

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Something New.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear,
As words more than a diamond's birth,
Or than a diamond's price;
It leads the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night,
Than all the stars say yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent,
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for poet and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To spread the frown from care;
To turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay—
Spread gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That tempts the lily's breast:
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
When threaten'd storms begin—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves are conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power and wisdom true?
This charm, this bright divinity?
GOOD TEMPER—nothing more!
Good Temper! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman's hand can bring;
And can the poorest peasant find
To bless, unknown to kings.

An Editor on a Foreign Railroad.

Mr. G. W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, recently set out from Paris on a tour to Germany, received on his route a variety of marked attentions which seemed to have puzzled his philosophy, and of which he gives the following account:

On going to the ticket office at Cologne, and on being asked which class car I would take, I replied, as any American naturally would, "first class, of course." The price paid for the ticket, although I do not recollect how much it was, did not seem to be high; and as I showed it to one of the conductors, he very politely pointed to and opened a car into which I at once stepped. So far all right, thanks to myself. The car was very neatly and comfortably furnished—nothing extra about it, however, that I could discover. I could not see that it differed materially, or in fact that it differed in any way, from those on both sides of it.

Passengers were bustling about in the usual hurry that precedes the departure of a train; and as there appeared to be a crowd of them, it was with no little satisfaction that I saw many of them pass my car and step into those adjoining—it insured me additional elbow room and of course additional comfort. As the time approached for starting, a middle-aged gentleman with a very pretty and very neatly dressed young lady on each arm—his daughters very likely—came hurriedly along looking for a car. Here was a chance, not only to pick my company, but to be civil, and I accordingly opened the door for the party. One of the young ladies bowed, and at the same time said something in German, thanked me, I suppose, but strange enough, as I thought, they went on to another car. I must admit that I did not like it, yet of course I could say nothing.

By and by the last bell rang, the locomotive commenced puffing, the train whirled along and I was left the sole possessor and only occupant of the car—had it all to myself. This is comfortable, thought I, as I stretched back with plenty of room, and opening all the windows on both sides I was soon busying myself in surveying the country through which we were rapidly passing.

In an hour's time we were at Dusseldorf, and here a halt of ten minutes was made. The conductor was again very polite in opening the door for me to step out, and as he did so I noticed that the ordinary crowd of loungers was more dense around my particular car than was the case with any of the others. They stared at me, too, as I descended, and as I thought a little harder than there was any necessity for; but at the same time there was nothing positively rude in their gaze. Additional passengers, on their way to Hanover or Berlin, came flocking to the depot, and now I certainly thought that the car in which I had come would be filled; yet not a soul entered it, although I left the door wide open. One look at it seemed to suffice, and every person would pass on to the next. Again the bell rang, again the train started, and again, like Juan Fernandez on his island, I was left alone to myself.

At every station where the train stopped the scene was pretty much the same. The idlers would all take a special look at my humble self, and some of them even condescended to touch their caps or hats, and bow. I knew that the Prussians were all very polite, and that the custom of touching the hat was common; but why were they so polite to me in particular? That was the question.—And again, why did they take so much more notice of me than of any one in the adjoining cars? This bothered me. At almost every place I got out for a minute or two, and examined my fellow passengers in the neighboring cars, many of which appeared to be crowded full, and among them were many very handsome ladies. I watched the new comers, too, and made all the room for them possible, with the hope that they would enter and keep me company. If the cholera had been in the car they would not have avoided it more studiously.

In this way we went on till past the middle of the afternoon, and until the train reached Minden. Here a stop of nearly an hour is made—here the cars are changed—and here, thanks to myself, I shall certainly find some one at least to accompany me, but no. The conductor was a new one, and like his predecessor, could not speak a word of English, and when I showed him my ticket he very politely opened the door of the car in which there were two or three cars that were not more than half full, and as I made a demonstration to enter one of them, he met it by a gesture which was as much as to say "that is not your place." I got into the one he pointed out, and the door of which he opened—and again I was the sole possessor of six or seven comfortable seats as ever man could desire.

By this time I not only felt lonesome but nervous. I had been stared at, although not in a rude way it is true, and spite of all my endeavors they would persist in giving me an entire car for myself. There was something pointed in this—it could not be the result of accident—it meant something—and the more I thought of it the more uneasy I grew. I looked at my coat; it was a plain coat, and should not attract attention. So with the rest of my garments. My cap was nothing but a plain, ordinary traveling cap—there was nothing strange

or uncommon about that, I said to myself, as I took it off, turned it round and round in my hand, and thoroughly examined it. That they all took me for a foreigner I could readily conceive; but then I was not the first foreigner that had passed through Prussia, and I knew it could not be the custom to stare at every stranger as though he were a wild beast. At the last station before reaching Hanover I jumped out and rushed into a refreshment house, ostensibly for a glass of beer, but really to examine myself in a looking glass, to see if there was anything wrong. I could discover nothing and went back to my car as much at a loss as ever.

I most certainly should have asked the conductor what it all meant, and if there existed any suspicions about me, but for two very good reasons—one of which was that I could not speak a solitary word of his language, and the other that I had a species of sneaking presentiment that I would hear something not very complimentary to myself.

At the railroad depot at Hanover, next morning, I once more bought a first class ticket, and I must admit that it was with no little uneasiness I started toward the train to take my seat for Harburg, the little place from which a steamer is taken for this city. I hung back until nearly all the passengers had procured their places, and then went up to the conductor and showed him my ticket. If he did not take me to a car, and the only one, in which there was not a single person, then am I not a true man! For this blow I was not prepared; all I could do, however, was to sit and bear it alone and with patience.

At the different stations every lounge would make it a special point to get a good look at me, as though I was a great foreigner, or revolutionary agent, or a runaway from justice of some sort, or a traveling menagerie.—To make a long story short, I came all the way to Hamburg, solitary and alone, and what with the journey of the previous day I had now come between three and four hundred miles in a fine car all alone to myself.

Of course there is very little company in being thrown among those of whose language you do not understand a word; yet it was a positive relief to me to be thrown among the miscellaneous mass I found on the little steamer on which you cross the Elbe from Harburg to Hamburg. I might be going a little too far were I to say that I expected the clerk, or some one on board, would show me to a lone room, which was to be all my own; but had they done so I should have resisted most certainly. I had had enough of solitary confinement—enough to convince me that it is the very worst punishment you can impose upon a man—almost worse than hanging without the benefit of clergy.

The distinguished stranger finally obtained a solution of the mystery at Hamburg, where, falling in with a German whom he had known in New Orleans, the latter, with a screen of laughter, on being informed of his dilemma, told him that in Germany, "only fools and Princes travel in first-class cars."

Lord Bacon.

In Lord Bacon's style of living there was something that struck his contemporaries as peculiarly magnificent. The secret was, that he did everything in a high and natural taste. In compartments of his rooms, he had pictures painted on the walls from the stories of Grecian mythology. His garden was laid out after the ideal pattern of his essays, with evergreen and other shrubs to suit every month in the year. His feeling, indeed, for nature, was the main side on which his great philosophy ran into poetry; and veiled itself in a very graceful as well as grand enthusiasm, befitting one of the high priests of wisdom. He was fond of meditating in groves, after the custom of his predecessors of antiquity; and when he sat down to his studies in the house, he often had music in the next room. He had the flowers and sweet herbs in season, regularly set upon the table, "to refresh his spirits," and took such delight in fresh abroad among the elements, that when riding in an open carriage, during the rain, he would take off his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him.

Noble Sentiments.

This in an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we hear nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of vexation to meet; yet we cannot sail upon a clear coast forever; yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sail and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are traveling the same road, and shall arrive at the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should injure neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal, and breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts.

A few Words for Children.

You were made to be kind, generous, and unselfish. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. All school will show by their countenance how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fat.—Horace Mann.

The Jews, unchanged, have survived the changes of centuries. A striking instance of the fulfillment of the prophecy, that shall possess the gate of their enemies, is seen in the present erection of a new synagogue, in Canterbury, England, on the site of the ancient house of the redoubtable "Knight-Templars," once the unrelenting foes of the persecuted Israelites, but now themselves swept from the face of the earth.

Strangers are very much surprised to see monkeys romping about on the tops of the houses in Madras, or dashing across the streets; and sailors, on landing, are greatly amused with them, and try to catch them, or hit them with sticks or stones; but all in vain, as they soon jump out of the way, and then show their teeth as if in contempt for the assailant. Some years ago these animals were so numerous, so mischievous, and so destructive to property, especially in pulling off tiles, and in stealing from people in the market and the bazaars, that it was determined to put the depredators in cages, and carry them off to the distant jungles; for the people had a great aversion to kill them. After much trouble many were caught; but they were so very refractory, that some of them received a dozen lashes each, and were sent far away. Many of them found their way back again, and now the inhabitants are as much troubled as ever.

Within the last eight or ten months they have played all kinds of pranks in our house; for we are obliged to allow the doors and windows to be open on account of the heat, they can very easily get into any apartment. I had the mortification to find one day that a young fellow had got hold of my Pilgrim's Progress, and had actually torn down the plate where the Pilgrim receives his "parchment roll," and, as he saw me, he leisurely marched off, seeming to say, as he turned round to look at me, "Have I not done it?" Another rogue had no doubt seen some one use a toothbrush; and he carried it completely off.—My wafers they are perpetually stealing, and several times they have taken away the box. Nay, the steel pens were quite in their blawing; and one day when I was nearly leaving a servant, it was found that a monkey was the thief. As for tumblers and various earthen vessels, I know not how many they have broken; and leaves of bread, if not watched or looked up, are soon in the hands of these gentry; and when the creatures have gone a short distance, they sit down to look at us, and then begin to eat. I ought to have said before, that they delight in my letters and notes; and, after looking gravely at them for a short time, they tear them to pieces.

Sometimes they get on the bed, and stretch themselves, then roll about in their gambols, and leave a plenty of marks behind. At other times they admire themselves in the looking-glass, and try to touch what they believed to be one of their own kin. Not long ago they broke one of them, and carried off a beautiful silver watch. They were soon on the top of a neighbor's house, and commenced their experiments; the glass was forthwith broken, the seconds' hand, which no doubt astonished them by its movement, was torn off, and the other hands were served in the same way.

The "tick-tick" of the watch was the greatest puzzle of all. The servants were after them; but, no, Jacko could not well, and did not wish to part with his prize. A fine loss of bread, however, was brought and placed at some distance, and pug could not resist that. He left the watch for what to him was much better, and the watch was regained, though sadly injured. This unfortunate transaction, however, had only excited their curiosity; and they one day succeeded in dragging from a table a large old watch belonging to the writer of this paper, and carried it to the top of the house; but they were detected in their villainy, and were frightened away.

"Well, but why not kill them?" say my young friends. I did shoot one, but I shall not soon do it again; he looked so much like a human being; his companions also made such a noise, and hooted me for days after; then the natives were most offended; so that I cannot try that plan again. Then I offered a large sum to any servant who would catch one; for I determined to make an example of him, and trim him up a little; and crop his ears and tail, so that others might be frightened; but all in vain. We got a large rat-trap, and put some bread on it. An inexperienced young monkey set it; he was caught; but he worked hard, and his tapering head assisted him, and after some deep scratches, he escaped, and shortly returned with another to show him the machine. They examined it, and walked away!

The next day we tried again; and they so managed the matter as to carry off the bread. I procured poison, put on bread and butter and preserves. An old fellow seized the prize, chewed a little, then looked at me; put it out of his mouth, shook his head, and bid us good morning. A young fellow came, and he did exactly the same thing.—Wes. Jour. Off.

Advice to Anglers.

When I would enjoy a fishing day, I take my slenderest rod, my tiniest fish, and finest tackle, and seek some shady burn, where stream and pool, in keeping with their denizens, the trim common trout, presents a miniature of the river on whose banks and braes the happiest hours of childhood were passed. Though in other pursuits I am luckless, toiling all night and catching nothing, on whatever waters my single fly may have been thrown, it has fallen in pleasant places, alluring, as with a spell, the finest fish from tarn and loch and river, brightening many a motherly, good housewife's eyes, and filling many a hungry man's belly. Yet, honestly and truly, though affecting not to despise success, even in the richest salmon stream, affords me fewer pleasant thoughts than have visited me while little trout have been flitting with my smallest flies in some nameless brook. There, without care thinking, without sorrow remembering, can I laugh with joyful heart at my own childishness, and acknowledge how easy it is for the proudest human mind to bow to the circumstances of its earthly being. Scorn not an old fisher's word. Whatever be thy pursuit in life, if thy mind has not been chastened, if thy heart has not been humbled, thy skill may be marvellous, and thy labor crowned with success, but the spirit within thee follows only a shadow, and disquiets itself in vain.—Fraser's Magazine.

Fall of the Leaf.

The season of the fall of the leaf has come again, with its sad and salutary teachings. Who can shut his heart against its great lessons? Who, as he sees the frost-withered leaf driven by the fateful winds, is not reminded that such is human life? Even as a leaf when the frosts have dried up its sap, and its stem clings no more to the parent tree, so is our life. It may be green to-day and float gaily upon the summer breeze, but the frosts of death are gnawing at its stem, and we know not if it shall wave to-morrow, or be driven away by the wintry blasts to eternity. Happy are we, if Nature preaches not to us in vain, in this her solemn day.

Every virtue carried to an excess, approaches its kindred vice.—Burke.

An Egyptian Dandy in Ancient Times.

Our young heir is far too deeply steeped in luxury and idleness to venture on the rough chase of the hippopotamus, or of the crocodile. He is too foppishly staid to disturb the stern serenity of his appearance by that vigorous throw of the barbed spear and the rapid cast of the noosed rope which such chase requires. Why, he would ruffle his garments, discompose his flowing hair, disarrange his flowery garlands, and make himself excessively hot and uncomfortable for no good! No; the gentle sport of angling, the tranquil cast and drag of the net, lazily and sleepily, or at most the stronger exertion of bringing down the water-fowl by means of the slings, stones, and sticks before mentioned, these are the utmost efforts of which his energies admit. And these weary him soon and long. And there he sits, his slaves row the light boat, or keep her steady against the bank, or moor her to the strong reeds which grow up in a marine forest about him; and lying thus beneath the shadow of the awning, or within the protection of the high gwnale, he watches the stealthy steps of his trained cat and favorite ichneumon as they plunge among the game, or he lazily listens to the cries of the decoy-bird as she calls her wilder kind to come admire her nest of eggs, or come help to feed her brood of young.—Perhaps if not over-stopped by luxury, he makes some internal reflection on her treachery; then turns away thinking that all is good, even an ichneumon's craft, and a decoy-bird's falsehood. The sun shines down through the tall reeds and water-plants; his glossy hair runs thick with perfume; his servants bring him fruit in small baskets covered with leaves and flowers to make the purple figs and golden grapes yet more tempting; and some fan away the flies which crowd in myriads from the marsh, or lower the awning chequered with bright colours, which screens away the sun; and he lies in that byblus bark the ideal of Egyptian luxury.

We will not ask his thoughts as he thus rests, holding the line and rod so carefully; we will not inquire what fair form his visions take, as he wraps his linen robe decorously graceful about him, and composes himself to sleep with the thick reeds bending over him. Be he some proud Isis priestess, regal in her birth and glorious in her beauty, or be she some simple country maid, worshipping at the shrine of his refinement, and loving him with that intense unselfish love which only women feel, and which woman of every land and faith and climate do feel, be she loveliest dancer or sweetest songstress of the choir whom to love with devotion would be a stain on his gallantry, be she high or low, rich or poor, partizan or plebeian, he were no true man if he did not fill his dreaming thoughts as he rests there within his byblus bark on the dancing waters of the blue river! The fish are caught, the birds struck down in sufficient quantities; the sun rises high, and our dandy must away to the gay banquet to which he has invited his guests this noon-day. His hostess pull the lord of all this wealth back to his own domain; again he traverses his well-kept farm, passing through orchards rich in fruit trees, and through gardens gay with flowers, cooled by water-tanks and fountains all about; and once again he enters that ancient cottage orné of old Egypt, while his car is harnessing to bear him back to the grandeur of the Eternal City of the Gods. Surely we must admire that elegant and graceful chariot—Where can we find a lighter shape? where a more gorgeous equipment? The large wheels are bound with metal; the sides are painted, gilded, and carved; the beautiful bow-case, richly ornamented, hangs with studied negligence from the rail of the frame; the harness is embossed, painted, and studded, the horses are trapped with magnificent caparisons, gay plumes float over their proud heads and mingle with their flowing manes; the bronze nails set every where in the harness and the car flash and glitter in the sun; and the whole equipage is one of beauty, elegance, and color, unequalled throughout all Mizraim. The Arabian horses too, large, black, and powerful, might well make the Cushite dandy proud as they fly with him through the broad paved roads, and make the simple peasant compare him to some God on a rain-bow-meteor, passing swiftly through the air.

After the bath, after fresh ointments are poured over his supple body and a whole alabaster vase of precious oil is lavished on his false tresses, after he is wreathed with young flowers, gay chaplets, garlands, and loose bunches all before him, after he has changed on other and more costly garments, and changed the fashion of his jewelry for gems more brilliant even than those he now wears—after, in a word, he has exhausted all that Egyptian gold can buy, and all that Egyptian luxury can command, he repairs to his gorgeous chamber where his expected guests would assemble. The furniture of this room surpasses all that we have yet seen. The linen is the finest which Egyptian looms can produce; the tapestry came from Babylon; the carpets are Lydian; the tables are of expensive foreign woods, or of native, then brightly painted and thickly gilded; the chairs are hung with gold and scarlet and deep blue; their frame-work is a very study of elegance in design. Some are massive, covered throughout with rich drapery; others are light, with lotus buds and flowers, volutes, scrolls, and ornaments, forming the sides; some have capricious, others birds, gazelles, lions, and goats, as their supports; all are rich, elegant, and splendid; all suit well with the heavy Egyptian luxury. Each smallest box is a gem for artistic beauty; each vase and cup and basket of gold, or porcelaine, or the true and the false murrhine (the last is the production of Theban workshops), is a thing to be examined for ever; while those of the "pigeon-neck" manufacture, that strange substance of such varied dyes which change in every light till you may not tell what the original hue, are sure to attract crowds of the idly curious to gaze and still gaze on the wonders of light and color.—Monthly Magazine.

Remont.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye who lack of gold would plead as lack of power to help another, think not so; But when the stumbling steps of sickness go, Follow with friendly foot, and in the track Of life, when ye encounter, "mid the snow, Bewildered wanderers, turn not proudly back, But lead them gently from their walks of woe By such kind words as cast a brighter glow Than gold around them. Oh, be sure of this: The silver most precious man can give to man Are kind and truthful words, not some amine Warm sympathizing tears to eyes that scan The world aright! The only ray that Neglect to do the little good we can!

Waterbury.

Waterbury, with almost four thousand inhabitants, makes buttons, brass wire, and pins by the ton. And then there is Birmingham and Ansonia, two contiguous villages, making cutlery, pins, and hardware. Just above them, a large establishment making axes, chisels, and the like. Thence you will pass westward into the north part of Fairfield county, and here you make acquaintance with the hatters in abundance. Here it is the superb hats for the New Yorkers are made.

We once knew a boy who said that he

liked "a good rainy day; too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go a fishing."

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

How the Yankees make a living.

A writer in the Boston Recorder, who has lately traveled through Connecticut, gives a lively description in which the people gain a livelihood.

Beginning in the northwestern part of the State—where, by the way, some of nature's true noblemen dwell—we find many furnaces smelting down iron ore of the best quality from their own mines, making each from two to three tons of pig iron per diem, and each consuming at a single blast of eleven months a million bushels of charcoal. There is a shop manufacturing some of the most delicate and best cutlery; and another making huge anchors and chain cables for our navy, from iron wrought at their own puddling furnace.

Fifteen miles eastward lies a village of fifteen hundred people, situated at the outlet of a splendid sheet of water, which, in its descent of one hundred and fifty feet, carries all needed machinery. Here the business is scythe making. Another town is famous for its brass kettles—an article made nowhere else in the nation, and the trade of making which, it is said, was stolen from England. Hard by are two contiguous towns, made densely populous, even on the rugged hill-sides, and independently rich by the manufacture of brass clocks. These articles, of the ordinary kind, costing from nine shillings to two dollars, are sold over the world at an advance of 500 or 1,000 per cent.

Coming further eastward, into Hartford county, you find a gang of hands digging copper ore from the bowels of mother earth; then you enter a town of a thousand people, supported entirely by making axes. Following the Farmington river, and passing many establishments, you alight at a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, right in the gorge, where the river, in its dashing freaks, like a lover without eyes, instead of making its way easily and honestly down to New Haven, breaks its way through the Talcott mountain for the purpose of making a union with the Connecticut. These people are Scotchmen, making carpets. But this is only a part of the establishment; the remainder is located ten or fifteen miles northeast, where is found a community of eighteen hundred, from the same country, engaged in like business.

Observe here, in these two towns, are three very old-fashioned Presbyterian churches. Passing by a community of Shakers, who supply the land with garden-seeds and brooms, and Hazard's well-known powder, where the "villainous saltpetre" is made into an ammunition to cast missiles at the Mexicans, and also some distilleries, too delectable to blot paper with, you enter a growing town where are made paper, cloth, of different kinds, ironware, and card teeth—the last set to order, and in quantities sufficient to straighten all the fibre which ever grew on a sheep's back or a cotton plantation.

Passing through the city of Hartford, which our bird's-eye view seems to make only a mart for trafficking in the workman-ship of other and honest hands, you find a town of three thousand inhabitants manufacturing various sorts of brass ware, to mention which kinds would be to write half the names of articles in a hardware shop. Hooks and eyes must be particularly enough to hook together all the ladies' dresses in the land, beside those of one-half Queen Victoria's subjects.

But to return over the Connecticut river, for in our rapid flight we have already crossed it twice, and in making our way into Tolland county, and here at the outlet of Tolland and woolen; and here at the outlet of a beautiful lake, rendered memorable by the "Life of poor Sarah," who died on its banks, you must stop to see a village of twelve hundred people, grown up in the course of a dozen years, having some six or eight mills making satinet and the nicest cassimeres in the country. In other sections of the country are furnaces, cotton and woolen mills, machine shops.

Here, too, is a town, and it is our own dear "Mantua," with four or five silk factories, where the great part of our tailors obtain their Italian sewing-silk and twist. Here the screw-awyer was invented. But time will fail to speak of all. Hard by, in Windham county, is a population of eighteen hundred, making cotton cloth. In the eastern part of the county, in the valley of a single stream, in the space of twenty miles are at least twelve cotton factory villages.

In New London county is manufactured India rubber in a variety of forms. In Norwich woolen and cotton mills abound. And here one single paper mill, the owner informed me, made \$260,000 worth of paper per annum. New London and Stonington are growing rich out of the whale fishery. Lyme, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut, furnishes sea captains for the London and Liverpool packets, and seamen to man their yards. Sailing up that river, now filled with seines for shad, you pass a quarry of free stone. Then you enter a shop, a branch of a large establishment located in Meriden, which monopolizes the whole business of manufacturing ivory. Here you find ivory combs, piano forte keys, umbrellas tips, dice, and all kinds of ornamental work made of the elephant's tusks.

Then you need not smile at a veritable establishment for making patent inkstands, employing thirty men. Next you will find a shop turning out axe-heads; next a screw factory. Then you pass, on the bank of the river, another quarry, a rich vein of gneiss, splitting about as readily as chestnut timbers a vein about twenty rods wide, from whence have been sent vast quantities of stone, to various parts of the Union, and to the West Indies. And then another quarry of red sandstone, employing three hundred Irishmen and their overseers.

I had almost forgotten a whole town, made rich by the manufacture of all kinds of bells, such as sleigh, horse, clock and cow bells. In this city it is no easy task to tell what is manufactured, except coaches, clocks, intellect, theology, law, and physic. Fairhaven furnishes the whole of New England and some portions of New York with oysters.

Waterbury, with almost four thousand inhabitants, makes buttons, brass wire, and pins by the ton. And then there is Birmingham and Ansonia, two contiguous villages, making cutlery, pins, and hardware. Just above them, a large establishment making axes, chisels, and the like. Thence you will pass westward into the north part of Fairfield county, and here you make acquaintance with the hatters in abundance. Here it is the superb hats for the New Yorkers are made.

We once knew a boy who said that he liked "a good rainy day; too rainy to go to school, and just about rainy enough to go a fishing."

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.

Let each person confine himself to his

particular calling, and its duties, which will insure their being well performed.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality,

temperance, modesty, and economy.

Of all actions of man's life, his marriage

does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.—Selden.