

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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### Choice Poetry.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

He who seeks on earth repose,  
Is bereft of common sense;  
Soon the day of truth would close  
In the night of indolence.

Mind hath much to learn below;  
Knowledge hourly must be sought,  
Ever seeking truth to know  
Wisdom comes with work and thought.

He is not the friend of man—  
Not his own, it cannot be—  
Who pursues a selfish plan,  
Basking 'neath his own big tree.

He's a noble man who seeks,  
Mid the world's love, toil, and strife,  
Right—and giveth, as he speaks,  
Thought to thought, and life to life.

Ever in his onward way,  
Beauty, grandeur, he describes;  
Or in summer's azure day,  
Or in winter's stormy skies.

Bless'd the mind to which is shown,  
That there is—on earth, in heaven—  
Ever something to be known;  
'Tis the greatest blessing given.

Ever mind must mind employ;  
Ever must receive and give;  
Still to learn, is to enjoy,  
And enjoying is to live.

#### A STAB IN THE DARK.

Some years ago, in the city of New Orleans, Gaston Holt, a money broker, of reputed wealth, sat in his private office, awaiting the presence of the young cashier, Charles Lewis.

Mr. Holt had told Charles that he wished to see him at 8 o'clock in the evening; and the clock was striking that hour when Charles entered the office.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Holt?" remarked Charles—a manly and handsome youth of twenty-three—and speaking with a coolness that would have startled the proud broker at any other time.

"Take a seat, sir," said Gaston Holt; "I have something of great importance to say to you."

"It cannot be of more importance than what I have to say to you," thought Charles, as he sat down facing his employer, who was evidently puzzled how to begin his conversation. At length he said:

"Mr. Lewis, you have been in my employ nearly three months, I think?"

"You are right, sir," replied Charles.

"If you were discharged, Mr. Lewis, you would find it very difficult to be engaged elsewhere."

"Very true, Mr. Holt; New Orleans is crowded with applicants for all kinds of employment."

"You are also largely indebted to me, Mr. Lewis, for money advanced."

"I am indebted to you, Mr. Holt. I was much indebted to others when I entered your office; but at your earnest solicitation I allowed you to assume those debts—debts I incurred by becoming security for those whom I thought, not only honest, but personal friends. I am very grateful," said Charles Lewis, quickly.

"Certainly."

"Prove that gratitude, Mr. Lewis. To give you a chance to prove it, I have desired this interview," continued Holt.

"I trust my industry and ability," began Charles, much astonished at the sudden paleness that swept over Mr. Holt's dark countenance.

"I know—I know, of course," cried Mr. Holt springing up, and pacing the floor— "But I demand a stronger proof; I demand a sacrifice. Young man, I am informed that you are about to marry."

Charles flushed crimson, but remained silent; while Mr. Holt having worked himself into a passion, resumed:

"At least I know that you and Olivia Sancia, the Italian's daughter, have plighted your vows?"

"That is true, Mr. Holt. The matter is wholly her's and mine," said Charles rising in his turn, and drawing himself very erect "I see no reason for its introduction here, sir."

"I will give you a reason, Charles Lewis," said Mr. Holt, in a slow, deep tone. "I love Olivia Sancia."

"You! What?" cried Charles, starting back. "I was not aware that you had ever seen her."

"You know it now, Charles Lewis! And now I demand that you shall immediately relinquish and forever, all pursuit of her. Come, she is only a fruitman's daughter, and a young man of appearance and fine prospects can surely make a higher match than to wed the daughter of Jerome Sancia."

"I might make the same remark to Mr. Gaston Holt," retorted Charles, with stinging contempt, and speaking harshly; "for Olivia Sancia is worthy of the noblest—You demand too much, Mr. Holt. You insult me by making such a proposal."

upon making her my wife," exclaimed Mr. Holt. "Beware how you stand in my way! I am a bitter enemy, Mr. Lewis. I saved your reputation in assuming your debts; remember that!"

"I have not forgotten it, Mr. Holt—my reputation as a business man, but not as an honest man. Were I to live a thousand years, I should never place my honesty in jeopardy."

"You refuse! You assume a high crest to me, Mr. Lewis!" cried Gaston Holt, bitterly, and clenching his hand. "I will discharge you; I will strip you and your mother of every dollar you have. I will crush you to the dust with a load of debt. Young man, the debtor is a slave—a soul-slave to his creditors."

"I owe you, Mr. Holt this amount," said Charles, drawing forth a pocket book and counting upon the table a roll of bank bills.

"There is what I owe you! Give me a receipt in full and take it."

"How came you with this money?" exclaimed Mr. Holt, as he summed up the amount, and gave the desired receipt.

"A small legacy left to me by my mother's brother," he remarked, as he secured the receipt. "And now Mr. Holt, I am cut of your power, and voluntarily out of your service. Gratitude is not due to a man who pretends generosity to gain selfish ends."

"I will blast your name, Charles Lewis!" cried Mr. Holt. "I am a dangerous enemy; and for my life, henceforth and forever I am yours!"

"I am warned in time," replied Charles, buttoning his coat over his broad breast—"Had you not desired an interview with me this evening, I would have demanded one of you, Gaston Holt. I meant to place certain papers, accidentally in my possession, in your hands; but since you are to be my enemy, I would be a simpleton to throw away the weapons chance has given me."

"What do you mean, young man?"

"I mean, Gaston Holt," replied Charles, "that I have discovered that I have been toiling for a forger. This day I discovered it. I intended to give you the proofs of your guilt, that you might destroy them; and so have proved my gratitude for supposed kindness, would have ceased to be your debtor and cashier at the same moment, I shall retain these proofs; I have them in my pocket now, I will not use them against you unless I shall have cause to suspect you are determined to continue the dishonorable practice, or unless—"

"Unless what?" said Mr. Holt, livid and fierce.

"Unless you presume to think of Olivia Sancia," said Charles as he turned to leave the office.

"Take this with you!" cried Gaston Holt, springing at him, and striving to plunge a dirk into his bosom.

But Charles was strong and vigilant. He caught the descending hand of the infuriated man, and with a powerful wrench hurled him upon the floor.

"Assassin and forger; you shall hear me to-morrow," said Charles, as the disarmed villain glared at him from the floor.

Then turning, he slowly departed.

"If he lives till daylight, I shall be ruined!" exclaimed Gaston Holt, springing up in dismay and rapidly following Charles— "He soon overtook him in the street, and facing him whispered:

"Be merciful, young man! Give me two days to close up my affairs, and then I will leave New Orleans forever."

He begged so pitifully, and seemed so heart crushed, that Charles consented, only stipulating that the rascal should leave the country.

"I will! I swear I will!" said Holt.

They parted—Charles going toward his home in the upper part of the city, while Holt hurried elsewhere in search of Jerome Sancia, the father of Olivia. He found him in his favorite drinking saloon, and taking him aside, said:

"You have work to do Jerome."

"Yes!—what is it, senior?" asked Jerome, a swarty, evil browed fellow, whom no one would suspect to be the father of so lovely and amiable a girl as the fair Olivia.

You are about to lose a large sum of money, my friend Jerome. I promised you a certain amount in case I became the husband of Olivia. You know Olivia is not your child?"

"You and I only know it, senior," replied Jerome.

"Not us alone."

"Who else suspects? She cannot. She was young; when I stole her from her parents in Italy, that she knew nothing of her origin."

Her father is in New Orleans.

"Ah! can he suspect?"

Not yet Jerome. But I wish her to be my wife before the rich Italian leaves for Cuba. You sold me the secret of her birth for a good round sum, and you shall have three as much when I am her husband—Suppose you would go to her father and tell him?"

"Tell him?" cried Jerome. "The old man would dirt me on the spot. He is a magazine of gunpowder, that old man. He wringed me yonder in Italy, and I've had a good long revenge on him. Tell him—my wife might, if she met him, for she has grown very pious of late."

Well there is work to be done in haste—You know Charles Lewis.

Unless you put him out of the way, I shall never have a chance to give you any more money, Jerome."

"So so! I understand," said Jerome, setting his teeth hard. "So you know, senior Holt. Last night I had occasion to stop Olivia; she was very impertinent, you see and Charles Lewis saw it—saw me slap her ears; not hard, oh, oh!—and he threatened to pound me if I ever dared to touch her again. You see he suspects Olivia is not my child. My wife has a tongue entirely too long, and she esteems that young fellow."

"I have said enough, Jerome," continued Holt, placing a roll of bills in the desperado's hand. "If he lives three days, I must leave America, and you."

"You shall not leave, Senior. I will attend to this little business."

After much more villainous discourse, the pair separated, and Gaston Holt returned to his office.

It was after midnight when he stole forth into the street, muttering:

"I must secure those papers; he said he had them with him. He never lies. I know the room in which he sleeps; it is easy of access. He will keep those papers on his person, or conceal them in his room. In either case, if Jerome does for him, the papers may be found and so ruin me; and I think I had better trust my own hand rather than Jerome's. At all events, I will try for those papers—at least look about—for I am in agonies of dread."

He hurried on until he paused before the modest residence of Charles Lewis.

The darkness and stillness of the hour, and the open window of the young man's room, tempted him. He easily scaled the little fence before the house, and gained a noiseless entrance into the room. It was by no means the first time Gaston Holt had found himself in so dangerous a situation; and having taken off his shoes before he scaled the fence, he began to advance step by step into the apartment, with which he was quite familiar from former visits of feigned friendship. He paused and listened intently, but heard no breathing and knowing the position of the desk in which Charles kept his private papers, slowly groped his way thither. He reached it, when a slight noise attracted his attention toward the window and as he glanced that way he saw that some dark body had dropped into the room as noiselessly as a cat.

Filled with terror, he sank behind the bed so that he stood between it and the wall.

The next five minutes was of horror to him, for he could neither see nor hear anything.

He wondered that he could not hear the breathing of the sleeping Charles; and suddenly conceiving that the bed was vacant, he swept his hand softly over it. The bed was vacant.

"No doubt he or some one saw me enter and is after me," thought he, as an icy sweat began to pour from his face and bosom.

He waited and listened. The suspense was a horror. Again he heard a slight noise; and by its nearness, he knew the intruder was not far from him.

Gaston Holt unsheathed a heavy knife, and cautiously retreated, hoping to pass around the head of the bed, and thence to the window, whence to escape.

When he reached the head of the bed, he found it close to the wall, he could retreat no further! Listening intently, he detected a soft, gliding noise, as if a mass of clothing was being pushed toward him by hair-breaths.

Pausing no longer, he sprang for the window. His hand and foot were upon the sill when the intruder sprang upon him, and plunged a blade at his throat, but merely wounding him in the shoulder.

Gaston Holt turned upon his unknown enemy with a savage curse, and struck back swift and fierce.

There was a deep groan; and Gaston Holt bounded into the yard, leaped over the fence—not forgetting to secure his shoes ere he fled like the wind. At the next corner he paused and listened. He heard no disturbance.

"He is finished!" he muttered, after a few minutes of conversation; and then, congratulating himself that he had escaped so well, hurried to his home and entered unperceived by his servants, and went to sleep, muttering: "If I had the papers now, I should be perfectly happy. But I shall be summoned there early in the morning, and will have excellent opportunities for search. On the whole, I think I will go there early unsummoned, and be the first to see it."

He had been asleep less than an hour when his room was broken into by a squad of police, and an officer slapped him on the shoulder, saying: "I arrest you for the murder of Jerome Sancia, in the house of Chas. Lewis!"

"Ah! then it was Jerome!" cried Holt in dismay, and swooned with terror.

It appeared that Charles had been detained down town until almost morning; and when he entered the room, he found Jerome lying on the floor, nearly dead from a terrible gash on his breast.

Knowing he was dying, Jerome confessed all that he had stolen there to assassinate Charles, although he had agreed with Holt to defer the deed till next night.

His confession restored Olivia to the bosom of her happy father, whence she was afterwards taken for life by Charles Lewis.

Jerome Sancia died where he fell and Gaston Holt is still serving under an inex-

## THE BABE IN THE PRISON.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A few years ago, I visited the grand modern prison conducted on the solitary system. Slowly we passed down the long, melancholy corridors—now and then entering one of the cells, to exchange a word of human cheer with its lonely inmate—utterly lonely, but for the mute companionship of his labor—that primal penalty of sin, transformed into a consolation and a blessing—Occasionally we passed at a cell, but did not enter, being invited by the warden to look in upon the prisoner through a minute loop-hole in the heavy iron door. Thus I gazed upon some of the most hardened and hopeless criminals in the Penitentiary as they bent over lapstone or loom, or stood at the carpenter's bench, all unconscious that a human eye was dwelling on them—watching the dull gloomy face, the melancholy movements, with the sorrowful eye, a sombre curiosity, a shuddering and yearning pity. The women looked thinner, paler, more haggard and desponding than the men—though some seemed to make a desperate effort at defiance. It is hard to defy solitude, silence and that dismal annihilation of identity, where one's very name is merged in the number of prison cell.

Evidently these things told more upon their spirits than on those of male prisoners, and the more quiet and monotonous nature of their occupations seemed to weary and wear upon them. Their eyes met ours with a dull and stony expression, or retreating with shy, evasive glances. Yet the most sad and sullen among them followed us to the cell door with a look of longing and mournful envy, more touching than the wildest appeal for freedom and human companionship.

On the floor of one of these cells, we found a little child—a baby girl, somewhat less than a year old. The sight surprised me, as the appearance of *La povera picciola*, the poor little flower, springing up from between the flag stones of his prison yard, surprised the sad captive of Finestrelia—A pale and sickly blossom this seemed, though not without a certain plaintive beauty in her wan and wistful little face. She was very fair—too fair—there seemed no sunshine in her veins, no stir of life in the pale golden hair which hung dejectedly about her waxen forehead. The eyes were blue—but of the dull, uncertain hue of violets that have grown in deep shade. I fancied they might have caught all they lacked of light and color from the run of the gleam of running waters, or the rich depths of summer skies. They had, too, a strange blank look—from striking ever against prison walls, I thought. They certainly had not eager distinct reaches of expression, flashing out from the eyes of happier children. Was the infant's sight dwarfed to suit the dimensions of its mother's cell?

How strange and sad it seemed! The earth had almost made its mighty revolutions around the sun—passing through all the wonderful changes of the season, since this baby was born in prison, and she knew nothing yet of Spring's fair bloom, of Summer's glory, of Autumn's ripeness, of Winter's splendor—nothing of winds, or waves, or woods, or birds—skies, or rain or snow. I fear her little feet had never been set in the grass, her little arms never been thrown round a pet or play fellow. I fear she has never looked into the heart of a rose, or the face of a little child. Surely the sight of either would have kindled a faint momentary flush in her pallid cheeks.

It was a cloudy, showery day, and double gloom pervaded the prison. Suddenly, the sun shone out, and sent a glad beam through the high, narrow, grated window, to fall on the prison floor beside the child. For the first time, I saw the little creature smile, as she bent forward and clutched eagerly at the dancing ray. It was a pretty yet piteous sight—that instinctive, hungry grasp at her small ration of God's free sunshine—her crumb fallen from the Master's table—while the whole outside world were feasting half unconscious, and all too unthankful, on the rich, life giving bounty.

In another instant, a pitiless cloud swept over the sun, and the radiant stranger was gone. Then the bereaved baby cried, in a silent old way, which showed one that tears were more native to her than smiles. The mother took her up, and strove to comfort her with a few feeble love words and languid caresses. Then I regarded the mother. She was little more than a child herself, "going on eighteen," she said and looked a weak, inoffensive creature, with no muscle or fibre—desponding, listless, a frail and sorry thing for the law to wreak itself against. The babe ceased weeping presently, but began again, as we drew near, hiding her face against her child-mother's breast.

"Don't mind her ladies," said the mother, "she's a puny, scary thing. She ain't used to strangers, and don't seem to take kindly to prison-life, for all she was born to it. I hope she will be better when we go out, but I don't know. You see she didn't have a fair chance at the start; I fretted so much for she was born, and a good bit after—She don't know what it is to be lively and cheery like other children. I think a little fresh, open air would do her good, and she ought to see more folks, especially young folks. I know I am a poor hand to bring her up, I feel so old, and its so dismal

away and care for it till your term is out!" I asked.

"I haven't got any friends that know I am here but one, and he's in too," she replied with a faint flush. "Some of the prison visitors have offered to take care of her, but I can't live without her. I should fret myself to death in a little time, and I am not fit to die. I expect to have a hard time to live when I get out, but if I don't do wrong again it will be because of my baby; 'pears to me God has got hold of me there."

Let us trust that he has—a sure, eternal hold! Let us hope that this sorrowful *picciola*—this little drooping flower, springing from a sinful love, bedewed with tears of shame, nurtured in prison gloom, may yet instruct the mother's simple heart in the divine lesson of virtue, and breathe into it the balm of God's peace.

This young mother, I was afterwards told was sent here for larceny, for a term of two years. She had been a servant girl, and had stolen from her mistress a diamond brooch. Whether from the promptings of evil counsel, or the sudden, wild temptation of girlish vanity, or from an insane, inborn propensity for thieving, she committed the crime, I know not. At all events the penalty was a hard one.

Sure the poor girl was too young to be beyond the hope of reformation through milder means. For all the diamonds in Victoria's crown, I would not deprive an unfortunate sister, so young, and but lately so innocent, of God's free air and sunshine for two long years—condemn her to meet her time of peril and pain to bring forth her first baby, in a prison cell.

But a little while ago, a noble lady of France, robbed a jeweler of a set of costly diamonds, that she might shine peerless at an imperial fete—and the penalty which she had suffered (from society, not the law) is banishment to her chateau in the country. There, though rage and mortification may gnaw at her proud heart, her children will probably forget her shame in their own freedom, and bless the exchange from the tiresome splendor of Parisian high life.

Since the day of my visit, that great model prison, that imposing caravansary of crime, with its hundreds of unhappy inmates, representatives of almost every offence towards God and man, has for me no memory so pathetic as that of the baby born under its vast roof.

I often think of her, and wonder, and conjecture many things. Did she continue to droop and pine, with a strange importunate instinct for light and freedom, till one day sudden darkness swept across the narrow grated window, and the little faint sunbeam of joy that lit the cell was withdrawn for ever? Had the poor *picciola* withered among the prison-stones? Had ever a little coffin been carried through that low, dark doorway, and down the long silent corridor, with no mourner following? Had God so loosened his hold on the mother's heart, or tightened it?

Or had deliverance come otherwise?—Had she gone forth, led by a mother's hand clinging to her mother's side, a white, shy, startled little creature, out into the great, wide, bewildering world? Had nature ministered kindly to her new-found child, lighted her dull eyes with gleams of thought and joy, kindled something like bloom in her wan cheeks, burnished her hair with gold, and quickened her languid pulses with pure air? Had she grown familiar with the starry sky and the grassy earth?—Had she learned to play, and to laugh aloud unafraid of prison echoes?

Must the shadow of that prison follow mother and child through life, a cloud of shame and suspicion? Or will the world prove merciful and forgetful? Will virtuous, Christian people give them a chance to live honestly and happily, and so redeem the past error?

Who can tell! But in the memory of the poor baby in the prison, let us pray that the unfortunate, the happy, the innocent, may learn to be wisely charitable toward the errors of youth, tenderly helpful toward the friendless and unfortunate, hopefully toiling for the bringing of the time for which the great burdened heart of the world yearns unceasingly. Then nature will fill the unroofed prison cell with bright sunshine, and veil the crumbling prison turret in a green oblivion of ivy.

Then every babe shall be born heir to the full wealth of human love and care—to the full joy and freedom of life—then none shall rob the least of Christ's little ones of his best inheritance, his share in the blessing uttered ages ago in Judea, for all time, and for all children of every land and race.

SAY AMEN.—The first time I took my eldest boy to church when he was two years old, I managed, with some caresses and frowns and candy to keep him very still till the sermon was half done. By this time his patience was exhausted, and he climbed to his feet, and stood on the seat, looking at the preacher (his father) quite intently. Then, as if he had hit upon a certain relief for his troubles, he pulled me by the chin to attract my attention, and exclaimed, in a distinct voice, "Mamma, make papa say Amen!"

The papers are bragging of an invention by which leather can be tanned in ten minutes. We have seen the human hide, however, tanned in five. Our schoolmaster used to do it occasionally in two.

A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare and was surprised to see the miser rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him.

All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues.

"Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides?" or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?"

"No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment—Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

Let me tell you of an adventure of a little seven years old friend of mine. Ike H., who is sufficiently mischievous to claim a cousinship, at least, with Ike Partridge, one day last week, and, of course, fell in—A benevolent boatman fished him out. Ike cared not to go home; so he went damp and despairing, to a clerk in his father's employ, and submitting to him the following ingenious proposition:

"Dr. S., you whip me, and tell pa it's all settled."

Wasn't that settling an account by singular entry?

A CLERGYMAN observing a poor man in the road breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made this remark:

"Ah! John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones."

The man replied:

"Perhaps, master, you don't work on your knees?"

A YOUNG lawyer of Bloomsburg wrote to an old limb of the law in Illinois, which reads thus:

"Is there an opening in your part of the country, that I can get into?"

Answer—"There is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no curb around it. It will suit you come on."

A Lawyer on his death bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people who had patronized him.

It is a singular fact that a woman cannot look from a precipice of any magnitude without becoming dizzy. But what is still more singular, the dizziness departs the very moment somebody puts his arm around her waist to keep her from falling. Quer, isn't it?

"LANDLORD," said a commercial traveller, "you do me too much honor—you let me sleep among the *big bugs* last night." "Oh, don't be too modest, my dear sir," said the landlord. "I doubt not they have some of your own blood in their veins."

A Clergyman had a milk-white horse, which, on account of its beautiful form, he called Zion. Having ordered his horse to the door, a friend asked him where he was going. "Why," said he, "to Mount Zion."

WANTED—About 340 good looking young men to stand in front of our churches and stare the young ladies out of countenance, as they pass out of church. Those wishing an engagement should apply immediately at the station house.

SENSES RETURNING—From latest accounts we learn that the inhabitants of "Goose Island" have concluded not to secede from our glorious union.

WE BELIEVE—That his sweet for friends to meet and chat at the fireside hearth; but would it not more sweetly lend, to have some dear and loving friend—without one thought to mar—to read aloud, to that happy crowd, the contents of the *Star*!

THE proof of a pudding is in eating; the proof of a woman is in making a pudding and the proof of a man is in being able to dine without one.

SOME people's highest idea of contentment is to sit in the house and see others get stuck in the mud.

WAV is a chicken sitting on a fence like a cent? Answer—The head is on one side and the tail on the other.

WHEN does a cow become landed estate? By tearing her into the field.

NOR so—That a person can walk Levering street after nightfall without endangering his neck.

SCARCER—very—"Spoudulicks" and brevities—wish our friends would furnish the former.

THAT'S so—Never be idle—always have something to do.

MANY a garden roves, that sums the lay of courtship o'er; But when he finds the flower he loves,

The London Times.

A French tourist contributes to the *Courrier de l'Europe*, the following account of a visit to the London Times printing establishment. I have visited, at London, the printing office of the *Times*. It is truly something great and wonderful; there is no where in France anything of the kind to equal it.

At the starting of the paper in 1791, the *Times* consisted of only a single page, and was printed by a hand-press, which struck off one side of two hundred sheets per hour.

In 1814 König made a press which struck off 1,800 sheets. In 1827 Applegarth, aided by Courrier, constructed a new one, on which 4,000 to 5,000 copies could be printed. In 1828 the same Applegarth established his famous vertical machine, which I examined, and on which 10,000 copies per hour are struck off. Since 1828 the managers of the *Times* have erected another machine, with horizontal cylinders, which strikes off eight copies at once, or about 12,500 per hour. These two presses, which make, while at work, a deafening noise, and which can be stopped at a moment's notice, are moved by a steam engine of forty-five horse power.

Adjoining the room in which is the boiler, is a closet containing white marble bathing-tubs, intended for the workmen in the establishment. It cost ninety guineas.

A compositor on the *Times* must have passed an examination, showing that he can set at least 40 lines of 56 letters, or about 2,240 letters per hour. The price paid for type-setting is 11d. per thousand letters, at which rate the compositor can make from 25 to 30 francs in an ordinary day's work. This amounts to about \$5 a day. There are 124 compositors employed, 50 of whom are occupied solely in setting up advertisements. Five or six stenographers take notes of parliamentary proceedings at Westminster, and return every quarter of an hour to the newspaper office, to put their copy in shape and let the compositors have it without delay. In this way it often happens that a speech delivered at two o'clock in the morning appears in the journal which is struck off at six o'clock and distributed at seven.

The editorial room is large and well lighted. In the centre is a huge oak table, and around the room are little desks furnished with every convenience for writing. Adjoining, is a dining-room for the editors and the archive-room where are stored all the files of the *Times* since its foundation.—Next to the archive chamber, I saw the proof readers' rooms, where are hundreds of dictionaries and encyclopedias, in all languages and relating to all subjects. A dozen proof readers are employed during the day and another dozen during the night. They have an eating-room adjoining that where they work, and their meals are provided at the expense of the establishment.

On another story is a small room where are printed the registers and envelopes for the mail papers.

Every one of the editors living in London carries with him a number of envelopes addressed to the *Times*, so that in any place where he may happen to be, at the theatre, the races, or elsewhere, he can send by a special messenger his copy to the office.—The foreign correspondents have envelopes of read paper, which are sent immediately on their arrival from the Post Office to the *Times* office.

Supplies of paper and ink are constantly kept in readiness. Four thousand pounds of ink are used each week. The paper is weighed in the establishment by a very ingenious machine. It is also postmarked on the spot.

The journal appears every morning and evening. But sometimes during the day special editions are issued when important news demands. This extra edition can be prepared in two hours.

When I visited the establishment it was one o'clock in the day, and the news had just arrived of the death, at half past twelve of Albert Smith. At half-past two the *Times* appeared with his obituary.

The administration of the *Times* has nothing to do with the subscriptions to the paper. Smith, of the Strand, sees to the mailing of the papers for England, Europe, and, indeed the entire world. Mr. Smith takes thirty thousand copies a day, sixteen thousand of which he receives at 5 o'clock in the morning, and dispatches them by the carriers at six o'clock. The other numbers of the *Times* are bought by one hundred and seventy news-dealers, who pay in advance. They order each day the number of copies they will need for the day following. They pay thirty centimes for each copy, retailing it at fifty centimes. The management of the paper loses something on each sheet by selling it at such a price, but look to the advertisements for their profits. The charges for these advertisements are, of course, very large, and the amount must be considerable, as the revenue of the *Times* reaches to nearly five million francs. I was told that one of the proprietors of the *Times* had given as a dowry to his daughter the money accruing from one advertising page of the paper for one year.

The wear and tear produced by the printing which reigns in this immense establishment is so great that it is necessary to re-build and strengthen once every two years the lower stories of the building.

In the museum I was shown the arms with which, some ten years ago, the workmen of the establishment, to the number