THE WATCHMAN.

VOL. I. SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875. NO. 31.

New Advertisements.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AGENT,
Attorney and Broker for New Brunswick,
Lloyd Association of Marine Underwriters,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Imperial Fire Insurance Company, of London.
Established 1803. Capital and Cash Assets exceed £2,000,000 Sterg. One Hundred Pounds paid up Stock sells for £820 in the London Stock Exchange.

The Ætna Insurance Company.
Incorporated 1819. Cash Capital and Assets over $6,000,000

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company.
Incorporated 1810. Cash Capital and Assets over $2,500,000

British America Assurance Company.
Established 1833. Capital and Assets $600,000. Deposited at Ottawa $50,000. Its funds are invested in undoubted securities.

Phœnix Insurance Company, of New York.
Established 1853. Cash Capital and Accumulated Fund $2,000,000.

New Brunswick Lloyd's Association of Marine Underwriters.

☞ Aggregate of Losses paid by the above leading Insurance Companies in Seventy years, (combined) reaches the enormous sum of nearly NINETY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Dwelling Houses, whether built or in course of construction, as well as Furniture contained therein, Insured for terms of one or three years, at lowest rates.

Steam Saw Mills, Vessels on the Stocks or in Port, Warehouses, Merchandise and Insurable Property of every description covered on the lowest possible terms.

☞ Policies, whether for Fire, Marine, Historical, Biographical, Geographical, Astronomical and Literary.

The course will be opened on **Friday Evening**, Nov. 12th, with a GRAND CONCERT by the **Swedish Quartette Club**, Nordstrom, Modes, Schneider, Engstrom, assisted by Mrs. Knowles and A. C. Taylor.

TUESDAY, 23rd November.—Lecture, "Educated Poets of Scotland," by **Dr. Lorimer**, of Boston.

THURSDAY, Dec. 2.—Opera of "Martha," by the **Redpath English Opera Company**, Miss Clara Nickels Soprano.

FRIDAY, Dec. 3.—Opera, "The Spectre." (L'Ombre) by the same.

FRIDAY, Dec. 10.—Lecture, "The Infinities Around Us," by **Prof. Proctor**, Astronomer, of London.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15—Lecture, "Hollanders as Its People," by **Prof. Miles**, Boston Institute Technology.

THURSDAY, Dec. 30.—Lecture, "George Canning," by **Dr. Carpenter**, Professor Brazenose College, Oxford, England.

THURSDAY, Jan. 6, 1876.—The Course will close with a Concert by a superior musical company, of which due notice will be given.

TICKETS FOR THE ENTIRE COURSE.

First Reserved Seats, ... $4.00
Second Reserved Seats, ... 3.00

A subscription list will be open at the Bookstore of J. & A. McMillan, on WEDNESDAY, 4th Nov., inst.

Subscribers will select their Seats in the order of their subscribing.

A. CHIPMAN SMITH,
JOHN McMILLAN, } Managers.
JAS. I. FELLOWS,

oct 30

EXCELLENT INVESTMENT.

Very Liberal Cash Discount.

W. W. JORDAN

INVITES AN INSPECTION of intending purchasers to his stock of

FURS,

SOUTH SEA SEAL JACKETS;
SOUTH S. Fitchie trimmed with Grebe, Beaver and Otter;
SIBERIAN LYNX TRIMMED SEAL JACKETS—the RICHEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE;
ASTRACHAN JACKETS from $25.00 to $30.00;
IMITATION SEAL JACKETS at $95;

MUFFS AND TIES,

MINK, SEAL ERMINE, CHINCHILLA; GREBE, FITCH, ARCTIC MINK.

SEAL MITTS AND GAUNTLETS.

SEAL CAPS—Trimmed Ermine and Otter.
ERMINE, MINIVER and POLISH MUFFS and TIES for Children.
FUR TRIMMINGS and FEATHER TRIMMINGS in great variety.

nov 20

Mount Allison Wesleyan College and Academies

The second term of the current year will open on

THURSDAY, November 25th, 1875.

CATALOGUES containing full information as to terms of course of study, &c., &c., with a description of recent enlargement, furnished on application.
The earliest possible notice of pupils should be given.

Sackville, Oct. 27. (oct 30 1m) D. ALLISON. J. R. INCH.

COMMERCIAL PALACE!

JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Selling Agent for the Works.

July 24—tf

ESTABLISHED 1861.

Parks' Cotton Manufactures.

COTTON WARP.

WHITE, BLUE, RED, ORANGE AND GREEN,

Nos. 5's to 10's.

Cotton Carpet Warp,

Made of No. 8 Yarn 4-ply twisted. White, Red, Orange, Brown, Slate, Blue, Green, &c.

ALL FAST COLORS,

IN manufacturing our goods, we take the greatest care to make them of such a quality as to give satisfaction to the consumer.

We warrant them to be full length and weight; stronger and better in every respect than any other yarn in the market.

All our goods have our name upon them; and are sold by us only to the wholesale trade, from whom country merchants and consumers can always obtain them by asking specially for them.

WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills, St. John, N. B.

aug 21—3m

Manufactures of the

MISPECK MILLS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

FIRST CLASS COTTON WARPS.

WITH the business of other Manufacturers we have nothing to do, but that any other make is "STRONGER, AND BETTER IN EVERY RESPECT" than the Mispeck Yarn is a position we are prepared to dispute.

Knitting Yarns,

3 and 4 ply, in great variety, including the Superior

MISPECK FINGERING,

IN ALL THE USUAL COLORS,

which is quite as attractive in appearance and finish as the imported article, and much superior in regard to durability

Office and Warehouse:
REED'S BUILDING, ... Water Street.
J. L. WOODWORTH, AGENT.

aug 25—3m

DRUGGISTS' GOODS.

ENGLISH CONCENTRATED LYE; Genuine Rondeletia; Guttapercha Tissue; Lint in pounds and ounces; Gold Dust and Diamond Dust; Rubber Tubing; Breast Pumps; English Croton Oil; Nitrate Silver; Powder Gamboge; Bismuth Subcarb; Oil Nutmeg; Oil Savine; Oatmeal Soap; Comp. Spirit Juniper; Tincture Indian Hemp; Sulphate Morphia; Camphor; Diachlyon; Rape Seed.

J. CHALONER,
oct 30 Cor. King and Germain streets.

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THE WATCHMAN is for sale at all the City Bookstores, in all the principal Towns in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and on all the leading Railways and Steamboats.

JOHN LIVINGSTON,
Proprietor and Editor.

Office:—Canterbury Street, next door North of the Post Office.

Printed by McKILLOP & JOHNSTON, Canterbury St., St. John.

The Watchman.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1875.

SOME NEW YORK JOURNALISTS.

Dana of the "Sun."—Young of the "Herald."—Jennings of the "Times."

The leader writer best known in the United States to-day is Charles A. Dana of the *Sun*. In New York he is the only one who constantly assumes personality. If he were a partizan he would be the head of the party which he espoused. He would not need to rely upon problematical public opinion, when, as Burke says, "Party divisions, whether on the whole for good or evil, are things inseparable from free government." He believes in catering, so far as subjects are concerned, to the inquisitiveness of politicians, but he believes also in a powerful, combining mind who writes from his inner consciousness. He is too strong-headed to ally himself with a party; but he would gain greater public influence if he were either a Democrat or a Republican. While, in my opinion, the *Sun*, as a piece of journalism is a daily marvel of skill, Dana's ambition and muscular impulses carry him, like a bas-relief, above his prayer. Herein are both his strength and his weakness. The paper is too small for so much opinion. The opinion is all one man's and all the editorial writing is alike. The plums are too big and too many for the size of the pudding. You have heard of the dog who got fat on olive oil and then died because the concentrated nutriment had no padding, and how a little sawdust would have saved him. If Dana were a partizan he would have greater excuse for super-abundance of editorial type. When a young man, fresh from the influence of socialistic writers and from the experiment of Brook Farm, Dana had great faith in the organizable sentiments and brotherhood of mankind. As strongly as Victor Hugo he believed in the unities of society, and as clearly as Mill he could give cold reasons for them. But like most men with ideas of social regeneration and faith in the poetical qualities of mankind, he found himself thrown upon the world to struggle for bread. He was as hungry as Fichte, or you and me. The man on a raft in the open ocean gets little nourishment from the rain-drops. So Dana got little nourishment from the clouds in which Parker and Emerson and Alcott lived. His physical nature was strong and demanded a barbecue rather than a Brahma. Floating to New York he at once came in contact with the hypocrisy of politicians. On the *Tribune* he saw that Horace Greeley, the idol, possessed elements of humbug. He knew the sincerity of Hildreth and Ripley, but he was constantly compelled to tack for political side winds. He gave to the *Tribune* its radical impulses; he was imperious and yet kindly in governing the office; and he hated the jobbing, lobbying rabble, like was once Stewart, who were constantly inducing Greeley to print articles for a purpose. He was a manager and scholar, with one eye on Seneca and the other on the main chance. No wonder that he became a cynic. No wonder that while he assumes an individuality in journalism that some men call overbearing and that certainly is dogmatic, he does not ally himself with party, but pounds wherever he can find a politician who can stand the blow. He believes that the great way of getting root for his argument is by daily reiteration, so that it becomes what Mr. Lincoln calls a part of the thought of the people. Of late years he has given expression to great admiration for the elder Bennett. He seems never to be tired of doing so. But no two men were ever more unlike. Bennett had all the canniness of the Scotchman with all the playful wit of the Frenchman. He was the son of French people living in Scotland. Bennett was "born so." Dana came from Harvard; he lived under the reaction which followed Calvinism. Life with Bennett was an instinct; with Dana it is a rule and a taste. His humor takes on some of that sombreness which affects the austere New England character. Dana likes Dante; but Bennett read Voltaire. Dana is a rounder writer than Bennett was; has fewer shreds about him; and he never dissects a man as Bennett did, and lays the nerves bare. He smashes him with a trip-hammer, and as he deals the blow, says, "Ugh!" Bennett had flights of fancy, Dana has neither fancy nor imagination. He has immense understanding. His writing has that solid, meaty roundness which made Webster appear massive. It is direct, pungent, forceful, but it has no color. His humor is like the humor of the Germans; there is a good deal of it, but it is not light. If you will allow a quip, I will say that Dana is the great pounder, and that Webster was the great expounder.

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

A few weeks ago I gave you a description of John Russell Young, which he tells me by his private friends acknowledge to be correct. He made his reputation as managing editor of the *Tribune*, and is now on the *Herald*. If we consider a question of mere style of writing, and quality of phraseology which makes the work of Newman, Arnold, Thoreau, Burke always pleasant to read, aside from any teachings or reasonings it may contain, Young, no doubt, occupies the foremost place in New York. He has said that there are no more than ten men on the American press who can really write; and I should place him at the head. He says bright things; inspires you with sparkling antitheses, and captures you with comparisons. His writing is full of suggestion; it is kaleidoscopic, and possesses that charm of picturesqueness which makes Wendell Phillips a joy forever. Whether, like Phillips, he makes square guesses at facts, has been a debated question among those who read him; but I know that Young is a great reader, quick to apprehend the drift of a movement, to see its value and earnestness, and to give its common-places a brightening aspect. His mind readily emphasizes whatever is picturesque in political and social life, and his writing presents it in a charming, striking and brilliant shape. It has been said of Young that he spreads his butter too wide, and therefore too thin; that he will write on any subject without hesitation; and that he should take one line of writing and adhere to it. But Young has very much of the facility and versatility that made Raymond valuable to Greeley; and he believes that he should judge of any subject that arises, not as a specialist, but as an every day journalist. He excels in comparisons of events in history; that is, by a sort of divination, he will find in the condition of France just before the Revolution, something that, modified by circumstances, resembles the condition of society now in America; he will affect to discover that the lesson of French failure to do the right thing should be a lesson to us to do the right thing. No doubt, before the season is over, he will find something between Grant and the Democratic Congress that reminds him of Cromwell and the Long Parliament, and then we shall have a bright, entertaining article on the subject. His articles are noticeable; they are so full of color and of original ideas.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS

was a young English barrister, who, after writing awhile for the London literary weeklies, came to America as the New York correspondent of the London *Times* during the war. At that time patriotic Americans gave great stress to what was said by that correspondent, because we depended so greatly upon English sentiment and encouragement. Mr. Jennings' predecessor had bitterly misrepresented the North. Mr. Jennings, proud of his position, immediately reformed it. He gave fair, impartial and able letter-descriptions of the moral and practical condition of the Northern people in the war. He was at once welcomed by our first journalists, and was especially sought by Mr. Marble and Mr. Raymond. He gradually floated upon the New York *Times*, and when Mr. Raymond died was the best writer on the paper. Mr. Jones, the publisher, has never questioned his ability to succeed Raymond as the editor. Jennings, like Dana, is a fighter by instinct; but while Dana is more of a pamphleteer, Jennings is more of a lawyer. He takes hold of a public question just as Mr. O'Conor would take hold of a suit at law. This method of procedure gives Jennings a certain unique individuality, and makes the leader-writing of the *Times* noteworthy. It was exactly as a lawyer that he began, investigated, prepared and argued the case against Tammany, and though there were people, and among them Mr. Jennings' himself, who believed that the victory was essentially a moral one, it is certain as daylight that it was simply a verdict based upon legal evidence. For, in the first place, Mr. Jennings shuns moralizing, though he is not wholly unappreciative of it in other people. Nor does he possess that faculty of mathematical demonstration which makes Mr. Tilden somewhat tedious. He spurs the mind by a process of reasoning which does not mislead, as Young sometimes does with his powers of rhetoric, but gives a reserved wholesome aspect of affairs. He is never a debater, never gets the mere partizan fever or kills an opponent at a single blow. He puts a victim on the scaffold, affixes the black cap with punctilious exactness, and after swinging him off, waits patiently till the pulse ceases to beat, before he leaves him. He seems to have studied largely in the school of Bentham and Austin and Livingstone. His style is clear, very curt and crisp, and is generally so intense as to lose roundness. There never was any writing more direct. He never forces. I never saw an antithesis or a circumlocution in his articles. He is, in this respect, the opposite to Young; and if I were going to make a final distinction I should say that Young excelled into rhetoric and Jennings in logic. There is a quantity of cool conscience in Jennings that makes you trust him, go *along with* him step by step, whereas Dana pushes you along as if he were a feudal lord in journalism, while Young with his Ophic lyre makes us lose our senses. Hence Jennings is a man always seeking the right, a counsellor, a codifier making synthesis. In his dislike to gush he freezes sentiment itself and makes it utilitarian; and there are men who claim that he is at fault in appealing to the head and never to the heart. Americans are a sentimental people, and it is Jennings' avoidance of poetry that makes his enemies, who lack his conscience, say that he is English in his tastes. I forget; there was an article in the *Times* last summer on "Cherry Pie," a subject exactly suited to the people who love the beautiful when they can eat it. But I know no writer who is a teacher of logical facts excels the editor of the *Times*.—*New York Letter in Duxbury News.*

CONSUMPTION OF LIQUORS IN THE DOMINION.

The following array of figures is far more effective as a Temperance lecture than any oration that John B. Gough could utter. Here are the figures for 1874:

	Gallons.	Duties.	
Spirits,	5,433,741	$3,503,364	
Beer and porter,	10,771,519	361,110	
Brandy,	602,605	582,169	
Gin,	645,876	547,003	
Rum,	323,361	229,897	
Whiskey (imported),	194,614	177,490	
Alcohol,	4,764	2,849	
Wines,	845,999	53,404	
Ale and beer, in casks,	205,100	14,171	
do. in bottles,	383,755	41,763	
Spirits unenumerated,	2,955	3,750	
Total,	19,414,288	$5,508,998	

This means a consumption of over five gallons for every man, woman, and child in the Dominion. Now, there are many thousands who "taste not, touch not, handle not" from January to December; many thousands more who drink but very little. There must therefore be a few thousands whose consumption must be immense. The *Monetary Times*, from which we quote these figures, says:

"How many millions of dollars this enormous quantity of liquors cost the consumers—most of whom bought at retail prices—might be made the subject of an interesting calculation. The quantity of grain annually used for distillation and malting has become very large and appears to be steadily on the increase. As proof of this we shall append the amounts used for these purposes in 1870 and 1874 respectively:—

Malt,	2,666,860 lbs.	3,632,093 lbs.	
Indian corn,	33,983,715 "	66,797,328 "	
Rye,	15,499,111 "	11,338,108 "	
Wheat, etc.,	1,561,891 "	1,331,101 "	
Oats,	1,945,788 "	1,770,739 "	
Mill offal,	3,369,092 "	2,671,804 "	
	58,901,557 "	87,639,173 "	
Malt,	20,463,338 "	28,685,003 "	
Total,	7963,4,895 "	116,224,176 "	

"With the exception of the Indian corn—which comes principally from the Western States—all this grain is grown in Canada. Next to corn, the principal article used in distillation is rye, about eleven and a half millions being used last year. In this way a considerable portion of our coarse grains finds a market; but that this is the best use to which they could be put, with a view to the prosperity and morals of the Dominion, very few will be found to assert. In view of the agitation going on for Prohibition, the amount of revenue derived by the Dominion Government from liquors has become an important point. We find the total revenue since 1870, to have been as follows:—

1870	Excise,	$2,560,687	$3,658,324
	Customs,	1,097,637	
1871	Excise,	3,704,170	4,954,225
	Customs,	1,250,055	
1872	Excise,	3,541,540	5,119,732
	Customs,	1,578,192	
1873	Excise,	3,210,069	4,769,278
	Customs,	1,559,209	
1874	Excise,	3,864,474	5,507,998
	Customs,	1,643,424	

"The total revenue of Canada is about $24,000,000 and to this sum, it will be observed, the excise and import duties on liquors contribute not far from 25 per cent. In case these duties were remitted, a very large addition to the general scale of taxation would have to be made, and the Finance Minister of the day would be at his wit's end to know how to do it. This presents a very grave obstacle to temperance reform, and one which will be found the more difficult the nearer its approach."

It is an unspeakable pity that Governments have ever got into the way of raising money out of the vices of the people and thus having an interest in the increase of a most wasteful and non-productive expenditure. The coming "Chancellor of the Exchequer" for Canada will be the man who will make up the Budget on the basis of Prohibition; but it is possible that he will be "coming" for many a sad year.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

DEALINGS WITH BURGLARS.

Felony Compounded under Court Sanction.

Says a letter from Winthrop, Me.:—On the 23rd of July last, in the early morning, the safe of the Winthrop Bank was blown open, and the burglars stole $90,000 in bonds, bankrupting the institution. A reward of $10,000 was offered, but the efforts of the detectives were fruitless. The officers of the bank knew, however, that the bonds could not readily be negotiated, and so they waited patiently. The first clue was obtained by Joshua Taggart, the Philadelphia detective, who, being in Boston on business about ten days after the robbery, extended his trip to Winthrop. He examined the safes that had been sent to Boston to be exchanged for new ones, and the indications were that the burglary had been committed by persons whom he knew. He procured a description of certain men seen in Winthrop on the day before the robbery, and soon afterward wrote to the bank officials asking them to send one of their number to Philadelphia at once with authority to act. The mission was given to Col. Charles A. Wing of Winthrop, and on the 6th of September he went to Philadelphia with full authority.

An arrangement was made for the burglars' parties to meet Col. Wing in a secluded place on the 9th of September, and the person who represented the burglars offered to restore all the securities except the Government bonds and the currency. Col. Wing said that if that was the final determination in regard to the Government bonds, he would not care to negotiate. The robbers' agent seemed indifferent, and smoked his cigar, and twirled a cane. Finally Col. Wing asked what could be done in regard to the other securities.

"My directions are for twenty per cent. of the market value," was the reply.

The interview was then adjourned for three hours, and another place was selected for the second meeting. Then the burglars' agent offered for $10,000 to restore all the property, except currency and Government bonds, which the burglars had disposed of. Col. Wing asked time to report to the trustees of the bank.

Col. Wing reported the result of his mission to the bank officers, and they unanimously thought that the $10,000 should be paid. As the appointment of a receiver by the court was then pending, a decision was deferred until after the appointment had been made. The receiver concurred with the trustees, and obtained an order from the Court authorizing him to offer a reward, not exceeding $10,000, for the recovery of "certain assets set forth in his petition." The receiver then gave Col. Wing $10,000 and authorized him to recover the property. On the 25th of October Col. Wing started for Philadelphia. The agent of the robbers was in New York, and Col. Wing and Detective Taggart agreed by telegraph to meet him in the St. Nicholas Hotel on the evening of the 27th. All parties were prompt, and a meeting was arranged for the same evening up town in a small back room, up two flights of stairs in a building occupied as a saloon. Col. Wing and Taggart were on time, and in a few minutes afterward the robber's agent entered with a package. He was not the same person whom Col. Wing had seen in Philadelphia, and evidently did not wish to be recognized. The collar of his heavy overcoat was drawn over his eyes. He held a white kerchief in his hand which completely concealed his features. The $10,000 package was in $100 bank notes. Taggart handled the money over, and the agent handed a package to Detective Taggart. The securities which the agent had promised to return were all there. Immediately after receiving the money the man went out of the room. The market value of the securities recovered is $50,000.

IN MEMORIAM.

At Nithbank, on Wednesday morning, 6th October, of typhoid fever, GEORGE GREIG THOMSON, in the 22nd year of his age.

Far o'er the stars up yonder,
Over the deep blue sky,
What of our dear one? The answer
Comes in soft reply—

In shadow land, the better land,
With the angel host on high,
A robe, a crown and a harp of gold—
But you'll meet him by and by.

A thousand happy memories
We weave in a golden chain,
But the loved one goes to Heaven,
Can never return again.

Little we thought then, Greigie,
Our meeting would be in the sky,
When we clasped our hands at parting,
And whispered the last GOOD-BYE.

Faintly his sweet voice echoes
Down from the realms above,
"Come to the water of life that flows
Freely to all that love."

Would we call him back? Ah, no!
Back to this world of ill?
Father in Heaven, we thank thee,
Help us to do Thy will.

In the twilight shadows sleeping,
Under the dark green sod,
Our dear one lies hushed and quiet,
But his soul is at home with God.

The wind, with a mournful cadence,
A requiem sighs along,
Till borne away by the angels,
To echo in endless song.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"
Safe from sorrow and fear;
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Drop the sacred tear.

Still is the heart once beating
Closed is the dark blue eye,
May Heaven guide and guard us,
Till we meet him by and by.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Nov. 13, 1875.

THE "PSYCHO" MYSTERY.

An Automaton that Reckons Figures, Plays Whist, and Puzzles all London.

The curious automaton "Psycho," which has attracted so much attention in London, still remains a mystery. An American gentleman named Coffin claimed to have discovered the secret, and suggested that the figure was worked by an air blast through the hollow glass pedestal. This is now disproved by the exhibitors, who close the aperture in the pedestal, and satisfactorily show that the figure is not controlled by pneumatic agencies.

The *Scientific American* makes an extract from a letter written by Mr. J. A. Clarke, one of the inventors of Psycho, to a gentleman in Boston. Mr Clarke's account of the automaton is in substance as follows:—

Several years ago Mr. Clarke conceived the idea which has been embodied in Psycho, and made a rough model of the invention. He then made the acquaintance of Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, a mechanician of extraordinary ability, and Psycho is the fruit of their joint endeavors.

In design the automaton is an isolated figure, said to be perfectly removed from any possible connection with anybody or anything outside, with no communication (mechanical, electrical, magnetic, pneumatic, hydraulic, or otherwise) conceivable from the stage, back, sides, roof, or elsewhere, yet controlled by the influence of its proprietors, so that the figure moves when and in whatever manner desired. It is Maskel's chess player over again, but without the chances for deception which that piece of mechanism allowed.

The figure calculates numbers and plays whist; but it is adapted for many other feats, and it works precisely as if there were a person inside, and yet there is nothing beyond the mechanism. The audacious part of the invention is that a maker of automata, or other person, is allowed to see and feel all the inside of the figure, so as to satisfy all senses that there are no spaces concealed by optical arrangement or otherwise. The difficulty was in demonstrating to the public that the automaton is really insulated from all connection with the stage or with the performer; and it is sometimes exhibited in one way and sometimes in another. It is placed upon a hollow glass cylinder twenty-four inches in height, or upon the carpet, or upon a loose wooden stand, with legs to keep the automaton from the floor. Sometimes the glass cylinder is set loose upon a small wooden stool that is set loose upon another wooden stand, and the legs of the latter are set loose on glass pianoforte insulators.

The audience are at liberty to go upon the stage and handle and examine all the parts as much as they please, and anybody may remain close to it while it is in operation, and see and feel that no threads or wires or any other things connect any parts of the apparatus with the outside.

As at present exhibited, the performance is as follows:—The audience names two numbers, and Psycho multiplies them together and shows the answer (one figure at a time) by opening a little door in a small box and sliding the figure in front by a movement of its left hand. The audience give it a sum in division, and it shows the answer in the same manner. Then three persons go on the stage, inspect Psycho and the apparatus, and, sitting at a side table, play a game of whist. The thirteen cards for Psycho are placed, upright and singly, in a quadrant rack over the range of the figure's right hand. The arm has a radial motion horizontally to find any card wanted, and Psycho lifts the card and holds it up in view of the audience. It lifts the card up repeatedly, or keeps it up, at command of any person among the audience. The figure then covers the card to be played. Mr. Maskelyne then takes the card to the table, and calls out the names of the cards as the player plays them; and sometimes he retires from the figure and card table, to show that Psycho goes on with the game independently of the conductor. After the game it tells, by movements of its arm, the state of the game and the number of tricks in its favor. Psycho shakes hands with the players, and answers questions by ringing a bell. It also takes part in some usual card tricks.

An infinite number of effects may be produced, but the above are sufficient to show in general what Psycho does.

WHO KNOWS? OR HOME QUESTIONS.—Who knows where pins and needles go—where all the buttons stray? Who knows where all the pennies go, that somehow get away? Who knows how all the china breaks that wasn't touched at all? How baby gets so black a bruise, yet never gets a fall? Who knows whence all the fashions come, and when they disappear, why one brief month should make a fright of what was "such a dear?" Who knows how little bills can swell to such prodigious size? Who knows, indeed, what's going on beneath his very eyes? Who knows just where her husband goes when "business" keeps him out? Who knows when best to wear a smile, and when to wear a pout? Who knows the time to face the fact that she's no longer young? Who knows how best to speak her mind, and how to hold her tongue? Who knows the most convenient day to bring a friend to dine? Who knows the half of what he spends on clubs, cigars and wine? Who knows one bonnet cannot last a woman half her life? Who knows the woman is the same when sweet-heart turns to wife? Who knows why all the pretty girls are often last to go? How all the ugly women wed who never have a beau? Why small men fancy wives so large and large men fancy small? Who knows, in fact, how half the world was ever matched at all?