

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE

FRANCE.

PARIS, April 8.—I scarcely remember any period since the President's election in 1848, though many important events have occurred since then, when more uneasiness, disquiet, and enervating discouragement prevailed among all classes of society than at this moment, and all this aggravated by the persistent silence of the Government on the questions which agitate the public mind.

The public are not completely reassured by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. They have a horror of war, though I fear the Emperor is under a different impression, and not quite dissipated. They believe that the annexation of Luxembourg to France would not be worth even a successful war, but they do not even conceal from themselves that the question between the Berlin and Paris Cabinets is no longer one of the mere acquisition of territory, but one which is very difficult to be settled amicably; and that matters have now reached a point on which it is difficult for either Government to yield. They have but little confidence in diplomacy. All that a congress or a conference of the parties to the Treaty of 1839 can decide is that Luxembourg is no longer a part of the German Confederation, and that the King of Holland is the Sovereign of the Duchy. This everybody knows, and Prussia does not deny it. But Prussia will tell France that Luxembourg is German, and that the profound and unalterable respect which the Emperor of the French has always professed for nationalities makes it impossible for him to absorb that duchy. The question would then be to ascertain what the nationality of the Luxemburgers really is,—whether German, Walloon, or French. If the French can appeal to the queens the duchy has given to France, the Germans can point out to the five emperors it has given to Germany, Poland, and Hungary. If the Powers content themselves with an inquiry of this kind, and abide by the result, matters might go on for twenty or thirty years without people coming to blows. But it is to be feared that before many witnesses were heard the real difficulty would be manifest. The successive possessors of Luxembourg, Spaniards, Austrians, French, and Dutch, have made of the fortress, to use the words of Carnot:—“The strongest place in Europe after Gibraltar, the only point to attack France on the side of the Moselle.” Germany, in fact, believes that the fortress of Luxembourg is indispensable to her, and the Emperor Napoleon is convinced that France must hold it if she cares about the security of her frontier. There is certainly one way of settling the matter if the parties brought a little good will to it. France might renounce her pretensions to the duchy and leave the Luxembourgers to the independence which they are said to desire; and Prussia might evacuate the fortress in condition of its being razed to the ground, so as to remove all cause of offence or apprehension to either parties.—*Times Cor.*

PARIS, April 30.—The *Moniteur* of to-day officially announces that orders have been issued to stop the recent military preparations throughout France.

The *Gazette de France* has declared that in the event of a contest, Italy would join France against Prussia, the recent split in the Italian Ministry having been caused by the desire of Bismarck to form an alliance with the latter power. His successor, Rattazzi, is committed to the support of the French Emperor.

FRANCO LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—I spoke of Girardin's famous article criticizing Rother's boast that the condition of France had been steadily improved by and under the present regime—how he was condemned to fine for publishing the same. Having been served with a bill of fine and costs, amounting to 6,000 francs, he took occasion to publish on Monday another article, headed “What it Costs to Tell the Truth.” The point of this second article is the showing the truth of the first by putting in odious comparison Minister Rother's boasts with the warning of Thiers, uttered in the great debate, and these two with events that have occurred since that debate last month, and the situation they make now for France. The Government response was twofold. A new notice of prosecution, a new fine, if not imprisonment, is the foregone conclusion. It having cost Girardin 6,000 francs to tell the truth a month ago, it will now cost him 6,000 more francs for telling that. The other answer was the prohibition without legal process, of the sale of *La Liberté*. Here is a curious commentary on Napoleon's promise in his letter of 19th January, “to attribute the appreciation of offences of the press exclusively to the correctional tribunals, and thus suppress the discretionary power of the Government.” Another liberal journal was at the same time placed under the same interdiction. The immediate consequence of the prohibition, while injuring Girardin in his pecuniary interests has not (unless vengeance is agreeable) been of any profit to the Government, as will appear by the following:—The issue of the paper before the interdiction was 29,600 copies; on Tuesday, 27,000 copies; on Wednesday, 30,350 copies. The public is inconvenienced, Girardin's profits are diminished by the large commission he has to allow shop-keepers, the influence of the paper is augmented, public confidence in the word of the Emperor is . . . But it is not that it encourages doubt of his firmness of purpose. He must have intended, when he wrote the January letter, to keep his promises.

The *Univers* reappeared April 15, after an interval of seven years, under the editorial charge of M. Louis Veuillot. The first article begins thus: “The *Univers* was suppressed in Jan. 1850, without any crime being imputed to it, by a purely political measure, which is in conformity with the present legislation on the press.”

THE ARMAMENT OF FRENCH TROOPS.—*La Patrie* says:—“Several journals have announced that, in consequence of the insufficiency of new muskets our infantry regiments have been supplied with small bronze cannon intended to discharge grape-shot. The statements are incorrect. There has, indeed, been an idea of a small piece of artillery which could be drawn and worked by two men, but this weapon is still in the experimental stage, and no decision respecting its adoption has yet been taken. The manufacture of the new needle gun is proceeding very actively. Nearly 60,000 of these arms will shortly be delivered, and in the month of June all the troops at the camp of Chalons will be supplied with them.”

One of the doubtful grounds for hope of peace to which some parties cling is the imperfect state of the French armaments. According to these parties, the French Government have not at this time 10,000 breech-loaders, and even up to April, 1867, they will not have so many as 200,000, while Prussia is improving her needle gun and issuing the new patterns which take the old cartridge. At the same time, it is asserted that the contracts for the French sword bayonets have to a great extent been entered into with parties in Prussia, and that they would consequently, in the event of war, be stopped. It is assumed moreover, and probably with truth, that the French troops would refuse to face the Prussian breech-loaders unless they were armed in a similar manner. “France,” it is contended, “will not strike any blow till she is ready, and she will not be ready with breech-loaders till 1869.”

The Paris students are signing an address to the German students.—

German brothers.—The horizon is sombre and menacing rumors of war are heard on both sides of the Rhine. The nations disquieted anxiously regard what the future is preparing for them. And yet, is not the time of national hatreds past? Far be from us the ideas of another age! Peoples are great not by their territory, but by their institutions. It is not the extension of their frontiers, but that of their li-

berties, which both France and Germany should desire. No man with a heart in him has ever feared war; but every honest man should desire it. Let us hate it for the misery it causes, and the despotism it gives birth to. Does it not behave the students to proclaim these great truths? Do we not march together in that fertile path, German brothers? Let it be by you and with you that peace with its splendors, shall henceforth lead nations to prosperity, grandeur, and liberty!

“Evangelical pressure,” says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, “has been put upon the English exhibitors in Paris in order to induce them to cover up their wares on Sundays. The great majority have declined to accede to the request, saying that, unless the Roman Catholic, Jewish, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Russian, Buddhist, Brahmin, Lutheran, and Calvinistic exhibitors do likewise, any such profession of over-righteousness on the part of England would only expose our country to ridicule, and might seriously embarrass the Imperial Commissioners. Already a good deal of bad blood has been created by the ill-timed activity of English dispensers of tracts, who are vigorously cultivating the opportunity afforded by this congress of all nations to Protestantise the world by the dissemination of these feeble and offensive broadsheets.”

JAMES STEPHENS.—A Paris correspondent of one of our Western journals furnishes the following piece of gossip about the ex-C. O. I. M.:—

James Stephens is living at No. 20 Romey street, at Montmartre, where he seems to be quite comfortable, having his wife and brother-in-law with him, which does not prevent him from complaining of his poverty. A few days ago one of his countrymen, who had not a penny, came to solicit his aid. “I have not a dollar, my lad,” replied he, “but come with me, perhaps I may procure some help for you.” On the road they met a passer by whom Stephens declared to be an acquaintance of his, and leaving his helpless companion, he chatted for an instant with his “friend.” “Here,” said Stephens, returning to the Irishman, “here are five francs; this gentleman has lent me ten; it is all I have; let us share.” This said, Stephens left his companion. The latter a short time after was near a carriage stand, and to his surprise saw Stephens engage one and get in. Our Irishman considered it odd that a man who had but five francs should engage a carriage at fifty sous an hour. He seated himself patiently near the carriage stand, and waited till either the carriage or Stephens should return. At the end of three hours the carriage returned. Stephens had paid for the three hours. Another fact, still more serious, is that Stephens visits the English embassy in secret. What does he do there?

BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS, April 30.—The Belgian Government is augmenting its military establishments, and is preparing to raise a new loan.

SPAIN.

As regards Spain, the following curious intelligence is communicated by a Paris correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, ordinarily well-informed.

A strange rumour has been lately afloat which I should not touch upon unless it had been confirmed by a person likely to know. The Envoy of Queen Isabella at Berlin, recently offered the assistance of his sovereign in a war against France. The proposal is believed to have been made by order of the Queen, and without the cognizance of the Spanish Ministers. Napoleon III.—and this part of my story I can vouch for—no sooner heard of it than he summoned the Spanish Ambassador to his presence, and inquired after the truth. M. Mon had to avow his ignorance. The Emperor then had an interview with M. Olazaga, the fugitive Progressist chief, who admitted the possibility of such a step having been taken by the Queen. The Spanish gentleman to whom I am indebted for the news, himself asked Marshal O'Donnell what he thought of the matter. The Marshal replied “I do not know what the Queen may have done, but I know that the Emperor believes it.”

It appears the Prize Court at Cadix declared the capture of the Queen Victoria to have been illegal.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—Considerable difficulty has been experienced in the formation of a new Italian Ministry. General Macdona, to whom Victor Emmanuel at first entrusted the task, declined the labour on the plea, possibly well founded, that his affliction for the recent death of his son incapacitated him for so arduous a position as that of Italian Premier in the present disorganized state of the nation and its finances. In this difficulty Rattazzi was sent for. He had been pressed by Bismarck to take office in the late Cabinet, but refused, with a view probably to the contingency that has occurred. Rattazzi, who has been Minister already in his own country, Piedmont, did not choose to take office under the Florentine, and preferred to bide his own time. That has come, he is Prime Minister; but what course will he take to save off the impending shipwreck? The finances of the State are in the worst possible condition. The annual excess of expenditure over income is £2,200,000. The power of borrowing is exhausted, for the credit of the country is already pledged for much more than it can ever redeem. To lay on more taxes would be the signal for a universal rebellion, besides being an absurdity, for the taxes now imposed by law cannot be collected. And a reduction of the naval, military, and civil expenditure is out of the question, at least to such an extent as would afford any appreciable relief to the overstrained Treasury. What, then, is to be done to keep the vessel of State from stranding on a rocky lee shore? There is, no doubt, the property of the Church, worth some \$30,000,000, it is said, and Rattazzi is no novice at sacrilegious confiscation. His idea is, it seems, to confiscate the whole of the ecclesiastical property without remorse as was done in France by the Revolutionists of 1793, and make the clergy stipendiaries of the State. It is hard to say what wickedness is too great for his conscience and audacity. —*Weekly Register.*

Signor Sella delivered a speech at Moss-Santa-Maria, on the 8th inst., upon the condition of Italian finance. He stated that the total deficit for the Budget of 1867 was calculated at 500,000,000 lire. This was provisionally covered by Treasury Bonds and the loan contracted by the National Bank, based upon the forced currency of the notes of that establishment. The landed property of the clergy, he said, would only produce 40,000,000 lire annually. The annual deficit under the present administrative organization of the country amounted to 250,000,000 lire. It was, therefore, indispensably necessary to effect radical economies and reform the system of taxation.

The London *Times* takes a gloomy view of the financial prospects of the Italian Kingdom, the friends of justice may rejoice at the prospects of the impending vengeance: Sella, who has now declined office under both Ricasoli and Rattazzi, still continues to hold the same ominous language, and, as we believe, correctly estimates the yearly deficit, not at about 8,000,000, as it appeared in Solaio's Budget of last February, but, as we stated on good authority, at 12,000,000. The only remedy on which Sella places his reliance,—an increase of taxation,—has become impossible, both because the King's word was pledged against any such course in his late speech, and because the Italian people find their present burdens already intolerable. Independent of all possible foreign complications, an army is required in Italy as a guarantee of public security. Without it Sicily would have been lost six months ago; without it Naples would not be safe for six months to come. The host of public functionaries is a crying evil, doubtless; but placements are not as easily suppressed as places; a Civil Service is not as easily disbanded as an Army. All the retrenching genius in the world could not for several years effect a saving of four out of the twelve millions of the Italian deficit. The most sanguine of Italian Ministers, Solaio, never expressed any hope of balancing accounts in less than thirteen years, nor

did any means occur to him of saving the country from the enormous accumulation of its yearly deficit save in the application of the property of the Church to the necessities of the State. This conversion of ecclesiastical property is the vital problem of the day. Rattazzi has expressed his dissent from Ricasoli's views about a Free Church in a Free State. His policy on most subjects is ruled by French precedents, and his scheme will consist in a wholesale confiscation and a salaried clergy. The experience of the results of his own law of 1855 in Piedmont ought, however, to have enlightened him as to the burden the myriads of dispossessed priests and monks must entail upon the State.

There is every reason to fear that the present Session will be irreparably lost, and one more year added to the many during which the Constitution in Italy has been a dead letter, during which the Parliament, without attending to its own duty, has prevented the King's Government from performing its own. To whatever statesman King Victor Emmanuel may intrust the task of forming a new Administration, anything like free and orderly Government will be surrounded by grave difficulties. The hopes that by the annexation of Venice the cycle of revolution would be closed in Italy will be found to rest on a rather slender foundation. The Pope is still in Rome, and the party of Action make that a plausible ground for agitation. The peace that Ricasoli hoped to establish between the clergy and the people has been found impracticable, and we may have to prepare for war “to the bitter end.”

THE ANGLICAN CONTINENTAL SOCIETY.—From a well reasoned and forcible letter to the *Church Review* by the Rev. E. W. Urquhart, we take the following just and righteous judgment of the above-named anti-Catholic and wicked organisation:—

In the present state of ecclesiastical affairs, especially in Italy,—which seems to be the principal field of their operations,—their success can have no other result than to promote the universal disorder and the overthrow of all Church and all religion whatever. They are welcome as the natural allies of the Republicans, to whom the overthrow of the Church is the foremost and avowed object. Far be it from me to accuse them of sharing in the anti-Christian views of that faction, but that they are playing into its hands in self-evident. Their publications are sold at their depots of the blasphemous treatises of the Republicans. For years one of their most prominent agents—the only one whose name I saw in the late report in the *Guardian*—has been a follower of Garibaldi, whose open atheism can be no longer a matter of question. And this is only natural; for the Papal Supremacy and the teaching of the priests, which form the most prominent objects of attack to the Anglo Continental Society, are the special objects of the detestation of the Republicans. Dr. Pusey—by whose judgment on a question of this kind we might well content to be guided—had doubtless this in view, when, about a year ago, he used words which came with double significance from one so loving and gentle, in reference to this movement in Italy:—“Not only I, but large-hearted Roman Catholic laymen, who would rejoice in a reform of anything amiss, fear that the movement will issue in latitudinarianism, and heresy, and countless harm to souls.” For myself, I shall be thankful that they should be deterred from looking to us.

To put the question on the broadest basis, let us judge it according to the golden rule of Christian charity. How would our bishops and other supporters of the society like it if an association was formed on corresponding principles in France or Italy? The most rigid Anglican can hardly maintain that the English Church in the present crisis is in a satisfactory footing. Few High Churchmen, in the widest sense of the word, can deny that (what ever be the shortcomings of foreign Churches) we have lost much through the neglect or apathy of the last three centuries which they retain intact, and that the present teaching of the ultra Protestants and Rationalists within the Church of England is at the very least as crying an evil as Ultramontaniam abroad.

MY BOSOM FRIEND;

OR,

YANKEE FAIRIES AT WORK.

I had been reading to my little ones the legends of the Northern lands, in which, to tell the truth, I had taken as deep an interest as the open-mouthed young folks themselves.

When the children had gone to bed, I lamented that the belief in fairies had died out.

“Alas!” said I, “that they have vanished!” “Well, I no longer that,” replied my Scottish friend McHaggis; “I am thinking there are as many giants and fairies in the world as ever there were. Gang ye gate to Waltham, as ye were a talkin’ o’, and if ye dinna see a lot of fairies there, and if it is on a giant that carries ye there, ye ken say ‘I’m wrang.’”

“A giant carry me?”

“Aye, my lad,” said the Scot; “what auld giants that ye ever read o’ can be mated wi’ an engine?” And so, one day, I placed myself behind the great engine of the nineteenth century—a locomotive engine—and went to the pretty rural town of Waltham, Mass., in the United States, a town famous “not for a day, but for all time,” for here a pair of great steam giants turn the wheels that again turn the wheels that mark the time for a continent. It takes a score of lot to hold these giants—each with a hundred iron arms and a thousand steel fingers; and his four acres lot is built within and without and overhead with brick and iron and glass, and is called “The American Watch Factory of Waltham,” and it was thereabout that auld gys said I should find the fairies.

But the fairies of our day—that is, the Waltham fairies—are not like those we read of. They don't play a fine prank, for their step is measured by the sun; and they have nothing to do with wings, but to mark the steady motion of those of old Father Time himself.

But to drop metaphor, and come down to the practical as well as the poetical part of this fairy tale of industry and order, let us walk through some of the long galleries of this fairy palace, and for guide and mentor we will take one of the managers.

“But first,” said we to our guide, “will you please inform us how this great establishment originated?” He told me that the manufacture of watches by machinery is a distinctively American undertaking. For several generations a vast number of watches have been made in England, Switzerland, and France; but the component pieces have been made and finished by hand in different factories, and even in different provinces, with no direct relation to each other. Here in Waltham, on the contrary, a watch is created in all its wonderful harmony and exquisite beauty from the original and crude materials—the brass, the steel, the enamel, the gold, the unwrought jewels—under one roof and one supervision, by a mechanism that never tires and never varies.

The task of competing with Europe in the manufacture of watches seemed at first sight to be hopeless. Europe had the market, the reputation, two centuries experience, and the cheapest of human labor. To make matters worse, there was free trade in watches. A petty tariff of only seven and a half per cent. was all the “protection”—nominal or real—that existed fifteen years ago to foster native enterprise and genius. Ingenious men conceived the idea of manufacturing every part of the watch, and of performing every process of manipulation, by a succession of machines, each of which should execute one function only, and then pass its work over to another piece of mechanism. The only duty left to man in this daring conception was to superintend the work of the iron slaves whom he had created, to carry their products from one to another, and to put the watch together after all its parts had been completed. The scheme was an ideal one; there were no such machines in existence; but the plan was

seconded by capital, and, in 1853, the experiment was tried. At that time, although the chief parts of a watch were made by machines, there were still a large number of the pieces turned out by hand, and various important processes entrusted to manual skill, which are now done wholly by mechanism. The company of machines was quickly increased to a regiment, the regiment to a brigade and now the brigade has become an army.

I asked how many watches were imported annually. “Formerly about four million dollars’ worth yearly,” the manager said, “and it took about four millions more to make them go. At the present time, the English watch trade with the United States has nearly ceased, and the Swiss has greatly fallen off.”

“How many watches,” I asked, “are manufactured at Waltham now?”

“We turn out, said he, at the rate of 250 a day, or 80,000 a year, of all varieties from good to best.”

I asked as to the number of hands employed.

“We average,” he replied, “700. We pay good wages, and require intelligent operatives. The situations are soon filled. You will see how we keep the factory; we intend that every room shall be as clean, comfortable, and pleasant as a parlor, and that is one reason why we always secure first-class help.”

There is hardly any work in the factory. Iron muscles do everything of that sort. All that the operatives are needed for, after the machines are made, is to watch and guide them.

THE FAIRIES’ HOME.

We now requested that he would show us something of the factory.

“With pleasure,” he replied. To begin at the beginning, here is the engine room, where four boilers of 30 horse-power drive the two huge giant that in turn drive a little army of iron fairies all day long to their several tasks. No cuncting web of a screw maker or a pivot-polisher is so made that it can stop and waste its time in playing while these early old genii in their dens are busy.”

Dens! Why, is this neat room, which has its wall adorned with pictures and many pretty devices, and which, under its window that looks out on a green lawn, has several dozens of thirty conservatory plants growing in pots—is this the Engine House? Sure enough, this is the place. There, sulen and silent, but beautifully, lies the grim power which drives half the factory fairies at work! Let us go up stairs. This long, clean room, filled with lathes and machinery, not neither odorous nor noisy, although the hum of mechanical and human industry never ceases in it—this is the basis of the whole factory: the machine shop. It is 165 feet long, and thirty feet wide; mechanics are kept at work in it, only in making and repairing the machines and tools which are without exception, of the best and choicest character. Like all the rooms, this is light and pleasant. But in the next room—to use the words of the excellent Richard Swivel—there was a “sagger.” It was a little side room. It had a floor clean as any, walls entirely unadorned with smoke, neat stalls and shelving for the assortment of steel and iron, and I peeped myself to see whether I was asleep or awake—nice white curtains hanging at the windows. It was the blacksmith’s shop. There were the forges, and the trip hammer, and the anvil, but there were those curtains. I felt that civilization was no longer a problem. The anvil and the Atheneum are wailing. We passed into another room.

FAIRY WORKMANSHIP.

“Look!” said my guide, “what do you suppose these are?”

He held up a little vial, such as homoeopathic globules are kept in, which was filled with what seemed to be grains of coarse sand of the color of blue tempered steel.

I placed one of those grains under a microscope and it proved to be a perfect screw.

“Now,” said he, “you may note that it takes 300,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and that they are worth from \$3.00 to \$5.00 a pound.”

Again, they showed me a microscopic bit of steel, the points of which, under a glass, appeared to be exquisitely polished.

I took up a couple of screws and the valance-staff by wetting my finger, and put them carefully into a piece of paper.

“Not that I wish to make you think that you are taking valuable property,” said the manager, “but how much do you suppose that stuff is worth?”

The foreman made the calculation.

“They are worth \$20,000 a pound,” he said, “or about 25 cents a piece. The screws are worth a dollar and a quarter a hundred. It takes fifty two of them to weigh a grain!”

“Well,” said S., “that doesn’t seem much, for such workmanship. How do you make watches so cheap?”

“The use of machinery to its utmost limit, and the division of labor as far as possible accounts for all,” rejoined the manager. “Every machine in the factory does one thing only, and it can do nothing else. But it does that one thing incessantly, with incredible rapidity and with unvarying accuracy. Thus, all our watches of one style are precisely alike in all their parts. It is imperative that the watch should be entirely made in a single factory and under one superintendence. Now foreign watches—the cheaper sort—can have only a relative similarity. They are made in parts everywhere, and get together in Geneva and Paris and London. There are not a score of Parisian watches made in Paris any year—the pieces are made in the rural districts or in Switzerland, and they are sent to Paris to be fitted together. Many of the English watches are made in the same way—ready manufactured on the continent and put up in London. There is no great watch factory anywhere, excepting ours, where all the processes are conducted and the movements adjusted under the same roof. We produce a greater number of watches than any other establishment in the world.”

“Are you quite sure?” I asked, “that this is the largest factory in the world?”

“There is no question of it,” the manager replied, “and what is more, I am told we made more watches, in Waltham last year than were made in all England.”

FAIRY WORKSHOPS.

This is the press room. It is filled with presses, punches, dies, and rolling and slitting machines. Here long thin ribbons of steel are passed under a die, which descends with a regular motion, and cuts out a balance wheel at every down.

In the next room the blanks—as the rough pieces are called—are prepared for advancement. The barrel blank is a wheel three fourths of an inch across, and 3 16ths of an inch thick. It is put on a lathe. Round and round it spins with great velocity, rubbing its rough edges against a series of immovable sharp tools which polish off its coarseness; make it thin and smooth; turn out a chamber for the main spring; drill a hole in the centre to receive the barrel arbor, and turn a flange on the outer edge in which the teeth are cut. All this is done in a twinkling—faster than you or could describe it in short hand.—This machine sets itself.

The barrel is now taken to the dentist’s to have its teeth cut. It is placed in position. Quickly a little chisel spins on a cylinder, cut, cut, cutting as it swings round the circle, and presently its six teeth are finished, all exactly uniform and equidistant. This cutter is a sapphire ground down to the proper size and form by diamond dust and oil, and then fastened into a little wheel or disk. No other material could stand the wear and tear of eating all day long into this hard brass and steel.

Here in another room, a little machine is splitting out screws, so small that you cannot see their threads.

What you do see at first glance is a thin tread of steel, finer than the most delicate of pine, slowly pushing its way through a little hole in a machine, and being grasped by a tiny tool which runs round it, as if embracing it; and then, presto! changes out

comes a knife and cuts off its head. All this is done so quickly that you have to wait and watch the operation, after you know what it is all about, before you can see the process I have described. The bit thus beheaded with a hug look exactly like little grains of powder. But they are screws. You notice that when you take a microscope and examine them. They are complete—almost. Not quite yet. The operative picks them up, one by one, with a dainty tool and places them in rows, one in every hole, in a flat piece of steel. This little plate, as soon as it is filled, is placed under another machine, and it would do any Irishman’s soul good to see it work. It beats Dennybrook Fair all hollow. I had never a more convincing proof of the superiority of the mechanical over the manual labour. For while a good hearty man with a stout bit of shillelagh will break half a dozen heads in a day,—with fair luck,—this machine, without as much as saying “By your leave,” comes out of its hole, and runs along each row, quietly splitting the head of each one of them exactly in the centre. And now the screw is made.

Just this way is the Jewel-room, with rubies and sapphires neatly arranged in glass vials, and in another apartment the acclimating process is conducted. There is something like a large safe built into the wall, which is full of little drawers. Pull out the one on the right side and put in your hand, and you feel that the air is hot. On the left, the air is icy. Watches are first put in the tropical and then in the arctic zones, until they become citizens of the world. Then, to accustom them to the ups and downs of practical life, they are put away in other drawers and tested in different positions. One stands on its head for a day, when it is suddenly reversed; but no sooner does it become accustomed to that than it is laid flat on its back.

I examined the watch-case rooms. Every case is composed of more than thirty parts. In the lower rooms the bars are melted; and, to be brief, after a great variety of processes up stairs and down, they are rapidly turned out, the models of beauty and elegance that we take to our homes and our bosoms. The different parts are soldered together under little tin French like roofs, which extend along the benches and prevent the room from being begrimed with smoke. Workmen, after trying two parts together with wires, fuse them by suddenly lighting up a tube, almost exactly like a snake, which just splits out a stream of fire, and plays on the detached parts until they are welded—now and for ever, once and inseparable.

I saw a hundred curious processes that I have no room to describe, and what I have written must be taken only as an outline sketch, not at all colored, of a wonderful picture of genius, applied to the development of mechanical skill. I saw the delicate steel nerve and brass muscle into which, by and by, the breath of life is to be breathed, until it beats true time in the passionless ruby heart of the perfect watch,—every tiny bone and ivory joint is fashioned by these muscles made visible,—polished, welded, and perfectly adjusted as by no human hand! They were merely passed, in pretty trays, by skilled hands to infinitely more skilled mechanism,—going as it were from nursery to school, from school to college, and from college to humanity; until after a hundred private tests, and public examinations not a few, they are finally put together, a diploma or guarantee that they will do their duty is given to each of them; and then they are sent to mark their perfect measures of the passing hours.

Who shall say that the American Watch Co. of Waltham, Mass., U. S. A., is not one of the fairy wonders of the century?—*Boston, Mass., Advertiser.*

UNITED STATES.

CHILD MURDER IN NEW YORK.—*Horrible Revelations.*—The New York Board of Health has knowledge of more than thirty houses in that city wherein the sole business is the procuring of abortions. Four deaths of infants having been reported in one house, in a single day, Registrar Harris ordered an investigation, and the inspector found the mansion full of young and middle aged women from all parts of the country, all either far advanced in pregnancy or suffering from operations which had but recently performed. Here are the rules of the house, as posted in every lodging room:—

1. Ladies entering this institution for confinement are not allowed below the parlor stairs.

2. No visitors, male or female, allowed in the rooms.

3. Each occupant is expected to keep her room in order, excepting when disabled by sickness; such notice to be sent to the Madame.

4. All persons leaving children at this institution can have no further claim upon them, and must never trouble Madame for said children as to their whereabouts.

The Board of Health is seeking power to break up such establishments, which it does not now possess. It said that the abortionists, being unable to obtain burial permits for the infants which they slaughter, now burn the remains in furnaces.

THE FENIANS.—A large number of officers and men who took part in the recent Fenian rising in Ireland have returned to this country. Among the number are Colonel Thomas J. Kelley, Chief of War Department, and Captain Powell, Secretary of the Navy, who are now in this State on special business connected with the organization.—*Boston Herald.*

In view of the large number of divorces in Vermont, a newspaper in that state suggests a tax of \$1,000 upon every petition for separation as a sinking fund for the State debt.

Our neighbours are still undecided as to the name by which the new Russian acquisition will be designated. The *Tribune* of Monday, says: We venture to suggest, at once in recognition of the most valuable inhabitants of this western Greenland, and as a compliment to the great nation which does us the honor to pocket our money, that Gov. Seward’s hard bargain be known as Walrusia.—*Montreal Daily News.*

The Buffalo Express, among its local items in its issue of Friday last, says: The sale of a bonded Fenian arms was advertised to take place at No. 29 Main street yesterday at ten o’clock, has been postponed until Monday next. The reason given for the postponement is that no bidders appeared to purchase, and those having the affair in charge did not wish to make a total sacrifice of the arms.

A man in Boston having “experienced” the sort of “religion” most in vogue there, smashes his marble copy of the Venus di Medici, burns his pictures and his large, but secular library, like a fine old Puritan gentleman, one of the real old kind.

There never has been divorce granted in South Carolina.

WORKS OF NATURE.—In a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made, and improve their qualities; so long as it runs on smoothly the channels are kept pure and healthy; if the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of humoral fluid in the intestinal tubes, and coarseness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of its tributary streams. With the body, follow the same natural principle—remove the obstructions from the bowels with BRANDRETH’S PILLS, which never injure, but are always effectual for the perfect cleansing of the system from fullness or disease. Remember never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you. Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are deranged, or as long as you are sick.

See that B. BRANDRETH is in white letters in the Government stamp.

Sold by all Druggists.