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...ITTING.

BY G. HAYDEN.

On the ... of time I linger,
Look out upon a sea,
Where ships are sailing outward,
From nether land ashore.

These ...tious ships are leading
Two out upon the main,
That part has loved and cherished;
And come not back again

Faith rows fo-ak words of comfort
As ships sail out at sea
Were for those good angels
That cheering you and me

Life's be a heavy burden,
And shadows on the shore
Would ever keep the sunlight
Fro soul's half open door

I will with resignation—
My le coming by and by—
Through darkness, outward sailing,
Unath a heavenly sky.

I shal within the harbor,
While ships at anchor lo
All moors that were tak
Fro night world into day.

THE HAND OUTWITED.

A GAMOR TWO TO PLAY.

A week at watering place, and most of the time t day spent in the company of Mainwell, the gentleman whom Miss ...worth's old friend had introduced to lone morning on the piazza. She hadled with him along the shore on the onlight evenings and she had danced th him in the thronged drawing roo

Miss Ellsvh was not a flirt who distributed her vals among many gentlemen, and shed found her idel well nigh realizon Mr. Mainwell. Only the evening bre, their talk had withdrawn itself om the general topic to which each h been congenial, and in her admiratio of his intelligence and manliness, shad encouraged a approach to thatorsonal ort of conversation which rates to ove and matrimony.

And now t find Mr Mainwel this morning, with is coat ol and a smith's apron on, engaed in meding a ock! He was doing i publicly. The lock was on the door tha led to the middle of the front piazza where the fashnable ldies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was towards he as she approached, leaving on the m of her friend, Anna West. She eognized him, looked intently at hin gave her companion over to a partyof young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of wk, Mr. Mainwell?" she asked.

"I do, Miss Ellsworth. I lik I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears very odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied ...ing from his work and turning to he.

Her cheek blanched a little. "Your trade!" she said faintly.

"Yes, trade, Miss Ellsworth" he proprietor said the lock needed mag, and I said I could mend it for hin

The party of girls came along jrom. After wondering at Mr. Mainwell ile, and laughing at him, they propl a ride.

There were three carriages fo em all. These would take the party

Ned Whittaker hore joined the

"What the deuce are you about?" he exclaimed to Mr. Mainwell. "h," he added, when the latter turn and glanced at him. "But while you are here you might as well enjoy you f."

Mr. Mainwell excused himself from joining the party, and they went ray, leaving him to finish his work.

Miss Ellsworth left him without any word at parting.

"It is well," he muttered to hself. "If she cannot take me as I am, s is not worthy of me. The woman ats marries me must take me for myself!"

He stood and looked after her until s had disappeared. She did not once ok to look back.

He gave his shoulders a shrug, ompressed his lip, uttered a vital "humph!" and turned to finish his work.

"Let her go," he muttered, whe he was through and was putting on his at. "I thought perhaps that I had fou a woman after my own heart. Artist this world of wealth and fashion s has lost her soul. Let her go."

He avoided her thereafter. He dnot seek to catch her eye for a bow of ognition. When she entered a drng room where he was, he would go o by another way. But he was morean ever in the company of Ned Whitr. Ned, in passing to and fro between ss Ellsworth and him, served still as ort of link between them.

"You are a cynical fellow," said d, one day. "Why don't you take people as they are? You will find od enough in them."

"But they wont take me as i. That is the trouble."

"Pooh! You see yourself tho llows no other suitors to accomy her. Do n't you see she is alone o the other girls the most of the timi

"Her heart is full of vanity."—

"Pshaw! She is trained to luxi notions; that's all."

Mainwell's trunk was awaitin and the stage, outside, on the piaz the time this conversation was gol On the trunk were his initials, "C Miss Ellsworth, passing that wa the initials—not by chance, for sh been very busy scrutinizing the that lay together in a pile—and he saw the initials she start urned pale. She recovered hers withdrew with her companion way, and then stood still and Presently Mr. Mainwell came Ned upon the piazza. He d urn his eyes toward her, and not—met for the first time sin oft him while he was at work ook. The ice was broken. ...proached her to bid her good bye.

What the conversation was sued between the two; when th left alone by means of Ned's in ty, in spiriting away the rest of the pany, is unknown, save the follow

"But I am a locksmith."

"No matter."

"Are you willing to live as one who with his hands ear ly bread?"

"I am willing to under to be with you. I have suff During these last few days I what it is to despair of being united to the one I love."

"But your mother—your father."

"Unless I am willing to leave them for your sake, I am not worthy of you."

"But then the loss of wealth, of position, of the surroundings of refinement."

"Do not say anything more about it. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day—this hour? Your father and mother might otherwise put obstacles in our way."

"I am willing, this hour—this minute."

"They do not know of my position in life."

"They still think you are wealthy—as I did."

"Come, then, we will go our way with Ned, and become before the world what we are now in spirit, husband and wife; and then at once we will take the cars for the home I have for you—a home which, though lowly, will make you happy."

"Whither you go I will go."

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering place chapel, with the wicked Ned conniving at the mischief. The next train sped with them to the city.

"I will show you the shop where I work," said Mr. Mainwell, when the carriage they took at the depot in the city had drawn up before one of a long block of brown stone houses in a splendid part of the city.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps to the door.

"I mean," he replied "that this is the home, and this is the workshop."

And he led her in. Among other rooms to which he conducted his wife was one fitted up as a workshop, where, as he said, he was accustomed to indulge his love for mechanical work, after having, as he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Mainwell stood and looked at him intently.

"This is your house?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"And you are not poor, but rich?"

"You speak the truth, Mrs. Mainwell."

"And why did you play this jest upon me?"

"To see whether you really loved me for my own sake."

"Ah, pretty, indeed! And suppose you don't love me?"

"But I do."

"Humph!"

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

"Now invite your father and mother to come and see us," said Mr. Mainwell, after the clouds had cleared away, somewhat.

"I will," she replied, "I will. But first you must go with me to see them, and to pacify them in view of what we have done."

"Very well."

In a few days they started out in a carriage on their errand. Mrs. Mainwell gave the directions to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing squalor of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up at length before a miserable looking tenement house and stopped.

"Where the deuce are you taking me?" asked Mainwell, looking sharply at his wife.

"Come and see," was her reply as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

"Here, wait," he exclaimed after his hesitancy; "let me get out first and help you out. What does this mean?"

"Follow me," was her reply.

She led him up stairs—up, up, through throngs, and dirt, and smells, to the fourth story. Here she opened a door without knocking, and the two entered. The woman was dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place. The man was clad more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which certainly was full half a dozen years old.

"My husband, Mr. Mainwell; my father and mother, brothers and sisters," said Mrs. Mainwell, introducing all parties.

Mr. Mainwell stood and stared without speaking.

"Ask their pardon, George," said Mrs. Mainwell, "for running away with me."

"Who are they?"

"Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you?"

"Who were they I saw at the watering place?"

"Some wealthy people who had seen me at the milliner's where I sewed for a livelihood—served at my trade, George—and who fancied my appearance, dressed me up, and took me there with them!"

"You jest with me," he said with a ghastly smile.

"Do I? do I, indeed? These people seem to recognize me as a daughter and as a sister, jest, indeed! You will find that out."

"You are too cultured, too tasteful, too fine featured!"

"All this a milliner may be, or a sewing girl. Look for yourself among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need is dress."

Mainwell lifted his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and turning away left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

His wife took off her hat and cloak and flung herself down at the table and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened again, and Mainwell put in his head.

"You have deceived me," he said, "but come—you are my wife—I will try and bear it."

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

"Your wife, am I?" she exclaimed. "Your wife, and doomed to live with one who does not love *her*, but was in love with her *circumstances!* No sir; you may go. I will not live a wife unloved for *myself*—you must take me thus or I will stay. Still I can work."

He closed the door and retired down the stairs to the street, clenching his hands and his teeth as he went.

"The horrid disgrace of it," he muttered. "The derision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl!"

But at the street door he tarried. He had a struggle with himself there all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

"My wife," he whispered in her ear. "Such you are and ever shall be before God and the world."

"Now I begin to think that you do love me," she said, smiling in his face. "You do love me? you really think you do, George?"

He clasped her more tightly to him.

"Come then," she said, "though of such parents as these, poor as they are, I should not feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them.—Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people."

And he did shake hands with them, and what is more, he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Mainwell's house, a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Mainwell, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, the young lady acquaintances of the watering place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor let it be stated, where Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

"I say, George," said Ned, whispering in Mainwell's ear, "two can play at that game, can't they?"

Mainwell took Ned's jeering very soberly.

"Yes," said he, after a few moments of thoughtfulness, "and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools the pride of wealth make us all. I thought she ought to have taken me regardless of my circumstances, for myself alone, and without hesitation even. And yet when she tested me, I myself was found wanting. Shall we ever learn to disregard a person's occupation, and to look only at the character and soul?"

Ned shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"I think I have learned this lesson," Mainwell added.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

It is our opinion that every human being needs to have some one thing in which he takes pleasure *for itself alone*—not as a duty, but as diversion.

In old times, when children were strictly schooled and ruled, *Saturday afternoon* was the children's perquisite—their little peculium. Then they did what they pleased. At all other times, they did as they were bid.

Grown children need something corresponding to this. They need time when they let off the strain of the dreadful MUST—something which they can do or leave undone at pleasure, but which they do for pure love of it.

What this thing is varies with character. With some it is *pure loafing*—sitting in a state of quiescent enjoyment of sunshine and nature. Wordsworth calls it

"the harvest of a quiet eye"

and sings verses in praise of it eloquent as the murmur of brooks.

Poets, imaginative men, and sensitive people of all kinds, are given to silent, brooding wanderings, lying under trees gazing listlessly into the sky, and letting nature rock them as a cradle.

Such a person goes out into nature neither as a botanist, a mineralogist, nor scientist of any kind. There is *work* in all these, and what he seeks is respose. The glorified patron saint of all loafers, the divine Wordsworth, has settled this matter for all his followers in two stanzas:

"Content if he may but enjoy
The things that others understand."

What splendid loafing was done in all that lake region, as he wandered in a sort of illuminated fog, trailing clouds of glory after him! How cool and fresh and dewy he made the hot sultry air of English literature, which had become close and sweltering with Byron brimstone!

No wonder men looked on his poetry as a new evangel, and quoted it with tears in their eyes, for there was in it the very rest and repose which the hot, weary turbulence of modern life made necessary.

Wordsworth was and still is the poet of repose and peace, as needful now as when he wrote. He is, to be sure, essentially English in his details. It is an English landscape, English trees, and English flowers he presents; but the *spirit* of his poetry applies equally well to the bright skies and rainbow woods of America, as to the showery green regions of the English lakes. Hawthorne was a follower of Wordsworth in spirit. His prose is essential poetry, and it is the poetic character of his short pieces that gives the never dying charm to them, and will make them immortal as far as the English language is immortal. Dr. Holmes has, in "Elsie Venner," passages which show that even his subtle, mercurial temperament had felt the charm of his silent, quiescent state of baptism into nature. Brilliant as he is in social circles, it is evident, from some of his writings that he has been for many hours of his life a hushed and silent listener and pupil, a passive receiver and believer of Wordsworth's doctrine:

"Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.
Think you in all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That no thing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

The resting grounds of minds however, must be various, but we think men and women more and more wear out for want of them.

When, O busy friend! hot with the Wall street chase, when do *you* get a Saturday afternoon?—and where do you play? Where, poor, dear mothers of a great family of boys and girls, is *your* little comfortable play ground? These noisy, bright, romping crowding boys and girls, who, every one of them, press upon you and leave you not a moment to yourself, have they each a favorite little amusement or solace. Tina and Bessie have their dolls and baby houses—Tom and Jack their boats and railroad cars—your collegian his cigar and his newspaper—your daughter her embroidery and music. What have you? Is there a moment anywhere *sacred* to your own private peculiar pleasure? What is *your* Saturday afternoon? What thing do you do purely for the pleasure it gives, not as a duty.

Some mothers have their reading, which leads to late hours. When every gay head in the hive is on its pillow, and the clock ticks in the still house, then comes the precious, quiet hour of reading. Blessed soul! who shall forbid it to her, but who does not wish she had been able to take it fresh, and unwearied, out of her morning hours?

Some women seem to find a real pleasure in sewing. It soothes their nerves, and they go on sewing, stitch after stitch, their griefs and cares passing away as the work for some loved one grows under their hands.

There are garments, sacred as the grave clothes in Christ's sepulshre, that patient woman have wrought, who sent a prayer with every motion of the needle. Sons and husbands have been thus clothed, who knew not what they were wearing; but a blessing always goes with all such love work.

Some mothers have learned in early days pencil craft, or artistic skill, and laid it aside in motherly self annihilation, Dear mother, keep this gift for yourself—get out out your boxes and colors—sharpen your pencils—sketch—paint—it will do you good; it will rest your nerves; it will brighten your thoughts; it will give spring, elasticity, and cheerfulness to your life; and the more *you* are, the more you will have to give to others.

For ourselves, some little fancy for flower painting has saved us a world of weariness. It has been company in solitude; it has soothed our nerves and given refreshment and strength. Very humble skill will serve to reproduce a leaf or flower; and the work pays for itself. If only one learns by it the infinite beauty of nature, and comes near to God by seeing how inimitable are his works, one gains by it.

Finally, every good husband should try to make his wife have some resource of this kind, and every wife should do the same for her husband. Don't infringe on each other's little Saturday afternoon; reverence each other's pleasures.

We heard once of a thrifty husband who ploughed in his wife's little flower garden, because he thought it was a waste of time. We have seen a wife impatient of the botanic specimens, bugs or butterflies, that littered a husband's study. We knew a good, conscientious mother who tumbled her son's mineralogic cabinet into a dark garret. None of these people were either cruel or bad-hearted, but they had never considered the sacred right of over human being to a play spell.

Let us all see to it that we let every one have their own *Saturday afternoon*. Life is not so very long at the best, and a bit of pure pleasure is not a thing to be despised.—*Hearth and Home.*

PERE HYACINTHE IN AMERICA.

Father Hyacinthe arrived at New York on Monday morning, on the steamer Pereire from Havre. At the same time we have from the French papers letters from the Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites to Father Hyacinthe.

The first of these letters dated July 22, appears to have determined the publication of Father Hyacinthe's letter of September 20. The second dated September 26, is his superior's reply. The letters do not indicate the precise character of the utterances by which the eloquent preacher incurred the displeasure of his order, though they leave no doubt of his present attitude toward the Church of which he has been such a distinguished member. It seems that there has been no actual interference with his preaching, and no formal complaint that in the pulpit at any rate he was at all heterodox. But he has repeatedly been found fault with during the past five years for letters, addresses, &c., to political and other clubs, and as remonstrance seems to have had no effect, the general of the Carmelites at last forbade him to publish any letters or discourses, to deliver any address, except in church, or to take part in any meeting not strictly religious and Catholic. It was on receipt of this order that Father Hyacinthe determined to leave the convent, and wrote the letter which has caused so much stir:

FR. DOMINIQUE DE SAINT JOSEPH.

Father Hyacinthe is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he will remain in seclusion, it is said, for ten days, and will then visit Boston and Washington. At the expiration of his two months visit to this country he will proceed to Rome to seek admission to the Ecumenical Council. He brought letters of introduction to General Dix and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and is a personal friend of the poet Longfellow, and other distinguished gentleman in this country. He does not speak the English language.

Fernando Wood was fellow passenger and extended many attentions to him during the voyage, which was very agreeable and pleasant.

A number of visitors called during the day to pay their respects to the great preacher, but only a few had the pleasure of being admitted. The father was greatly fatigued by the voyage and desired to retire at an early hour.

Father Hyacinthe is entirely frank about his intentions and his present situation. He desires it to be understood that he is still a Roman Catholic. He has never been, he says, an Ultramontane; is not now, and never will be. But he denies that there is any reason for identifying Ultramontanism with the Catholic Church. He indulges the firm hope that the Council will not, as is commonly anticipated, consolidate the Ultramontane theories and constitute them the creed of the Church; but that, on the contrary, it will leave the door wide open for those who, like himself, have been throughout life the devoted champions of a more liberal construction of the Catholic doctrines, and who in particular, have defended the entire harmony between the Christian religion and the great achievements of the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Father Hyacinthe expressly declares his full concurrences in the sentiments of Father Lacordaire, who died, according to his own words, "an impenitent liberal, and of Count Montalembert, who recently, from his sick bed, (which he expects to be soon his dying bed) sent a stirring letter to the "liberal priests and laymen of Germany, exhorting them to have courage, as without the courageous profession of the liberal Catholics the "Church would soon be lost in senseless triumph of a fanatical bigotism." Father Hyacinthe expresses his admiration of the wise and moderate words of the German bishops lately assembled at Fulda, which he thinks cannot fail to exert a most salutary influence. To the question what course of action he would pursue if, as the common anticipation now is the majority of the bishops assembled in Rome should expressly sanction the ultra Papal theories of the Roman See, and leave no room in the Church for any who utterly repudiate those theories, the Father replied that this question will not come up for consideration until the resolutions of the council shall be known. He has no fixed programme yet as to his movements in the United States. He has come over to see and study the country of which he has been so long an ardent admirer. In his addresses he has often in masterly eloquence traced the greatness of this country to its open Bible and its popular and free religion, and he wants to see with his own eyes whether the actual picture corresponds with his idea. After a few weeks or months he expects to return to France; he may or may not go to Œcumenial Council; beyond that no programme has been laid out for the future. But the strong basis of his religious belief, on which he dwells with particular emphasis, is the belief in the divinity of Christ, in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the excellence of the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century.

Father Hyacinthe is now in the prime of his manhood. He was born in 1827, at Orleans, studied at Pau, where his father was rector of the academy. Having, at the age of eighteen, entered the seminary of Saint Sulpice, he was, after four years of theological studies, ordained priest, and soon after called as professor of Philanthropy to the seminary of Avignon. Later he became professor of theology at Nantes. After that he was for several years connected with the parish of Saint Sulpice in Paris. Feeling a vocation to the monastic life, he spent two years in the novitiate of the Carmelite Convent of Lyons, then joined that order, and at once produced a sensation by his brilliant sermons. He preached the advent sermons at Bordeaux in 1863, the lent sermons at Perigeux in 1864 and in the summer of the same year went to Paris, when, at the Church of Madeleine, and later at Notre Dame, he achieved a great and brilliant success. Every successive year increased this success, and his reputation as one of the greatest living pulpit orators, not only of France but of the whole Christian world was unglisputed in any quarter. No great journal of this country or of Europe has failed to tell its readers about the brilliant oratory of Father Hyacinthe, and long before his bold protest filled the world with amazement, Father Hyacinthe's name was known in every part of the Christian world.

Father Hyacinthe, according to his own statements, has always been a liberal, and opponent of Ultramontane theories. Now that his liberalism has become so conspiciously known, the French papers, with what truth we have not yet learned, publish some interesting particulars about his liberal beginnings. We find it stated that in the year 1862 Father Hyacinthe on the invitation of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for the first time ascended the pulpit of the Church St. Nizier, at Lyons, a substitute for Father Hermann, who enjoyed considerable fame as a preacher, but was then attacked by illness. Father Hyacinthe confined himself at first entirely within the limits of the instructions given him by his superiors; the commencement of his discourse was cold and unimpassioned, and failed to excite any enthusiasm in his audience; suddenly, however, he followed his own inspiration, and uttered an eloquent apostrophe on the want of brotherly love in the present assembly and in the Church, and on the universal selfishness which prevailed in its place. This latter portion of his discourse caused no little surprise, and was the subject of much comment. In a second sermon he announced quite plainly a preference for morality over dogma. "I have wandered over the world," he said, "and have everywhere found only germs of intelligence and atoms of understanding. I have entered the cloister, and have there only met with abortive saints." The Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal Bonald, heard this sermon preached, and was highly offended at it. In the first burst of his indignation he sent for Father Hyacinthe, and forbade him to preach in any church of his diocese. The urgent representations of the highest society in Lyons induced him to withdraw this prohibition. He again sent for Father Hyacinthe, and in a mild and uncommonly forbearing manner, put before him the harm he would do to the Church if he went on with a violent attack upon it. Father Hyacinthe could not resist this friendly address, and promised to control himself in future. It was not until lately that he found himself unable to keep this promise any longer.

Father Hyacinthe has taken a bold step. Still wishing to remain a Roman Catholic, he has defied the orders of his Superior General.

Boston, October 18—The pastors of the Evangelical churches in Boston and vicinity, at a meeting yesterday, appointed a committee to confer with Father Hyacinthe and make suitable arrangements for extending to him a public reception, if such a step is deemed advisable.

BILLINGS'S BEST.

Men mourn for what they have lost—wimmin for what they hain't got.

I judge a man's virtey bi his pashuns.

It is a great deal eizier tew be a good dove than a decent sarpent.

Thar are menny ways to find out how brave and how honest a man may be, but thar ain't no way to find out the extent of his vanity.

A lie is like a cat—it never comes to you in a straight line.

Natur is a kind mother. She couldn't wel afford to make us perfekt, and so she made us blind to our feelings.

Study the heart if you want to learn human natur; there ain't no human natur in a man's hed.

Friendship is simply the gallantry of self-interest.

Beware ov the man with half shut eyes—he ain't dreaming.

One of the safest and most successful talents I know ov is to be a good listner.

Fools are the whetstones of society.

Better make a weak man your enemy than your friend.

Curiosity is the instinct of wisdom.

Those who become disgusted and with-

THE ELEVATOR AT BUFFALO.

A great deal of engineering skill has been displayed in the erection of the giant elevator now in operation in various parts of the country, and our readers will probably be interested in some items respecting the Niagara elevator at Buffalo, which we cull from a letter of one of the correspondents of the New York *Tribune*:

"This, although the largest, is only one of 25 others which line the river upon both sides for a mile from the harbor's mouth. Buffalo has often been called 'the world's granary;' a view of these elevators at work proves it. But a few years ago all the grain was handled in the bushel measure; many will be glad to learn how it is handled now. I propose to give as minute a description of one of the great elevators by which this is accomplished as my memory will enable me. The produce of the great West is so enormous that it requires enormous steam power to handle the millions of bushels of grain which are passing through this port.

After several destructive fires, which consumed vast amounts of grain, a party of gentlemen determined to build an elevator that should be fire-proof; the Niagara was the result. It is almost wholly composed of stone, brick and iron, inside and out. The tall structure upon all elevators known as the 'tower' is extremely liable to take fire, on account of the accumulation of dust, which is dry and highly inflammable. This tower has eight iron floors, reached by an iron, spiral stairway. The side walls are without openings. The foundations are stone and brick; the superstructure iron. The main building is 125 by 180 feet, the walls resting upon piles driven to the solid rock. The bins, which contain an enormous weight when full, rest upon independent foundations. There are 132 solid cut stone piers, each upon nine piles. Upon each pier are three solid oak timbers, braced together, which support the floor of the bins 20 feet above the pavement. This gives room for spouting the grain from any one of the 144 bins, upon endless belt grain carriers, to the bottom of the elevators, which raise it to the top of the building, whence it flows by its own gravity into boats, or cars, or other bins. Grain keeps best in wood, so the bins are made of planks six to ten inches wide, laid up like a block-house, flatwise. The centre bins are 73 feet deep, and those under the lowest part of the roof, 52 feet. An iron ladder is built into one corner of each to enable a man to examine the grain or sweep out the dust when empty, or for any other purpose. The valves for discharging grain are plainly marked by registered numbers, and are opened or shut in the lower story, information being conveyed by speaking tubes throughout the building to those in charge of the various departments. The boiler and engine which set in motion the ponderous machinery are in a separate, fire-proof building, away from any danger from sparks. Some of the grain is shamefully dirty—a disgrace to the growers. Sometimes the owners of such grain contract to have it run through the cleaner, with which every perfect elevator is furnished. In this one the dirt is driven by a powerful blast through a sheet iron pipe, two feet in diameter, and discharged into the river. Tons of a good manurial substance and some grain are thus wasted, though many weed seeds are got rid of. There should be a law requiring all grain passed through a public elevator to be passed through the cleaner, if not already clean, before being offered for sale.

Now let us suppose that a vessel full of grain has arrived. The steamer upon which I am now sailing up Lake Erie, the Dean Richmond, is capable of carrying 38,000 bushels of wheat. Imagine, if you can, the labor of transferring such a cargo, by the old process, with pails, tubs, half bushel measures, bags, hands, shoulders, carts, and horses. Now, as soon as the hatches are off a signal is given to the engineer, and directly the machinery of the tower begins to rumble, and a ponderous iron case rises, until high enough to swing its foot out over the hatchway. Another signal, and down it drops into the pile of grain. This is the 'leg,' and contains a belt of iron buckets which scoop up the grain and carry it into the first story of the tower. There it is poured into the hopper of a weighing machine ganged exactly for 100 bushels. The moment the scale turns a man in charge stops the supply and opens a valve at the bottom, which lets out the grain while he makes a score. Then he closes the lower valve, and opens the upper, repeating the operation so often that 7,000 bushels an hour are thus weighed. As fast as it falls from the scale hopper it is taken up by another elevating belt, and emptied into a receiver at the top of the tower, whence it runs to any part of the building. If it has to be cleaned it is reweighed and loss charged, as well as a small charge for cleaning. The quantity, quality, and owner's name of the wheat in each bin is registered, the elevator proprietors being responsible for the contents. The grain is sold by sample, but can be readily inspected and quantity ascertained by visiting the bin. If the grain heats, it is immediately transferred to other bins, the operation giving it a thorough airing. As the floor of the bins is 20 feet above the level of the ground, it will readily be seen how easily canal boats or cars can be unloaded, while the loading and elevating go on simultaneously.

"Suppose a cargo of wet grain arrives at this elevator. The same machinery is applied to its discharge, but instead of being stowed in the bins or shifted about to dry it in the air, it is sent into a spout which conducts it to another building owned by the same company, and built for a model malt house, with all the modern improvements. Here, upon drying kilns, each 50 feet square, 15,000 bushels of wet grain can be dried daily. At the time of my visit the kilns were all in full blast with a cargo of oats from a sunken canal boat, and I wondered whether this damaged grain, when dry, would be put upon the market as sound. On being "kiln dried," will the oats be ground for human food? Or having their vitality thus destroyed, if sold cheap, will they be, like other trash, mixed with "Norway oats" and sold as pure, improved seed! This malt house is 212 feet long and 54 feet wide, of solid blue limestone, with iron gutters, and fire proof floors where the barley is sprouted, after having been steeped, 500 bushels at a charge. The kilns are heated by anthracite fires in the basement, and the flues are conducted up to and form the bottom of the kilns, which are of perforated iron, so that all the air or gas of the furnace may pass out through the grain. The finished malt or dried grain can be delivered from the store rooms of the malt house to the cars which run between the building and the elevator."

THE VIRTUE OF PERSISTENCE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I think the world is very generally misled by that vague term *genius*. Far be it from me to deny that some are born with loftier capacities, quicker perceptions, happier mental constitutions, than others; yet I think what is best in a human intellect is not capacity but tendency. Of the three decidedly most gifted and brilliant young men I have known, one died in a poor house of *delirium tremens*, another sunk into an early grave, respected, but also a victim of alcoholic stimulation; and a third, though hardly thirty, is to-day a vagabond and a cumberer of the ground, to whom it would be very unsafe to lend a dollar. All these had not merely brilliant capacities—they really achieved decided success in their better days; they could be industrious and efficient if they would, and for months at a time were so; but they had not the true purpose, or they could not have faltered and fallen as they did. good, they would never have been thus. Had they lived—less—to—self—and deserted by their guardian angels.

I know there is a small class of whom the world says, 'they see the heart of things by intuition; they are poets from impulse only; orators, statesmen, critics, sages, because nature would have it so;' I beg leave to doubt that men of this stamp are a whit more abundant than white crows. I know there are enough who take pleasure and pride in surprising the public with prodigies of easy and rapid achievements—who would have us believe that they have thrown off their epic a canto per day, and can write you their quire of clever epigrams or sonnets before dinner. Now, I do not question the facility of rapid and brilliant executions, as the result of past study and acquirement, in fact, I know of such instances; but look at Virgil's four lines per day—written that day to be read through all future time; consider how Demosthenes made himself an orator against a host of natural impediments; examine a *facsimile* of manuscript page of Byron's poems, and mark the numerous erasures and interlinections, arguing slow composition and a puzzled brain, and note well that the man who writes a poem, a sermon, an elaborate review, an oration in day, he has been many years acquiring that facility, and you will agree with me that the vulgar supposition that some are so gifted by nature that they may achieve distinction without effort, is contradicted by a thousand facts where it seems sustained by one. My sometimes friend, who perished miserably of *delirium tremens*, often affected to write without labor; yet I happen to know, from his intimate family connections, that he repeatedly shut himself up for months and devoted his whole energies to study. In these periods of hibernation the sparkling effusions which he seemed to dash off *impromptu*, after his return to society, had essentially their origin.

At all events, be sure there is no chance in the universe, and when we say there is, we can truly mean only that we are ignorant of the relation of cause and effect in that instance. All things are governed by law, from the falling of an avalanche to the growth a violet. 'Sire,' said an envious courtier, to whom Louis XIV. was praising one of his generals, who had just achieved a brilliant triumph, 'Sire, Marshal Villars is very lucky.' 'Lucky, sir?' promptly responded the grand monarque, Marshal Villars lucky, did you say? No, sir! He is a great deal more than that!"

A true and noble success is within the reach of every human being who rightly apprehends and will diligently seek it. It may very well be quite other than the aspirant meditates—it may even seem defeat to the superficial observer—but God still reigns, and no heroic and unselfish aim can ever be really defeated. If five thousand aspire to fill the Presidential chair, it is very certain that all cannot have precisely that outward and visible stamp of success they covet; but, were they fifty thousand and their aspiration rather essential than circumstantial, to enlighten and bless their countrymen rather than rule them, there is ample work and scope for them all. One may be privileged to teach thousands to loathe indolence, frivolity, display and vice, and love industry, sobriety, modesty virtue, while another inculcates the same lesson only in a narrow, secluded neighborhood, unpraised, unsung, unchronicled, save in the books of the recording angel. The scope of influence in these two cases is different, but the measure of essential success is the same. Whoever has learned to find delight in doing good, and in nothing inconsistent therewith—to whatever good is within his reach, and not repine that his opportunities are such only as Heaven has been pleased to vouchsafe him—can never esteem his life a failure. Should sickness or causality confine him for years to a bed of suffering and dependence, he will thenceforth radiate a glow of heartfelt resignation, of benign humility, of grateful piety, whereof the influence will be diffused more widely and enduringly than he could have imagined. In the ever proceeding warfare of Good against Evil, Right against Wrong, Truth against Error, there can be no real defeat, no absolute discomfiture—only postponement, repulse, and the ill success of a misdirected attack—an unwisely planned maneuver. In the contest, whoever plants himself firmly on the Good is allied with all the moral forces of the universe, and is certain of ultimate triumph. The evil and the base, the selfish and the sycophantic, may seem to flourish for a season; but their verdure soon pass away and is forgotten, leaving the good to stand forth like the evergreens of the forest in winter, when the Summer foliage which dwarfed and obscured them lies shriveled at their feet. Happy they who learn in childhood, and treasure through after trials and temptation, the grand lesson of the age—the philosophy of living to noble ends.—*Packard's Monthly.*

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATER.

A young man living in New York at the time of the discovery of gold in California, was led by the prevailing excitement to sell all he had here and travel to that land of promise. He arrived safely, made his way to the mountains, and worked hard for months, but with little success. Soon his money was gone, his clothes worn out, and he must either starve or find his way back to San Francisco, and get employment. He started on foot and slowly made his journey. One afternoon he came to the bank of a stream which must be crossed. A ferryman was ready with a row boat.

"What is your charge?" asked the traveller.

"One dollar, sir."

"Well, I shall have to foot it up the stream till I can find a crossing place."

"Are you hard up?" asked the ferryman.

"I'm dead broke," was the desponding reply.

"Jump in; I'm not the man to send a fellow adrift;" and with a few vigorous strokes they were soon in the middle of the stream.

Here the boatman stopped rowing, and looking earnest in his face, asked—"Is your name Jones?"

"Yes," replied the other with a start at finding himself recognized.

"Didn't your father belong to the church in B——— street?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; and with that he drew from his pocket a bag, and commenced counting out gold pieces. "I have made five hundred dollars by ferrying passengers; here are three hundred of them for you. You can pay me when you are flush; or, if that don't happen, then all right. You think I'm crazy perhaps," continued he, observing the astonished look of the traveller, "but I was never in better senses in my life. When I was a little boy, and my mother was a poor widow, many a time has your father visited our home, and when he was gone somewhere about the room we would find money for a barrel of flour, or to pay the rent, when we knew not where it was to come from; and as long as I live, if I have only a crust, when I find one of his sons in want, he shall have the biggest half."

The loan was gratefully accepted; by its aid the traveller was able to reach San Francisco, earn enough to pay his benefactor, and return safely to his home. This story, with the exception of the name, is a true one, related by the traveler himself, illustrating the precept—"Cast thy bread upon the water, for thou shalt find it after many days.—*American Agriculturist.*

When we are considering the health of children, says a writer in *The Methodist*, it is imperative not to forget the importance of keeping the brain fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence. The mischief penetrated by a contrary course, is the shape of bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity is incurable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief through its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss, and that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in harness long before them. And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained at a sacrifice of health that may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book work in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less, being more likely to be counteracted by their after life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement.

HOW SOME OF OUR MERCHANTS HAVE RISEN.

A few years ago a large drug firm in this city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides he's too small." "I know he is small, said the women, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes, which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted of such a boy, he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days after a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to remain all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his little *protege* busy scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he; "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double the boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw the opportunity, and entered the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkle found himself clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles from other stores recovered. When asked by the merchant why he staid behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when the others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and *faithful*." To-day that boy is getting a salary of $2,500 a year, and next January will become a member of the firm.

Josh Billings, (Henry W. Shaw,) is thus written of by one who knows him: He is certainly quite as ugly as Nasby. In many of his articles, in broken English, he surpasses all who have tried this class of writing. But to fully appreciate him one must see and know him. He is about 48 years old, and is the quaintest specimen of humanity I ever met. Five years ago he was an auctioneer in Poughkeepsie, New York. He has since removed to New York city, where he keeps his boarding house amused by his irrepressible oddities. As he passes down Broadway he cannot escape observation. His broad, bent form, his immense hat, his large, eagle like features are always noticeable. His weakness is for chewing tobacco and telling stories. There is no such story teller in the land. Such laughable yarns as he spins are not easily put in print. The only lounging place he has is in the office of the New York *Weekly