

designated by people wanting office keepers. After rejecting a basket-full of applications, there still remained too many for one man to select from. It was indeed a case of *embarras de richesses*.

After much trial and much reflection, I selected three whose letters, in conjunction with their *cartes*, seemed most eligible. I wrote to the address given, and by return of post the answers came. Meetings were appointed and devices given by which we should know each other. One damsel fixed upon a retired spot in St. James' Park. She would carry a handkerchief in her left hand, one corner of which should be tied with some mauve-colored ribbon, and I was to wear a camelia in my coat. The happy moment arrived, and I was punctual; but the lady was there before me. Oh, the awful disillusioning of that interview! She had told me she was young and handsome; she was neither. She had told me of her refined taste, and she was dressed in the most *outré* manner possible. All the colors of the rainbow were reflected from her person. She was the widow of the deceased publican, and looked it. Her proper place was behind a bar, serving gin and bitters to young cads and brainless swells—and she had dared to answer my advertisement! After a few words, we coldly wished each other good-bye, and never met again. The second was also a failure, but the third was worse. It sealed my fate, but did not obtain me a wife. At first it promised well, but its issue was, for me, calamitous. I shrink from narrating the adventure, but the interests of humanity compel me. I have put my hand to the plough, and must not turn back.

I met the third of my selection at a time and place appointed. She appeared to be all that she had represented herself. She looked like a lady, spoke like one. She saw my shyness, and met it with encouraging questions. Skillfully and graciously she drew me on, until I found myself talking to her as I had never talked to woman before. With a modesty that was perfectly entrancing, she trusted I should not think badly of her for answering an advertisement seeking a wife. Many happy matches, she believed, had thus been brought about, and I should find that she had sufficient and justifiable reasons for what she had done. Then our talk became more general, and I found she was well informed; spoke of our best authors, especially the poets and novelists, in a manner which proved familiar acquaintance with their works. In a word, I was enraptured, over head and ears in love, and thought, at last I have found the "one fair maid for me."

Of course we met again. We met many times, and I grew fonder and fonder of her at each meeting. At last I resolved to bring the matter to a close, and have the wedding-day fixed. It was summer time, and one bright evening we were taking a walk in—to me fatal—St. James' Park, when I found a retired seat, and I pressed her to name the day. I was so absorbed in watching her face and waiting for an answer, that I had not noticed a party of young men who had stolen behind us. My arm was round her waist, and I was tenderly but earnestly asking for a reply, when my raptures were broken in upon and terribly dispelled by a burst of laughter from behind, and Joe Fielding, my fellow-clerk at Somerset House, slapping my supposed innamorata on the back, exclaiming, "Well, Harry, have you fixed the wedding-day yet?" Harry took off his bonnet, his false curls, and chignon, and burst out laughing in my face.

I saw all in a moment. I had been cruelly hoaxed. Without waiting for the jeers of my fellow-clerks, I rushed away from the park, jumped on the first omnibus, and went home. There I packed my portmanteau, wrote to my chief that urgent business—family business, I ironically wrote—required my attention for a few days, and I left London that night. What I shall do next is undecided; but one thing is certain I shall never advertise for a wife again. As a caution to others and to prevent any similar bashful fellow from committing the like folly, I have told the story of "How I advertised for a wife; and didn't get one."

DIAMOND CUTTING—A NEW INDUSTRY IN NEW YORK.

Diamond cutting is an art, not merely an industry, requiring that certain degree of dexterity of manipulation which, after a few years of apprenticeship, is readily attained in nearly every mechanical operation; but a fine art in the full sense of the term. It is labor which calls not only for an exquisite refinement of manual dexterity, but an unerring judgment, to be gained only by hard study and constant practice, extending perhaps over a lifetime.

HOW DIAMOND CUTTING WAS INTRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES.

We purpose in the following paper, to tell the reader how this pursuit, now for the first time in the world's history followed in the western hemisphere, came to be established in the United States, and then to trace the various processes of diamond cutting as practiced in the city of New York. It is a matter of general information that the art, from time almost immemorial, has been confined to the celebrated lapidaries of Amsterdam, Holland, whither the rough gems were forwarded from all parts of the globe. At the time of the extensive discoveries in the diamond fields of South Africa, however, Mr. J. Hermann a well known jeweler of this city and an expert in the

art, became convinced that diamond cutting could be introduced in this country, both as a valuable accession to the national industries and as a means of attracting large amounts of foreign capital within our borders. To this end he undertook its establishment in the face of many serious obstacles. There was an import duty of ten per cent on the rough stones, the repeal of which had to be secured (a matter of no small difficulty, for the Government seemed unable to perceive the advantage of thus increasing the wealth within the country), large capital had to be obtained to start the enterprise, and, finally workmen had to be persuaded to leave Holland and other countries where these men, in sufficient numbers, could not be induced to immigrate. Mr. Hermann sought for other artists among the Dutch already in the United States; and he tells us that he found them pursuing all kinds of callings, in order to gain the support which the art they had studied all their lives was here unable to afford them. Then machinery was imported, only to be abandoned for entirely new inventions, also the work of the projector of the scheme; and thus at last staid old Amsterdam, to the dismay of her artisans, discovered that her long kept secrets were known across the ocean, and her hitherto undisputed supremacy rivaled in the metropolis of the West.

THE MANUFACTORY.

We have thus briefly touched upon the organization of the New York Diamond Company, as a part of the history of the art in the United States, from which others in future will trace its growth. Success, we are told, has been encountered, as jewelers and owners of gems necessarily prefer sending their diamonds to a locality where they may be repaired or re-cut without undergoing the perils of an ocean voyage. Twenty thousand dollars worth of stones, we learn, are received regularly each fortnight, while millions of dollars worth are yearly handled. The largest diamond ever brought within the country, one of which weighed 80 carats, have, through the same agency, been imported.

We recently were enabled to visit this establishment, situated in a small building in Fifteenth street, a few steps from Union Square, in this city, and there to follow the interesting operations which we are about to describe. As, in all descriptions, general explanations are first in order, we were at the outset informed that the business is divided into three entirely distinct branches—cleaving, cutting and polishing. Also, that each class is a separate art, and that the workman finds the attainment of any one sufficient labor for the balance of his existence without troubling himself about the others. Hence, no one man can carry a stone through all the manipulations. A cutter cannot cleave, nor does a polisher know aught about cutting; and even further, a polisher or cutter of a brilliant cannot produce a rose diamond, and vice versa; so that, in fact, each individual had his specialty, and there stops his knowledge.

NATURE OF THE DIAMOND.

The diamond itself, as all are aware, is nothing but carbon, a combustible body. It is crystallized mostly in the shape of an octahedron (two four-sided pyramids united at their bases) or rhombic dodecahedron, the latter being the commonest. In its black form—as used for stone drilling or sawing—it is the hardest known substance, and in this state differs from the jewel, which has foliated passages parallel to the faces of figure, in which directions it may be as cleanly cleft as a piece of wood. The resemblance to the latter substance is increased by the fact that there are so called knots, which cause a conchoidal instead of a straight clean fracture.

THE CLEAVER.

This much imparted by way of proface, we were conducted to the apartment occupied by the cleaver, or *Klover*, as he is called in Holland. This artist we were informed, must possess a greater degree of skill than any other workman. So difficult is his labor that probably there do not exist twenty-five cleavers to every five hundred polishers and cutters in the world. The *Klover* in Holland is taught from boyhood, and is usually the son of the owner of the establishment, out side parties being rarely instructed. On a small table in front of the workman was a little box divided into two compartments, the furthest containing a covered tray for the reception of stones. The other division was made deeper and had a false bottom, being finely perforated. Also on the table were a number of sticks like spindles, which, with a couple of knives (to which we shall presently allude), a metal rod for a hammer, a pair of scales, and a spirit lamp, constituted the entire kit.

Opening a number of little envelopes, each marked with a full description of its contents, the cleaver first put into our hands a quantity of rough stones. They seemed of irregular shape and varied in size, from that of a pin head to a large pea. Some pieces were quite flat and closely resembled mica. Selecting a diamond from the heap, the artist glanced at it a moment and then secured it in a knob of cement (brick dust and rosin) on the end of one of his spindles. Taking a fragment of a stone that had already been operated upon, he fastened it in a second spindle in similar manner. Next, with an implement in each hand, he brought the diamonds together, steadying the shanks of his tools against two metal projections on the edge of the box before him. Apply the second diamond to the rough gem, with a quick grinding motion ho-

rapidly cut a notch in the latter; it was hardly the work of an instant, but the line was perceptible.

At this point our curiosity prompted us to ask explanations, and suspending his labor, the cleaver showed us that there were flaws in the stone which had to be cut off and, besides, other pieces to be removed to give the gem its proper shape; so that probably, of the whole rough jewel, hardly one half would be available. We looked wisely for the flaws but utterly failed to detect them, a fact not to be wondered at when we were informed by the artist that his ability constituted an important part of his knowledge. As hardly any two stones are alike, and no rule can be laid down for the work, some idea may be gained of the consummate skill which enables a man to pick up a tiny fragment, glance at it once, and instantly detect not only flaws and streaks but where they are located, in the heart or on the surface, to make up his mind exactly what microscopic piece must be removed, their size, and how they may be cut to turn them to best account, and, finally, how to so divide the stone as to produce the best color. All this so quickly that, although we saw half a dozen stones operated upon, we asked afterwards: When the workman had examined them? We had noticed the single swift look given at each, as one after another was split by the artist as he continued his explanations.

SPLITTING THE DIAMOND.

We left the diamond, to indulge in the above digression, with a streak cut across it at the point at which it was to be divided. Placing the spindle containing the gem upright before him, the operator placed one of his knives directly over the cleft. The knife used was nothing more than a piece of steel, perfectly flat, with a square edge, and about six inches long. It is ground blunt purposely, for if it were keen, the hard stone would quickly turn the edge. Tapping the back of the blade lightly with his iron rod, the artist split off a fragment and then, melting his cement and removing the parts, showed us a clean smooth cut.

"But is not this a very risky performance?" we almost involuntarily exclaimed. "Suppose that you make a mistake?" The workman smiled superior, and explained that such a hardly possible, though he admitted that it would be a very easy matter to halve the value of a gem by a single false stroke. Imagine a \$5000 diamond—and that is not a large one—thus treated; \$2,500 irretrievably lost by a single tap of the hammer! But then, with good sized stones, the work does not seem so difficult as with jewels no larger than pin heads, so small indeed that, in some cases, they number as many as 300 to the carat in the rough, or 400 finished. Of course nothing is wasted; the dust that falls through the false bottom of the box, we shall find again in the hands of the polishers, while the odd scraps are cut into rose diamonds, or the little sparkling grains used for inlaying initials and similar fine work in gold jewelry.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL AND NEW ORLEANS.

HOW OTHERS SEE US.

The *Memphis Appeal*, in an article contrasting the Government of the United States and Canada, has the following:—

There is no reason, save such as pertains to the people themselves and their governments, why New Orleans may not accomplish every commercial end achieved by Montreal. In fact, the difficulties which New Orleans must obviate are infinitely less insuperable than those which Montreal surmounts. Not only are the differences in cost of government and, consequently, of living, as shown by our correspondent, marvelous, but there is a sublime faith and energy displayed by Canadians which is discovered nowhere in the valley of the Mississippi. In Canada, nature and all its elements are at war with commercial progress and with great enterprises; here, incidents of climate, soil and natural highways of commerce co-operate to aggrandize cities and enrich States. There is only wanting the sublime faith and energy of Canadians, and cheapness of government which exists, as our correspondent tells, only fifteen per cent. of the value of imports to maintain the simple, honest, economical Kanuck government. Montreal, another New Orleans, on another Mississippi, is attracting the attention of Europe as the coming great exporting city of the continent. New Orleans, on the contrary, is suffered to decay, and the wealth of the continent is turned backward and northward toward the pole rather than the tropics, simply because politicians and savages have seized upon the city of the south, while statesmen and patriots govern Canada, and therefore the unification of the provinces under one general local government. The Canadians were thus prepared for independent national existence, and a national spirit has been fostered, especially by the contrast furnished this people with their own government by the government of the United States. The one is cheaply and wisely, and the other knavishly and extravagantly administered. People take nothing to sell from the United States into Canada, but would buy there everything possible, where everything is cheap, and if possible smuggle everything through the lines into the United

States. The American government is never thoroughly detestable until its agents are seen prying into the mysteries of carpetbags and of women's paraphernalia, prying deep down into Saratoga trunks. A hungry-looking, speckled Yankee from away down east seized the valise of our correspondent on the Niagara bridge, and examined every single article with infinite care. He encountered a card on which our correspondent's trade was announced, and the wretched inspector of trunks, growing pale with horror, apologized for this unseemingly intrusion into the collection of curiosities. But it is this one hundred and three hundred per cent. duty paid upon everything that we eat or wear or consume which paralyzes industry and drives people even to idleness. Men despair when government filches from their pockets by the thieving processes of the custom-house all profits of labor. In fact, it is demonstrable that five hundred millions annually are stolen from forty millions of people that two hundred thousand may riot in wealth and splendor, and while Canadians toil for themselves and there is every inducement proffered to individual industry we are here so harassed by tax gatherers and multiplied governments that our great river, unlike the St. Lawrence, remains unnavigable. Canadians are now expending fifteen millions to construct a ship canal around Niagara Falls, while this "best Government the world ever saw" suffers the wealth of a continent to be diverted from its natural highway to the sea, and American cities go to decay, and poverty stalks abroad and villainy and ignorance are supreme. Our form of Government is best, and our personal freedom is perhaps most unrestricted, but Canada gives most encouragement to personal effort, and is infinitely more honestly, cheaply and wisely governed than these unfortunate States.

SUNSHINE AS A FORCE.

A good illustration of man's inability for self support, independent of sunshine, is afforded by the following calculations:—

The mechanical equivalent of the vertical sunshine upon a square mile of the earth's surface is computed to be 3,323,000,000 pounds raised a foot high in a second. Under the most favorable circumstances, a square mile of terrestrial soil receiving this amount of sunshine, if planted with bananas, would yield, according to the estimate of Baron Humboldt, 50,000 tons of nutritious food yearly. This is the greatest amount of food-producing power of which the earth appears to be capable. But this quantity of food would suffice only 100,000 men, whose united mechanical force would not raise more than 10,000,000 pounds a foot high in a second. It would, therefore, not be possible for any number of men, by their mechanical force, to produce anything like a sufficient light and heat in the absence of sunshine to raise from the soil the food which is needful for their own support.

AFFECTION OF MONKEYS FOR THEIR DEAD.

From James Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs* the following interesting account is extracted: One of a shooting party, under a banian-tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.—"Nature and Science," *Scribner's for Sept.*

OLD DUGOOD'S DOG.

Old Dugood came into the bar-room the other day and took a seat among the idlers there assembled. The dog question was under discussion, and after listening to a few wonderful stories Dugood chipped in as follows:

"Now, boys, you may all talk as you please about the smart things dogs have done, but I can jest tell you somethin' that will lay over all yer stories."

"I don't 'spect you'll believe a man when he's a tellin' ye's the truth, but this is as true as the gospel."

"You all know the big yaller dog of mine? Well, that dog is the smartest dog in the drive. He's an intellectual dog, he is. Now, I know you won't believe it, but that ar' dog's been larnin' to sing."

"Learning to sing? Get out!" interrupted one of the listeners.

"Yes, sir," that's so, every word of it; and I'll just tell you how it was. T'other night we had some singin' at our house. You kno-

our Sal's been goin' to the singin' schools lately, and she and other gals, and the young fellows what go, hev got so they can squawk like the very blazes. And so almost every night they meet at somebody's house and practice.

"Well, the other night there was a whole crew on 'em at our house, and they had a big time. Such a screechin' and a squallin' and a bellerin' you never heard in all your lives. You'd hev thought that a whole gang of tom-cats had broke loose and tackled Squire while they wor' singin', and he was the most interested creature I ever saw. He watched 'em' heatin' time and goin' through their manœuvres, and 'peared to understand 'em as well as they did. At first they sang lively tunes, you know; and purty soon, when they got tired of these they commenced on saims and hymes and other serious things. The dog he 'peared to like these better than the lively tunes, and sot down as close up to 'em as he could while they sung."

"At last the gals coaxed Jim Blowhard to sing 'Old Hundred.' You know what an old tearing' bass voice Jim has. When he commenced, the dog began to get dreadfully interested. He pointed his nose right up at the ceilin', and every time Jim came to the low notes, he'd sorter howl."

"Who? Jim?"

"No, the dog. Blowhard he sung away for a while, and jest then he turned round and kinder bit his hind legs."

"Gosh a mighty! Blowhard?"

"No, you all fired fool you, the dog, of course. Then sez I to the old woman, 'Nancy Jane,' sez I, 'you jest bet your boots that dog's got somethin' in his head.' And Nancy Jane, sez she, 'You git out, I shan't do it.' Jest then the dog picked somethin' up in his mouth and bolted out of the room quicker'n a streak. I didn't pay much attention to it and nobody else noticed it."

"When Blowhard finished, all the girls jest crowded round him, and commenced flatterin' him, when suddenly we all heard a noise. It was the orfullest mixed up noise ever anybody heard. Everybody was scared nearly to death. Six of the gals fainted away in Blowhard's arms all at once. They wor' hangin' on to him from all sides, like string beans on a pole. Blowhard was still for a moment or two; it was more huggin' than he could stand, and he wilted right off his seat onto the floor, and tried to crawl under the sofa. Before he got more'n his head and shoulders under, the gals all came to and caught him by the feet and tried to pull him out. Blowhard hung on to the sofa legs and bellowed murder, and the gals screeched, and some on 'em ran around the room nineteen times a minnit before they could find anything else to faint onto."

"I picked up a candle and rushed into the back yard with two or three of the spunkiest men, and what do you think that old dog was doin'? He'd got a music book spread out before him and was beatin' time with his tail on a tin pan, and a howlin' 'Old Hundred,' like all possessed —!"—*Golden Era.*

TIRESOME PEOPLE.

There are certain people with whom I used to think myself wonderfully congenial; we liked the same books, pictures, and what-not; had set ourselves to the accomplishment of much the same objects in life; never quarreled about the slightest thing,—and yet for some mysterious reason I could never endure their company more than half an hour at a time. There were my old chums whose mature tastes and aims were very different from mine, yet near whom I could spend days and weeks and years with the utmost serenity.

How to account for this difference I did not know,—until, at last, I found that the trouble lay in the fact that these congenial uncongenial friends were all in the same tune. It was like living in some monotonously gorgeous Yellowstone country, than which I could imagine nothing more wearing to the soul. You see, ordinary people like you and me cannot stand a constraint strain upon the higher emotions,—I doubt whether anybody can. If there is not an abounding humor to make a variety in the experience of your grand, solemn natures, there is at least a grim savagery that takes its place, and answers the purposes of recreation. If we do not hear of Milton's laughing much, we are well aware that he knew how to call hard names; and as for the mortal who, having seen Hell, never smiled again, are we not told that the little Gueff boys and girls were in danger of being pelted with stones flung by that frantic Ghibelline!

"The Old Cabaret," *Scribner's for September.*

"Are you going into the country to study the book of nature during this beautiful summer weather?" asked a bombastic gentleman of a lady friend. She wittily replied: "Not yet; I am waiting for the autumn to save me the trouble of turning the leaves."

A man whose morning dram had been too much for him, in saddling his horse got the wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount, a neighbor came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone. How do you know which way I am going?" And he looked dagger at the officious neighbor.