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Select Poetry.

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers, while keeping
His watch beneath a rose-tree's shade,
Filled with the rich perfume, fell sleeping
Among the winds that round him played.
His was the task to feed the roses
With distilled drops of morning bright;
When nature from her work reposes,
And all things kiss the brow of night.

And as he woke from sleep refreshing,
Pleased with the rose-tree's grateful shade,
He breathed for her a silent blessing;
And to the modest flower said:
"Ask: I will give thee of my treasure,
"And it shall be thy virgin dower;
"In meet return for all the pleasure
"Thou hast bestowed on me this hour."

"Give me some newer charm!"—He listened
A moment wondering, as in loss;
Then, as his eye with moisture glistened,
He plucked a simple tuft of moss,
And in a wreath its verdure twining,
He wove it round the blossom fair:
And now, behold the Moss Rose shining,
Loveliest of all her sisters there.

Things Abroad.

SANDRINGHAM HALL.

The Home of the Prince of Wales.

The *London World*, of January 24th, publishes the following description of this beautiful rural retreat:—The rural home of the heir to the throne of Britain lies in the warm sheltered hollow behind the range of low-wooded bluffs that line the southern margin of the Wash. From the low-lying station of Wolferton the road traversed by the visitor to Sandringham Hall gradually ascends through a region the natural bleakness and barrenness of which is slowly and reluctantly yielding before the persistent energy of taste and skill. Carefully tended young plantations of fir and birch stud the undulating expanse of scrub and heather, and the quaint rustic gables of the "Folly" peep out from the heart of a clump of sturdy evergreens, backed up by well-grown and vigorous young pines, by the edge of which the Princess's favorite drives trends away to the left through the bosky copses of Joseleine wood that mantles the indented crest and undulating summit of the upland ridge looking down over the intermediate low-lying fields, farmsteadings and plantations upon the broad bosom of the great estuary. Presently the heather gives place to greensward, and the pine-thickets are succeeded by the massy boles and spreading branches of fine ancestral oaks and beeches, which at this season but partially screen the view of the wide-stretching expanse of the home park, where the deer are pasturing in the glades, and the water, set in a cincture of luxuriant evergreens, gleams mirror-like in still glassy pools, or sparkles and tumbles over the picturesque rockwork of reddish-brown. Close on the left rises the hoary square tower of the quaint little Sandringham church, within whose walls prince and peasant worship together, in the modest God's-acre surrounding which rest side by side the mortal remains of the babe of the blood royal and the child of the peasant. There is a glimpse, over the sward and the water and the rockwork, of the long picturesquely broken garden front of the Hall—a mere passing gleam of warm red, here and there hidden in the loving embrace of the dark-green ivy; and then, with a wide sweep, the road turns the corner of the park, the beautiful "Norwich Gates," with their delicate ironwork tracery, are passed, and there remains but a short drive along a broad straight avenue, lined on either side by massive old trees, to the principal entrance of the Hall.

At a glance it is apparent that Sandringham is no stately palace, where comfort is a secondary consideration to splendor, where sumptuous suites of apartments bearing the chilling impress of being uninhabited and uninhabitable; but a veritable English home, designed not for show, but to be lived in—every detail eloquent of unostentatious taste and of refined domesticity. The keynote to the theme of *dulce domum* is stuck on the very threshold. In the inner wall of the vestibule above the hall-door is set a tablet bearing this inscription in old English characters: "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870." The home-savor of Sandringham begins from the very doorstep, for there is no formal entrance-hall. The vestibule is simply part and portion of the great saloon which may be called the family parlor of the house. This noble apartment has a lofty roof of open oakwork; its walls are covered with pictures, and its area is almost encumbered with cosey chairs, occasional tables, pictures on easels, musical instruments, flowers in stands, flowers in pots, flowers in vases, and a thousand and one pretty trifles, each one of which has an association and a history linked to it. Peering out from under the palm-fronds are two miniature cannon, which were a present from the late Emperor Napoleon to the royal children. Above Zichy's charming sketch in water-colors, illustrative of the various phases of home life at Sandringham, is a large picture of the birth-place of the Princess; over the fire-place is Borlace's recent oil painting of the Prince and Princess, with two of their children. The King and Queen of Denmark look down from the walls on the scene of their English grandchildren. On one of the round tables stands the casket in which the Sandringham tenantry inclosed their address of congratulation on the Prince's safe return from India. Above the arch of the vestibule facing the main entrance is fixed the beautiful fierce head of the Chillingham bull, shot by the Prince in 1872, with Scott's fervid lines underneath:

Fierce on the hunter's quiver'd band
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

From the saloon opens the business-room, occupied by General Sir William Knollys, the Comptroller of the Prince's household, and by Mr. Francis Knollys, C. B., His Royal Highness's private secretary; and in this room it is where the Prince transacts his correspondence, gives interview to other than social visitors, sees his tenants on questions of improvements—for His Royal Highness shirks none of the obligations of a landed proprietor—and gives his personal instructions to land steward, gardener and head-keeper. A plain room, furnished in a plain and business-like style, this apartment has for its sole embellishment a few portraits, among which may be mentioned those of Admiral Rous and Lord Napier of Magdala. On the right of the vestibule, as one enters the house, lies the library; a pleasant room in blue and light oak, whose shelves are filled with books belonging almost exclusively to the departments of history and travels. A whole compartment is devoted to works on the Crimean war, another to books—many of which are hard reading enough—on India, both British and native. The "Greville Memoirs" are sandwiched between the "Nelson Despatches" and the "Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition," and the "Seven Weeks' War" is in close proximity to the "Rise of the Mahometan Power in India." Through the equerry's room, the next of the suite, is reached the second library, which might appropriately bear the name of the "Serapis room," for it is full of the belongings of His Royal Highness during his voyagings in the big troop-ship, and the familiar feathers in gold between the initials A. E. meet the eye everywhere.

This room opens into the vestibule of the garden entrance, which by reason of its proximity to the drawing-rooms is always used on ball-nights. From the main corridor stretching to the great staircase there open on the right the principal reception-rooms; but before these are reached there is passed the Prince's private morning-room, a family room pure and simple. The admixture of feminine and masculine tastes, of which this pretty room is more than any other in the house, an exemplar, speaks eloquently of lives blended in an accord of close-knit domesticity. The walls, of cool neutral tint, are partly decorated with rare china and pottery, partly pannelled with crayon pictures of deer-stalking episodes in the highlands by the most celebrated English painters of our day. A large windowed projection, which is in part a lounge, in part a boudoir and in part a writing-room, is half partitioned off from the rest of the apartment by a screen devoted to display of family photographs. A truss of tree-mignonette, with lillies of the valley blossoming around the bushy stem half hides the panel on which Leighton's brush has depicted "The Bringing the Deer Home;" the spreading skin of a huge tiger shot by the Prince in India lies on a quilt carpet of patchwork, which was a tribute of loving respect to the Princess from the children of one of the schools she finds time to foster with so much personal attention.

From this room a door opens into the ante-room of the great drawing room; a pretty little apartment in French gray, having for its chief ornament a large picture of the Emperor of Russia and the Prince driving together in a sledge, whose three horses, in a furious gallop, are foreshortened with great skill and fine effect. The pincipal drawing-room, like all the rooms on this side of the house, looks into the park across the flower-beds, water and rockery to where the antlered red deer are browsing in the beech-glades. It is a room of fine proportions, of whose walls the prevalent tint is a pale-salmon color; and its fixed decorations are studiously simple consisting merely of a few mirrors placed panelwise, some floral mouldings, a painted ceiling and a single groupe of statuary. Mme. Jerichau's "Bathing Girls" embrace each other on a pedestal, from around the base of which flowers and blossoming exotic shrubs rear the gleaming glories of their bloom and the quieter hues of their foliage against the snow-pale marble. The sweet scent of spring-violets nestling among moss perfumes the air, and there are flowers everywhere; indeed the whole house is a floral bower, for the Princess is passionately fond of flowers, and literally lives among them. A door-window of the drawing-room "gives" on a small-domed conservatory projecting from the garden front of the house. Here the arched fronds of the palms form a sombre glory over the pedestal, upon which Jerichau's two white-marble children press lip to lip within an encircling thicket of flowers, in which the orange of euphorbia, the pale rose of the calanthe, the wax-like trusses of the white hyacynth, the gleaming scartel of the poinsettia, the blushing purple of the primula and the fair pale sweetness of the lily of the valley, at once vie and blend with each other. *En suite* with the drawing-room is the dining-room a warm-tinted genial-looking room, suggestive of comfort in its every item. A great bow-window expands from the centre of its front, whence the light streams in upon Landseer's "Mare and Foal" above the oaken sideboard. Over the fire-place, where the logs are blazing on the wide open hearth, is a full length portrait of the Prince in the blue-and-gold of the Tenth Hussars. "Unser Fritz" and his Princess—whose well-won empire over the German heart has never weakened her love for her native land—flank Landseer's *chef-d'œuvre* on either side, and life-size portrait of the Princesses Alice and Louisa hang on either side of the door opening from the drawing-room

From the dining-room the way leads through a "corridor of weapons," where the "white arms" of all ages are arranged in glass fronted cabinets on the walls, to the billiard-room, whose walls are brightened by Leeche's inimitable hunting sketches, and whose three-side windows, set in ivy, look out on the Italian gardens on the site of the old fish ponds, and so athwart the park to the church. The annexed smoking-room is the ante-chamber to the long vista of the bowling-alley, lighted both from sides and roof, with raised seats at the upper end, whence ladies may look down on the tournament of their squires. Beyond the bowling-alley is a little room over which Macdonald reigns supreme—the gun-room, in whose glass fixed cupboards are arranged for shooting irons in bewildering number and variety

The chief adornment of the main staircase is a fine portrait in oils of the Princess in riding-dress. Immediately at the top of the stairs a door opens to the right into the school-room, where Mr. Dalton's two young pupils spend a stated number of hours per day over their lessons; a light, pleasant room, in which flowers and photographs compete for elbow-room with school-books and story-books. The impulse is to pause here in this sketchy description of the interior of Sandringham Hall, lest the going further savor of presumptuous intrusiveness. Yet it is hard to shun a reference to that beautiful room on the same floor, with its pale salmon-colored and French-gray walls; its pink and lace hangings round the deep bay of the bow-window; its medley of old china, photographs, water colors, dwarf palms, flowers; its thousand and one pretty knick-knacks; its singing-birds; and with the indescribable, yet felt, although unseen, presence of delicate and refined womanhood which pervades the whole of the exquisite chamber. This is the boudoir of the Princess—the room that so grew into the heart of Her Royal Highnes, because of early grateful memories associated with it, that when Sandringham Hall was rebuilt she made it her especial stipulation that it should be reconstructed on "the ancient lines" in the minutest particular. No excuse is needed for an allusion to a room in the same corridor, because of the deep historical interest which attaches to it. It is difficult, indeed, standing to-day in the big comfortable homelike chamber, whither, through the open door, comes the song of the linnets in the Princess's dressing-room; whither through the open bay-window in the great recess beyond the crimson *prie-dieu* on the further side of the bed, with its hangings of blue and white to correspond with the tapestry-paper on the walls, is wafted on the breeze the fresh, briny scent of the sea—it is difficult verily to realize the scene to which these silent walls could bear witness; what time a strong man on this same bed, battled for breath in the very straits of the dark valley, while his dearest kinsfolk were gathered around for the sad, solemn duty of bidding him a final farewell, while in the corridor hushed retainers wept sore for the imminent untimely fate of one not less loved than honored, and while outside in the snow-slush grief-smitten laboring folk longed, yet feared, for tidings of their "master." Yet there in the ceiling above the bed is the mark of the orifice whence projected the hook supporting the trapeze cunningly devised by Bentley, by the aid of which the Prince, when on the slow and weary road towards convalescence, was wont to change his recumbent position, or pull himself up into a sitting posture.

Listen to the ripples of child-laughter and the swift patter of child-feet along the corridor! There is a flash of rosy cheeks and dancing curls as three little maids in riding-habits trip daintily down the staircase on their way to an afternoon ride in the park, in the course of which "Slowcoach" will have a wakening up doubtless, and the piebald "Euston" get his head quite to his own liking—three young ladies, the two eldest of whom are "out" after a fashion, so far as the Sandringham *beau-monde* is concerned; for at the tenants' ball in December last was there not a radiant vision of a pair of pretty fairies in scarlet sashes, with head-ribbons and dainty *bottines* to match? Later, as the shadows are falling, there come across the sward from an outlying copse of the park a couple of bright-faced, frank-eyed, lissom-framed lads in kilts and hosen of hodden gray, on whose bare knees is here and there a scratch. The younger will tell you in a ringing English voice that his elder brother has just shot a rabbit; nor is the senior—the boy who in heaven's good time and pleasure will be King of England—backward in acknowledging to this achievement of prowess.

During the shooting season the routine of Sandringham life has for variety little other than the change of the scene of the sport. One day the venue may be Flitcham for partridge-driving; the next may be dedicated to the pheasants of the Commodore and Dersingham woods; or the "hot corner" may be at the angle of Woodcock wood, with the "Folly" as the luncheon rendezvous. The start is at 10.30; and if there is any distance to be traversed, the gunners travel to the scene of their sport in the char-a-banc and wagonette. The Sandringham corps of beaters is forty strong, each member wearing a Norfolk smock-frock of brown fustian, with a number on a red badge. Luncheon is at 2, served in a marquee in some convenient spot, and at this meal the Princess, who drives to the trysting-place her own four-in-hand team of pretty ponies, joins the gentlemen with the ladies who are her guests. During the afternoon shooting, which takes the homeward direction, the ladies walk, or ride on pony-back, with the guns. Afternoon tea, to which all the guests gather in the saloon, is one of the great institutions of Sandringham home-life. It is the children's hour *par excellence*. M. Zichy has sketched the scene of charming informal domesticity with appreciative felicity. The Prince, teacup in hand, stands with his back to the vestibule fire, one of his boys and a group of his male friends standing about him. The Princess is at the tea table, with one of her girls by her side and a number of guests of both sexes, around the board. An adult gentleman with a mustache is obviously flirting with a young lady, over whose flaxen curls quite seven summers must have passed. It is a sketch that one may well hope will be elaborated into a picture and exhibited, for it would speak straight to the heart of a people ever keen to thrill to the emotion and sentiment of home-life. From 6 to 7.30 the Prince addresses himself to correspondence and business in General Knollys' room; but indeed the is hardly an hour of the day which His Royal Highness devotes wholly to pleasure, for his land steward generally accompanies him in shooting excursions, at hand to note suggestions as to improvements which may occur to the Prince as he tramps over the estate. It is reputed of the Prince in Norfolk that no landlord in the county is better acquainted with the details of his property, and with a greater zeal for its improvement. The dinner hour is 8, London time, 8.30, Sandringham time, for the Prince will have Sandringham time half an hour fast, the better to insure "taking time by the forelock," Of the dinner-table the chiefest decorations ever are flowers, brought fresh every night from the region of glass and heated air where Mr. Penny rules supreme. On the birthday of His Royal Highness, afternoon tea gives place to a visit to the stableyard, in one of the coach-houses of which all the laborers on the estate, some two hundred in number, are entertained to a "square meal" of the most substantial character. On the night of the same day occurs the annual county ball; while on the night of the Princess's birthday is given the annual tenants' ball, to which are bidden not alone the tenantry of the Sandringham estate but representative tenants from the various properties which the Prince has visited in his shooting expeditions.

The Sunday is the most characteristic day of the week at Sandringham. The Princess drives to Mr. Onslow's little church across the park; the Prince with his male guests walks, and after service walks back through the grounds, intent on pointing out his improvements. After luncheon the whole house-party walk out past the "bachelors' cottage" to the kennels where Jackson is in waiting to receive the visitors to his domain. A flock of foreign goats immediately beset the Princess, wise in their generation and in the full expectancy of tid-bits. There is a leisurely stroll through the pheasantry and along the snugly-sheltered cages in which are housed the Nepaulese birds which were one of Sir Jung Bahadoor's gifts. The bear-pit looked down into, and the bears coaxed to climb the pole, the dogs claim attention. "Jung" and "Ramsay," the noble Himalayan deerhounds, are clamorous for liberation, and effusively grateful when that has been accorded—a boon which Her Royal Highness may extend to the shaggy Scotch terriers which have greeted her so noisily. The monkey-house cannot be passed over; and then the party, with multitudinous dogs as *eclaireurs*, stroll away to the gardens, where Mr. Penny has much to show—new Indian plants developing unexpected characteristics, cacti from Rangoon flourishing like green bay-trees, and rare flora from South America putting forth quaintly beautiful blossoms. From the hot-houses and gardens the pleasant peregrination is pursued to the farm-yard, where there is quite as great an *embarras de richesses* in the way of things that ought to be seen, and are seen, as in the kennels or the gardens, and where everything is as clean as a new pin. The big cross and the two dainty Devons that are in feeding for next year's Smithfield Club show are paraded and criticised; the pretty Alderney calves find admirers and connoisseurs among the ladies; and cart-horse stalls are found in the occupation of shaggy Heratee ponies, and of the team of pretty Corsicans which, with their miniature drag, were the Prince's parting present to the Princess on the day he left Sandringham for his Indian tour. From the Indian bullocks in the paddock it is but a step to the sheep-house, where the Southdowns are feeding for winning some more of the prizes the certificates of which adorn the rafters of their snug abode. While the gentlemen are tramping it over the grassland to the site of the new works which are presently to supply virgin spring-water to the Hall and its dependencies, the Princess is showing to her lady guests her dainty dairy, with the equisite little tea-room attached, whose pannels are gradually being filled up with votive decorative tiles.

There is no lack of occupation for days not devoted to sport. Tha laboring folk in Sandringham Parish having been all comfortably housed in model cottages, the reformation of the cottage architecture and accommodation of the parish of Wolferton—an outlying portion of the estate—is now steadily being proceeded with under the personal supervision of the Princess herself, who sets her face determinedly against defective and unpicturesque homes for her laboring people. At a farm in his own hands in Wolferton Parish the Prince has some fine pedigree short-horn stock, and is gradually rearing a herd whose influence must benefit his neighbors without the expenditure of sensational prices for the fancy of a particular strain. Sandringham is the chosen rural home of their Royal Highnesses; they have watched it grow into beauty as their children grow up around their own hearth; it is endeared to them as the scene of much sweet serene happiness and of one great trouble, the sorrow of which was mercifully turned into joy; and in Sandringham it is given to them—nor do they forego the opportunity—to do much good in this their day and generation.

A Trip to the Bahamas.

The following interesting letter from Nassau, N. P., is from the Hartford, Conn. *Times*:

On leaving Hartford, on a certain day in January, it was snowing fearfully, and the streets were all blockaded, the railroads ditto, with snow from one to four feet in depth. With two engines at the head of two coaches, we were about five hours late into New York. There taking one of the Savannah boats, which leaves at 3, P. M., we were out for "a life on the ocean wave." The harbor of New York was completely choked with ice, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we were able to get out.

We left on the Herman Livingston, one of the steamers of the New York and Savannah steamship company, Captain Mallory in command. It takes about seventy hours to reach Savannah, and the winter voyage, though often rough, is also often delightful. We saw two large whales and thousands of porpoises. These strange creatures delight in getting directly before the prow of the steamer and performing all kinds of ground and lofty tumbling that would put to shame the best of our circus riders. It is great fun to watch them.

We found Savannah a very thriving business place but not much public spirit among her citizens. With us Yankees such a city, with its shipping and railroad facilities, and its lovely, green shaded squares, would be a perfect paradise. But the city residences, the unpaved, sandy streets, and the buildings all look like the last rose of summer and seem to be going to decay.

Embarking on the steamer Leo, for Nassau, we set sail, on the 23d of January, down the Savannah river. The weather was delightful and all hands happy.

The trip to Nassau from Savannah, of about 50 hours, is the most delightful sail it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. After rounding Tybee Island we kept just on the west edge of the Gulf Stream. The air is cool and bracing, the sun really hot, driving us under the awning.

On this trip there is scarcely a moment but the eye detects some new object of interest. The playful porpoise is here seen in schools, seemingly of thousands. Flying-fish are also seen on all sides. Monstrous green turtles are seen quite often, swimming on the sea; while the great man-eating shark lies lazily basking in the sun on the top of the water, sunning himself, or perhaps on a voyage of discovery around the ship to see what he can pick up for his dinner.

Arriving at Nassau we take up our abode at the Royal Victoria Hotel. The island is perfectly beautiful; the flowers and trees in full bloom, and fruit on every branch.

New Providence is, of course, the most important of the Bahamas; and Nassau its chief and only town, is a pretty place. It was settled by Europeans in 1629, and has always been the capital or seat of government ever since. This island covers an area of eighty-five square miles, and has a population of about 14,000—nine-tenths of which are negroes, and the other tenth—well, I'm most tempted to say negro too—for most every person you meet on the streets, or among hedges or by-ways, is a black man or woman.

The city of Nassau is on the north side of the island, and is on a hill-side, giving perfect drainage down to the sea. The docks and buildings extend along the water's edge in the harbor for about two miles—and the houses rise back to the top of the hill, on which stands the hotel, the government house and many of the finest residences at an elevation of about 80 to 100 feet from the water.

The streets are laid out in blocks or squares, something after the style of Hartford, only much smaller, and as square as it's possible to make them.

During our late unpleasantness, when blockade running was in its prime, and when every one was making money, and scarcely knew what to do with it or where to put it, a company of Englishmen bought up here large tracts of land, and divided and fenced it up in small lots of about an acre each, expecting that the prosperity of the island would continue at this high pressure gauge; and they expended money liberally in beautifying and adorning the property, expecting a handsome fortune and everlasting glory. But as soon as the bubble was pricked (that is, when the rebellion was put down,) it fell. The plots, instead of selling for $500 and $1,000 can now be bought for eight American dollars, and are largely purchased by the negroes, who erect their little shanties thereon; and their future fortune is assured.

This is the lazy man's paradise. On this little plot of about an acre he can get his living the year round; and his case completely refutes the story of the curse on Adam—"By the sweat of the brow," etc. Here all he has to do is to get up in the morning, take what he calls "a long breakfast," which consists of a piece of sugar-cane about two feet long; this sustains until noon, when he dines on bananas, oranges, cocoanuts, pawpaws, and a dozen other different kinds of fruit, which grow in great abundance on his single acre, wild as it were, without any effort on his part save that of picking. For his supper, the meal of the day with him, he casts his lines into the waters baited with a species of clam—gets a blue fish, a yellow fish, a red fish, or a black fish, each of which is designated by its color, the most beautiful of anything I ever saw, which, after being dressed, if it requires to be preserved for a future meal, it is but the simple act of hanging it up in the open air—the atmosphere being so dry that it will cure and be preserved indefinitely without the use of salt. While for his meat he "hooks it," or trades for it some of his wild fruit. His bed is the soft side of a plank. His happiness is complete. About all the labor he is known to do is begging of the white strangers for a tuppence (two pence,) or perhaps some of the smartest will gather "curiosities" and sell to strangers, charging you five or six dollars, from which they gradually fall (if you fail to tumble) down to about two to four York shillings.

The streets for miles and miles are macadamized, and are as smooth and as clean as a floor. They look almost as white as snow, from the limy stone from which they are top-dressed. The reflection from the sun is very trying to the eyes at the first venture forth, but soon you get used to the glare and you have the most lovely rambles in the world, almost (if it were possible) a second garden of Eden.

The houses are mostly built of a species of white marl, or a limestone, which is very soft in its natural state, and is sawed out in blocks of the desired dimensions with a large cross-cut saw and hardened by exposure to the air. The grounds surrounding them are handsomely ornamented with vines, flowers and trees.

The city has a good public library of over 7,000 volumes. And talk about "the city of churches!" Why, Nassau beats them all, and I haven't seen them all, either. I can count now twenty-one. What says Brooklyn now? They represent all creeds, and seem to be prosperous.

The scenery, both seaward and inland, is varied and beautiful. It is simply impossible to describe it; and for the lovers of nature it is a rare and not a costly treat.

The harbor is perfectly safe in all weathers, for boating, fishing or bathing; while the shores are covered with marine treasures the most beautiful and wonderful and pleasing to the eye—in the shape of shells, corals, and the sea beans, which float in from other shores. Game is abundant, and the sportsman is well rewarded for his toil.

People coming here need bring nothing but greenbacks; it is received the same as gold or silver at the stores and hotels. Our hotel was built by the British government in 1860, and neither pains nor expense was spared in answering the requirements of the most modern and scientific theories of architecture and ventilation. It is four stories high, each of the three first stories being surrounded by a piazza ten feet wide, forming an uninterrupted promenade of over 1,000 feet in extent; and this is well patronized by the handsome ladies from "the States" The rooms are large and most all of them provided with French casements opening on the piazza, and each door and window has a transom. Sea bathing is convenient and near the hotel, and salt water baths can be had at the hotel at any time.

I forgot to say that the streets are thoroughly swept every morning by convict labor, all of whom are negroes, and mostly all convicted on the charge of larceny. The prison is a large handsome building, and there are about 140 prisoners confined. Those at hard labor, when there is nothing else to do, are required to carry a bag of shot, say 25 pounds, from one place to another and then, to keep up the amusement, quietly but carefully return the article from whence it came. The unprofitable labor is kept up until some other job of work or play turns up. Those convicted for long service wear chains attached to the waist and thence to the ankles.

We have here the tamarind tree in all its perfection, from the half-grown pod up to the ripe, luscious fruit. The negroes use it as a preserve, and I have also tasted it as a pickle and found it quite toothsome.

Here also grows the cactus, in endless variety and artistic shapes and designs, and covering sometimes ten rods of stone wall, dressing it off quite handsomely.

The fences, or stone walls, are what you might call burglar-proof—that is, they are built solid up to about four or five feet, and from one to two thick; on top are fastened all shapes and sizes of broken bottles, firmly cemented, so that to climb over a fence without a ladder looks like an impossibility; but where in the name of all that's good so many of these empty bottles all came from is a mystery. One would think that the inhabitants must have bathed in liquor, though I have not seen a case of intoxication since I have been on the island.

I also have seen the banyan tree, the same that is known in the East, and those who have seen the original in far-away India (and which are capable of sheltering an army of three thousand men) say that this is undoubtedly the same, only on a smaller scale. Relic hunters cut it away so fast that it does not spread with the rapidity, nor have a chance to grow so large, as those of India. But it is a curiosity, with its limbs and tendrils twined and interwoven, forming as handsome and square a knot as it is possible for Jack Tar to make on shipboard.

The water in the harbor and outside is so clear that I myself have seen distinctly a five cent piece fully fifty feet under water, and could see the fish moving slowly around among the sponges, and darting here and there as the boat neared them.

They have but two specimens here of the regular date palm of the east, on the whole island, but these are beauties. They look as if they were painted masts with a palm tree nicely spliced to the top.

BEWARE OF BENZINE.—The Tidionte *News* says:—Last Saturday the wife of a Swede named Anderson, living in New London, was seriously burned by a singular explosion. She was engaged in cleaning the wood work in her kitchen with benzine, the room was shut up close with a fire in the stove. It is supposed that the evaporation of the benzine filled the room with gas which took fire from the stove, causing an explosion, demolishing the house and blowing the woman into the open air. Her clothing took fire and she was seriously burned on the body, arms and face. A neighbor who lives close by, heard the explosion, stepped to the door and saw the unfortunate woman flying through the air with her clothes all on fire, followed by tables, chairs and other household utensils. Of course the house was totally rained and taking fire burned up.

The laws are generally equal to all circumstances. In order to get jurymen whose minds have not been made up, men are selected with very little mind to make up.

The latest style of hand organ has only one stop. It begins in the morning and stops at night.

Our Olio.

Silk in the United States.

More than one-half of the silk products consumed in this country during the year that has just closed were of native manufacture. The fact is probably a surprise to most people, and may well draw attention to a branch of industry which, within a decade and a half, has made astonishing progress.

Repeated attempts to found silk factories in the United States had been prosecuted with skill and capital; but these, for the most part, proved unremunerative up to the outbreak of the civil war and the high tariff regime which followed. The necessity of importing the new material, was a disadvantage, but the relative high price of labor seemed to present a more insuperable obstacle to the success of the undertaking. A larger proportion of handiwork was, and still is, indispensable in twisting and weaving silk than in other textile industries. Much of this, undoubtedly, may be done by women, but they could rarely be hired for less than a dollar a day, or ten times the sum paid to silk throwers in China, and from three to five times the stipend of female operatives in Italy and southern France.

American ingenuity, however, had contrived to measurably neutralize these drawbacks by improved mechanical appliances. Before 1840 Nathan Rixford patented a silk reel of his own invention, which was a material advance on the Piedmont instrument. A number of these reels were soon afterward sent to China, and although their introduction was attended with some difficulty, the desired change was at length effected, and Shanghai and Canton silk, re-reeled by Rixford's process, is now regularly consigned to manufacturers in the the United States. A more decisive improvement on European apparatus is presented by the so-called throwing machines built at Patterson, New Jersey, it being, of course, understood that the technical word comprehends the various processes of winding, cleaning, doubling, twisting, rewinding and reeling the raw silk. The adoption of this and other ingenious inventions has enabled American manufacturers, under the tariff of 1865, to offset the excessive cost of labor, and compete successfully with foreign fabrics. Thus their demand for raw silk twenty years ago fell short of a million of dollars, whereas this country at that date paid more than thirty millions for the products of Chinese and European looms. By 1875, however, their consumption of the crude material had nearly quintupled, while the importation of manufactured silks had shrunk to less than twenty-four millions. The aggregate value of the silk fabrics produced in the United States during the last year is computed at twenty-seven millions of dollars, of which a fraction was actually exported. We may add that although our manufacturers are working under a tariff of sixty per cent. ad valorem, yet owing to the strong competition at home, the price of certain goods, for example dress silks, ribbons, and sewing silks, was never so low as now.

The market for the last named product is mainly controlled by domestic manufactures. Our sewing silks and machine twists are considered in some respects superior to the foreign article, and we may mention that the substitution of spools for skeins was started in this country. It may be, however, that the remarkable evenness and freedom from kinks secured by stretching machines—an American invention—are offset by a certain loss of strength and elasticity. The Italian staple rarely needs artificial correction of this sort, but its high cost substantially prohibits its employment in our twist factories. The relative excellence of American twists and sewing silks seems to be generally acknowledged, since during the last four years, they have been exported in increasing quantities. Ribbons and millinery silks likewise constitute important features of this industry, their combined annual valuation exceeding seven millions of dollars. What is more noteworthy, because an exceptional amount of hand work is required in the production, the demand for braids and fringes is largely supplied by native fabrics. Even gros grains have lately been made with profit, but it must be said in general that for broad goods and the heavy grades of dress silks the outlook of American manufactures is not favorable.

When we consider its beginnings and impediments, the present state of our silk industry may well appear remarkable. It gives employment to eighteen thousand operatives, two-thirds of whom are women. It represents an invested capital of eighteen millions of dollars, of which a fifth is credited to New York, somewhat more to Connecticut, and a third to the city of Paterson, N. J., which in a modest way might be called the Lyons of America. The town was recommended by its water facilities, and being already the seat of factories, could offer in the wives and children of its operatives the precise quality of labor requisite to silk works at a minimum rate of wages. Among other manufacturing centres may be named South Manchester and Mansfield in Connecticut, the latter place being intimately associated with the history of American silk culture.

Silk culture, indeed, should not be wholly overlooked, although in the Atlantic States it has ceased to engage much attention. Yet it long held a much larger place in the hopes of English settlers than the cotton crop, and James I. studiously endeavored to supplant tobacco by the mulberry tree. The growth of the white mulberry and the breeding of silkworms in Virginia were encouraged by large premiums; and about the middle of the seventeenth century a member of the House of Burgesses said he had seventy thousand mulberry trees on his estate. The cocoons, however, proved so much less profitable than tobacco, that their production rapidly declined, although it was no infrequent occurrence down to the time of the Revolution for a delegate to the Colonial Assembly or a great lady appearing at a colonial Governor's reception to wear garments woven of native silk. During the eighteenth century Georgia and South Carolina made conspicuous progress in silk culture, the export of the raw material to England in 1759 having exceeded ten thousand pounds from the former colony alone. In quality the staple seems to have been equal, or superior, to the Italian; and it is recorded that Mrs. Pinckney, a lady of Charleston, took with her to London some admirable silk which she had grown and raised on her estate, and presented dresses woven of it to the Dowager Princess of Wales and to Lord Chesterfield. With the development of cotton planting which followed the Revolutionary war, silk culture disappeared in the Southern States; but it was subsequently revived in Connecticut and carried on with considerable spirit during a part of the present century. In the town of Mansfield, for instance, between the years 1820 and 1830 the silk growers are said to have received, mainly in barter, about $50,000 per annum. The production of cocoons in the United States culminated with the *Morus multicaulis* mania, having attained the astonishing valuation of $1,400,000, or almost one-third of the sum invested in material by our factories during the past year. Those figures will be appreciated when we remember that our total crop of raw silk in 1875 was not worth a hundred thousand dollars. Yet the climate of certain States, and especially of California, is admirably adapted to the white mulberry tree and to the finer species of silkworms; and nothing hinders our production of a staple far stronger and whiter than the Chinese but the want of cheap labor. In China or Japan a good reeler will run off from the cocoon a pound and a half or two pounds of silk in a week, and be satisfied with eight or ten cents a day. In California the same workman would demand a dollar. Whether it is possible to contrive a machine which can be intrusted with the manipulation of so frail a thing as a silk cocoon, is one of the most important problems propounded to American invention. —*N. Y. Sun.*

TEXAS.

Its Vast Area—Cattle Raising.

Texas is an empire in extent, stretching East and West 800 miles, North and South 700, with an area of 280,000 square miles, more than six times the extent of the six New England States. According to the last census (1870) there were 2,964,736 acres improved, and 7,662,294 acres unimproved woodlands, with 7,796,393 unimproved pasture and other lands, the whole valued at $60,149,950. The value of the live stock is set down at $37,425,194, and is classified:—Horses numbering 424,504; mules and asses, 61,322; milch cows, 428,048; working oxen, 133,407; other cattle, 2,933,588; sheep, 714,351; swine, 1,202,445.

A vast portion of the area is dry pasture land, singularly well adapted for cattle breeding, and the herds have increased immensely since the census was taken in 1870. The State may be divided into three physical districts, each differing widely. The lower is level, the middle is undulating, and the upper is hilly and mountainous. The lower occupies the coast, extending back from thirty to sixty miles, where it merges into the undulating, which embraces the whole of the interior and North, reaching westward to the mountain tract. The mountains and table-lands begin about some 200 miles from the lower district, and cover the greater part of Northwestern Texas on the confines of New Mexico. In the second division are the high rolling verdant prairies, the narrow-wooded bottoms, the beautiful islands of timber, the quick running streams, and the charming clime, with a soil but little broken, not inferior to the alluvial country below, while the products are more varied, as the planter may raise cotton and tobacco, with every kind of grain, and then it is one of the finest tracts in the world for cattle. Such is the district to which we desire to draw attention, now that stock raising promises so well in the future, for perhaps at this moment there is no better opening for young men of enterprise and capital than the cattle ranches of this region of Texas. One of the most interesting accounts is that of Edward King, published in London in 1875 by Messrs. Blackie & Son. He says cattle raising is a grand pastime with hundreds of Texans, who like the grandiloquent sound of the purchase of 60,000 head. They enjoy the adventurous life on the great grazing plains, the freedom of the ranche, the possibility of an Indian incursion, the swift coursing on horseback over the great stretches, the romance of the road. Nearly all the immense region from the Colorado to the Rio Grande is given up to stock raising. The mequite grass carpets the plains from end to end, and the horses, cattle and sheep luxuriate in it, while the giant pecan throws down stores of oily nuts every year for the wandering hogs to revel over. The mountainous regions around San Antonio offer superb facilities for sheep husbandry, and the valleys along the streams are fertile enough for the most exacting farmer. There are millions of cattle now scattered over the plains between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, and the number is steadily increasing. It is not uncommon for a single individual to own 200,000 head. The Rio Grande Valley has always been the paradise of stock farming. Before the Spaniards had left the Texan country the whole section between the Rio Grande and the Nueces was covered with stock. The Indians were in those days employed in herding the cattle, but as soon as the influence of the missionaries began to wane the red men ceased herding, and returned to their old habits of murder and rapine. Herds of thousands range at will over the unfenced lands, and only once yearly do the stout rancheros drive them up to be examined, branded and separated. Ownership is determined by peculiar brands and earmarks, records of which are kept in the offices of the county clerks and published in the newspapers. There is a stock raisers' association which has decided on rules for mutual protection and aid.

In 1872 there were 450,000 cattle driven overland from Western Texas to Kansas through the Indian Territory by Bluff Creek and Caldwell, up the famous Chisholm trail. In 1871 as many as 700,000 were driven across. The general value of Kansas beeves was $12 to $15, gold, but after deducting all expenses the average profit on the drive is not much more than a fair rate of interest on the money invested. The cattle interest is rather heavily taxed, and suffers in consequence. The Morgan steamships carry some 400,000 beeves yearly by sea. The two great shipping points were Wichita, on a branch of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, at the junction of the Arkansas and Little Arkansas Rivers, and the Ellsworth, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The whole country at the time of transit is covered with vast herds, which begin to arrive in Kansas early in May, and await buyers there. A stampede is something which baffles description. It is a tempest of horns and tails, a thunder of hoofs, a lightning of wild eyes. Merely to see a man on foot is sometimes sufficient to set Texas cattle into a frenzy of fear and a speedy stampede; for the great majority of them have never been approached save by men on horseback. The gathering up of stock is no light task, as a herd of 75,000 cattle will range over an area 50 miles wide by 100 miles long. Large stock-raisers are always increasing their stock by buying herds adjacent to their ranges. Many persons making fortunes by simply gathering up and branding the cattle which the rightful owners have neglected to brand; cattle found unbranded, and a year old, being known as *Mavericks*. Mr. King tells the origin of the name—from Colonel Maverick, who placed a small herd on an island, and forgot all about them. They increased so that there was not sufficient grass, and had to be removed, when