemn, sad words of farewell—on the same day, when the bright May sunshine glittered on the laburnum-blossoms, and the fresh May breezes swayed the over-blown golden flowers to and fro so roughly that they strewn the rich deep grasses and the warm sandal paths with a yellow rain of petals—just in the May sunshine and the sweet, wild, west wind, a fair, high-bred-looking young lady drove up to the door of the large, bright windowed house on the Parade, as it was called—although nothing ever paraded there—Ardnamore, and asked Mrs. Kelly, with an eager smile, if Miss Bruce—Miss Ellen Bruce—the lady who had rented her drawing-room door—was at home? She was a friend, an intimate friend of Miss Bruce's, the young lady said, her fair face flushing slightly. Miss Bruce had been a dear friend of hers—she had not heard from her for "such a long time," but had obtained her address from Mrs. Fitzwilliam in Dublin. Was Miss Bruce at home? Would Miss Bruce see her? She had heard that dear Miss Bruce had been ill—very ill. The young lady had advanced into the hall in her eager questioning, growing more eager, more impatient, as she noted the dazed, half-alarmed look on the landlady's face.

"Why, lawnies bless you, miss, or ma'am, I meant to say," stammered Mrs. Kelly, when a housewifely trouble possessed her soul and checked her speech. "Would you please to step into the parlor a minnit, ma'am," she said, hastily, "till I shut the back-door—there's such a terrible draft!"

The "terrible draft" was indeed a wild, frolicsome gust of the west wind that careered through the open front-door out through the open back one, and, returning, swept in drifts of fallen laburnum and lilac-blossoms over Mrs. Kelly's neatly-matted passage, fluttered the ribbons of her cap over her head and her apron into her eyes, and blew about the curling feathers of the young lady's hat, so that Mrs. Kelly noticed what beautiful pale-golden hair she had.

"Please to step in, miss, till I close the doors," she repeated, but paused a moment before she shut the hall-door, looking out at the jaunting-car, the sole species of public conveyance which Ardnamore boasted.

"My nurse and baby are waiting for me," said the young lady, quickly. "Well, now, Mrs. Kelly—Miss Bruce?"

"Why, lawnies bless you, miss—ma'am, I meant to say," ejaculated Mrs. Kelly, "shure Miss Bruce's gone!—went yesterday, ma'am, my dear—paid her month in advance, though shure me nor Mither Kelly didn't think of asking the like! She went on 'urgent business,' she said, ma'am."

"Went! Went where?" the young lady cried, the tears filling her eyes as she sank down with the weight of her disappointment on Mrs. Kelly's prim green damask-covered sofa. "Where has she gone? And I have come so far to find her, and brought my baby for her to see!"

"I don't know, ma'am, if you were to lay down gold guineas for me to walk on," Mrs. Kelly said, emphatically—"to Derry, I b'lieve she said, and then to England; but I don't know a word more, ma'am—no. Shure the doctor might; but he was as much surprised as myself and Mither Kelly, and so was Miss O'Neill when she came here last evening, to find her gone. The suddenest thing I ever heard tell of—'twas indeed, ma'am. It gave me a reg'lar turn, and so it did Mither Kelly."

"Why did she do it? How could she treat me so?" Lizzie Stirling said, angrily, wiping away her tears. "I am sorry to trouble you. Thank you. I must go back as I came, then—and I brought baby to see her. She was so—so fond of him!"

Affection overcame anger, and at the mention of her baby, whom Ellen Bruce would now not see though she had come so far to see her, Lizzie Stirling sobbed aloud in her utter disappointment.

"I will never write to her, never seek her again, even if she lives within half a mile of me!" she cried. "Poor Ellen—poor Ellen! What have I done that she could go off and leave me without a word? It was cruel and unjust of her!"

"Wait a minnit now, ma'am, my dear," the landlady urged, in mingled curiosity and kindness. "Sit down a minnit. Shure you're upset, and not a wonder, to find a person gone when a person's expecting to see them."

The wild west wind, frolicking through the long,

dusty, unwatered street outside, where the nurse and the fat, fair, golden-haired, dark-eyed baby sat on the jaunting-car, seized upon them in its rough play, and, having seriously discomposed the young woman by whirling a cloud of dust into her eyes and causing her to retort crossly, "Bother you for a nasty wind!" as she struggled to adjust her disarranged bonnet and shawl, and shake off the fragments of straw and paper with which she had been liberally sprinkled, returned in sportive vengeance, and before her very eyes—scarcely rid of the dust as yet—snatched off the baby's hat—the new white felt hat that, with beautiful curling snowy feathers and ribbons, had been bought only two days before in Dublin—and sent it careering along the dusty road far beyond her reach.

"Oh, my goodness! Oh, the baby's hat!" she cried, wildly. "Let me down, if you please, young man"—to the driver, serenely perched up on his little iron-railed seat. "Oh, the child's hat that the mistress paid sixteen shillings for two days ago! Oh!"

"Wait—I will get it for you," a gentleman who was passing said, rushing after the white hat as he spoke; and, in breathless anxiety and with breathless satisfaction, the nurse saw that after a few faint swoops along the pavement—fortunately crown upwards—the hat was captured and the wicked west wind drew off in a sudden lull, and the gentleman, a tall, smiling young man, and the handsomest, the nurse thought, she had ever seen, came back to the car with his prize in his hand.

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you! I'm so much obliged to you!" she cried, fervently. "Here's your hat, my sweetie boy!"—to the baby, who was completely overwhelmed with alarm at the catastrophe that had befallen him, and was collecting his energies for an outbreak of grief. "Here's my boy's own hat brought back by the kind gentleman. Say 'ta-ta' to the gentleman, darling—mother's boy, say 'ta-ta.' I'm so thankful to you, sir; the mistress would have been in such a way if baby had lost his hat. Master Richie darling, say 'ta-ta' to the gentleman—'Thank you,' say, darling."

"Never mind, nurse," the gentleman said, smiling. "But he is a fine boy—a handsome boy—his mother's darling, I am sure. Are you not, baby?"

The handsome gentleman looked earnestly for a few moments into the beautiful dark violet eyes under the baby brow of snow and the floppy curls of palest gold, and, as he did so, baby, accepting the gaze as that of a loving and admiring friend, as a matter of course—he saw no others look on him—lifted his little gloved hands in their ridiculous little white wooden bags, and put up his roseleaf lips to be kissed.

"Pon my honor, you are a bonnie boy!" the young man said, laughing awkwardly as he lowered his brown curling moustache over the sweet baby mouth. "I must kiss you, though I never do kiss babies. There, my little man. Don't let your pretty hat blow off again." He smiled back at the child, whose violet eyes were dilated with surprise and the excitement of the incident, and walked quickly away.

A minute afterwards Mrs. Kelly's door opened, and Lizzie Stirling ran out and hastily regained her seat on the car.

"Drive back to the station as fast as you can, my man," she said; "I must catch the next train. There is no use stopping in this out-of-the-way place, Annie"—to the nurse. "Miss Bruce is not here; there is no hotel here, nor anything else."

"Who is that," she asked, suddenly, as she caught sight of a figure some distance in advance—"that gentleman standing over there in the shadow by that white house? Do you know him? There he is, going in there through the gateway now."

"Oh, that's Mither O'Neill's wool-stores, ma'am," the driver replied; "an' I b'lieve that's the head clerk—one Mither Stewart."

"Ah, well, it was only a fancy of mine!" Mrs. Stirling said, mournfully. "Drive on to the station, my man. Is baby tired, Annie, do you think? Does my boy want his luncheon very badly? Mother will take her boy away again in the nice railway-carriage back to Stranards, where my son shall have a nice little mutton-chop. We are going back again, my darling," she went on, leaning across the cushioned "well" to kiss the child, "for there is nothing to keep us here. There is nobody for us here, my little son—nobody here we care for."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WE are going to the concert, you know, Tom," Katsie O'Neill said, a little falteringly; and you'll come, of course, Tom—a little later than us, you said."

"I said so last week, Katsie," he returned, smiling rather bitterly; "but I think I've changed my mind this week. I may go, but it is most probable that I shall not; my patients are of more importance than pianoforte-playing, and—I don't care about it."

His eyes fell suddenly, and his voice grew husky, and in Katsie's pretty face burnt a deep crimson flush.

"Why don't you care about it?" she asked, sharply—and the angry tears which were overbrimming her hazel eyes fell in a passionate shower. "You are always making me wretched. I—I can't help—I want to be friends with you, and you make me miserable."

"I am sorry for that," he replied, dryly. "Perhaps it is your conscience makes you miserable. You know you have treated me very badly, Katsie. I suppose it is I who am to blame for trusting all my happiness in your hands. You didn't know your own heart; and now you have found out that you can care for some one deeply—but that one is not me. There, I don't want to make you wretched, only I cannot quite resist being thrown aside like a faded glove, even for so faultless a person as Mr. Stewart."

"Tom, don't! Oh, Tom, don't!" she cried in an agony of distress. "He—he is nothing to me. He has never said one syllable to me that you or papa might not have heard. I don't believe he cares one pin for me."

This was the secret sting of her sorrow, and, in

spite of his own anger and jealous pain, Tom Kane felt his heart ache for the grief of the girl he loved.

"Then, Katsie," he said resolutely, "it is quite time that this affair were settled one way or the other. You must allow me to speak to your father to-morrow, and, if Mr. Stewart is honorably attached to you, let him say so. If he does not care for you, he must leave Ardnamore—yes, he must. You are not going to pine for a man who does not care for you, are you?" he asked, brusquely. "If he does not care for you, he will be glad to go. You have brought this on yourself, Katsie," he said, more gently, as he saw her tears and girlish shame and distress. "Neither your father nor I will stand by to see you made miserable. You need not fear that anything will be said to Mr. Stewart that you would be unwilling for him to hear. I hope earnestly that you may find happiness where you expect it, Katsie." He wrung her hand, and was hurrying out of the room.

"Then you will not come to the concert at Stranards to-night, Tom?" she called; but there was a lurking tone almost of satisfaction in her voice.

"No," he replied, shortly, and the door closed very sharply and loudly behind him; and, as he did so, the fretted lines left the girl's brow, and shy dimples came round her lips, and a happy glow and smile dried her tears.

"I couldn't tell Tom," she muttered, smiling to herself—"one can't tell those things; but I know—I think I know—he likes me very much. I have seen him look so at me; and the last night he was here, when Miss Bruce was here, he seemed to watch me when I sang, and to feel the words. I wish Tom had not made me feel so wretched"—with another sudden overclouding and more tears. "I don't think Tom cares for me as Mr. Stewart could. Tom is such a grave, quiet fellow, just like a brother. He will get some one far more suited to him. I have never loved him—good gracious, I should think not!"

She was quite angry at the bare idea—almost indignant, in fact, with the quiet, hard-working young doctor for even presuming to compare his methodical, calm affection with the hidden smile in James Stewart's dark, purple-gray eyes—the passionate beautiful eyes, the lightest glance of which made her foolish little heart thrill.

"I wish Tom had not made me so miserable," she repeated, with a moan of feverish impatience; "he has quite spoiled all my enjoyment for the evening. I meant to be so happy! And darling papa wants me to be happy—to cheer up after losing my friend Miss Bruce, he said; and my nice pale-blue silk, after being newly trimmed, and—those beautiful flowers Mr. Stewart gave me—I meant to be so happy with him and darling papa at the nice concert; and now Dr. Kane must come and make me wretched for the whole evening."

Pretty Katsie's wretchedness was not, however, of infinite duration, as, in the course of another hour, she, arrayed in her shining pale blue silk dress, with her satin opera-cloak, flowers and shoes in a traveling dressing-bag, was seated in a cozy blue-cushioned compartment of a railway-carriage, with her father beside her, and, opposite to her, Mr. Stewart, looking handsomer than ever in his evening dress, of which occasional glimpses could be caught under his loose dust coat, smiling on her, making her heart flutter with pleasure, and her bright brown eyes radiant with tender hope—one of the happiest girls in Ireland at that moment.

They were to go to the hotel first for tea, and to allow Katsie to array herself in all her splendor, and then to drive to the Assembly Rooms afterwards. To the Royal Railway Hotel, therefore, they betook themselves for rest and refreshment, although the indulgent father owned that, though "Katsie liked the big rooms," for his part he much preferred staying at the smaller, quieter hotel in the main street.

But Katsie liked the large rooms, and wide staircases, and lofty mirrors, and showy satin-covered furniture, and cared not a pin that steaks and chops were horribly underdone, that claret was only vinegar blushing for shame at its name, that fish was flabby and port poisonous, at this noisy, showy, glittering, expensive, and utterly comfortable establishment.

Tea, toast, and raspberry-tart were ready on the table when she came softly down the wide staircase, rustling in her silvery blue silk garments and little satin shoes, her pretty fair throat bare but for a jeweled locket on black velvet, her white satin swansdown cloak over her shoulders, clusters of forget-me-nots and primroses in her hair, and her bouquet of beautiful crimson and white greenhouse blossoms in her hand, so bright, so fair, so happy-looking that, when she sat down and dispensed the tea and toast, the waiters of ham, and the delusive morsels of flaky pastry, her father and Mr. Stewart ate them cheerfully, admired her, and enjoyed themselves as if at a banquet, although they had both been furiously reviling the hotel proprietors for their tough beefsteaks and villainous claret only half an hour before.

"Well, my pet, time's getting on," her father observed as the Barnside feast concluded; "are you quite ready, Kitten, or have you any more adorning to do?"

"Only just to stretch a pair of gloves, dear papa," answered Kitten—"I shall not be two minutes."

"That means twenty," concluded the merchant, jocosely; "take your time, Stewart, in ordering the covered car—don't hurry anybody, I'd advise you, and I'll have a read at the paper while Katsie's getting on those lemon-colored gloves. We'll be in time for plenty of the singing and howling after all!"

"How very nasty of you, papa!" Katsie ejaculated. "Do hurry, please, Mr. Stewart. I shall not be two minutes getting my gloves on; they are rather too large, I am sorry to say."

She smiled up brightly and coaxingly into the handsome face that looked down at her with a glow of admiration in the eyes.

"Your gloves always are too large, Katsie, I believe," Mr. Stewart said, with a slight laugh, and—they were both outside the parlor-door at the time—he caught the tiny pink-tipped fingers that

rested on his arm for a moment and pressed them.

She snatched her hand away, and laughed and blushed like the heart of a rose, and fled lightly up-stairs laughing and blushing still.

"He called me 'Katsie,' he pressed my hand—he never did that before!" she murmured to herself, quivering with suppressed gladness. "How could I say he did not care for me? How dared Tom speak so coldly and sneeringly of him? 'If he does not care for you, he will be glad to go away from you.' Ah, but he does care for me, Doctor Kane! He is no flirt, no deceiver; there is no deception in the light of his true, beautiful eyes and his smile! I knew—I knew he cared for me!"

She was almost feverish with excited happiness as she walked up and down the room, trying to still the fast throbbing of her heart and to cool her burning cheeks.

"I look well to-night," the poor little girl whispered happily; "I have never looked better. I am so glad! He looked as if he admired me so! Now those gloves—'Your gloves always are too large, Katsie.' Wicked fellow, making fun of me!"

Her cheeks burned a deeper crimson before the lemon-colored treble-buttoned gloves were neatly fastened on the little rounded wrists. Her eyes were glittering and her head ached violently with excitement as she went down-stairs again; but she would not delay to use essences, or to relieve it in any way—Mr. Stewart would probably return just as she reached the parlor, and she might perhaps meet him at the foot of the staircase again.

She glanced eagerly over the balustrade as she descended, but, instead of the tall, well-knit form she knew so well, the figure of a tall, slender woman dressed in deep black was coming up the flight of wide brass-edged stairs, meeting her. The lady walked very slowly, with her head bent, and her rail down, as if she were weak and weary, and she perceived the radiant figure of the girl in her shining blue dress and satin cloak, with her flowers and jewels, only when she was face to face with her.

"Miss Bruce!" Katsie half screamed. "Dear Miss Bruce, I'm so glad—I'm so glad! How could you go away without bidding me good-by?"

"I—I could not—I had not time," Ellen Bruce explained, trembling and looking around her in fear. "I never thought to see you here. I am only on my way to Dublin by the night-express, I mean," she stammered, and the troubled, nervous flush dyed her pallid cheeks. "I am going south. I shall be off to England by the mail packet at least I had to come on business. I was going from Derry, and an accident happened to delay the packet for two days."

"And you really are going? You won't stay with us, then?" Katsie said, reluctantly. "But you will come in and speak to papa, Ellen, dear? Do. He is here—he and Mr. Stewart. We are going to the concert. Just a minute, will you not, dear Miss Bruce? Ah, do!"

Katsie's "Ah, do!" was irresistible with most people, and Ellen proved no exception to the general rule.

"It's only for a minute. I can meet no one here whom I know," she thought quickly. "And I can offer some excuse for my precipitate departure from Ardnamore. I can meet no one here who knows me, and in twelve hours more I shall be sailing down the Channel, and all trace of me will be lost in London in a few days afterwards."

"There's a dear!" said Katsie, triumphantly. "Papa is in the drawing-room down-stairs. Miss Bruce, dear, shall I go first and—"

"Miss Bruce! Why, Miss Bruce," a second voice said, eagerly, just behind them, "my mistress is looking for you! Mrs. Stirling's nurse, ma'am, I am."

"Where is Mrs. Stirling?" Ellen asked, in a very low voice. But the nurse, eager and smiling, shrank back, frightened at the look in her eyes.

"She is here, ma'am," the girl said, indicating the row of doors on the upper landing—"she and baby, Miss Bruce. She went to see you, ma'am, to-day, and was so disappointed. Shall I tell her ma'am, please?"

"Yes, you may as well now," Ellen replied, hoarsely. "I must go through with it," she muttered. "Miss O'Neill, will you please excuse me? I must see this lady."

"Yes, certainly, dear," Katsie said, gently, rather frightened in her turn at the emotion visible in Ellen's face. "Then, if I am not to see you again, kiss me for good-by," she added, standing on tip-toe to put her fair arms around Ellen's neck; and all the more willingly she parted from her friend because she saw Mr. Stewart entering the hall below.

She ran down gayly to him again just as Ellen entered Lizzie Stirling's room up-stairs.

"The gloves are on, then, Miss O'Neill?" he laughed. "And the covered car will be here in a minute. We have time enough."

Breathlessly Katsie poured out the story of her extraordinary meeting with Miss Bruce, as she considered it, and lamented again, but not very deeply, that "dear Miss Bruce would go in spite of everything."

"Perhaps she won't go now that she has met this friend of hers—Mrs.—Mrs. Somebody?" suggested her father.

"Perhaps not," assented Katsie, eagerly. "I never thought of that, papa, dear. I'll run up whilst I am waiting for that tiresome old covered car of ours, and tell her we shall come back here again at half-past ten and stay all night."

"I'll run and tell her," Mr. Stewart said.

"No, I'll run," Katsie laughed. "Well, then, do, and say—say"—she was running after him, too, in her glee—"say we shall be here at half-past ten, and my room's number twenty-eight," she called, stealing up the stairs after him—poor, pretty, foolish Katsie—poor little butterfly Katsie, with a fond, tender, simple little heart under all the innocent girlish finery.

He knocked on the closed door of the upper landing, and smiled back at Katsie whilst he waited for it to be opened. There was a delay of a few moments, and he heard Miss Bruce call to some one before the door was opened by a servant.

"Miss O'Neill wishes Miss Bruce to know," he began, when the door leading from the sitting

room to the bed-room opened wide, and a woman who was not Miss Bruce appeared—"that she—she—we—shall—merciful heavens!" His handsome bronze face grew livid and hollow, and the perspiration started in great drops on his brow.

"Richard, Richard, Richard!" Lizzie Stirling shrieked. "Richard, my darling, my darling! Richard, your poor Lizzie—your poor deserted Lizzie—your poor, deserted, heart-broken wife! My husband! Your poor wife!"

She had wound her arms around him, and was clinging to him with a frantic clasp, but he spoke not a word to her; turning his head, however, he saw the open doorway, with the servant standing aghast with astonishment, and outside on the landing poor Katie O'Neill, her face ashy-white to her very lips, her eyes fixed wildly on the pair before her.

"For heaven's sake, shut the door, and leave us alone!" he said, thickly; and the servant went out and shut the door, and Katie O'Neill went downstairs to her father.

"My darling, what is the matter?" the merchant cried, affrightedly, as she came slowly into the room, her ghastly face so void of all beauty and happiness that he scarcely knew her. "My child, what is it? Where is Stewart?"

"He is up-stairs with his wife," she replied, in a cold, harsh voice utterly unlike her own. "I have been started, papa—that is all—and I—I am ill—I am dying!" and as she spoke, poor Katie dropped on to the floor, a nerveless heap, in her pretty shining robes, with the bouquet of blossoms fallen from her hands, her poor little corpse-like face piteous to see under the crushed coronal of primroses and forget-me-nots—poor little bruised flower—poor little broken butterfly!

(To be continued.)

THE WESTERN GRAIN MOVEMENT. SCENES AT THE HUDSON RIVER ELEVATOR, IN NEW YORK.

THE new grain elevator of the New York and Hudson River Railroad, at Sixty-first Street and the North River, has been for the past six months a most important factor in the prosperity of our enormous grain trade. With the reduction of tolls on the canals and this much-needed terminal facility, there is no danger that the trade of this metropolis will be diverted to other channels, though Baltimore and Philadelphia are making such strenuous efforts to get preponderating shares of this invaluable trade. The late Commodore Vanderbilt saw that, in order to retain this business, it would be absolutely necessary to construct an elevator capable of the growing wants of the shippers. Private enterprise could not very well build so large a concern and also suit the views of the railroad companies. At the same time the business of handling the grain for so many shippers involved a large amount of labor and responsibility. So the Commodore concluded to lease the mammoth concern to Mr. George J. Whitney, an old railroad man, and the proprietor of an elevator at Rochester and one at Buffalo.

The elevator at Sixty-first street cost with the extensive grounds about \$1,000,000, as it is built in a marsh on piles which have been driven at short intervals from 60 to 80 feet to the rocky ground. On these 7,000 piles there are immensely substantial foundations, consisting of 32 rows of stone piers, six in a row, in a pyramidal form, ten feet square at bottom and three feet square at top. The walls have an outer coating of Georgia pine to support the massive timbers of the grain bins. They rise to the height of 154 feet, which includes the lantern top or upper story. The width of the building is 100 feet, and the length 354 feet. An isolated chimney surmounting the engine-house removes the necessity of any fire in the building where there is a large quantity of inflammable material, including 288 grain bins, varying in capacity from 1,500 to 8,000 bushels, and two miles of spout capable of elevating and storing 100 bushels per minute. The large receiving yard on the west of the building contains 26 tracks, which have lately been constantly filled by the cars belonging to the great trunk lines. The first operation the grain undergoes on arriving in this yard is inspection by an inspector and his corps, appointed by the Produce Exchange. That official enters each car as it arrives, and, dipping a rod with a movable head, obtains samples from various portions of the car, and after deciding upon the grade of the grain, he tacks on a card stating its quality. The car is now ready to be discharged, and eleven of them are taken out together, run up the track and shunted into one of the three tracks on the ground floor where arrangements are made to discharge 33 cars simultaneously. To such proportions has the business attained during the past two months that 300 cars on an average have been discharged per day. These cars formerly contained only 200 bushels each, but so heavy has been the Western demand for freight-room that they come laden with 300 and 350 bushels, and are detained as short a time as possible. The next process is dumping the cars into pits, of which there are 33, corresponding to the number of cars capable of being discharged. These pits are huge wrought-iron tanks sunk into the masonry under the passages between the cars, and are lined with boards. Two men enter each car, and by the aid of steam-shovels, which are worked by uncovered gear, in a very short time dump the grain into the pit. From this pit runs a "lofting" elevator which carries the grain to the top of the building, where it is run into a hopper, connecting on the floor below with scales which measure the grain and passes it into another hopper, or receptacle, on a floor lower down. From this receptacle there is a revolving spout on a turn-table. When the grain is measured and ordered to a bin, the nose of the spout is turned into one of the conductors around this turn-table, and the mass, which often amounts to 8,000 bushels, is conveyed simply and expeditiously to any bin in the vast building. There are two sets of bins, called, respectively, "shipping" and "storing" bins. Should a special order not be given by the proprietors of the grain to have it stored, it is drawn into the shipping bins and there discharged into the lighters, or canal-boats, which are moored around the wharf on the water-side of the elevator. A large movable spout connects with the shipping bins and runs into the hold of the boat, which is expeditiously filled at an insignificant cost. In fact 33 cars can be unloaded in one hour, weighed and stored, or shipped. The charge for storage is $\frac{1}{4}$ cent for ten days, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cent for each additional ten days. When it is necessary to bag the grain, which is seldom done at the elevator, unless for city or country use, as most of the export bagging is done on shipboard—some bagged grain being required

to ballast the cargo—the grain is merely drawn off on the floor below the bins, the bag laid on a canvas belt which is built in and flush with the floor, and it is carried to a shoot which slides it into the wagon in waiting. The office where the accounts of the contents of the bins are kept is lined on one side by an enormous blackboard, on which is a diagram of the bins and their contents. Every care is exercised that different grades are not mixed, as three inspections have to be undergone—namely: by the Produce Exchange inspectors, the railroad company, and the elevator company. A certificate is then forwarded to the railroad company to endorse it, for example, that 24,000 bushels of No. 2 Milwaukee wheat have been received. The railroad company issue certificates which they send down to the office of the Elevator Company, No. 43 Whitehall Street, for verification. These certificates are countersigned by the company, which informs the owners or consignees that on payment of the railroad charges, a certificate of 24,000 bushels No. 2 Milwaukee will be delivered to them. This document now becomes a negotiable paper, and is sold and resold on the Produce Exchange by the speculators, who eventually sell it to a shipper, who takes it to the Lighterage Company and orders them to convey from the elevator 24,000 bushels of No. 2 Milwaukee on board the steamship *Europa*. By the stringent rules of the Produce Exchange, many of the most important of which have been passed within the past six months, the grain must be delivered on board within four days. Three or four tugs are sent up, and the grain, in an incredibly short time, is safe under the hatches of the European vessel. The elevator has made a great change in business on the Produce Exchange, as any merchant or banker can buy grain certificates without the aid of a broker, whom it was necessary to employ in former days, as grain was stored all over the city in all sorts of conditions, and, as a consequence, it had to be sold by sample. Now, the sample-table, so far as regards car-lots, is virtually a thing of the past, as a certificate of the elevator is good for what it calls for in quality and condition. To show how expeditiously and systematically work is performed, an instance can be given of the shipment last week from Buffalo, five hundred miles distant, of 16,000 bushels, which were within the hatches of the outward-bound vessel in thirty-six and a half hours.

A LIVELY BRUSH BETWEEN THE NEW YORK POLICE AND RIVER PIRATES.

ON Tuesday afternoon, October 16th, the lighter *W. A. Palmer*, heavily loaded with cotton, upset in the North River, opposite Pier No. 47, while being towed to Pier No. 53, where the cotton was to have been shipped on board the *Montana* for Europe. A swell from a passing boat caused the lighter to careen and then capsize. The water was soon covered with drifting bales of cotton. Three men who were on the lighter were rescued. At once a swarm of dock-thieves appeared, and tried to carry off the cotton as fast as it could be taken from the water. They carried bales into the dark channels under the docks, where they cut their hands and endeavored to escape with cotton hidden under their clothing. Sergeant Gaslin, of the Western Steamboat Squad, collected a dozen of his officers and intercepted the thieves, compelling them to drop their booty in order to escape arrest. The conflict between the police and the thieves lasted nearly two hours, until all the cotton had been secured. It was estimated that over a thousand people gathered on the piers, to watch the contest, and to cheer lustily when Sergeant Gaslin and his men were successful in driving away the robbers. After the cotton was saved from the water, it took fire, and the police had another struggle to keep it from being completely destroyed. The entire cargo was damaged to the extent of over \$5,000, as estimated by the police. The loss will be borne by the owner of the lighter, which was also much damaged.

Coolness in Action.

A good story is told of the Russian Prince Paskievitch. During the siege of Warsaw he had ordered a certain Polish battery to be silenced by his own artillery, and became perfectly wild with rage on observing that the artillery fire produced no appreciable effect. Galloping to the battery, he asked, "What idiot is in charge here?" "I, sir," answered an officer. "Then down you go to the ranks this very day," said Paskievitch; "you don't begin to know your trade; your shells do not explode." "I know they don't," answered the captain; "for the best of all reasons, that they can't explode." "That's a lie," said the Prince. "Is it? See for yourself, then," replied the officer, coolly picking up a shell from the pile and lighting the fuse, holding it up between himself and the marshal. The marshal tranquilly crossed his arms and watched till the fuse snuffed and went out. "There, sir," said the artilleryman, triumphantly, as he threw the shell on the ground. "You were right, after all," growled the marshal, and rode away to another point of the line, but at night the captain received at his tent the Cross of St. Vladimir for bravery in the field.

Ostrich Farming as a Business.

A REPORT on the Cape and its products, published in connection with the recent Philadelphia Exhibition, tells us that one of the first colonists who tried ostrich farming commenced in 1860, or thereabouts, and his success in breeding and rearing these birds was such as to induce many persons, far and wide, to enter upon what has since proved to be a very interesting and highly remunerative pursuit. The number of birds that can be kept on a given area of pasture depends entirely on its quality. A full-grown ostrich will consume twenty pounds of chopped lucerne, a sheep twelve pounds, and a horse of fourteen hands seventy pounds. The birds do not like grass or green forage; they prefer cabbage-leaves, fruit, grain, etc.; but for permanent food there is nothing like lucerne or clover. Ostriches do not in general lay until they are four years old or upwards. In a wild state there are sometimes as many as five hens to one cock. There should always be two, but then there should be an incubator for the surplus eggs, which cannot be covered. The birds, for the most part, begin to lay about the beginning of August, and continue for about six weeks, when they commence sitting. In about a month or six weeks after they have done hatching (at least, if the young birds have been removed), they begin to lay again, and continue for a month or five weeks. At the first laying they lay from fifteen to twenty eggs, and at the second from twelve to sixteen. Incubation lasts from six to seven weeks from the time the bird begins to sit. The young ones can be taken away when they are so strong that they can leave the nest, which is in a day or two.

Considering that the value of an ostrich a week old is \$50, and that its value increases rapidly as it matures, ostrich-breeding must pay remarkably well. The artificial hatching has proved quite a success. Out of every dozen eggs, it is seldom that more than one fails to generate. There are reckoned to be now 22,257 ostriches among the other live stock of Cape Colony, and ostrich feathers and ostrich eggs were among the Cape products recently exhibited at Philadelphia.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A New Barnyard Hybrid.—A singular hybrid, the progeny of a barnyard cock and a common duck is mentioned by *Land and Water*. The body of the hybrid is like that of a duck, but the feet, which have three front claws and a rudimentary back one, are not webbed, and the upper mandible is that of a fowl, extending only half the length of the lower, which is that of a duck, the singular formation causing great difficulty in feeding.

A New Variety of Glass.—Dr. Siemens, of Dresden, has invented a new variety of glass, called "hard glass." It is manufactured by means of hydraulic pressure, is said to be stronger than Bastie's glass in the proportion of five to three. It possesses a fibrous rather than crystalline fracture, can be thoroughly annealed, is cheaper than Bastie's "tempered" glass, and, unlike the latter, can be cut to any size with a diamond.

A New Musical Instrument.—A new musical instrument, called the "Pyrophon," has been invented by M. Kastner. It consists of numerous jets of hydrogen, or illuminating gas, which are burned in tubes in such a way as to produce innumerable detonations, the vibrations of which can be regulated at pleasure and made to yield high or low notes. The tones are more like those of a flute than any other instrument. The invention is, at present, rather a scientific toy than a really practical musical instrument.

Underground Telegraphs.—Underground telegraphs have been constructed over long lines in Germany: one of them, four hundred miles long, extends from Berlin via Halle, Leipzig, Cassel and Frankfurt to Marenco; another takes the route via Potsdam, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hanover, Minden, Düsseldorf to Cologne. Insulated cables are employed, and no difficulty is experienced in keeping up the connection. The success of these lines will probably lead to the adoption of the underground system over the continent of Europe.

Deodorizing Charcoal.—Mr. Stanford, the inventor of a process of obtaining iodine from seaweed by destructive distillations reports that the residual product after lixiviation of the contents of the retort possesses an extraordinary power of absorption and deodorization. It resembles bone-black in its absorptive properties, but differs from that substance in containing more carbon and carbonates of calcium and magnesium and less phosphates. As the sea-weed product is an incidental one, it can be obtained at one-fourth the price of any other charcoal.

A Powerful Detergent for Soiled Glass.—The best detergent for refractory plates with which photographers are acquainted is the mixture of sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash, recommended by M. Carey Lea. It is especially useful with glasses which have been frequently used, or which, from the nature of the treatment they have undergone, resist the action of both acids and alkalis completely. Its utility is dependent upon the powerful action of chromic acid upon organic matter, and it rarely fails unless the plates are left to soak too long, in which case the acid appears to enter the pores of the glass or produces an insoluble compound on the surface. When this latter action has taken place the best remedy is to immerse the plate in cyanide of potassium, which has the effect of thoroughly cleansing it.

A New Book on Chemistry.—Mr. S. F. Peckham has written, and John P. Morton & Co., of Louisville, Ky., have published "A Text Book for Beginners," designed as an introduction to "Barker's Chemistry." The object of the author has been to supply a work for elementary schools which should be as nearly as possible equal in quality to the text books of Barker, Eliot and Storer. Instruction is imparted in the form of conversation between Harry, George, Lucy and Uncle Louis, which method, while it may be successful with very young persons, is always tedious to the more aged. The illustrations are much on the order of the pictorial and will serve to fix many experiments in the minds of the readers. The printing, binding, and execution of the cuts in the book is highly creditable to the Western publishing firm.

New Columbian Minerals.—Professor J. Lawrence Smith has examined several species of minerals containing columbium, and claims the restoration of this name for the metal instead of that of niobium, generally given to it in England and on the Continent. Columbite, the best known of the minerals, can be well recognized as a simple columbate of iron and manganese; microlite appears to be a columbate of lime; pyrochlorite, a columbate of the cerium oxides and lime; hatchetolite he considers as a neutral columbate of uranium and lime, and samarskite a basic columbate of iron, uranium and yttrium oxides. These minerals are all very rare, and their uses in the arts remain to be developed. Professor Smith's reclamation of the name columbium will receive the support of all American chemists.

The Aubel Photographic Process.—At a recent meeting of the Photographic Society of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Herr Aubel gave some of the details of his celebrated printing process. The new process appears to be one of the most universally applicable of all the methods based on photography. It permits in a very short time of the preparation of a photograph for printing in connection with ordinary letter-presses, and for the typographic rapid press as zinc-plates, as stone for the lithographic press, and as copper for the copper-plate press. The preparation of a plate for the ordinary book-printing press, inclusive of the taking of the photograph, only required three hours, while that of the other two sorts required eight hours. It is to printing with letter press that he has devoted most attention. The invention is now extensively carried out at Mr. Aubel's establishment in Cologne.

What is Physical Geography?—Professor Geike, in a recent work, gives a neat definition of physical geography. He says the word geography, as ordinarily used, means a description of the surface of the earth, including its natural sub-divisions, such as continents and oceans, together with its artificial or political sub-divisions, such as countries and kingdoms. But physical geography is not a mere description of the parts of the earth. It takes little heed of the limits of different races of men. Nor does it confine itself to a mere enumeration of the different features of the surface. It tries to gather together what is known regarding the earth as a heavenly body, its constitution and probable history. In describing the parts of the earth—air, land and sea—it ever seeks to place them before our minds as to make us realize not only what they are in themselves, but how they affect each other, and what part each plays in the general system of our globe. Thus physical geography endeavors to present a vivid picture of the mechanism of which we wonderfully complex and harmonious world in which we live.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL FREMONT will turn his attention to copper mining in North Carolina.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, has taken up his residence in Washington for the winter.

THE garrison at Mexico recently gave General Diaz a magnificent sword as a birthday present.

THE Adams family of Massachusetts has been represented in Washington every winter for seventy years.

EVANGELIST MOODY has formally accepted the invitation of the Hartford (Conn.) churches to hold a series of revival meetings in that city, and will begin on the first Sunday in January.

BISHOP MORIARTY, of Kerry, one of the most popular and conservative of the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, is dead. His loss is sincerely mourned by Christians of all denominations.

MR. TRUMBULL, the Hartford painter, is said to be as ardent a lover of choice old crockery as he is of trout-fishing. His collection of china, delft, and other ware, is one of the best in Hartford.

FELIPE ITURBIDE, a young Philadelphian, who is a grandson of the Emperor of Mexico, was married recently, in Mexico, to Miss Elena Idaroff, stepdaughter of Muranga, Spanish Minister in that country.

SVENDSEN, the great Norwegian composer, has left Christiania for a six months' tour, undertaken by the request and at the expense of King Oscar. His departure was the occasion of a grand complimentary testimonial.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY indorses the whole Administration as a "sound, honorable and sensible establishment, controlled by honest and sensible men, who are endeavoring to secure the best interests of the whole nation."

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, who distinguished himself in the Crimean war, is with the Russian army as administrator of an English relief fund, and is said to be somewhat too ardent in representing English opinion to be strongly in favor of the Czar.

THE oldest living editor is believed to be Hon. Joseph M. Sterrett, of Erie, Penn. He retired in 1865, after forty years' service. In 1832 he gave employment to Horace Greeley, then an awkward-looking, ill-clad boy from Vermont. Mr. Sterrett is now nearing eighty.

R. M. T. HUNTER, of Virginia; R. C. Winthrop and N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts; Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York; Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana; and James G. Blaine, of Maine, are the living ex-Speakers of the National House of Representatives.

THE President's host in Richmond will be Rev. Dr. Curry, a distinguished Baptist clergyman, and the head of Richmond College. Dr. Curry and the President were college chums. During the war the clergyman was a devoted Confederate, but he is as ardent now in support of his old friend's Southern policy.

PRINCE NAPOLEON was in Belgium recently. He is described as a young man of medium stature, with black hair, regular features, a black mustache, and eyes which recall the blue eyes of the Empress Eugenie. He is reported to be suffering seriously from lameness. When very young Napoleon performed an operation on his foot, and the lameness caused by this was aggravated by a fall last year at Dorking.

M. GREY is an old bachelor who is fond of freedom and ease. He dislikes Paris, and when doomed to stay there in Summer he spends all day at the baths in the river, swimming until he is tired, then smoking, next drinking Madeira; again into the water; this round once more, and so on from noon until six p. m. Whenever he can steal from Paris he goes to his country home, where he fishes if he can't hunt, and hunts if he can't fish.

KING ALFONSO's future wife, the Princess Mercedes, though bred in France, is a Spaniard at heart, and insists on being called Spanish; yet there has hitherto been a strong prejudice against her marriage, her father, the Duc de Montpensier, being widely unpopular because of his fatal duel with his cousin, Don Enrique de Bourbon, and his pronouncement of Cadix, which began the series of political convulsions that has scarcely ceased to agitate Spain.

KING ALFONSO has ordered at Paris a casket by way of a betrothal present to his future wife, the Princess Mercedes. It is in lapis-lazuli, mounted on four lion's claws, sixteen inches high and thirty square, ornamented with garlands of golden roses, which are miracles of delicate workmanship. The hues of the flowers are all faithfully presented. The key is a golden rose full blown. The interior of the casket is lapis-lazuli studded with tiny nails, diamond-headed. The casket is intended to hold the lover's love-letters, but it goes to the princess in the first place with but one note and a necklace of eight rows of pearls.

THE wife of Père Hyacinthe was born in Richmond, Oswego County, N. Y., and her maiden name was Butterfield. She, however, grew up in the backwoods of Ohio, became a school teacher, married a Mr. Merriam, and being left a widow with two children to support, took to journalistic work for a living. She wrote up Lincoln's inaugural ball for a New York paper, and was sent to Paris, where she was converted to Catholicism by the preaching of Father Hyacinthe. When he took his "new departure" she followed him, and is now his wife. Their baby is a jolly-looking little boy, with big black eyes, a strong love for porridge, and an absolute indifference to the rise and fall of popedom. Madame Hyacinthe-Loyson is a fine linguist, and is now doing a great amount of translating, for which she seems to have a special faculty.

GENERAL JOHN M. HARLAN, of Louisville, Ky., who has been nominated for the Supreme Court, in place of Senator David Davis, is about forty-two years old. His parents were natives of Kentucky, and his father, James Harlan, was the Whig politician who represented the Mercer District in Congress from 1836 to 1839. His father was also Secretary of State of Kentucky from 1840 to 1844, and from 1850 to the time of his death in 1863 he was Attorney-General of the State. Harlan County, Ky., was named after General Harlan's grand uncle, who fell in a battle with Indians at Blue Lick. In 1859, when only twenty-four years of age, General Harlan ran for Congress in the Fayette District on the opposition ticket, and, after a hard fight, was defeated by the Democratic candidate by a majority of only sixty-seven in a total vote of 13,797. When the war broke out he served for two years as Colonel of the Tenth Kentucky Infantry, when the death of his father compelled him to tender his resignation. On returning to civil life General Harlan settled on his father's estate, and in the same year (1863) he was elected Attorney-General of the State. At the close of his term he removed to Louisville and returned to the practice of law. In 1871 and 1875 he was the Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky. He is about six feet high, and has good-humored, expressive blue eyes, fair complexion and hair, a large head, massive lofty forehead, deep chest and broad shoulders

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM GREEN RIVER TO ASPEN.

MUCH of the rugged and broken outline of the Plains round Green River is softened for us by the snowfall, and the blinding glare from the broad drifts renders the outlook from our platform a torture as well as a delight; but, nevertheless, we are unwilling to miss a glimpse of the surrounding world of wonders. The buttes crowd thick for many miles around the river banks, and the rock cuts are frequent and abrupt. As we near Bryan, the next station, the Uintah Mountains heave in sight, looking but a short five miles' walk to the south of us; the rare clear atmosphere of the Plains wraps us in endless deceptions, and like a telescopic lens annihilates distance, for these sharp, clean-cut cones are nearly eighty miles away. From their pointed peaks, well-defined and exactly chiseled, run long, wavy ridges cutting through the snow in streaks of deep, dark purple—buttes that bear up the great mass from the level stretch of the Plains. We are passing up the Black's Fork Valley, and leaving Bryan, with its few houses and solitary saloon, we presently cross the little stream and keep pretty closely beside its winding trail for the next twenty or thirty miles. On its opposite banks the long, solid lines of buttes rise, in form something like truncated cones, brown and tawny yellow, streaked with lines of snow in all their hollows, and a drift piled in every niche; a few low cottonwoods make a scattered fringe along the water's edge, and their sparse clusters tower to our eyes like the wildest luxuriance of vegetation, after the recent miles of sage-brush unrelieved and simple. A good



EMIGRANTS CAMPING OUT AT NIGHT, NEAR BRYAN.

camping-ground for emigrant-trains is this neighborhood of Black's Fork, and eastward-going trains passing this point as the twilight comes down may be almost sure of seeing some such group as our artist sketched on the home-trip; the heavy canvas-topped wagons drawn up together, the grazing horses tethered about, and the thin blue column of smoke lazily rolling up from a flickering red camp-fire. Little danger hovers over these travelers nowadays, but it gives one a little shiver round the roots of his hair to think of the possibilities attendant upon such a party ten years ago. One would think that the campers-out would scarce sleep under their canvas covers for dreaming of ghostly predecessors wandering for ever, and driven with the night winds and the rain about this howling wilderness where their bones are buried.

But ghosts are not abroad in the sunshine at all events, and there is a faint—very faint—ray of it breaking through the clouds. We pass Marston and Granger, crossing another little stream running between ranks of low bushes, and wind along through the bluffs, with the sentinel domes of the Uintahs always in advance of us. We are entering the region of "bad lands," whose long stretches of irreclaimable waste lie seven or eight miles away to the south, and which we shall fairly strike on passing Ogden; as yet there is a show of vegetation, pricking almost black through the snow—sage-brush and grease-wood in unvarying monotony.

At Church Buttes we see some of the grandest freaks of the desert architect—the great pile which gives the station its name standing ten miles south of the track, and seeming but a stone's throw from us as we roll by. Why "Church" buttes it is hard to say, as they certainly resemble no ecclesiastical architecture of any age or type; but a commodity of good names was wanting when these Western wonders were christened, and the sponsors plainly lacked imagination. Church Buttes is a curious



THE ARCHITECTURE OF NATURE.—CHURCH BUTTES, IN THE "BAD LANDS" OF WYOMING TERRITORY.



SNOW-SHED AND DRIFT-FENCE NEAR PIEDMONT.



A MERCHANDISE STORE AT PIEDMONT.



SNOW-FENCES AT ASPEN.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—RAILROAD GLIMPSES IN WYOMING, ON THE ROUTE FROM GREEN RIVER TO ASPEN.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



NEW YORK CITY.—A POLICE RAID ON A GANG OF RIVER THIEVES RETURNING WITH STOLEN COTTON.—SEE PAGE 159.

range of steeply sloping mounds and high domes, built up with evenly laid strata of varying shades, propped with quaintly carved buttresses and rows of columns ranging one above the other in shape more like slender pyramids than Corinthian pillars. Between these shafts the face of the brown sandstone is hewn out into deep ragged niches, and crowded full of fantastic *alto-relievos*; the fluted

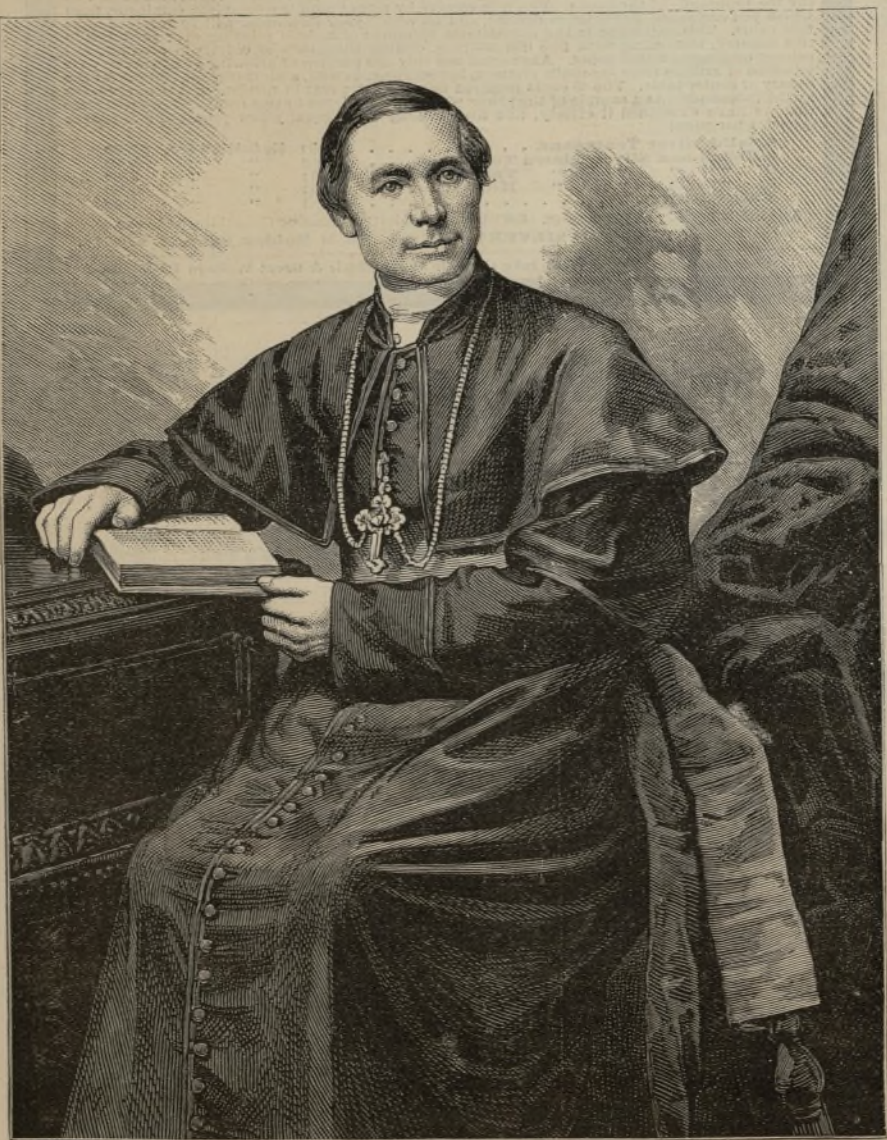
pyramids themselves are rough with fine traceries and carvings, which at a distance take on the likenesses of all the human and brute creation. Towards the end of the buttes, as they dwindle somewhat in size, the columns vary in shape and pattern, and, when the sunlight strikes aslant them, are like grim rows of Egyptian gods, seated in state and facing the north in the fixedness of eternal

contemplation; over all is laid the warm rich color of the red-brown sandstone, shaded by belts of lighter and darker strata, and kindling in the sunlight to a splendid glow against the background of sky. It is a part of the "bad lands"—this weirdly beautiful pile—and coming down to geological facts, is no palace of desert geni, but only "a deposit of sedimentary sandstones and marly clay." Here, as at almost every point now along the route, fossil remains are scattered thickly, and the pretty translucent and creamy-white moss-agates lie ready to be picked up, together with bits of polished petrified palm-wood, tiny arrow-heads of white and gray flint, or even a shell here and there saved from the great ocean drift of the first ages.

Hampton follows Church Buttes, and then Carter and Bridger and Leroy; and between these stations is a good stretch of hunting-land, stocked with deer, elk, bears and wolves, and the detested coyotes, who, if they do not get a



RHODE ISLAND.—DEDICATION OF THE ROGER WILLIAMS MONUMENT AT PROVIDENCE, OCT. 16.—FROM A PHOTO, BY W. A. RICHARDS.



MOST REVEREND JAMES GIBBONS, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. H. ANDERSON, RICHMOND, VA.—SEE PAGE 162.



RHODE ISLAND.—ROGER WILLIAMS'S HOUSE, IN PROVIDENCE.—SEE PAGE 162.

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Quinine, and the Trees that Produce it.
Mad Freaks.
Ocean Brides. Poem. By Henry Gates.
The Shadow Cross.
The Love that was Never Told.
The Coast Fisheries of America. By Alfred Trumble.
A First Impression. By Mrs. Nellie Ames.
A Zulu War Dance.
About Obelisks.
The Jackass Rabbit.
A Romance of Hallowe'en.
The Black Grouse.
The Dreamland of Love.
An Adventure in the Heart of Africa.
Origin of "Ireland."
Poppet's Cigarette.

ENGRAVINGS.

The late M. Thiers, ex-President of the French Republic: Louis Adolphe Thiers; Thiers elected Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic, by the Assembly at Bordeaux, February 17, 1871; Reception of Thiers at Bordeaux in 1871—Thiers as President of the Republic; Thiers Revisiting the Ruins of his House, Destroyed by the Communists; Thiers and Guizot; Thiers Visiting the Military Establishments at Rouen in 1872—The Chalet Cordier, Trouville, Seaside Residence of President Thiers—Reception by President Thiers at the Palace of the Elysée; The Salon of the Chalet Cordier—Pavilion Henri Quatre, at St. Germain-en-Laye, where Thiers died; The Remains of ex-President Thiers Lying in State at the Pavilion Henri IV.—The Tomb of ex-President Thiers in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise.
On with the Old Love.
Leafless Trees.
Pomeranian Peasants on their way to Church. Palace of the Dukes of Infantado, Guadalajara, Spain. Her Revenge: "Lady Swinburne threw herself at his feet;" "She poured into each a portion of the contents of the phial;" "My God!" she said, "she is dead."
Flower and leaf of the trees that produces Quinine. Mad Freaks: "The dead man returned immediately to life."
Ocean Brides.—The Shadow Cross.
The Love that was Never Told.
The Coast Fisheries of America: The French Cod-Fishing Fleet on the Banks of Newfoundland; Cod Fishery; Taking in the Fish.—The Fish on the Flakes; Covering the Fish from the Sun.—Drying the Scales; Boiling Cod Liver Oil.—A Dominion Fessinist.—Codfish Drying on Newfoundland; A Foggy Morning on the Banks of Newfoundland; A Foggy Morning on the Banks of Newfoundland; Interior of Fisherman's Hut.—Interior of Fish Ice-house; The Beach.—Bringing in the Fish; Fishing at the Sea Islands, Georgia; Shad Fishery.—Setting the Poles.—View of Shad-Fishing, New York Bay; Mending Nets.—Assorting Fish; Seine-fishing on the Potomac River; Drawing the Seine on the Shore of Long Island; Ashley River.—Negro Fishermen Starting for Lobster and Prawn Grounds; Capture of a Sea Monster near Charleston.—Running Blackfish on Truro Beach; Salmon-Fishing in Canada; Blue-Fishing.—Trolling.
A First Impression: "I have brought You some Finer Holly."
A Zulu War Dance.—Zulu Messengers; Dance of Zulus; Interior of a Zulu Hut.—A Zulu Witch Doctor; Scene in Zulu Land.
The Jackass Rabbit.
A Romance of Hallowe'en.—Sowing Hempseed in the Churchyard.—The Midnight Oath.
The Black Grouse.
The Dreamland of Love: "Will you have them?" she said.
The Drawing Lesson.
An Adventure in the Heart of Africa.
Poppet's Cigarette.
The Fortress of Gwalior.
A Year Ago. "But, Ada! I could say no more."
A Burmese Toy Shop.
Francis the First: Francis I., from the Painting by Clouet, in the Louvre; Pope Leo X.; The Constable de Bourbon, from Titian; Francis I., at Pavia; Benvenuto Cellini; Leonardo Da Vinci.
The Ashes of Love.
Bearskin Joe's Indian: "I again raised my weapon and fired;" "I was suddenly seized from behind;" "I sprang far out with all my strength;" "It swept toward the smooth, hissing brink."
John Cabot, the Discoverer of the North American Continent.
Fact versus Fancy (Comic).
The Thorn.
Winter and Summer.
A Jungle Adventure.
The Witch's Cat.
Friar Bacon's House at Oxford.
A Silver Pomander.
Natalia.
The Artificial Production of Light: Earthenware and Bronze Lamps from Pompeii.—The Watch with Cressets and Beacon; London by Night in 1695.—London Street Lights in 1760.—English Street Lantern in the time of James I.; London Lamp-lighter in 1800; Argand, Inventor of the Argand Lamp; Student Lamp.—The Carcel Lamp.—Student Lamp, Sectional View.—Candle Making, Cutting Wicks.—Candle Making, Placing the Wicks in the Moulds.—Candle Making, Dipping; Saponification of Fat by Sulphuric Acid; Distillation of Fatty Acids.
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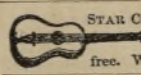
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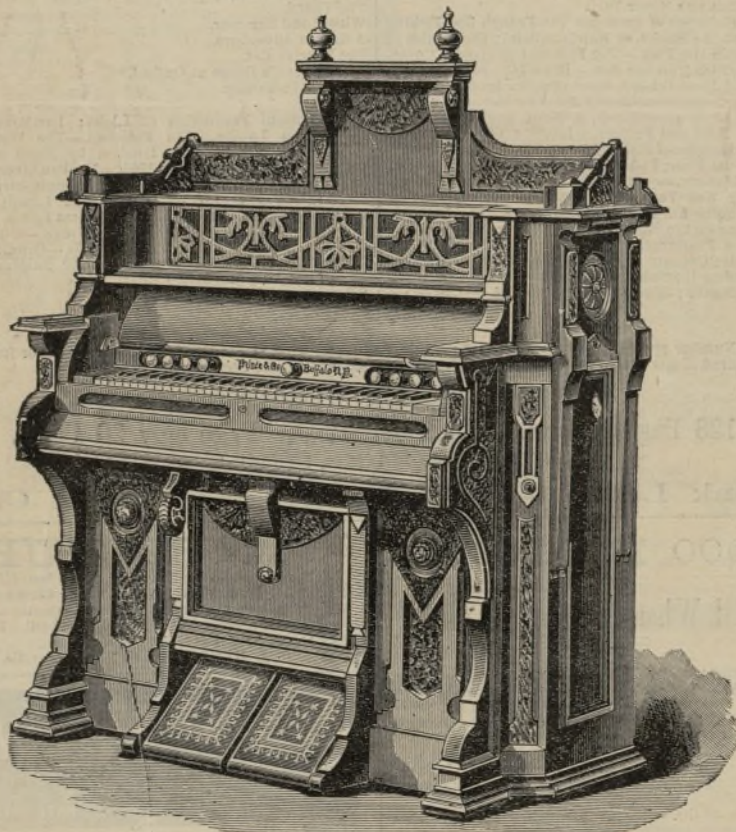
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THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese insurrection was brought to a close on the 24th of September last. On the 2nd the rebels made a raid southward, and captured Kagoshima, which was undefended. The Government troops hastened to the place, which was the very spot where General Saigo and his followers organized the rebellion, and compelled the surrender of the insurgent force on the 24th. The fate of Saigo is still a singular mystery. His remains cannot be found, and although this fact is by no means certain evidence that he did not direct the movement of the last revolt, many persons declare loudly that he had no control in the affair, and that either he was not there at all, or had been held in bondage from the beginning by the real insurgents, and finally killed by the very men who pretended to be led by him. The other chiefs were either slain, or captured, or committed suicide.

Our illustration represents the appearance of a detachment of the Yeddo policemen on their way to embark for the rebellious province. The rank and file of this contribution from the civil to the military force are not yet armed with more deadly weapons than their stout truncheons or quarter-staves; and their ordinary uniform of long-skirted overcoats, of a quite European pattern, seems more becoming to street than to field service. But they are good tall fellows, though one or two of them, being short-sighted and wearing spectacles, are likely to prove but indifferent marksmen with the rifle in any conflict with determined men. It is, nevertheless, to be expected that they will make tolerably efficient soldiers, after due instructions by the drill-master.

INDIFFERENT HOSTS.

THERE is a spurious *bonhomie*, which is really but a mask for selfishness, in the abandonment of guests to their own liberty. A host who

as an order, to send at once for the family doctor, is the retort of the host, who has no idea of seeing his arrangements upset without knowing the reason why.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN BOERS.

THE Boers are chiefly engaged in farming; they lead a wild, nomadic life, more conducive to the development of physical than intellectual powers; they are hardy and strong, most of them men of great stature; they are taciturn almost to sullenness, averse to change, crafty and suspicious, unimaginative and stubborn to a degree. During the greater part of the year the rural population live in wagons, or in tents pitched in the midst of their herds or flocks, sheep numbered by thousands, and cattle by hundreds; they are not rooted down to the soil, or troubled with over-much baggage, consequently it is not so great a hardship for them to move away from home, as it is for farmers in the more settled European countries. They are accustomed to trek to pastures new; if a Boer has 12,000 acres or so of land, well watered and fertile, it does not much matter to him where it may be situated (less than this will not suffice his needs, for the land is as yet unfenced, with the exception of a few acres round each homestead); the grass is burnt off year after year, at a great sacrifice of valuable provender. The common mode of traveling is by ox-wagon; the Boer will inspan his oxen twice a year, and take his produce, wool and hides, into the nearest town for sale, and return home laden with coffee, tea, sugar, salt, gunpowder, shot, and other commodities, to meet the requirements of his household for a season; as a rule, he is accompanied in these expeditions by his worthy "Vrouw" and his whole family of boys and girls; the good wife will barter her eggs, poultry, and butter for woolen stuffs and showy prints, and perhaps a smart-embroidered saddle-cloth for the first-born to display when he

wine could be made from the blackest grapes, which would keep good, instead of turning yellow and degenerating like the wine obtained from white ones. Moreover, the happy thought occurred to him that a piece of cork was a much more suitable stopper for a bottle than the flax dipped in oil, which had heretofore served that purpose. The white, or, as it was sometimes styled, the gray wine of Champagne, grew famous, and the manufacture spread throughout the province, but that of Hautvillers held the predominance. The cellarer, ever busy among his vats and presses, barrels and bottles, alighted upon a discovery destined to be far more important in its results. He found out the way of making an effervescent wine—a wine that burst out of the bottle and overflowed the glass, that was twice as dainty to the taste, and twice as exhilarating in its effects. It was at the close of the seventeenth century that this discovery was made—when the glory of the Roi Soleil was on the wane, and with it the splendor of the Court of Versailles. The king, for whose especial benefit liqueurs had been invented, found a gleam of his youthful energy as he sipped the creamy, foaming, vintage that enlivened his dreary *l'été-à-tête* with the widow of Scarron. It found its chief patrons, however, among the bands of gay young roysterers, the future *roués* of the Regency, whom the Duc D'Orléans and the Duc De Vendôme had gathered round them at the Palais Royal and at Anet. It was at one of the famous *soupers d'Anet* that the Marquis de Sillery—who had turned his pruning-knife, and applied himself to the cultivation of his paternal vineyards on the principles inculcated by the cellarer of St. Peter's—first introduced the wine bearing his name. The flower-wreathed bottles, which, at a given signal, a dozen of blooming young damsels, scantily draped in the guise of Bacchantes, placed upon the table, were hailed with rapture, and thenceforth sparkling wine was an indispensable adjunct at all the *petits soupers* of the period. In the highest circles the popping of

umphs for the eye; nor, again, for those innocent frauds—dearer, we suspect, like all enigmas, to the inventor than to those practiced upon, but yet not unregretted for the artist's sake, as a lawful diversion incident to his calling—wherein the subject matter underwent a transformation, and the taste and sight of the eater were at odds till the puzzle was found out. As where "pig was dressed to look like lamb," "lamb to eat like pig," and "pike to eat like sturgeon;" where mince-meat, pressed into a mold and cunningly stained with herbs, put on the semblance of melon; where veal was stuffed into the skins of fishes, and fried parstips were shaped into a likeness of trout. What artist of our day, we wonder, could perform this last malicious feat? But river-fish in those days were important, and deemed worthy of imitation, exercising a good deal of the cook's thought and skill.

NOTED MEN'S RECREATION.

FROM William the Conqueror downwards, the chief delight of British sovereigns has been in the hunting-field, though some have varied it with other more peaceful pursuits. Charles II., for instance, spent a good deal of his time in a chemical laboratory. Prince Rupert was devoted to mechanical pursuits, and in the discovery of mezzotint conferred a solid benefit on mankind. Godolphin's life was divided between the Council Chamber and the cock-pit. It is curious to observe how men who have been noted for their polish and culture as writers or conversationalists have, in their leisure moments, found a strange pleasure in associating themselves with sordid vulgarity. Prior, one of the most elegant of our minor poets, constantly passed whole evenings in chatting with a soldier and his slattern wife in a low public-house in Long-acre. Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry and a singularly refined writer, was often to



THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN JAPAN—YEDDO POLICEMEN GOING TO THE SEAT OF WAR IN SATSUMA.

does so lacks either the tact, or talent, or energy to amuse his guests, and, being half-conscious of his failing, seeks to have it to his own credit by professing to give them utter liberty, and to place his whole establishment at their service. He soon learns that the majority of them shrink from acting up to the full letter of his leave, and if at last he finds a guest who literally takes him at his word, he is so thoroughly alarmed lest his own comfort should be compromised by the other's freedom and easy conduct that he is not likely to run the risk of inviting him again, unless he has some special claims as an old crony. In the opposite extreme is the host who insists upon dry-nursing his or her guests throughout their sojourn. The guests find the whole day cut and dried for them; the entire week, in fact, is mapped out. There is a precision and peremptoriness in the arrangements which make them think twice before they venture to suggest even a modification of the part sketched out for them severally to play. Miss A. is anxious for a four-handed match at croquet with a couple of gentlemen and a rival belle. She finds herself told off to drive where she will be shown "a waterfall and some of the most beautiful scenery in the country;" she feels that her host will be disappointed if she does not go and admire, and has little option but to yield the point—probably she has not even the courage to offer a suggestion on her own part. In the same way Major B., who counted upon Miss A.'s society for the day, finds himself told off to ride with somebody else. One day the whole party are taken off to see a fish-pond dragged; they are assured it will be great fun, and remonstrances are undesirable on the supposition that they do not know what is good for their own peace. Another day a general picnic is enforced. Nothing but a plea of indisposition can escape the mandates of the autocrat, and a sharp lookout is kept upon this loophole. An offer, couched almost

goes a-courting. An immense quantity of these gay trappings are imported annually for this festive purpose. A sheep-skin will serve on ordinary occasions. They rarely leave home, excepting for these periodical trading trips and the quarterly religious services (or Natchmal), when the whole community, far and near, meet to partake of the Holy Sacrament, according to the Lutheran, or else the Dutch Reformed, rite. The small towns at which these gatherings are held are unable to find house accommodation for the influx of visitors, so they live in their large wagons or in their tents, and it is an animated scene, this assemblage of Boers, young and old, with their Hottentot and Kaffir attendants, spans of trek oxen and saddle-horses, gayly painted wagons, and snow-white tents. They generally camp out in the market square, the open space of turf of from two to six acres in extent, which it is the custom to mark off in the centre of each town or village, not only in the Transvaal, but in most of the South African States, for public use.

THE FIRST CHAMPAGNE.

IT happened that about the year 1668 the office of cellarer was conferred upon a worthy monk named Perignon. Poets and roasters, we know, are born, and not made; and this precursor of the Moëts and Cliquot, the Heidsiecks and the Mums of our days, seems to have been a heaven-born cellarman, with a strong head and a discriminating palate. The wine extracted from the neighboring cultivators was of all qualities—good, bad, and indifferent; and with the spirit of a true Benedictine, Dom Perignon hit upon the idea of "marrying" the produce of one vineyard with that of another. He had noted that one kind of soil imparted fragrance and another generosity, and discovered that a white

champagne-corks seemed to ring the knell of sadness, and the victories of Marlborough were in a great measure compensated for by this grand discovery.

COOKS OF A PAST AGE.

IN these days cookery is a very general topic, but its literary pretensions do not by any means come up to the standard of the last century. The cookery of the eighteenth century occupied a different social position from that of our own time. Ladies now learn to cook for the sake of their social inferiors; their aim is to reform the bungling incapacity of the laboring classes, and put them in the way of making wholesome appetizing messes at the least cost and waste—a benevolent endeavor to which we wish all success. A hundred and fifty years ago the fare of the poorer classes was pretty well settled in people's minds—

"Bacon, beans, salt beef, and cabbage"

formed the ideal of plenty with all concerned—farmer and laborer, mistress of the family and pastoral poet. Invention, ingenuity, taste, were all exercised in another field—the high table—and that with more aim and intention than now. In our day, if the cooking is good, the main object is attained; but formerly the eyes and fancy had their claims. There was a poetry, such as it was, in the old dishes, which our present system discourages. They had to look tempting to provoke inquiry, interest and expectation. At a modern dinner-table the eye looks on flowers; but it may be suspected that the dishes from which our portion is cut behind our backs want the graces, the arts of adornment and setting off that were once deemed essential. The side-board furnishes no theatre for the picturesque in this department of art, no tri-

be found, like Porson, in low public-houses, joking and being joked. Turner, the painter, had similar tastes. Leonardo da Vinci felt intense pleasure or perhaps an inexplicable fascination, in contemplating filth and garbage. He would gaze for hours on the slow, slimy streams which crawl out of the slums of Florence. But to turn to less reprehensible amusements. The Lord Chief Justice Saunders, whose character has been so admirably sketched by Roger North, devoted his leisure time to practicing on an old virginal. Milton selected the more dignified companionship of an organ. Innocent III., probably the greatest man who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, relieved his graver amusement of playing at nine-pins with the potentates of Europe by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had traveled a good deal, regaled him. Petavius, one of the most learned of the Jesuits, when engaged on one of his principal works, used, at the end of every two hours, to rise and rapidly twirl his chair about for five minutes. Bacon, Cowley, Sir William Temple, Evelyn, Buffon, and Addison were accustomed to interrupt their literary studies by seeking the stimulation of a walk round their garden, and have all of them recorded their delight in Adam's principal pursuit. Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, when a child, used to sit in a bog, modeling clay engines and constructing miniature windmills. Towards the close of his eventful life, his leisure was amused with his farm and gardens. It was in these occupations that the great engineer spent the few years that were left to him after quitting the career of high-minded industry in which he won fame and fortune for himself, and conferred a lasting boon on mankind. Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, found amusement in treasuring up scraps of orange-peel.



BULGARIA.—WITH THE TURKS AT SHIPKA—"ALLAH! ALLAH!"—A TURKISH CHARGE, AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULT BY THE RUSSIANS.

THE CAMPAIGN IN BULGARIA.

THE operations inaugurated by the commander-in-chief of the Turkish army on the river Lom, in August last, led to the battle of Karahassankoi on the 30th, and to that of Kaceljevo on the 5th of September. In the latter instance the Turkish corps, under Eyonb Pasha, which was divided into two columns, attacked the Twelfth Russian corps, supported by a division. The engagement lasted ten hours, the Russians being driven from their fortified positions near the town, and forced to recross the river in great disorder. Mehemet Ali claims, in his official report, that the Russians lost 3,000 in killed and wounded, including the commander of

the cavalry, and admitted a Turkish loss of 200 killed and 700 wounded. These victories secured several great advantages to the Turks. First, there is the acquisition of a very considerable tract of country which had been in part actually occupied, in part constantly menaced, by the enemy. Secondly, the success at Karahassankoi secured to the Turks a position of the greatest consequence for the protection of Rasgrad and Eski Djuma. Thirdly, the possibility was created of pushing operations as far as the Jantra. Lastly, there must not be left out of account the gain to the morale of the Ottoman troops from this victory. Immediately after these engagements there was a general retrograde movement of the Russian forces from the left bank

towards the Jantra. From the moment Suleiman Pasha reached the Turkish advance forces near the Shipka Pass, he harassed the Russian defenders at every opportunity. Early in September he had under his command 42,000 men, with ample field-artillery and mountain-guns, which gave the Russians no rest day or night. Although he could not sufficiently command the road from Gabrova into the Russian fortifications to prevent their receiving supplies, he had to content himself with steadily bombarding them. On the other hand, the Russian general Radetzky was unable to break through the investing line and descend into the plain, and hence no strategic movements were attempted for many days. On the 19th, however, Suleiman captured

the Russian works on Mount St. Nicholas, the highest point in the pass. Previous to the occupation the Russians, who had received reinforcements, made several unsuccessful attacks upon the Turkish positions commanding the Gabrova road. The Turkish reports admitted, a few days later, that the brigades which entered the fort retired six hours afterwards to their former positions "for strategical reasons." General Radetzky, the Russian commander, reported that after five hours' bombardment the Turks made a sudden attack on the forts, and that it was subsequently extended along his entire line, but that after a desperate fight of nine hours' duration the Turks were repulsed with enormous loss.



TURKEY.—THE CLOSING SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF KACELJEVO, SEPTEMBER 5TH—FINAL CHARGE OF THE TURKISH CAVALRY.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Walking costume of lead-colored pongee. The dress is cut gabielle, with diagonally closed fronts to midway. The skirt is *en train*, bound with white satin. The trimming across the foot is two narrow flounces, one plaited, the other gathered; heading these flounces begins a plaited scarf, each plait secured with a fancy button, the flounced end resting on the plain train. The folds of the scarf are strictly preserved through its windings round the skirt, the plaits being again secured with buttons on the left hip, and between these and the lower ones the skirt is twice tied with bows of ribbon the color of the dress. The outside seam of the sleeve, on the upper portion, has four folds, bound with white satin, turning upwards, and the cuff is made of folds, framed with a flounce of white lace, and has the ends of the folds tipped with ornamental buttons. The quantity of material needed for making is eighteen yards of pongee and one and a half yards of white satin. The hat is made of the same material as the dress, the brim bound on each edge with white satin, trimmed with bunches of small flowers and ribbon loops.

No. 2.—Walking coat of pale-gray rough-surfaced camel's-hair for a girl of eight years. The design of this coat is very similar to a loose-fitting gabielle, closed down the front with two rows of buttons. A large double collar, bound with dark-blue velvet, falls from the neck, and a deep cape descends from under this collar at the back, and passing over the shoulders, falls over the arm in the form of a sleeve, allowing the flounced undersleeves to be displayed. Bands of dark-blue velvet trim the skirt, the cape, collar and the undersleeves; and the scarf, of dark-blue silk, with fringed ends, encircles the hips and is tied low down on the left side. The quantity of material required is two yards of wide camel's-hair. Hat of dark felt, the crown trimmed with a scarf of dark-blue silk; inside, a wreath of roses.

No. 3.—Bonnet of ivory-white felt, with a high crown, and brim raised at the sides. The brim is bordered with a broad band of deep blue velvet; and a scarf of chenille gauze is draped around the crown, terminating on the left side under a bouquet of white velvet lilies. A shaded wing and tail of the bird-of-paradise rises in front to gracefully arch on and over the crown.

No. 4.—Street paletot of dark navy-blue cloth. The design is similar to a princess dress, being fitted with darts in the front, and long, shaped gores at the back, fitting close and smoothly over the hips, and descending midway on the lower dress skirt. The diagonal close fronts are fastened with buttons and button-holes, disposed in triplets, the corners of the collar and cuffs being secured in like manner with three buttons. It is trimmed with bands of embroidered galloon, and with gaufréd frills of white linen cambric around the neck and wrists. The quantity of material required for making is three and a quarter yards of double-width cloth.

No. 5.—The foundation of this bonnet is of velvet; the brim is flat at one side and raised at the other. The bonnet is covered on the outside with a net-



1. WALKING COSTUME OF LEAD-COLORED PONGEE. 2. WALKING-COAT OF ROUGH-SURFACED CAMEL'S-HAIR FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS.



3. BONNET OF IVORY-WHITE FELT.



4. STREET PALETOT.

work of black chenille, the points behind being edged with fringe, and afterwards tied in a loose knot to fall below the nape of the neck. A bouquet of buttercups and scarlet poppies with black centres trims the bonnet in front of the crown.

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TWO RUSSIAN CATHEDRALS.

AMONG the greatest glories of St. Petersburg are the two magnificent cathedrals, St. Isaac's and Our Lady of Kazan. In their construction and finish both display an enormous outlay of money, imposing architecture, costly materials and exquisite interior decoration. It will suffice to give some idea of the former, which is the more stupendous of the two. In the first place, the cost of sinking the piles on which the foundations rest was \$1,000,000. The building, which is in the form of a Greek cross, is of Finland granite, and supported by over one hundred polished pillars, 60 feet high and 7 feet in diameter. The cupola is surrounded by thirty more of these pillars of large size, which support the gilded dome, sixty-six feet in diameter, with a miniature cupola above. Then the whole is surmounted by a gilt cross, the top of which is 336 feet from the ground. The exterior decorations are huge bronze figures and doors, as well as Corinthian capitals and Biblical groups in the façade.

Inside the effect is most impressive. Here again are great pillars of polished granite, as well as ten of iron covered with malachite, and two with lapis-lazuli. The walls and floors are of glistening granite and marble of different colors. Pictures of sacred subjects adorn the walls; images loaded with jewels and gifts are met at every turn; the altar is resplendent with bronze, gold, silver, jewels, light and trappings; gold and silver chandeliers for hundreds of candles are hung from the lofty ceiling, and everywhere shrine-lights and burning tapers meet the sight to complete the impressive grandeur. During service the effect is heightened. The Greek Church employs vocal, but not instrumental, music. The responses are chanted at St.

Isaac's by a large body of chorists without accompaniment. The candles in the chandeliers are all lighted; priests appear in gold and silver vestments; the people bow and cross themselves—a scene of devotion that can never be forgotten.

The above Fashion Illustrations and Descriptions are selected from "Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal" the leading American Fashion Paper.