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Crocus.

Oh, the dear, delightful sound Of the drops that to the ground From the eaves rejoicing run In the February sun? Drip, drip, drip, they slide and slip From the icicle's bright tip, Till they melt the sullen snow On the garden bed below. Bless me! what is all this drumming? Cries the crocus, "I am coming! Pray don't knock so long and loud, For I'm neither cross nor proud, But a little sleepy still. With the winter's lingering chill. Never mind! 'Tis time to wake, 'Tis as quickly done as said, Up she thrusts her golden head, Looks about with radiant eyes In a kind of shy surprise, Tries to say in accents airy, "Well! you called me very early!" But she lights with such a smile All the darkest place the while, Every heart begins to stir Joyfully at sight of her; Every creature grows more gay! Looking in her face to-day. She is greeted, "welcome, dear! Fresh smile of the hopeful year! First bright print of spring's light feet, Golden crocus, welcome, sweet!" And she whispers, looking up From her richly glowing cup, At the sunny eaves so high Overhead against the sky, "Now I've come, oh, sparkling drops, All your chattering patter steps, And I'm very glad I came, And your 'errot the least to blame That you hammered at the snow Till you wakened me below With your're no incessant tune. I'm not here a bit too soon!" - St. Nicholas

THE MILL-HAND.

Gilbert Falconer sat in his library, surrounded by all the appurtenances of wealth—he was the wealthiest man in Brinsley—but his attitude was listless. His brows were drawn; a sharp struggle was going on between his heart and pride. "What has come over me?" he muttered. "I am as infatuated as any old fool, thinking, worrying, fretting, and for what? A beggar maid with a pair of winsome eyes—a beggar, low-born, most likely. What am I thinking of?"—starting up vehemently—"I, Gilbert Falconer, who could mate with the proudest in the county, to have fallen so low? What would my proud mother say? How loudly Beatrix Lenox would sneer! 'Oh! crush it out—I will! I'm no love-sick boy.' But some things are easier said than done, and this was one of them, as Mr. Falconer found to his cost, though she was only an operator in one of his mills—a slender, dark-eyed maiden, who, though a 'beggar maid,' carried her small head with the grace and pride of a queen. He could never forget the first time he saw her. Some orders had been disobeyed, but the consequences were scarcely serious enough to deserve the sharp rebuke the master gave; and, upon an attempt at defense, Mr. Falconer laid his riding-whip several times over the man's shoulders. "Go!" he shouted, with an oath, "and never show your face in this yard again!" It was a hard sentence, for the man had a wife and children, and the master never broke his word or commuted a sentence. As Mr. Falconer turned away, still flushed with anger, a slender figure passed him, a pair of dark eyes gazed full into his eyes that were positively blazing with anger; a rapid glance at the unfortunate culprit striking out of the gates, then at him, showed which way her sympathy lay. "Do you know," she cried, suddenly pausing, "that that man has a wife and five children, all dependent on what he earns here? Surely you did not mean what you said. The offense scarcely deserved such severe punishment." Mr. Falconer was fairly aghast at such unparalleled audacity. Never in his life had any one dared to call him to account for any of his actions. "I am not in the habit of consulting the opinions of my employees when I punish impertinence," he said, sharply. The small head went up in the air with a gesture that would have done credit to Miss Lenox. "No," she answered, proudly; "but Mr. Falconer may have something to say about it when he learns what a destitute condition that man is in." "I am Mr. Falconer," he answered, "I am master of this mill, and punish as I please." "You—Mr. Falconer," anger, surprise and contempt were pictured on her face as plainly as on a mirror. "Then I have nothing more to say." And, with a slight inclination of the head, she passed on her way, Gilbert noting vaguely that her dress was of the humblest make. Who was she? Such impertinence! bending his brows at the recollection that she had not asked his pardon for her first hasty word. "A mill-hand with that haughty style! Bah!" he cried, striding into his office; "she is not worth noticing. She may be thankful I don't send her away." For several days it happened that Mr. Falconer was in his office when the big bell sounded release for all the tired souls and bodies in his employ, and he caught himself looking for a slender figure in a worn dress; then, meeting her one morning coming in the gate, he engaged himself as the dark eyes were immediately averted. He angrily asked the manager who she was.

"Eleanor Elliot is the name she gave," was the answer. "She seems above her position, however, and she does her work very well." Mr. Falconer almost said, "I don't wish her here any longer;" then something—an undefinable feeling—checked the words on his lips; he had to "dree his weird." After a while he took to coming to the mill every day, and occasionally walked through the long rooms full of busy men and women. Once he stopped at Eleanor Elliot's side, and gravely discussed some fabric with the manager, noticing absentmindedly the pretty contour of the small, bent head, and the slender, well kept fingers. An irresistible desire seized him to make her look up. Bending down, he stretched out his hand, and suddenly—how it happened no one could tell—his hand was caught in the machinery. In an instant all was confusion; in an instant the works were stopped, the wounded member extricated, but all bruised and bleeding. Eleanor's fingers bound up the lacerated hand in her own small handkerchief, the master thanking her courteously; then he drove away in his carriage, and did not come to the mill for several days. Some time after the mill operatives had a half-holiday. Mr. Falconer, riding slowly through the woods near his house, noticed the flutter of a woman's dress, rode closer, and saw the outline of a figure; then galloping to the stables, left his horse, and walked rapidly in the direction of the light dress. Nor was he mistaken. Under the shade of a wide-spreading tree, her hat off, her lap full of early wild flowers, the sunlight falling through the leaves on her bonny brown hair, sat Eleanor Elliot. A sunny boy, about two years old, lay with his head in her lap, laughing and throwing his legs about "promissus," while she pelted him with the blossoms. "Oh!" she cried, kissing him, "you dear, good little man, what a comfort you are to me." The leaves rustled, and Mr. Falconer came into view. The girl put the child off her lap and rose to her feet. "Don't let me disturb you," he said. "You made a pretty picture in the sun light, you two. This is the first time I have seen you since my accident. Let me thank you for your promptness that day. I have your little handkerchief yet," with an inflection in his voice that was new to Nora and that did not please her. How could she guess that her winsome eyes and coldness had piqued and interested the master as none of the willing advances of fair and wealthy neighbors had done? He was surfeited with flattery. Nora's coldness was a welcome stimulant—ay, more welcome than even he knew himself. "You are perfectly welcome to anything I did," she replied, coldly. Then there was a silence. "Who is that child?" asked Mr. Falconer, feeling rather snubbed, making a motion to pat the little fellow's head; but he shrank away, hiding his face in Nora's dress. "His name is Willie Marshall," answered Nora, quickly. "His father is the man you horsewhipped and discharged some months ago, and since then she has never done a day's work—can't get it to do. The whole family are living in one room, almost starving. Many a night this poor little creature has gone to bed hungry. Can you realize what it means to be hungry—starving—you, who have so much, and have never known what the subsistence of a want? Oh, Mr. Falconer, where God gives so much he surely will require much! You will have to answer for a great deal one of these days. Your men, with their wives and children, are living in hovels that you would not let your dogs occupy. Those hovels are yours; they are paying you rent for them. The ventilation is wretched, the drainage is simply murderous. Some day a fever will must come, and many souls will be hurried into eternity, and you will have to answer for them all. Oh, surely, rich men's hearts are like nether millstones!" Her face was flushed, her eyes were shining with unshed tears; she looked lovely. Mr. Falconer drew closer. "Tell me what to do," he said, simply, trying to keep down a great rush of feeling. "What shall I do for Marshall? How can I help him? Tell me." "Repair the injustice you did!" cried Nora, eagerly, drawing a little back. "Give him employment, at once, before he is quite mad with his misery—before the brave mother's heart is broken, and the poor little children entirely forget the taste of decent food. Pray, do it, Mr. Falconer, you owe it to them." Gilbert came swiftly close to her, his hands outstretched, his eyes bright, a feeling stronger than himself—a feeling he did not stop to analyze—urging him on. "I will, Nora, he cried eagerly—"I will without fail to-morrow. Now ask me something more, my darling. I would do much more than that for you." He caught her hands tight in his. In an instant Nora wrested them away. "How dare you?" she cried, in a blaze of anger. "How dare you touch me? Go away! Oh, you are a bad man. I hate you." "Don't be so unkind to me, Nora," he pleaded, unabashed. "Indeed, I am in earnest. I do love you. If you would only listen to me—if you would only love me a little." "Don't insult me any further," she cried, stamping her foot. "Love you? Why, I hate you! hate you! hate you! There—" "Hate me, do you?" Gilbert's face was drawn and white. In an instant his arms were round her, crushing the slender figure close, while he laid a warm, passionate kiss on her lips. Then as he let her go, "Now," he said, hoarsely, "forget me if you can, hate me if you dare. Wherever you go, through your whole life, you shall never

forget me; that kiss shall lie on your lips and make you love me." Nora was deathly pale. "You are right," she said, slowly, with an effort, and, oh, the utter scorn and contempt in her voice. "I shall never forget you as the most unprincipled, dishonorable man I have ever had the misfortune to meet, and I perfectly loathe myself because you have touched me. I hope I may never see you again," and, catching up the whimpering, frightened child, walked rapidly away. True to her word, Eleanor did not meet Mr. Falconer again, as she left Brinsley by the afternoon train, going as quietly as she had come, no one knowing her destination. And before the day was over the master received a telegram, calling him to Interlaken, where his mother lay very ill, so Thursday's mail train bore him away; but before he left, Marshall had been reinstated in his old position. The next news received several weeks after was of Lady Helen Falconer's death, and of her son's intention to travel for some time. Nearly a year after Eleanor's prophecy was fulfilled. A low fever, born of impure ventilation and vile sewerage, broke out in that part of the town where the mill operatives lived, and death gathered in his harvest with relentless force. Mr. Falconer returned from abroad, and with a rapidly organized committee, tried to turn the course of the destroyer, going from house to house, from death-bed to death-bed, without fear of contagion, spurred on by an accusing conscience, the words "many souls will be hurled into eternity, and you will have to answer for them, ringing in his ears. At last the current of the disease was turned, the fever abated, and measures were immediately set on foot for the improvement of houses and drainage, when Mr. Falconer was struck down. For weeks his life lay in the balance, the whole burden of his delirium being, "And I must answer for them." But God was merciful, and slowly Gilbert drifted back to life and its responsibilities. Lying back in an easy-chair, pale, but on the high road to recovery, one day he heard a name which sent the blood bounding to his heart—a name which he had not been able to forget. His aunt was talking to a lady friend at the other end of the room. "Eleanor Elliot is one of the sweetest, noblest girls I ever knew or heard of," Lady Hargrave was saying, enthusiastically. "Her father was a clergyman, and dying, left her and a young brother almost destitute; there was just enough money left after everything was settled to finish the boy's education, and the dear, brave girl would not let them tell the young fellow how much it was, and has kept him at school ever since, and has been working hard, very hard, I believe, though I don't know at what, and he does not yet know how badly off his poor sister is. She is distantly related to the Honorable Mrs. Audley, and she asked me to look out for some position for the dear girl." "I think I know of a position that might suit her," said the visitor, "my sister is looking for a governess for her two little girls, and, of course, Miss Elliot being so well recommended, she might suit her." "I'll give you the address," Then Gilbert waited impatiently, while his aunt rung the bell, and Parker was dispatched to find Mrs. Audley's letter; then there was a hunt for her ladyship's eyeglasses. At last the welcome words fell on his ear. Two days after, sadly against his aunt's advice, Mr. Falconer started for London, going straight to a small shabby house in a humble location. "Miss Elliot?" he asked, eagerly, of the miserable-looking female who opened the door. "She's left, sir," was the answer. "she left yesterday morning; her money was done, and I dunno where she's gone." Gilbert turned away with a sick heart, and, dismissing the cab, walked aimlessly along. By-and-by he came to a large dark old church, bearing traces of Inigo Jones in its beautiful entrance. The doors were open, morning service was just over, Gilbert was tired and weak; a sudden impulse—for which he thanked God all his life long—caused him to enter. In one of the pews still knelt a girl, the face hidden in both hands. Until every one had passed out, she knelt there, then rising, came slowly down the aisle. Pale, worn, with a weary droop of the proud little head that made Gilbert's heart ache, came Miss Elliot. Trembling with nervousness she waited until she was opposite to him, then said, quickly: "Miss Elliot!" Started, she looked up, saw him, and colored to the roots of her hair, then glanced at the door as if meditating flight. "Don't go," he cried, putting out a thin hand. "Don't go. Oh, listen to me. Forgive me my brutal conduct that day. I have regretted it ever since. Say you forgive me!" No answer; her head was bent down. "Nora, can't you forgive me?" he pleaded. "You were angry with me once for calling you by your name, but I can't help it, dear; if you could only look into my heart and see the love I have for you, the utter longing. For nearly a year I have been trying to forget you, and to-day I love you better than ever. Nora, can't you love me? Won't you be my wife?" At the last sentence Nora looked up quickly. "Are you in earnest? Do you realize who I am?" she said, with the old proud movement of her head. "An operator in your mill—a beggar, without a home or a friend, save my brother, God bless him, in the world—while you are a rich man!" "Oh, come to me!" interrupted Gilbert, stretching out his arms. "If that is your only objection, come to me

quickly. My pure, noble darling, I know all your self-sacrifice. I am not half worthy of you. Come to me—make me a better man, be good to my people. I know they will bless you when they learn how much they owe to you." Then in low, eager tones he told briefly of the fever, and of the entire change in the sanitary arrangements at Brinsley, touching lightly on his illness, and passing over his bravery. "And your prophecy haunted me; all through my illness it rung in my ears, and I hungered for a sight of your bonny face, for a touch of your hand, Nora!" with a sharp ring of pain in his voice, "take back your bitter words; tell me you do not hate me. Even a crumb of bare food I shall thank you for, and if you will thank God for it. You can make me a better man, a better landlord, a true Christian. All these possibilities lie in your hands." Nora's face was hidden in her hands—she was sobbing. "Won't you answer me?" he pleaded, bending over her. "Only one little word to put me out of suspense. My darling, I am weary for you. Come to the arms that are waiting for you." And she came with a sudden swift movement, laying her tired head on his shoulder, while his glad arms gathered her close, close to his heart, and he laid his lips on her forehead with a silent thanksgiving for the blessed boon of this "mill-hand's" love. Saving a Train. On Sunday evening last an incident occurred on the Western railroad that will cause surprise wherever it is spoken of. The train was within thirty miles of Montgomery, running at a rapid rate, all unconscious of danger. The engine neared a white handkerchief on a pole, fluttering in the road some distance up the track. On getting nearer he discovered it was some one waving the down train. The shrill whistle was sounded, brakes put on and the train brought to a standstill. The heads of the passengers were popping out of the windows, inquiring what the trouble was, no station being near. The conductor came out, and seeing a tramp was the one who had caused the train to stop, inquired in probably a rather angry manner what was wanted. This man, who belonged to a class almost universally despised and subjected to cuffs and kicks, astonished the conductor by informing him that about eighteen inches of rail was broken out a short distance further on. The broken place was repaired, the train about to move off, when the conductor saw the tramp standing on the roadside, asked: "Where do you want to go?" The tramp replied: "To Pensacola." "Then," said the conductor, "why don't you get on the train?" The reply was: "Because I have no money." The conductor told him to get aboard, that he would take him to Montgomery. On arriving in the city the fact was reported to the general manager of the road, who asked the man which he would have, money or work. The man answered he would rather have employment. A position was at once given him. At last accounts he was at work and doing well.—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer. Words of Wisdom. Twenty men who believe what they profess, and live as they believe, are worth more than five hundred hypocrites to any good cause. The more a man knows about any subject the greater will be his charity for and sympathy with views differing from his own. As frost to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship, for confidence cannot dwell where self-interest is porter at the gate. Our striving against nature is like holding a weathercock with one's hand; as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind. The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature. Every feature is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs toward what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so, but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form is without some latent charm derived from truth. A ship on the broad, boisterous, and open ocean, needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we so much need the still voice of the silent monitor, as in the small, secret, every-day acts of our life. Married on a Sliding Scale. What proved quite an exciting event in social circles occurred at the marriage of Miss Belle Chamberlin, of Belvidere, and Mr. John Gripp, of Bonus. A large party had assembled at the residence of the mother of the bride to witness the ceremony, when, as the bridal party had taken their positions, and the Rev. J. Whitehead, the officiating clergyman, was about to commence the service, the floor gave way and sank about three feet, mixing bride, groom, clergyman and spectators in one common mass. The lights were extinguished fortunately without any damages, and for a few minutes confusion reigned supreme. It was soon ascertained that nobody was hurt, and no damage, except to the floor, sustained. The lights were relighted, the bride and groom again took their positions, the guests being by this time arranged on a sliding scale, and the ceremony was conducted without further interruption. Had there been a cellar under the floor, the consequences must have been disastrous. As it was, the affair is laughable.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel.

TIMELY TOPICS. A French scientist has invented a number of small electric lamps which can be used by the surgeon in illuminating the throat, the mouth, or even the more internal parts of the body, while performing an operation. It is now suggested that it would be possible to materially assist the physician in his diagnosis, by means of a powerful electric light. On the assumption that the human body is only semi-opaque, it is proposed to place the patient in such a position in connection with a dark screen, that it is probable a powerful electric light would sufficiently illuminate his interior to enable the physician in a dark room to see so much of the workings of the principal organs as would assist him to arrive at a correct conclusion as to the nature of the case. If such a scheme is possible it would undoubtedly be of much advantage to medicine. One of the unexpected sources of wheat supply for Europe is the river Platte country in South America. Large shipments of new-crop wheat have already been made by steamers to Liverpool and Bordeaux. A stralia, also, has now become a serious competitor of the United States, and during the past few months has shipped enormous quantities of wheat to England by Suez canal steamers. Countries in the southern hemisphere finish their winter wheat harvests at just the time when the supply from northern countries begins to be exhausted. The year 1880 will be memorable in naval and commercial annals for the promulgation of a new code of sea signals and road rules. Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, the Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Chili and the United States have agreed to these rules, which include, besides signaling with colored lights, a set of blasts from the steam whistle or foghorn, whose numbers and length of duration talk plainly. For example, a steamer sighting any vessel gives one short blast to denote that she is keeping to starboard, two if she is keeping to port, and three if she is going astern. Other blasts have fixed meanings. The new rules should help to diminish the number of disastrous collisions which have been steadily increasing with the increase of shipping. The Moscow industrial exhibition, which was to have been opened on the first of May, as an additional celebration of the czar's twenty-fifth anniversary, is postponed till next year, chiefly on account of the present disturbed state of public affairs. It will not be international, as was reported, confining itself strictly to Russian produce. In fact, it appears intended for a duplicate of that of 1872, and will probably occupy the same site, viz., the slope around the foot of the Kremlin wall. One of the leading attractions on that occasion was the appearance of a number of Central-Asian Sarts and Kirghiz, whom a shrewd Russian had hired to hang around his refreshment bar, and draw attention by their outlandish dress and features. Another curious episode was the bewilderment of a group of Russian peasants at the sight of a small wooden building, the character of which they guessed at in vain, till a passer-by informed them that it was a model of one of their own cottages. Civil war is a commonplace incident in South America, but it is not often that the contestants are so very civil as the revolutionists who have overthrown the government of the State of Antioquia, in the republic of Columbia. This community was on the point of an outbreak when M. de Lesseps arrived there. The leaders had got their boom well to a head, and were just ready to issue the regular pronouncement, when they were appealed to by the authorities to postpone the affair until the distinguished guest should have departed. With true Spanish politeness they complied, and for the credit of the country abroad, presented to the energetic projector the spectacle of a happy and united people. As soon as de Lesseps had left they went on with their revolution, which proved a decided success. The Czar and the Victims of the Winter Palace Explosion. In the church of the military hospital, at St. Petersburg, a requiem mass was celebrated in memory of the soldiers killed by the recent explosion in the Winter palace. Side by side stood the plain white coffins. Toward the close of the requiem the emperor arrived, accompanied by the czarewitch and the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Serge. During the singing of the "Eternal Memory" the czar fell on his knees. Then he summoned to him the officers who were on duty in the palace on the fatal day, thanked them warmly, for their loyal fulfillment of their duties, and congratulated them on their narrow escape. Pointing to the ten coffins, he said, in a bitter tone: "This reminds me of the last campaign." Then the czar visited the wounded soldiers, the surviving victims of the explosion in the palace, and spoke kindly to each one of them. On the next day, after mass, the burial of the ten bodies took place. The burial procession was honored by the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine, accompanied by his son, Governor-General Gourko, Prince Imeretinsky, General Zoureff, and a large number of generals, officers and soldiers. This is the first instance on record of the bodies of private soldiers being carried to the grave by officers of the highest rank. The first coffin was borne by Prince Souvoroff-Rimnisky, Count Vorontzoff-Dashkoff, two generals and two colonels. All the coffins were decorated with wreaths sent by the Grand Duchess Alexandra Josephovna. The bodies of the ten soldiers were buried in one grave, over which will soon be erected a monument.—Paris Gossip.

An Ode to Leap Year. One year out of four, The girls "have the floor," And skip for the boys like chickens for dough; While the bashful first-wait, For the choice of first mate, And bless their dear selves that fate willed it so. The elderly maiden, With wrinkles laden, Has now a nice chance the question to pop, But pity the man, You people who can, Who is thus caught by a girl "on the hop." The ugly old "bach" Sows on his last patch, And can't see why his nautica's booked For a little wife To cheer his life, But he finds that the sweet one leaped fore she looked. So go ahead girls, And damn your curls, In the faces of those who question this right; Your chance to propose, As far as it goes, Is good; so improve it with all your might. —T. W. Greenleaf, in Philadelphia Item. ITEMS OF INTEREST. Chicago drank 7,000,000 gallons of milk last year. Petroleum has been discovered in Brown county, Texas. The total population of Greece is 1,679,000 souls, against 1,457,000 in 1870. During the year 1879 the ahypards of Maine turned out seventy-three vessels. W. H. Vanderbilt draws \$300,000 interest on \$31,000,000 four per cents every ninety days. A lazy harvest hand is troubled with drop sickle complaint.—Marathon Independent. First coal fields worked in America were the bituminous fields of Richmond, Va., discovered in 1750. There have been 23 steamers, 36 ships, 74 barks, 43 brigs and 114 schooners—all together 320 vessels—lost in the storms of last winter. Black linen collars and cuffs are shown among other things, but these are to be worn only with mourning dress and are unwholesome at best. The prima donna, Seuzle Kilschitz, is dead. She was the Adelini Patti of 1812-30 and was ninety-six years old when she died last month. The board of health of Philadelphia condemns the local practice of using hay in the street cars as a public nuisance, being detrimental to health. It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady a razor neatly inclosed in a handsome silk-lined case and labeled "butter-knife." Chicago expects 30,000 Knights Templar in that city on the 17th, 18th and 19th August, upon the occasion of the triennial convolve of the grand campment. When you are all broken down, And life seems a sham, Your best friends deserted you— All stern, and no enmity, With your heart full of sorrow, And no show of a smile— Don't give up for a season, It's a surplus of bile. —St. Louis Herald. Five newspaper men got into an elevator in Rochester, N. Y., and allowed the rope to be cut when they were at the fourth story. The car fell like lightning to the cellar of the building, where it was received by a patent air-cushion, and so skillfully checked that eggs on it were not broken nor water spilled from glasses standing on the floor of the car. The Stevens Battery. Speaking of naval matters, writes a New York correspondent, I notice the approaching sale of the Stevens battery, which is one of the strange features of this port. The building in which it is enclosed, covers two acres, and as there is no probability that it will ever be used its demolition is now urged. The Stevens family has become famous for its immense wealth, which is chiefly due to the Hoboken property and the ferry, both of which have become immensely valuable. Old John Stevens was a remarkable inventor. He not only built a steamboat almost contemporary with Fulton's first effort, but he was our railway pioneer. In 1826 he built a small railroad on his grounds and operated a locomotive which made six miles an hour. It was a great curiosity, especially when he gave his opinion that a railroad would soon be built from New York to Buffalo. He lived to see his locomotive in successful operation. His son, Robert L. Stevens, died in 1856, aged sixty-eight. He was a remarkable inventor, at least in navigation, and among his other creations was the above mentioned iron battery. He began the work in 1845, his plan being to construct a vessel which should be proof against the heaviest shot. This work he continued till his death, but when the rebellion began it was not accepted by the department, and the improvements of the age have rendered it really worthless. Hence the mighty vessel in which a quarter million has been expended will be taken to pieces and its material sold for old iron; a sad instance of a work of genius becoming not only utterly useless, but also an incumbrance, and whose removal will be an item of heavy expense. The dimensions of this enormous vessel are as follows: Length 415 feet, breadth 48 feet, depth 22 feet. She has ten boilers, eight driving engines and nine subordinate engines. She is built entirely of iron, with sharp bow and stern, and her measurement as compared with merchant vessels is 5,500 tons. Such is the monster which is to be torn to pieces—a task almost as great as its construction.