

"STAND LIKE AN ANVIL."

"Stand like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men fall thick and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pain the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and heat
Are born to earth, and die with time;
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

JOSEPH ARCH AND THE AGRICULTURAL LABOR MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

England is at this moment passing through a revolution as important as that of the sixteenth century. The general of the earlier agitation was a great soldier, and his victory was, in smiting one neck, to behead every English tyrant for all time to come. The purpose of the present revolution is to behead the lordly oppressors of agricultural labor, and its general is a humble son of the soil. Today the wealthiest peer of the realm grows pale at the name of Joseph Arch. And any one who has looked into his eye or heard his voice will not wonder that it should be so. The weary voices of millions who are hopeless are heard through his simple eloquence. Ages of patient suffering, and generations that have long groaned in the prison of Giant Despair, find their first morning ray in the fire of his eye. Amidst scowling noblemen and angry landlords this man has for some time journeyed through the length and breadth of England, seeking to form "unions" of farm laborers, and to combine these unions into a vast national organization. His journeys, even in this limited area, have been such as to recall the labors of Catholic missionaries in earlier times. During each day he visits the homes of the laborers, and learns their exact condition; he takes care to visit all who have suffered wrongs by eviction; and every evening he speaks to the assembled laborers with a force which never fails, and a perseverance which never grows weary. He has been the means of organizing England into some twenty-five districts, each of which includes many different unions—all together representing a kind of United States of Labor. Already in these regions wages have risen; and it is a saying that where Arch goes starvation flies. The poor women cry out as he passes, "God help you! Our children never had meat till you came." But Joseph Arch is not the man to be contented because the lord's fears lead him to gild his serf's chain; he has a settled purpose and plan, with which he is steadily carrying out the farm laborers only, but the sympathy of the disinterested intelligence of the country, though that plan surely contains a revolution of the land laws of Great Britain.

I have just had the opportunity of conversing with this very remarkable man, and it was not a very easy one to secure. I had already driven ten miles out from Stratford-on-Avon to the village of Barford, in Warwick, where his cottage stands, only to learn that it was a very rare thing indeed for one to find him there. And when he visits any large city, the need of distinguished politicians and land owners—friends or foes—to consult him render him as busy as the Premier himself. At length, however, I had the good fortune to obtain from him personally a full statement of the situation and prospects of the great movement he represents. I found him, so far as personal appearance and bearing are concerned, a representative country laborer. He is a sturdy Saxon man, with blonde complexion and light blue eyes, a straight, frank look, and strong features. His face is weather beaten, and bears traces of small pox; the under-face is squarish, the cheek-bones prominent, the forehead high and broad. But he is gifted with that which Saad regarded as his greatest earthly treasure—a sweet voice; and this voice has its own physiognomy in a most innocent and winning smile. With perfect independence and simplicity in his manner he takes his seat before the noble lord or the humble laborer, and with equal courtesy, he converses with the utmost frankness, as one who has nothing to conceal; and he has the highest charm of a Reformer—the faculty of completely forgetting himself in his cause.

In the pretty village of Barford, near Warwick, where he owns a pleasant little cottage and garden, Joseph Arch was born about forty-five years ago. He was born to the life that in England most nearly recalls the inscription over the Inferno—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." It is very little, comparatively, when an English artisan rises in the social scale and attains education and wealth; but any similar ascent from the ranks of the farm laborers is so nearly impossible that the English agricultural laborer finds not even a myth, such as other working classes have in Whittington, to tell his children of a farm hand transformed. In this valley with-

out a horizon Joseph Arch was born, and he has at least been able to show his comrades that if their case does not admit of culture, wealth, or social advancement, it may admit that light which the mansions cannot monopolize—the light which comes of the glow of human sympathy. While laboring in the field, Arch taught himself to read, and the companions of his toil ever after were the Bible and the newspaper. He was married at the age of twenty-five, and had two children when he first felt the terrible pressure of want. He was getting 1s 6d per day, and he struck. From that time he never took regular employment, but worked by the job. He was an excellent hand, especially in hedge planting. This caused him to live a somewhat nomadic life, which enabled him also to see the many varieties of condition among those suffering under a common oppression. For years he wandered about doing piece-work, from farm to farm, and county to county, often finding his night's lodging in some old barn or under the hedge-row. His supper might be a dry crust, but he had his bit of tallow candle by which to study his Bible and to read his newspaper. Almost insensibly he began preaching. He had been from early life connected with the Primitive Methodist connection (which then differed from the Wesleyan body in having the largest power in its government in the hands of the laity) and he was ordained as a local preacher. He preached with great acceptance to the poor, among whom he associated, and by his high conduct and his abstinence from drink did much to elevate their moral as well as physical condition in many places.

For twenty years, as he told me, he brooded over the wrongs of the laboring classes in the rural districts. He made tremendous efforts to raise his five children out of the slough of county serfdom, and has to-day the pleasure of seeing his eldest son, at the age of twenty, a sergeant in the army, with a fair prospect of promotion. His industrious wife and an intelligent daughter do much to assist him in the great work to which his life is now devoted. —M. D. Conway, in Harper's Magazine for April.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.

An exhibit of the growth of the country in manufactures, from 1850 to 1870, is now obtainable from the advance sheets of the Census Commissioner's Report, and in studying the figures there presented, not even the most extravagant admirers of the country's industrial greatness can fail to be impressed and astonished at the revelations. Of the Northern States, New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, which have always stood at the head of manufacturing interests in the order named, still stand there, but with the value of their facilities and products more than doubled in the last decade. The West has also taken gigantic strides in the same direction. Iowa shows an increase of net assets in manufactures from \$14,000,000 in 1860 to \$46,000,000 in 1870; Michigan from \$32,000,000 to \$118,000,000; Minnesota from \$3,000,000 to \$23,000,000; Indiana from \$42,000,000 to \$108,000,000; Illinois from \$57,000,000 to \$205,000,000; Missouri from \$41,000,000 to \$206,000,000, and Ohio from \$121,000,000 to \$269,000,000. The Southern States bear evidence of the strain of civil war and subsequent restrictions. Virginia, including Western Virginia, has gained but \$12,000,000 since 1860, while her growth in the preceding ten years was \$21,000,000. For the three periods of taking the census, 1850, 1860 and 1870, the total number of manufacturing establishments in the Union have been 123,025, 140,433, and 252,148. The hands employed at the corresponding periods were 957,059, 1,311,246, and 2,053,934; capital, \$553,245,351, \$1,000,855,715, \$2,118,288,769; wages, \$236,755,464, \$378,878,938, \$775,584,343; materials, \$555,123,322, \$1,031,695,092, \$2,488,227,242; products, \$1,019,106,616, \$1,885,861,675, \$4,232,323,442. California's manufactures have apparently decreased, but this is due to the omission of her mining figures from the report for 1870. Tennessee and Georgia of the Southern States have doubled, but no others. In 1850 New York, leading the list of States, produced in manufactured articles the value of \$237,500,000; in 1860, \$379,000,000, and in 1870, \$755,000,000. Pennsylvania during the same period showed a value of \$155,000,000, \$290,000,000 and \$712,000,000; Massachusetts followed with \$158,000,000, \$235,500,000, and \$554,000,000. Rhode Island increased its products more than fivefold in twenty years over which the investigation extended. In 1850 the establishments of Massachusetts numbered 8,852, employing 177,461 hands, and \$83,940,292 in capital. She paid off \$41,954,793 in wages, had \$85,856,771 invested in material, and turned out products to the value of \$137,743,994. For 1860 and 1870 the respective figures corresponding to these items were: Establishments 8,176, and 13,212; hands employed, 217,421,279,330; capital, \$131,792,327; \$201,677,862; wages, \$69,960,913, \$118,051,886; materials, \$135,953,721, \$334,413,982; products, \$225,545,922, \$553,912,568. New Hampshire has a little more than held her own in the number of her establishments during the last twenty years, but in other items she has made considerable advance. Vermont has about doubled the number of her establishments and made a creditable advance in other respects. Maine stands in about the same scale. In all these statistics

mining, quarrying and fishing are included in the tables of 1850 and 1860, but excluded from those of 1870. Quarrying and fishing would swell the total Massachusetts considerably, as Cape Cod and Cape Ann are no unimportant items in the State industries. The tables of 1870 have to be enlarged to contain the additional items of steam engines and water wheels not reckoned in the returns of 1850 and 1860 unless they come under the general head "Capital." Only three States, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, surpass Massachusetts in steam force, her engines amounting to 78,502 horse-power, and only two States, New York and Pennsylvania, have greater water-wheel strength, hers equalling 106,854 horse-power. Turning from the consideration of the old and well established manufacturing interests of New England, the West shows wonders of growth still more marvellous. The proportion of increase there has been much greater than here. The organization and crystallization of manufacturing resources whereby Minnesota was enabled in 1870 to produce a value of \$23,000,000, were all the work of the twenty years preceding. Montana starting ten years ago produced \$2,494,511, and Nebraska in the same period, \$15,870,539. Were the various mining and quarry interests of these latter localities represented, the showing would be much more favorable, and all over the country these industries have attained an importance whose exact statement would swell incalculably the already grand total. Perhaps no State has reason to be more gratified with what these figures prove than Massachusetts. In proportion to her extent and population she leads almost all her sisters in the Union, and absolutely she stands third in importance with a ratio of increase during the last ten years much greater than the only two States—New York and Pennsylvania—that stand above her. Probably if the growth could be measured year by year, the last five in the calculated decade would be found largely more flattering than the first, and doubtless the three years that have succeeded the collocation of these facts are fraught with yet more stupendous revelations. It is a problem not yet solved to the satisfaction of all whether the agriculture of the State is not declining. The general opinion is that simply modifications and change are going on, but let that question be settled as it may, there is no room for doubt in regard to the increase in her looms, spindles, forges, etc. The proscriptive policy, which has been the rule of government for the Southern people, has put them back years, and proves itself to have been as short-sighted as wrong. With the constant progress toward perfection in manufacturing skill, with railroads spanning the continent, and the restless energy of a rapidly-increasing population seeking a field for its enterprise in the development of new resources, the patient waiter for the exhibit of 1880 will have unfolded a new romance of industrial greatness that he can hardly imagine now. —Exchange.

A LOST ART REVIVED.

A NEW YORK IMPORTER'S STORY.

It is well known among ladies who are connoisseurs in lace, that the manufacture of old point de Venise has been among the lost arts for upwards of a century. Whenever one of our American princesses on her round of morning shopping asks for point de Venise, the salesman who is well informed in laces knows at once that his customer is not. If he is shrewd, shrewd, and unscrupulous, he practices a deception by showing the lady some other lace; if he is honest, he tells her the truth. A representative of the *Sun*, while looking for items for a trade report a few days ago, gathered the following facts from a lace importer and head of the lace department in a wholesale dry goods house, whose cash receipts from sales amount to over sixty millions annually.

About five years before the fall of Paris and banishment of Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie discovered one day among a lot of old laces which had been transferred to her as souvenirs of the Empress Josephine, and which her daughter Queen Hortense had religiously preserved as relics of her illustrious mother, about a quarter of a yard of a lace flounce of a most singular and beautiful mesh and peculiar design. The *Ex-Empress* is a *dilletante* and connoisseur in laces as well as in many other fine arts. She saw at a glance that she possessed an art treasure, the more valuable as it was yellow with age, broken and mutilated. She sent at once for M. De Lisle, the President of the *Compagnie des Indes*, lace manufacturers of Paris, and sending her treasure before his admiring eyes said:

"Monsieur, I wish this lace reproduced, mesh and design in a full lace dress for myself. Can your lace makers do it?"

Bowing low before the beautiful woman, the manufacturer replied:

"Your Royal Highness gives me a difficult commission, one, I fear, impossible to perform. Your remnant is real old point de Venise, of which there are but few samples in existence, and the art of making it is lost."

"Can we not revive it?" asked the Empress.

"I give you *carte blanche* in making the experiment, and another *carte blanche* for my dress when finished."

"Madame, I will see what can be done. If possible it shall be accomplished," and bowing again he retired from the royal presence,

taking with him the old piece of point de Venise.

When an Empress commands everybody hastens to obey. So the President of the *Compagnie des Indes* lost no time. He first submitted the sample of Queen Hortense's relic to his own adult experienced lace makers. None knew the mesh. He placed it under powerful lenses—no better success. Its intricacy baffled them all. No instruments, however fine, nor fingers the most skilled, under eyes the most practiced, could tell how it could be reproduced. Our manufacturer was perplexed, but not in despair. His next step was to ransack the whole empire for the oldest lace makers living. About forty old women, sexagenarians and octogenarians, were taken to Paris. They were provided with the best of glasses and the most powerful hand lenses. One after the other examined the old flounce. Alas! not one knew the mesh. M. De Lisle was almost desperate. He had tried adult ingenuity and the experience of age, now he must resort to youth. He selected from his young girls twenty of the most intelligent workers—those with the strongest eyes and dexter fingers. To each he gave a section of the old sample. He provided them with lenses and every appliance for work. In the mean time they were secluded and given every necessary comfort, so that their eyes, their fingers, and their minds might be in perfect working order. He watched the work from day to day, and week to week; still no progress seemed to be made. At length he left the house one evening almost persuaded to give up the experiment. This was about one year after the imperial order had been given. The next day he was late in reaching his office, but as soon as he arrived the superintendent of the lace workers met him with the long wished-for welcome, but almost incredible intelligence that one of the young girls had discovered the old point de Venise mesh. The President hurried to the room where the successful young worker was bending over her lace cushion. He seized a lens, examined the work in her hands, compared it with the original, and a quiet smile stole over his features.

"Eh bien!" he exclaimed softly, "Il est achemé!"

Turning to the successful discoverer he rewarded her with the place of teacher to the others and general superintendent of the work, and communicated with the Empress, who, among all her other engagements, had kept diligent watch over the progress of affairs.

Now the work was begun in earnest. It was four years before it approached completion, but from time to time the Empress visited the manufactory, showing the greatest joy and pride that a lost art had been restored by the lace weavers of France in her reign. Before the dress was finished Paris was in ashes and Eugenie an exile. But the lace weavers escaped the general destruction and Eugenie's dress was spared. The generous and noble woman did not forget M. De Lisle nor her order. She wrote to him from England, saying that "though no longer an Empress, nor enjoying the income of royalty, she would take the dress when finished if he should be a loser by keeping it."

The manufacturer, not to be out-done in nobility or generosity, laid the case as stated in the Empress's letter before the directors of the company. They were touched with the misfortunes and genuine nobility of the beautiful woman, and unanimously decided to release her from her engagement. The now historic dress is to be exhibited at the Vienna Exposition as the first specimen of point de Venise manufactured in more than a hundred years.

A BRAVE BRAKEMAN.

A train having been snowed in on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, about seven miles from Calmar, Iowa, and news of the condition of the passengers and their need of food having reached that place, a brakeman named James Wilson took 30 pounds of crackers and cheese and set out in a terrible storm to walk through the snow to the train. The Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*, describes his walk and fits sequel as follows:

"The wind blew a gale, and with the thermometer at twenty-seven below, he had a hard road to travel. It was hard work, the wind penetrated through his hood, and, notwithstanding he felt his face and ears freezing, on he trudged until he reached the train, almost exhausted and unable to speak distinctly, his face, ears and nose badly frozen. The train reached by Mr. Wilson was one on which, among the passengers, was Mr. John Lawler, of Prairie du Chien, who had some ladies under his care. Mr. Lawler applied snow to the face of Wilson, and did all that was needed to restore him as much as possible. Mr. Lawler then took from his own neck a massive gold chain, which he had worn for a long time, and putting it around Wilson's neck, remarked:

"It's a pretty good man that has worn that chain, but I've found a better, and he shall have it." The chain is reputed to be worth up among the hundreds of dollars, and was a handsome present worthily bestowed. Under touching circumstances like these, the writer of such an incident can hardly tell which to admire the most, the true heroism of the brakeman, who periled his own life to carry aid to his fellow creatures, or the man who so promptly and generously rewarded the deed of the hero.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

"Virtue has its own—A Ward."

A day or two since a kind-looking young man called on Mr. James Sturgis, the well-known tea and coffee importer of New street. "Do you remember me?" asked the young man, bowing, and holding his hat deferentially in both hands.

"No. I really can't recollect you now, young man," replied Mr. Sturgis, looking inquiringly over his glasses.

"Don't you remember giving \$2.50 to a poor boy a few years ago to start in the paper business?" continued the good young man.

"No—no! I can't possibly recollect anything about it. Let's see—no—I'm positive that I don't remember you," and Mr. Sturgis went on examining his ledger.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis, I came to tell you that I am that boy, and that your kindness made a man of me. I am now in a flourishing business—the cigar business—and am well enough off to keep my horses, and enjoy a credit among business men. I want you should take the \$2.50 back with my deepest obligations," and the young man handed a \$10 bill to Mr. Sturgis.

"All right, said Mr. Sturgis, you can leave me \$2.50 if you insist."

"And the interest, too," continued the honest fellow.

"Oh, hang the interest! Good morning—good morning, sir!" and the South street millionaire was soon buried in his books and papers again, while the good young man received \$7.50 in exchange for his \$10 bill.

Two or three mornings after this occurrence, the great importer looked up and saw the young man, all out of breath, coming into his office.

"I say, Mr. Sturgis! I've just got!—a splendid chance!—to make some money! A man!—who has just failed!—round on Beaver street!—will let me have 2,000 Havana cigars!—for \$75!—and I came in?—in a great hurry!—to see if you wouldn't lend me the money for half an hour!"

"Why, yes, young man," said Mr. Sturgis, "if it is any accommodation, I don't mind the \$75. Here, Michael (turning to the porter), you go around to Beaver street with the young man, pay the \$75, and bring the 2,000 cigars here to be stored;" and then Mr. S. looked very kindly at his honest young protegee.

"But, Mr. Sturgis, you needn't send Michael, I'll—"

"No trouble at all, sir," said Mr. Sturgis, "Michael has noth—"

"But, O, sir, I'm afraid that you doubt my integrity," interrupted the young man, "you wound my honor," replied the young man, much affected. "I hope you don't doubt my pure intention, Mr. Sturgis?"

"Oh no—not at all; but \$75 is a good deal of money in these times. I don't know you very well, and—"

"But my self-respect won't allow me to do this," replied the young man, looking honestly into the millionaire's face. "Really, I can't do it. I'd rather loose the trade."

"Well, all right," said Mr. Sturgis, "Good morning, sir!" and the young man left with his pride deeply wounded.

The next day the good young man called again. Mr. Sturgis was out—in the back room.

"Do you remember me leaving \$2.50 here the other day?" stepping up to the cashier.

"Yes, very well—very well, sir."

"Well, I was under the impression that I borrowed it of Mr. James S. Sturgis; but it was Mr. Russel Sturgis, and if you'll please hand it back I'll—"

"You'll try and swindle somebody else!" shouted Mr. Sturgis, coming out of the back room. "No, sir, I think I've wasted about two dollars' time on you, and we'll keep this little amount to remember by."

Mr. Sturgis's new protegee went away very much aggrieved. He looked the picture of injured innocence, which quite melted Mr. Sturgis's heart. In a moment he felt that the young man might be right after all, and he sent the porter to overtake him with \$2.50.

Mr. Sturgis is now perfectly satisfied as to the intention of the young man. This morning the bank sent back the \$10. It was a very ingenious counterfeit. It deceived the bank at first. Mr. Sturgis looked at the bill a long time, then he turned to his cashier, and remarked, "Evidently there is a mistake somewhere, or else we have been deceived."

Then Mr. Sturgis filled up the following formula: "The miserable—mean—swindling—scoundrel—"

That was all he said, except to guard his cashier against making any remark about the affair, as he didn't like to have his friends get hold of it. Oh, no!—*Eli Perkins*.

The WHITE HART, cor. of Yonge & Elm sts., is conducted on the good old English style, by Bell Belmont, late of London, Eng., who has made the above the most popular resort of the city. The bar is most elegantly decorated, displaying both judgment and taste, and is pronounced to be the "Prince of Bars." It is under the sole control of Mrs. Emma Belmont, who is quite capable of discharging the duties entrusted to her. The spacious billiard room is managed by H. Vosper; and the utmost courtesy is displayed by every one connected with this establishment.

Cards, Programms, Bill-Heads, and Mapmoth Posters, (illuminated or plain), executed at this office, 124 Bay St.