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JANE.

HYPNORA PERRY.

SHE came along the little lane,
Where all the bushes dripped with rain,
And robins sung and sung again,

As if with sudden, sheer delight,
For such a world so fresh and bright,
To swing and sing in day and night.

But, coming down the little lane,
She did not heed the robin's strain,
Nor feel the sunshine after rain.

A little face with two brown eyes,
A little form of slender size,
A little head not very wise;

A little heart to match the head,
A foolish little heart, that bled
At every foolish word was said.

So, coming down the little lane—
I see her now, my little Jane—
Her foolish heart with foolish pain

Was aching, aching in her breast,
And all her pretty golden crest
Was drooping as if sore oppress.

And something, too, of anger's trace
Was on the flushed and frowning face,
And in the footsteps' quickened pace.

So swift she stept, so low she leant,
Her pretty head on thought intent,
She scarcely saw the way she went,

Nor saw the long, slim shadow fall
Across the little, low stone stone-wall,
As some one rose up slim and tall—

Rose up, and came to meet her there;
A youth, with something in his air
That, at a glance, revealed his share

In all this foolish girlish pain,
This grief and anger and disdain,
That rent the heart of little Jane.

With hastier step than hers he came,
And in a moment called her name;
And in a moment, red as flame

She blushed, and blushed, and in her eyes
A sudden, soft, and shy surprise
Did suddenly and softly rise.

"What's one," she cried, "to Ithuriel—they said—
Then stopped, and blushed a deeper red,
And lifted up her drooping head,

Shook back her lovely falling hair,
And arched her neck, and strove to wear
A nonchalant and scornful air.

A moment thus they held court,
With lovers' love and lovers' sport;
Then swift he caught her to his heart.

What pleasure then was born of pain,
What sunshine followed rain and rain,
As they forgave and kissed again!

'Twas April then; he talked of May,
And planned therein a wedding-day:
She blushed, but scarcely said him nay.

What pleasure now is mixed with pain,
As looking down the little lane,
A graybeard grown, I see again,

Through twenty Aprils' rain and mist,
The little sweetheart that I kissed,
The little bride my folly missed!

THE REPORTER'S STORY.

The Evidence that Cost Cartwrigh His Life.

How much the great public owes, for safety from imposition and for detection and punishment of crime, to the keen instincts of newspaper reporters, cannot be estimated. Indirectly, the record of one effort of systematized villainy tends to prevent the success of subsequent attempts; the description of a rogue in the local columns of a newspaper paralyzes him as far as that locality is concerned, and the hiding culprit has as much to fear from the knowledge the community gains of his exploits as from the search of the sleuth-hounds of the law. The grocer, baker, tapster, clothier, are made amateur detectives by perusal of their daily papers, and, in not isolated cases, take a thief while serving a customer, or gain a clue that often leads to the arrest and incarceration of an enemy to society. Per contra, the mistaken endeavors of professional detectives to suppress information concerning infractions of law, to invest their movements with an air of mystery, to conceal every spark of intelligence concerning depredation and depredator, are, in nine cases out of ten, so many aids to defeat justice. While I confess my inability to give more than the general statement of my first position, I could, if necessary, instance more than one case to prove the truth of my latter assertion, gained and garnered during a career as a newspaper reporter, extending over many years, in the principal Eastern cities of this Union. The great mass of criminals dread the publicity given to their actions more than the pursuit of officers; and they have, too, a wholesome fear of the vigilance, penetration and shrewdness of the reporter. They go out of their way to court his favor; give him information that all the machinery and ingenuity of the law could not extort; and allow him to penetrate, alone and unmolested, to haunts of vice and crime that are hardly approachable by the *posse comitatus*.

But, I started out to narrate a singular circumstance that happened to myself, wherein I was instrumental in checking the career of two of the cleverest and worst men that ever cursed the country, and in addition thereto, hanging the chief of the partnership. I could not refrain, however, from giving a meed of justice where tribute has too long been withheld, and speaking my word to instil into my readers a sense of their obligation to a neglected, obscure, but vastly useful class of workers in the busy hive of human life.

First as to opportunity and then as to means. I had been for some time night local on the (let us say) New City *Press*, "a paper of great circulation and unbounded influence," published in one of the chief cities on the Atlantic seaboard. Now and then a "tip top" sensation rewarded the weary midnight tramp around the several police precincts on my beat; but week after week my work was unrelieved, except by the stereotyped jokes of the men on duty, or an occasional "interview" with a convivial humorist, against whose name on the docket appeared the significant legend, "d. & d."

One night, Monday, December 4th, 1865, a bitter, blustery night, thermometer hugging zero, and whole drifts of snow driving before a hurrying norther, I was warming my thumbs at the red-hot stove in Station Six, expatiating on the stifling, tobacco and stench-laden air of the office and receiving the congratulations of the lieutenant on duty that he only had "two freezes, a little suicide and a middling bad case of destitution" for me, when the outer door was flung open, and a patrolman and one of Fleetwood's private detectives came in, preceded by a whirl of snow and a well-dressed, gentlemanly-appearing fellow—a prisoner. It was a relief to notice that he was not drunk, for my experience told me that nothing but an ordinary spree or extraordinary crime could have brought there a man so evidently smart and intelligent, and the promise of a "big item," and one that would be exclusive, made me regret the less the slimness of my note-book. Pray, do not understand that a reporter glorifies in the perpetration of offenses, or gloats over crime; by no means would I wish to convey that impression; but, granted that any thing *has* happened, the more elements of sensation it has, especially if he alone, of all rivals, gets it, the more it conduces to his good standing in his office, and the more credit he gets in its writing up. The prisoner, his overcoat and hat being removed and his wrists freed from the iron cuffs, cast a quick, interrogative glance at me, as much as to say, "what the dence are you here for?" and then, noticing the familiar nod of Ketchum, the detective, and noting something professional in my bearing, instantly made up his mind, seemingly, as to my business, and I observed an expression, half-way between shame and a scowl, flit over his face. He stood outside the rail, and in response to the questions of the lieutenant, said his name was Robert Hatch Miller; his age, 36; his residence, Philadelphia; place of birth, same—"What was he wanted for?" At this, addressed to Ketchum, I sided up to the desk, just in time to catch a wink and a pursing of the detective's lips that I instantly interpreted "mum." Then I knew that Ketchum had, what he considered, no ordinary criminal and, ransacking my memory for association of name and description, I concluded, rightly, as the sequel proved, that it was one of the Bank of Commerce robbers, who had been "wanted" for three months or so.

"He is not to be locked up," says Ketchum, "Gray will be around in an hour or so, and maybe he will go down to the Central Station before morning."

It was then after midnight, and I knew I could not wait longer; our office was two miles away, and Watcher, our managing editor, was apt to growl if copy came in late, so I followed Grady, the patrolman, out, warmed his innards at an all-night house a few blocks away, and got enough material to work up four or five "sticks" full of matter, about the time and place of arrest and conduct of the prisoner.

Twenty minutes past one, I was quite through my work and was bundling up to catch the half-past car, when Gray, the chief of Fleetwood's corps, and the prisoner, Miller, came into the local editorial room. We were alone, and Gray at once requested me to suppress the item; I was the only reporter who had it; no other could get it as it no longer appeared on record at the station, and all parties had been cautioned against giving out any mention of it. The arrest, said Gray, was all a mistake, and it was but fair that I should say nothing about it. I saw the foreman of the composing-room and had the item set on the "dead galley," and reported back to Gray and Mr. Miller that it was "all right."

"Would I take something?" "Of course; on such a night, and to celebrate such an occasion." "A drop of gin hot?" "Certainly." And, singular to relate, the prisoner's liberality was directly the cause of his being hung by the neck.

Around to Bucker's, and what we did and where we shall presently appear.

In the following August, I was no longer night local, but had been advanced to the more lucrative and agreeable position of special man—that is, I was assigned to duties, principally away from the city, that required the special presence, examination and working up of an experienced and trustworthy reporter. On such an errand I was despatched to Milltown—a political complication, worth four or five columns, I think it was—in the early part of October. This was in 1866. I arrived about ten o'clock, on Wednesday;—it was the tenth of the month; I recollected it particularly, as it was the anniversary of my birth,—and immediately started out to find my parties to be interviewed. I returned to the hotel just at 2 o'clock. Dinner was over—these hotels in country towns keep most unfashionably early hours—and I would have to content myself with a picked-up meal. I was too hungry and tired to remonstrate, and in too great a hurry to begin elaborating the notes I had taken, to care particularly, and I was ushered into the dreary, grimy, fly-infested dining-room and seated opposite a man, the solitary occupant, a late bird like myself, who, however, had got so much the start of me that he was finishing his pie, as I sat down. He glanced at me, as every body takes a look at the company around the table he sits at, and, without a trace of recognition or second glance, he concluded his meal, pushed back his chair and leisurely sauntered out of the room. He did not know me, but I knew him—it was the prisoner of the previous cold December night, at station six in New City. On that other occasion, he wore a magnificent moustache, now he was clean-shaved; then his hair was profuse and curled, now he was cropped as close as a state-prison convict. No matter! it was the same man. The heat of the summer, now cooled to mellow October, could not account for any man's sacrifice of such a darling moustache and such a magnificent head of hair; maybe he had been ill; typhoid fever, inflammation of the brain; none of my business anyhow. So my thoughts ran as I dipped into my cold, greasy dinner and made haste to get at my work, for so much as remained undone at half-past seven would have to be done on the cars, homeward bound.

That night, a robbery, accompanied with brutal and unnecessary murder, happened in Milltown. An aged couple, who lived on the outskirts of town, and who had the reputation of being hoarders of money, were found, next morning, with crushed skulls, heads on the hearth and she in her bed. The house had been ransacked, trunks broken open, bureau drawers searched, boxes tumbled about, and bricks had even been removed from the chimney back and hearth where the old man lay. This latter circumstance made it evident that the robbery had been wholly effected before the murder was committed, for the body had fallen directly across one of the holes made by removing the bricks. In the Friday morning papers I read the details of the shocking crime, little dreaming how closely I was to be connected with the events following and growing out of it.

As the months passed on, the man and the crime faded from my recollection, as newer and more interesting circumstances in which I was more directly concerned crowded them from my memory, and in March, 1867, I glanced over the reports of the trial, in Milltown, of the supposed robber and assassin, not even impelled to follow the trial closely by the fact of my having been in the vicinity of the tragedy on the day on which it occurred. I noticed, however, that there was some very peculiar evidence put in to prove alibi, and that the jury disagreed.

On Sunday night, June 17th, I called at the office to see if there were any appointments for me, and found a note from Watcher, "Mr. Williams will please take the 6:25 train to-morrow morning for Milltown, and remain during the week to report the trial of Hoffman;" and some further instructions as to amount of matter to be telegraphed, and amount to be sent by mail, and the hours for such dispatches. Then I discovered that there was a good deal of excitement about this trial, the second of the supposed assassin of the old couple; and that the leading journals, far and near, were represented there. My first action, of course, was to turn up the files of the paper, and read every line of the report of the first trial, so as to proceed intelligently with the task assigned me. I learned that the prisoner so nearly escaped that the jury stood, for thirty hours, eleven for acquittal and one for conviction, and, finally, reported an irreconcilable disagreement. It appeared that three reliable, respectable and altogether unimpeachable witnesses had been summoned for the defense from Oldboro, who swore positively that the prisoner, Hoffman, was personally known to them, and that he had been seen by them on the day of the murder, in Oldboro, four hundred miles, and over forty hours travel, by stage and rail, away. That would have cleared him but for the evidence of the detectives, who worked up the case, that the prisoner was not Hoffman, but one Cartwright; that he had been concerned in many crimes, for instance, the Bank of Commerce robbery, attended with violence to the watchman, in New City, in the fall of 1865; and that they knew their man by a scar on the leg, where he had been shot while attempting to escape from prison in 1863, he being, at that time, under two years' sentence for obtaining money by false pretenses. The one juror, who held out, was an ex-policeman, who took more stock in the testimony of the professionals than in that for the defense. Enough was known and to be put in evidence to convict the prisoner, if he was Cartwright, and to that end the prosecution had been every energy during the interim between the first and the present trials; to defeat it, the defense promised to have such a cloud of witnesses that an alibi would be proven so surely that there could possibly be no other conclusion than the enlargement of poor, persecuted Hoffman.

Thus stood the case the morning I went down to Milltown on my second errand.

The trial began as usual; the ordinary higgling over forms; the squabbles over jurors; the objections to terms; the arguments on the legality of proceedings and jurisdiction of the court; but, on Wednesday morning, the preliminaries were arranged and all hands settled down to steady work. The case for the commonwealth was faultless, on the assumption that the prisoner was Cartwright, with the single exception, noted by Belcher in his opening for the defense, that it was not proven that the prisoner was in Milltown on that or other days immediately preceding or succeeding the murder. "Granted," says he, "that one Cartwright was in possession of valuables known to have been the property of Mr. and Mrs. Asher, deceased; granted that he had hypothecated or pawned, sold or otherwise disposed of such property, as the able counsel for the people had fully and satisfactorily shown; granted that Cartwright's accomplice had made a dying confession, in which the terrible details were set forth with a minuteness to make one's flesh creep, and challenge imagination to invent a more horrible combination of avarice, recklessness and blood-thirstiness; granted all this, and yet he would undertake to clear Cartwright himself on that very ground that no attempt, other than the confession of one, *particeps criminis*, had been made to locate Cartwright near the scene of the murder on the day of its commission. But," and the learned advocate went on to enumerate the number and standing of the gentlemen by whom he proposed to prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the prisoner at the bar, "Hoffman, or Cartwright if you will, was in Oldboro on that 10th of October, and that my client, Hoffman, or, for the matter of that, Cartwright, is not guilty and must be acquitted of the crime for which he stands charged under this indictment." This cool assumption by Belcher, that even Cartwright could not be convicted after the evidence for the defense was heard, rather staggered so collected a man as the prosecuting attorney and made an evident impression on the jury.

The first witness for the defense was sworn and heard before the court adjourned on Thursday afternoon. He was senior partner in the banking house of Roswell & Mayer; he knew the prisoner at the bar; his name was Erastus Hoffman; no doubt what ever of that; he was in Oldboro on October 10th, 1866; no possible doubt what ever of that." Witnes here produced two volumes containing the bank records of that day, showing that Erastus Hoffman had deposited $835, and had procured a draft on Chicago for $500. "Prisoner at the bar was the man who made the deposit and procured the draft; witness was in the habit, growing out of his business, of taking particular notice of men, and had no doubt as to the prisoner's identity."

As far as I was concerned that settled all doubts as to the prisoner's innocence, without hearing any further evidence; and my report of the trial in the next morning's *Press* was prefaced by an earnest assertion of my conviction on that point. On my report and expression of opinion the editor founded an editorial predicting the triumphant acquittal of the prisoner, so that Friday morning's *Press* left nothing to be inferred concerning its views on the Hoffman trial at Milltown.

During Friday forenoon the evidence was all of the same character. Clergymen, lawyers, merchants, bankers, gentlemen of elegant leisure and even a lady, a school teacher to whom Hoffman was attentive, stepped into the witness-box, looked into the handsome, frank, smiling face of the prisoner, who bowed gravely yet pleasantly to each, and swore positively that they saw Hoffman—"well, the prisoner at the bar, if you prefer it," (in response to a suggestion from the prosecuting attorney) in Oldboro on the day and date aforesaid; and each and all recalled some circumstance or produced some document to substantiate or endorse what was testified to.

At one o'clock the court rose for dinner, and Belcher, with a copy of that day's *Press* in his hand, stepped briskly across the space allotted to the barristers, and, shaking me warmly by the hand, thanked me for "the brilliant and truthful report I had so far made of the trial," and asked me to go over and be introduced to his client, that he, too, might thank me for my exact and impartial treatment of the case, not only as a reporter, but in my capacity as a commentator and writer of the interesting narrative and description which preceded my daily amount of reported evidence. Naturally enough, I was considerably flattered at this turn of affairs, and I saw with pride the envious glances of my fellow-reporters at the press table. Under any circumstance I should have been pleased to be introduced by Belcher to a fine-looking gentleman, wearing moustache and side-whiskers *a la* Burnside, elegantly dressed, evidently intelligent and with all the bearing of a man of culture; but when it came about that I was to be singled out to be introduced, still by Belcher, to such a gentleman, in such a pitiful situation, the object of the sympathies, loudly expressed, of the crowd that kept their seats during the intermissions of the court, so interested were they, I was doubly gratified, and bore my shoulders well back and head up as I kept step with Belcher, around the horse-shoe table, along the rail, among the chairs, fairly up to the dock. I marked the eager watching of the spectators who had not lost a single one of Belcher's motions; who had seen him shaking hands with me; who had noticed that he had "our paper" in his hand (nine-tenths of them had read my report), and who were half ready to cheer as I extended my hand on Belcher's introduction, "Mr. Hoffman, this is my, and your friend, Williams, the representative of the New City *Press*."

But the crowd did not cheer; on the contrary, a rustle of surprised silence—I can call it nothing else—went through the room as I was seen to hesitate, turn almost purple with the rush of blood to my face, draw back my hand and hurriedly make my way out through the exit sacred to the officers of the court and the jury.

The prisoner at the bar was the man I had seen on those two previous occasions, the latter on October 10, the day of the murder, in Milltown.

What was I to do? I knew the man—knew him beyond a peradventure. Thrice I had seen him; each time with different tonsure; each time so unlike the others that, under ordinary circumstances, identification was impossible; and yet, I knew him and could swear to him, day, date, and events. Should I simply confine myself to my functions as reporter and let loose a man, I then knew in my heart was a murderer, a dangerous man to society, or should I go into the witness box and tighten the noose that had as good as fallen from the man's neck? I sat at the table, where I sat eight months before; I could not eat; I could only think.

At half-past two, the court was again in session, and I in my chair at the reporter's table. Only one more witness to examine—an unimportant one—then the summing up. The case would be given to the jury before an adjournment; and every body, even to the district attorney knew what the verdict would be. The vision of the old man, lying with his blood-stained face on the hearth, and his gray hair sweeping the ashes; the poor old victims of bad men's lust, suddenly and without reason, hurried by violence into eternity, the whole course of the crime, came like a panorama before me. My mind was made up. Hastily tearing an irregular strip from the sheet of copy paper on which I had been writing, I hastily scribbled these words, "Call Horace Williams." A puzzled look came over the district attorney's face as he read them, when the paper had been handed him by a court usher; soon a gleam of something breaking in upon his mind was visible, and recognizing the source from whence the missive emanated, he rose as if to come over to me; but a second thought seemed to strike him and he resumed his seat, merely shooting a hasty glance of appreciation at me. I had half-repented, half-determined to fly the court-room, half-resolved to plead mistake when, the defense having declared on end of their testimony, the district attorney stood up and quietly announcing that he had evidence in rebutal to offer, repeated the words of my message, "Call Horace Williams."

The crier, obeying the dictation of the judge, bawled out my name at the top of his voice, and, amid the wonderment of every body in that crowded court-room, I made my way to the witness-box. I was sworn, and answered the usual questions which preface the giving of evidence. Then came the momentous:—

"What do you know about this case?"

"Simply this:—the prisoner at the bar was in Milltown on the 10th day of October last, and dined that day at Blankman's Hotel."

By the district attorney, "How do you know that?"

"I was at the table with him," and then I proceeded to tell how I came to be in Milltown; why I was so positive as to the date, and the circumstances of my encounter with the prisoner.

If I was flattered at the attention bestowed upon me by Belcher, and the consequent admiration of the spectators, I had no reason to be flattered with the regard in which the same body of men now held me. Contempt, surprise, and incredulity were apparent upon every hand; even the judge leaned over his desk and gazed at me, as who would say, "why your testimony won't weigh a pin against the alibi already proven, and you must be a presumptious young man if you expect us to believe you." The district attorney, himself, was not prepared for any thing so pointed and positive as my assertion, and hesitated, out of sheer astonishment, to question me further. But the attitude thus unexpectedly assumed toward me by my auditors put me on my mettle. The face of the wretched man in the dock blanched, and his utmost efforts at self-control availed him little. I knew I was right, and, without prompting, questioning or interference from attorneys, judge or jury, I proceeded. I gave an account of my first meeting with the prisoner, as Robert Hatch Miler, his visit to the sanctum of the *Press*, and our adjournment to Barker's.

"Then and there it was," I continued, "I noticed a peculiarity in the prisoner's face; a peculiarity so pronounced that I could not help noticing it, and so generic that it is improbable, if not impossible, that another man living is so marked. I can scarcely think my notice of it was accidental, for I have a considerable gift of caricature, and my profession leads me to observe things which would escape ordinary, or even critical examination. At Milltown he was differently attired, his face bare, his hair cut short; yet I think if I had ever seen him before, I should have noticed, as I did, the same undisguisable peculiarity. I never saw him closely afterwards until to-day, when his counsel took me to him for an introduction; I saw the mark again; I would not touch a hand I then believed to be stained with blood, and I abruptly left the court-room."

By the judge: "What is that peculiarity?"

Instead of answering directly, I preferred a request that the court should appoint such men as it saw fit, on whose keenness and judgment it could rely, and have them closely examine the prisoner to see whether they could discover any thing to identify him from another who resembled him in such a degree that confusion or mistake as to person would be likely to ensue. I would give my answer, describe the peculiarity, apart from them, and in such way that it could not give them a hint, and abide the result. A proceeding so unusual and without precedent was instantly and earnestly combated by the counsel for the defense; but deeming that course prejudicial to their case, they gave reluctant consent. The prisoner was examined, in the judge's room, by the sheriff, a detective and a clergyman, in the presence of all the counsel in the trial, and they reported that they had observed nothing unusual, except a tendency of the eye-lids to droop, but that might be the result of accident or emotion, to which any man might be subject.

At this juncture I resumed my testimony, and settled the case by declaring that *the pupil of the prisoner's right eye was normally round, while the pupil of his left eye was an elongated slit, or "cat-shaped."*

The hotel-keeper was brought forward with his register and accounts; he proved my presence in Milltown that eventful day and remembered the man as described by me, being there, also. "The prisoner would be such a looking man if his dress and cut of whisker responded." In short, the prisoner's guilt was established, to the satisfaction of the jury, and Joel Cartwright was sentenced to death, and executed seven months afterwards. I was detailed to report the hanging, but begged off, as I regarded myself as the principal agent in bringing it about.

A brief biography and an extended account and confession of the crime, for which he was executed, was found in his cell, from which we learned the particulars of the deed, and the modus operandi by which he had been able not only to summon unimpeachable witnesses to testify falsely in his favor, but, in company with another, to prosecute a career of villainy and crime almost unparalleled. Joel Cartwright and Webster Hanna were members of a counterfeiting gang for some months before they met. When, at last, they did meet, their remarkable resemblance, the one to the other, struck them simultaneously, and an alliance was immediately entered into. Nature had formed them so nearly duplicates, that a very little "make-up," as theatrical people say, rendered it impossible for even intimate acquaintances to recognize them. Here was the basis for bold open-handed crime, defended by convenient alibi. A place would be "spotted" by one and a distant date fixed. In the meantime the other would be "spotting" in another locality where he would make himself intimately known, and during the day determined on for the commission of the crime would make himself unusually conspicuous. Then, as in the case of the Asher family, operated by Cartwright, the perpetrator of the crime, and his distant double would disappear, meet, arrange a few preliminaries for defense or aggression, and separate. Why, at last they got so bold that Cartwright, in open day, less than ten miles from Milltown, sold, at a small jeweler's, the rings he had taken from murdered Mrs. Asher's hand.

While he was in Milltown looking after a "plant," his partner "cracked" the Bank of Commerce, and Gray getting a clue, but missing his cue, arrested Cartwright, who gave his name as Miller, and afterwards, Ketchum did the same and brought him to New City; there I first saw him; there Gray recognized him as answering the description of the wanted robber, and also as the wrong man he had himself previously arrested; together they came to our office and leaning against the bar at Barker's I noticed the gas-light shining on that particular and peculiar eye and said to myself "if I had to caricature you, I would bring that eye out strong." And from this circumstance arose the evidence that cost Cartwright his life.—*George A. Worthing, in Locke's Monthly for December.*

JAMES TAYLOR is a very wealthy owner and manager of coal mines in Perry County, Ohio. He used to be a journalist. Believing that Perry County was the heart of the trans-Allegheny coal fields, he went on a pedestrian tour of thorough inspection in that section, intending to describe what he saw in letters to a Chicago newspaper. After gathering all the accessible information, he stopped at Columbus, where he met the late Gov. Tod, to whom he described his trip. The Governor appreciated more fully than did Taylor the value of the discovery. "Don't publish it," he said, "but go down there any buy up or contract for fifty thousand acres of the most promising land you can find. I will back you up." Taylor had made the tour on his own account, intending to sell his letters to the newspaper that would pay him the most. So the information which he had acquired was legitimately his own, and he used it as advised. Gov. Tod died too soon to profit by the enterprise, but other men furnished the capital, and now Taylor is a millionaire.

A BOSTON provision dealer, whose accounts were overhauled by an officer the other day, had a peculiar method of book-keeping. One charge was to "the little, short, middle-aged woman in spectacles, who comes in once a week;" another item was placed to the account of "the big, red-haired woman around the corner."

English versus American Railways.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent Iceland Journey letters, contrasts English and American railway management to the disadvantage of the latter. In all but in the single particular of the failure of English railways to accommodate travelers with checks for their baggage, he gives the superiority to the British usage. This is a judgment singularly and even amusingly at variance with that of some other countries. It is a judgment which almost every day's experience of the present writer for several weeks past, on many different lines of English road, entirely opposes.

The matter is one of a more than speculative or emotional interest, for the road system of neither country is perfect, and in both countries example from other lands is not without its influence. And in England especially it just now happens that, owing to the very recent occurrence of some more than usually unnecessary and fatal accidents, the public attention is turned with unwonted earnestness to the discussion of the defects of their own system, and to an inquiry whether the American is not in some respects better. Paragraphs intimating a belief that this is so appear daily in the newspapers in England. Exhortations are based upon such a conviction calling on railway directors to adopt this and that specified American "improvement."

Such a statement, therefore, by a distinguished American traveler as that above referred to, quoted and read in England, has an influence at least to discourage attempts to better a management which is declared by him to be already so much better than the American. And any such discouragement is certainly to be deplored if the convictions of the present writer are correct; that the general management of railroad travel in England instead of being superior is vastly inferior to our own.

The object of this communication, therefore, is to point out a few simple and as should seem quite manifest particulars of inferiority in British railroading.

One such can be found in the comparative lightness and instability of the trucks of English cars. The car wheels used in Great Britain are generally of considerably larger diameter than the American, and are at the same time to each carriage fewer in number. Four to a carriage is the usual number, though six is common on some lines. But American cars never have less than eight, and often twelve or or sixteen. The result of this diminished size and increased number of American car wheels is to lessen very materially the swaying motion in travel. The heavy truckage steadies the train. It is not too much to say that in point of freedom from this side-to-side movement there is no road in England which can be compared with the ordinary better class roads in America. A very simple test of this is the ease or difficulty of reading on a journey—a practice which the writer uniformly indulges in in America, but which he has been obliged almost wholly to abandon here.

Another very important point of inferiority in British railroad management is the miserableness of the couplers and brakes in use. On the freight trains especially the appliances for coupling the cars are of the rudest description, being merely links of chain, allowing a very considerable space between each car. The consequence is that the starting of a train is accomplished by a succession of jerks, often resulting in breakage of connection, and always allowing the greatest opportunity for irregular and unsteady action when the train is fairly under motion. These loose chains are not used on the passenger trains, but even on these the coupling apparatus is exceedingly inferior to the American. It is accomplished not by the firm junction of two central broad-headed shafts of iron coupled by a single link, as in the poorest American system; still less by the interlocking of two strong shafts, as in our Miller coupler, now in so general use; but simply by the screwing up, less or more tightly, of a jointed iron rod, an inch and a half in diameter, connecting each pair of cars. The inevitable consequence is decreased steadiness in motion, increased peril of breakage, and added danger of "mounting" or "telescoping" in case of collision.

But if the English coupler is a poor, antiquated affair, the brake is not less so. Nothing like the Westinghouse brake—that vast diminisher of the perils of railroad accident now almost universally employed in America—is in general use in England. It it exists here at all, it has not come under my notice; and I do not believe it is on a single road in Great Britain. The universal brake employed is some form of hand-brake, the application of which depends on the activity, the presence of mind and the physical strength of the brakeman. And even of these hand-brakes the allowance to a train is but small. Not two or one to a car, by no means; but occasionally a car in a train having one is the common supply. The writer has repeatedly traveled, during three months past, on trains of from five to ten cars with only two brakes beside that on the engine to control the whole. There can be no wonder, on a system like this, that collisions are frequent on British railroads. Indeed, it is this precise form of railroad accident—collision—so comparatively infrequent in America, which is the most common here; and it unquestionably is manifoldly greater, spite of many other imperfections existing, than it would be if some form of effective steam-brake were employed.

Still another deficiency of English railroads is the feebleness and inadequateness of the head-lights of the locomotive. An American engine carries a light which casts an intense and far-reaching radiance along the track before it. Even in the darkest night it enables the engineer to see objects at a great distance. The two feeble lanterns the English locomotive carries are totally insufficient for any similar service. Their range is very small. Compared with an American engine-driver, an Englishman travels in darkness. Obvious and simple as seems the cure of this evil, it is a cure yet to be made.

To their infirmities of a mechanical kind must now be added an interiority of another nature. An English railroad is, it may be almost said, never run "on time." No manner of comparison in punctuality can be favorably made between English and American roads in this matter. It is the rarest thing in the world, on any of the great British lines, to find a train not considerably behind its "due." What this apparent obliviousness of "time" is owing to is a matter of public discussion now in English newspapers. The common verdict seems to ascribe the trouble to the overcrowding of the roads with many trains. But the evil is obvious and admitted. And out of it, it is too plain to remark, comes an awful amount of disaster to property and life.

And, indeed, the waste of life in the management of British roads is something appalling. Leaving out of view the destruction of passengers, the destruction of employees of the roads themselves is awful. Some statistics on this subject have just been published in the *Times* by the agent of the *Railway Service Gazette*, which present a terrible showing. According to the returns for 1873, one line of railway killed 68 of its employees and wounded 1,317. Another killed 114 and wounded 1,100. Another killed 62 and wounded above 1,000. The same report affirms that in 1872, on all the English roads, 1,080 employees were killed and 27,340 injured. These are worse figures than army returns in war times. Surely that system of management cannot be so very perfect which results (beside the loss of life and limb to others) in such destruction to the managers themselves.

Too much acknowledgment cannot be made of the general courtesy of English railway clerks and officials. In this respect they contrast advantageously with ours. And an English first-class railway carriage, albeit a very expensive, is a very comfortable conveyance as long as it keeps on the track and there is no collision. But among the things which an American traveler sees "done better" here than home—and such things are many—railroading is not one. On the contrary, the advantage in economy, punctuality and safety is much in favor of the management he has left behind.—*George L. Walker, in Christian Union.*

Small Industries.

The wild cherry tree in Vienna is considered the best pipe wood. Orchards are planted for that purpose, the products of which amount to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually. Half a million of dollars worth of pipes are annually exported to France, England, and the colonies. The wild cherry grows wild all over our old fields, and we have hundreds of men who are loafing about our towns and railroads waiting for something to turn up, who could be profitably engaged in making pipes, and kept out of the way of temptation, for "idleness is the devil's workshop."

The sugar production from the beet root in Europe amounts to $1,240,000. The beet grows well in all parts of the South, and a wide field is here open for experiment. Thousands of dollars are annually sent North for brooms. Broom corn grows all over the South, and any body who can tie a shoe-string can learn to make a broom.

Thousands of dollars are annually sent North for willow baskets. The willow grows wild upon every branch in the South almost, and beautiful baskets can be made out of it by women, as has been demonstrated about Glenn's Spring.

The gross produce of the grape in France amounts to more than three hundred million of dollars. This industry employs six millions of men, women, and children, and nearly two millions of merchants, agents, and traders. The vine grows well at the South, and our Scuppernong makes a more delicious wine than most of the imported stuff, yet we send North annually thousands of dollars for champagne made out of Newark cider, or what is worse, some chemical compound. The world can show no better pastures than some portions of the Southern States, yet we send North for "English dairy cheese," and Goshen butter. Our vinegar, our mustard, and our Cayenne pepper, are grown and made for us.

Thousands of dollars are annually sent North for garden seeds, fruit trees, and shrubbery, which could just as well be grown at home. Millions are sent North for black walnut furniture, while we have seen walnut trees split into fence rails in South Carolina. We have the best of timber for spokes, felloes, hubs, etc., yet our mechanics send North for timber. We can grow fine Irish potatoes, yet we send North for our seed potatoes, and often for eating roots. A vast field is open in the cultivation of fruits. The markets of the North are open to us, and we soon will be connected by rail with the great Western markets.—*Rural Carolinian for November.*

Dust as a Cause of Catarrh.

Dust as a cause of catarrhal affection is beginning to be recognized by the members of the medical faculty. Some years ago the present editor of the *Artisan* contributed to some journal, the name of which he cannot now recall, the result of his experience with acute attacks of the naso-pharyngeal membrane, affirming his opinion that city dust has caused this inflammation in many instances. His attention was attracted to this subject from the great relief he experienced through short voyages at sea, and the recurrence of the attacks upon his return to the city at a time when the streets were exceptionally dusty. Dr. H. Bennett, of New York, has contributed to the September number of the *Medical Record* a very able essay upon the abnormal conditions of the superior air passages and some of the causes of chronic inflammation of these parts, in which he ranks dust as one of the most efficient causes. He thinks that he has proved satisfactorily that chronic catarrh may be produced by the action of dust, through experiments upon animals forced to breathe air which contained no more dust than is frequently seen in certain parts of the business portion of New York. Dust issuing from the registers of houses heated by hot-air furnaces, and dust of streets—which is a combination of nearly all substances, filthy and otherwise, known to mankind—he regards as more effective in producing these complaints than clean earth-dust and dust occurring in various manufactories. It seems certain that chronic catarrh is more prevalent in cities than in country districts. Dr. Bennett estimates that at least four or five out of every twelve in the city of New York, irrespective of their calling or profession, suffer from chronic inflammation of some part of the respiratory membrane situated above the trachea. Naso-pharyngeal catarrh, he states, is extremely prevalent among the conductors of city horse-cars, and this disease is always aggravated when the streets are dry and the consequent amount of dust dragged after the cars is excessive.

Educated Birds.

The Baltimore *American* gives the following account of a troupe of trained Java sparrows and parroquets, now exhibiting in the streets of that city:

"When a suitable place is found, a circular table is opened and the birds are all turned loose upon it; they manifest no fear at the crowd, and do not offer to escape. The performance consists of ringing bells, trundling small wheelbarrows, slack wire walking, firing off pistols, dancing, swinging each other in small swings, an excellent imitation of a trapeze performance, and a number of other equally interesting tricks. The most wonderful part of the performance, however, is done by a parroquet. This bird walks to the center of the table, and, after bowing to the crowd, seats himself in a small chair near a bell. To the clapper of the bell there is attached a small cord, and any one in the crowd is allowed to ask the bird to strike any number of times upon the bell. If asked to strike ten times, he leaves the chair, seizes the bell rope and pulls it ten times, after which he bows and returns to his seat. This was repeated a great many times, and with one exception the bird made no mistake. The bird will strike twenty-seven times, but after that he refuses; and his owner states that he has worked nearly a year to get this bird to strike up to thirty, but it appears that his memory gives out at that point, and it is unable to count further. A collection is, of course, taken up after each exhibition."

A FAMINE INDEED.—An incident which has occurred in the experience of a preceptor will doubtless occur repeatedly in that of other preceptors. According to a book, "In the year 1847-48, potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry." A school-boy read this passage as follows: "In the year 1847, forty-eight potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry." Of course. Be careful in compiling school-books.

GREAT indignation is prevailing among the citizens of Atlanta, Georgia, because, after they had subscribed largely to a dinner given to the locomotive engineers who assembled there in convention recently, a railroad company contrived to have its name printed on the invitation, and got all the credit for the entertainment.

AFTER a careful examination of the matter, Dr. W. Adams concluded that though the cicatrices of superficial wounds may disappear, those in which the deep layer of the skin has been cut through in early life generally increase in size as the person grows older.

NEVER wait for any thing to turn up, but go aud turn it up yourself.

An Eccentcic Pennsylvanian.

The Oil City *Derrick* contains an interesting history of David Dougal, the oldest resident of Butler, Pa., and the most eccentric citizen of that county. In 1802, when the site of the town was laid off, Dougal purchased several large lots from the proceeds of his business as a surveyor, and as time wore on he created a number of the most primitive houses, which still stand in a dilapidated condition, forming a sharp and striking contrast to the modern edifices which grace the little town. The writer says:

A gloomy, cheerless apartment, in one of these antiquated huts, serves the owner as a lodging place. Entering the creaky door, the visitor discovers a room about eight feet wide by ten deep. A small window lets in a slight light through the soiled panes. One corner has a grate for burning soft coal, over which is a rough mantel, with a piece of tallow candle, and some matches. On the right side is a table covered with musty papers and dusty utensils of various descriptions. Nearer the front door is a bureau of the olden time, which is simply sufficient to accommodate the scanty wardrobe of the proprietor. In the left-hand corner is a bed of the roughest sort. Half-a-dozen poles are stretched from a bench to a couple of rickety chairs; on these a quantity of straw is thrown, while a couple of gray blankets and homespun quilts complete the outfit. On this wretched apology for a bed the desolate lodger has slept for many years, resisting every attempt of sympathizing friends to make it in some degree passable. Two or three stout chairs finish the catagory of the furniture. Dark, cold, untidy and neglected, without a shred of carpet or a single luxury, it would indeed be difficult to imagine an apartment more forbidding than the dreary one so long inhabited by the last of the Butler pioneers. Of late years the forlorn inmate of this dismal abode has taken his meals at the house of a tenant, but nothing can induce him to cease his hermit life. How he contrives to exist during the severe nights of winter is a mystery to all his neighbors to whom it would be no surprise were he discovered frozen to death some bitter morning.

Unlovely as this room appears, the inquiring stranger will find it a high privilege to converse with its venerable occupant. His memory is wholly unimpaired, and marvelously tenacious of names and dates and incidents of auld lang syne. In a few lengthy interviews