

TOM BRIMS'S INDIAN PRINCES.

(From Chambers Journal.)

'I fear,' said he, 'that from present appearance a coroner's inquest will have to be held.'

Utterly bewildered, I begged him to explain himself.

'Pull me up,' he answered. 'When I sat down here, I had forgotten the length of my legs. We will go out, and I'll tell you all.'

After I had helped him up, and he had stretched his legs into use again, we went down into the street.

'I think,' said Tom, 'your stipend ought to be more than the paltry sum I mentioned, because I fear it won't last long. In a certain number of days, I expect they will every one be starved to death.'

What could I do but doubt my own ears. 'In a land of plenty!' I exclaimed.

'They got rid of their rich cook in Paris,' he said with a groan.

'Well, what of that?' I asked; why don't they get another cook?

'That shews how little you know of India and Indians,' he answered. 'There is not another cook for them within ten thousand miles. You might just as well tell them to get another interpreter.'

I ventured to say that some of the other servants could make shift in that way surely.

'I did not know that you were so perfectly ignorant,' said Tom. 'That is the result of your ignorance of Indian superstitions. If these princes tasted a morsel cooked by a man not of the right caste, they would be lost forever—at least, they believe so. They will perish of hunger first, I can tell you. They are living now on some rice-cakes that happened to be baked ready, eked out with opium and tobacco-smoke. But they cannot do that long. I want to get them down to Manchester as quickly as I can, for I believe there is a little colony of Brahmins there, and they may get a mouthful of food.'

I could not help turning back to look up at the hotel windows, in wonder, thinking of these eastern potentates, rolling in diamonds, yet sitting there in the midst of great, noisy, heedless London, starving on account of a religious scruple. What suggestion was it possible for any one to make in such a case as that? Tom, speaking in sepulchral tones, said:

'Let us hope that something will turn up at Manchester to keep them alive. You must get leave of absence from Fenchurch Street; they will never stand in the way of your making a little fortune in a few weeks. I'll push the figures up high enough for it to be worth your while whatever happens.'

Tom Brims, after this unburdening of his mind, quickly recovered his spirits. It was no fault of his, he said, that the princes were such fanatics. When I parted from him, I went home, and dreamt all night, in slightly varying forms, that the wealth of India was mine, but that there was not a cook to be had, and that I had nothing but unboiled diamonds to eat.

I got a letter from Tom Brims on the Wednesday after this, stating that the princes had assented to his request, and had duly made my appointment. He added a sentence which alone rendered the other news of much value. 'Their Highnesses,' he wrote, 'got some thing to eat in Manchester.' It would not have been of any great avail to receive an appointment from men who were to expire of inanition five minutes afterwards. The firm in Fenchurch Street, on my representing my case to them, said they would not stand in the way of my making a fortune much faster than they had any hope of doing. I might take some weeks' absence, short as the time was since my last holiday. The junior partner satirically remarked, 'that he only feared they might lose my valuable services altogether, owing to the Bank of England wishing to make me a governor on my return to town a millionaire.' I put the sneer into my pocket, into which I hoped soon to put something else far more valuable.

It was in one of the great Yorkshire towns that I came up with Tom Brims and the distinguished oriental visitors.

'We have turned aside here before going on to Liverpool,' explained Brims, 'because the princes want forty thousand caps, or hats, you would call them, of a peculiarly light fabric, for their people at home, and it is only here they can get them.'

'Forty thousand!' I could not help repeating it. Everything seemed to be on the scale of the Arabian Nights.

'Yes,' he ill-temperedly continued, 'they are going on in the way of ordering just as they did at Paris and in London. In Manchester they bought calico right and left; enough for all India, you would think. They are like big children; they want to buy everything they see. Even nabobs can't afford to keep up this style of thing. But it is of no use my trying to check it. The only thing to be said on the other side is, that their living won't cost them much. They are on short commons again since leaving Manchester. I could have got a make-shift cook for them there, but some of their high-caste nonsense came in; they would neither consent to it, nor see any of the Hindus in the place. They are feeding on their pipes, and little or nothing else. At Liverpool, they may be able to beg another mouthful or two.'

The great rank of the Hindus had not been specially promulgated, but our presence made some stir among the inhabitants. Whenever we left the hotel, we were accompanied by a group of women and children, the faces of the former peeping out of shawls thrown over their heads, in lieu of bonnets. They all clattered along in clogs, like the Lancashire people. The men in the streets stopped to grin at the unfamiliar procession we made. It was a relief to think that the broad vernacular they spoke

was not intelligible to the scimitar-bearing potentates before us, for some of the criticisms offered upon their appearance were not complimentary. The Yorkshiremen seemed to think it was preposterous and ludicrous that they did not wear good broad-cloth and chimney-pot hats, like other male creatures having the money to buy them. The town officials and the leading manufacturers better appreciated foreign peculiarities, and the advantages of cultivating amity with possible customers. Invitations to visit the leading mills and other places of interest were pressed upon the princes. A number of these were accepted. For men living upon smoke, they got through an astonishing amount of work of this kind. Late in the afternoon their Highnesses went to inspect a large handsome hall used for public purposes.

I stayed a few minutes behind at the last warehouse visited, in order to see the right directing of some patterns which had been presented to the princes as specimens of Yorkshire manufactures. Just as I reached the building whither I had gone, a series of most fearful yells resounded within. I had hastened through a doorway into a large room, where I instantly saw, from the long lines of snowy tables, duly set out with glittering glass and flashing cutlery, a public dinner was pending. But all my powers of observation were speedily concentrated on the frantic gestures of a black-coated, white neckerchiefed waiter, who was wildly flourishing his napkin, as also his arms and legs in front of the chief cross-table. At the other side of the table sat the youngest of the three princes, his dark blazing eye resting on the waiter, as he silently went on helping himself from the principal dishes.

'Help, help!' the waiter was shouting, among his inarticulate yelling. 'We shall all be ruined. There is only one apricot left for the high-sheriff. Hoo! that is gone now. Help, help! Roger, Willie, Sarah, where are you? We shall never get over this disgrace.'

Hurrying up, I put my hand on his shoulder, trying to control him by a whisper that it was one of their Highnesses. He was in such a fury that he either would not or could not listen.

'Now he has spoiled the best sweetmeat there is. I shall certainly be discharged; we shall all lose our characters forever.'

His Highness, keeping his glittering eye upon his vituperator, and taking no heed of me, had greatly altered the look of a very ornate piece of confectionery. Attacking it with his fingers, he was carrying it to his mouth by the handful.

'See how he eats with his paws!' roared the waiter.

There were loud voices, and a noise advancing behind us. Several under-waiters, and women-assistants, came rushing up the hall. Behind them, stepping in from the doorway, I was relieved to see Tom Brims's tall form, the other princes with their servants being visible in the background.

The head-waiter had caught sight of them. He lost all vestige of control. 'There is more of 'em,' he yelled. Here is a *Christy Minstrel* has come and sat in the chairman's chair, and eaten the high-sheriff's apricots; and the rest of the gang is coming to finish us up. Police! Where are the police?' Not waiting for the arrival of the police, he got fast hold of his Highness's robe, and to it he clung, lying across the table.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Tom Brims and myself, even with the aid of three gentlemen accompanying the party, who ran to our help, could extricate his Highness from the waiter's clutch. So soon as we did, the prince's hand went to the hilt of his scimitar. But we restrained him. His nostrils dilating from anger, he, with a dignified strut, joined the other excited Hindus, wiping upon his capacious sleeve the traces of the fruit and sweetmeats.

It was in vain the gentlemen with us tried to explain matters.

'We shall be ruined in the eyes of the public,' persisted the head-waiter, letting his head emerge from the recovered napkin, in which he had wrapped it. 'The newspapers will be down on us without mercy, as they allus is. Didn't they say the last time as the dinner wasn't worth sneezing at, bocos we was underhanded, which I don't say wasn't in part true. But this time we have got twelve more helps, and now the reporters 'll say we served nothing for dessert up to the high-sheriff's table but raw potatoes.' He danced round and round on the floor in a fury, and again wrapped his head in a napkin to hide his grief and shame.

The last words I heard him utter, as we were passing out, the princes walking as stately as ever, were these: 'Not Christy's Minstrel? No; their manners are worse!'

This was a great scandal. It appeared that the youngest prince, the promptings of whose appetite must have become irresistible at sight of the banquet spread out, had, unobserved, quitted the gallery where the party was having shewn to them a great organ, which was one of the local marvels. Going down below, he had proceeded some way in helping himself to the fruits and other dainties before he was noticed by any one, with the result of very considerably disfiguring the arrangements of the sheriff's table.

The matter was made the best of by those immediately concerned. Large presents of fruit were sent to their Highnesses' hotel by some of the leading townsmen, by way of vindicating English hospitality. But Tom Brims himself, I think, was not sorry when, early the next day, we got ready to quit the town for Liverpool. One last pang of humiliation we had to endure at the railway station.

It had, somehow, got to be known that their Highnesses were leaving, and a large and miscellaneous crowd was in and about the station, which was adjacent to the hotel. So soon as the princes had passed each successive group of shawl-huddled women and broad-grinning men,

loud laughter rang forth, while apples and oranges, some of them having deep, wide marks of bites already in them, were conspicuously held aloft. From every quarter their Highnesses were asked in the broadest dialect, if they'd 'like a boite.'

It was a great relief when the train glided out of the dingy, squalid-looking town into the pleasant scenery of the country, and we were on our way to Liverpool—although, if I had then known what awaited us there, that certainly would not have been my feeling.

Fortunately at Liverpool an Indian cook was obtained. The princes took up their quarters at one of the leading hotels, but their presence did not attract much attention in the great port. Foreigners have about as much novelty there as they have in London. Some compliments were offered them by the authorities, but their Highnesses kept much aloof. It was only in reference to the shipping that they availed themselves of the courtesies. They paid repeated visits to the docks and piers, seemingly, in their own gloomy way, much interested in the splendid river and the busy scenes it shows.

But if they were enjoying Liverpool, Tom Brims was not doing so; his health and temper were both failing him together. I could not but notice his manner becoming very strange. Both in the hotel and out of it he would unexpectedly stand, pale, haggard, worn before me, and strike his forehead with his hand; then he would spread out bundles of accounts which he took indiscriminately from any of his pockets. Invoices, bills, accounts, stuck out all over him—fresh supplies being brought by the post before he could docket, enter, and put away the last lots.

To be continued.

GROWTH OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

The development of American manufactures is most remarkable. A recent census bulletin conveys an idea of the capital, employes, and products of the twenty leading manufacturing cities of the States. New York heads the list with her 1,162 manufactories, 217,977 employes, \$164,917,856 of capital, and \$448,209,248 of annual product. Philadelphia ranks second, with 8,377 manufactories, employing 173,862 hands, and a capital of \$170,495,191, with an annual product of \$304,591,725. Chicago, whose manufacturing interests are steadily enlarging, stands at present third in extent of her manufactured goods. She has 3,479 factories, with 77,601 employes. Her capital investment in this business is \$64,177,335, with an annual product of \$241,445,607. Brooklyn stands fourth and Boston fifth in importance. The former has 5,089 manufactories, engaging 45,226 employes. Her manufacturing capital is \$56,621,399, with an annual return of \$169,757,590. Boston has an annual return of \$123,366,137 on a capital investment of \$42,750,134. This gives employment to 66,813 persons, working in 2,621 factories. The other cities, in order of importance, are, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Newark, Jersey City, Cleveland, Buffalo, Providence, Milwaukee, Louisville, Detroit, New Orleans, and Washington. These cities combined have nearly 70,000 manufactories, employing nearly 900,000 employes. The capital invested to keep them busy aggregates about \$900,000,000. Its annual return in manufactured products is over \$2,100,000,000.

How Much Gold and Silver.—The stock of gold and silver in the world has been carefully estimated at 12,000 million dollars, equally divided between gold and silver, an estimate probably quite low enough. The annual production is known to be about 185 millions. Statistics for 1879 give 186 millions (gold 105 millions, silver eighty-one millions.) Of this 185 millions about thirty millions is supposed to be required to make good the wear and loss on the stock on hand, so that the real increase is only about 155 millions. This is about one and one-quarter per cent. on the whole stock, a supply supposed to be about equal to the increasing wants of society; that is to the ordinary demands. Whenever an extraordinary demand is made, there is no supply beyond the amount in use, and such demand can only be supplied by bidding up the price. —Thompson's Reporter.

Pile-Driving by Electricity.—The successful application of electricity in new fields of labor continues to be recorded. At Hatfield Park, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, the piles to support a coffer-dam across the river Lea have just been successfully driven by the power of a water-wheel situated at a distance, which power was transmitted by two dynamo machines to the gearing connected with the pile driver, of ordinary construction, erected on a barge floating in the river. The machinery worked well, lifting a monkey weighing about four hundred-weight with ease and regularity. It is not stated how far the power was transmitted. By a French experiment, M. Deprez has succeeded in obtaining useful work after the current has passed through forty-nine miles of ordinary telegraph wire.

Circassian Cavalry.—Gen. Wallace, the American minister at Constantinople, was recently invited by the Sultan to witness a drill of his household troops, and he thus describes a performance of the Circassian Cavalry:—'Four companies, magnificently mounted, were in line. A bugle call, and the right company dash through to the front full speed. Another call, and there was a beautiful feat. Each man reached out with his right hand, caught the rein close to the bit, pulled hard, and threw his horse flat on his left side, dismounting as it went down. Then, on the ground behind the horse, he began firing as a skirmisher. A third call, the company rose up with their horses and retreated at full speed, re-forming as they went. As I had never even heard of such a thing, you can imagine my astonishment.'