

AN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE.

Three Connecticut Manufacturing Towns—Views of a Representative Working New England Community.

Correspondent of the N. Y. Post. MERIDEN, Ct.—Great industrial centres like Birmingham or Manchester in England are rare in this country outside of the great cities, yet here within a radius of twelve miles are three vigorous young towns, which, if they have not already attained that position, are fast approaching it. I refer to Waterbury, twelve miles west in the heart of Naugatuck Valley, the centre of the brass interest of the country; New Britain, nine miles north, the Sheffield of America; and Meriden, the seat of the silk-spinning interest and of a score of important industries besides.

This city is certainly an industrial marvel, without a peer in rapid development, and its rapid changes and picturesque situation present no end of kaleidoscopic pictures to the tourist wise enough to devote a few days to the careful study of them. The town lies in the deep valley of the Quinnipiac, eighteen miles above New Haven, and the same distance south of Hartford. East and west are high ranges of sandstone hills, capped by great, black, jagged masses of volcanic rock, forced up through the sandstone crust to the height of hundreds of feet which have been the wonder and study of geologists for generations. Great brick factories, each an industrial village in itself, fill the narrow valley, and the hillsides are dotted with charming villas and pretty white cottages that form the squares, and from the cottages that line them appears every morning, a throng of six or seven thousand operatives, neatly clad, generally with cheerful, contented faces, that pour like flood through the city, and is swallowed up quickly enough by the grim-looking factories. At seven the city's day begins, and after that hour noisy trip hammers strike the cruel metal into shape, huge shears clip iron bars as easily as a lady's scissors snip off a ribbon, molten metal pours hissing into clay moulds, looms clang, glass blowers ply their ancient craft, and men who have reached the heights of industrial art delineate tracery on glass, and engrave chaste patterns and beautiful designs on the tableware of the millions. All this and more one may see in a leisurely tour of the workshop. At noon the factories stop for an hour, at six the day's work is done, and the throngs are in the streets again homeward bound, leaving the grime and dust of the day's toil behind with their work-day habiliments.

Intelligence and cultivation are much higher here than in most factory towns, owing to the fact that skilled labor is chiefly employed in its factories. The city has its clubs and "societies" of all sorts, literary, dramatic and musical, its social sets and circles. The seat of the State Reform School is here. I notice all the adjuncts of the city—an opera-house, gas, paved streets, water-works capable of throwing a stream from the spire and fed from a beautiful pond far up in the mountains, police, common council, mayor, and until recently a municipal ring. The grand list of the city this year amounts to nine millions of dollars, assessed on the basis of one-third of the real value. It claims a population of twenty thousand, double that reported in the census of 1870. One hundred and ninety-two buildings were erected last year at a cost of half a million, and for the present year sixty-two premises have been granted—one for a hotel to cost one hundred thousand dollars. This prosperity is largely the work of the last twenty years. It has achieved in the absence of all those natural advantages which are supposed to make cities; mines, navigable waters, a tributary country, are wanting. There is not even a mill-stream here capable of furnishing water power.

Much of this phenomenal growth is due to the business enterprise of the citizens, but I am inclined to attribute the town's prosperity largely to the patent laws. It is a city of inventors. Mechanical genius is attracted hither as the artistic is to Paris or the literary to university towns. Its great workshops have been built up and are sustained by the scores and hundreds of patents they control. Every other man one meets has taken out a patent, or is about to do so, or is working at "an idea." Some inventors have taken out eight or ten. Several have become well-to-do by a fortunate inventive inspiration. A friend took me to see an inventor who had been at work nearly seven years on an improved water motor, his expenses meantime being paid by a local company which had been organized to manufacture the invention as soon as it should be perfected. Another gentleman whom I met had disposed of two patents at a comfortable figure, was manufacturing under two others, had a fifth passing through a patent office, and also acted as an agent for the procurement of patents for his neighbors. The inventor is chiefly of small articles in hardware and silver plate, or for household use, and when secured by patent are sold or leased on a royalty to the manufacturers, who enjoy a monopoly of the article until the patent expires, and are built up by it. Some of them would seem to have reached the limit of expansion. One company carries a thousand men on its pay-roll, and covers eight acres with its buildings. Another follows closely, with its five huge workshops and 600 laborers, and there are no other firms carrying from 200 to 400 men on their pay-rolls. To show the remarkable variety of articles manufactured, I give the following list from the catalogue of one firm: Domestic hardware, plated and Britannia ware, spectacles, tobacco boxes, door hinges and rollers, butts, hinges and fasteners, friction plates, hammers, latches, match safes, vases, spoons, locks, coffee and spice mills, bootjacks, faucets, shears, skimmer, lanterns, candlesticks, gear drills, shade rollers, etc.

Sargent's Souvenir. The political admirers of ex-Senator Sargent of California, tendered him a farewell banquet at the Pacific hotel, San Francisco, on the eve of his departure for Berlin to assume the duties of United States Minister there. As a memento of the occasion Mr. Sargent was presented with a beautiful plate of gold and silver with the menu of the feast engraved in the center. The plate is heavy solid silver, about eight inches long and six wide. On the initial side the letter "S," in incisions, in the circles formed by the lower and upper halves of the letter, two landscapes. The upper one is the Golden Gate at sunset, a steamer and bark with all sail set being introduced in the foreground, and Fort Point showing on the left and Point Bonita on the right. In the lower circle is a picturesque view of the Rhine. The ground work of the side of the plate is of yellow gold, satin finished; the "S," red gold, relieved with silver, and the landscapes of engraved silver. The inscription on the initial side of the plate is as follows: Banquet to Aaron A. Sargent, Minister of the United States to Germany, by the Citizens of San Francisco, Palace Hotel, Thursday, March 30, 1882. The reverse side of the plate is an unusually artistic bit of engraving and metal working. The entire side represents a view of the Bridle Veil Falls in the Yosemite Valley, framed on the sides by two towering sequoias, from whose highest branches, across the top of the picture, forming that portion of the frame, rests a broken limb. Suspended from the centre of this limb are flags of the United States and Germany, draped to the right and left, caught up on the branches of the sequoia, and, finally, twining their graceful folds around the mighty trees' trunks. The conception and execution of this design are faultless. The groundwork is in silver, satin finish, the massive rockwork, over which the water falls in misty torrents, is of yellow gold, the texture effect being produced with what is called Scotch stoning. The falls themselves are of delicately engraved silver. In the foreground is a placid stretch of river, the water effect being produced with the graver, and dashes of gold. The details of vegetation and the region are in red gold, engraved. The red in the flags is of red gold, the black and white of engraved and satin finished silver. The plate was held in a handsome embossed centre piece of morocco on one side inscribed in gilt letters, "Aaron A. Sargent." On the other side of the case was a silk menu of the banquet.

dered Brigham to tell them to go back to the city and bring Brady and the girl back with them; and said he to Brigham: "If they are not here inside of two hours, I'll fix your carcass full of government lead!" "You don't dare do it," says Brigham. "Why, — you," says Harney, "I'll shoot you myself!" Long before the two hours were up Brady and the girl were there, and when we got to Yuma, Harney sent a guard with her to San Bernardino on her way to San Francisco. That's the kind of a man Harney was.

The Compliment. Arrayed in snow-white pants and vest and other raiment fair to see, I stood before you, my dear Sue— The charming creature I love best. "Tell me, and does my costume suit?" I asked that apple of my eye, And then the former replied— "Oh, yes, you do look awfully cute!"

Although I frequently had heard My sweetheart's name in the past, I did not know The meaning of that favorite word. But presently at window side We stood and watched the passing throng, And soon a donkey passed along With ears like wings extended wide, And gazing at the doubtful creature, My sweetheart gave a merry cry— I quote her language with a sigh— "O Charlie, ain't he awful cute!"

The Meadow Brook. Beside the meadow brook she stayed, A happy child with laughing eyes, Above her smiled the soft blue skies, Around her there the sunbeams played. The brook went babbling on its way, Adown the meadow white with flowers Of early spring, and through the hours Made merry with her all the day. She sat beside the meadow brook, A maiden fair in summer time, When the sweet year was in its prime, And in her hands she held a book; The same blue sky smiled bright above; The brook it sang a tender song Of love to her the while she long; The book she read was all of love.

GENERAL HARNEY. A Western Scout's Story. Boston True Flag. When we heard about the massacre he sent out scouts to find out who the murderers were, and when they reported to him that they were Mormons, off he went with his entire command for Salt Lake City, swearing every rod of the way that he would hang every Mormon if he had to hang every Mormon in Utah. He intended to give Brigham Young twenty-four hours to surrender up the murderers, and unless this was done later Day Saints would be mighty scarce around there.

Before he reached Salt Lake City a messenger overtook us with orders from the war department for Harney to return to camp; that the civil authorities would attend to the massacre business. Then you ought to have heard the old man swear. He damned the government enough to sink it. I never met a man who could swear more violently than Harney.

He thought the matter over for a little while, and then declared that he had started for Salt Lake City and he would go there if he was court-martialed and shot for it. And he went, too, and if the war department ever heard of it, no action was taken. We camped a short distance outside the city, and stayed a few days to give the animals a rest; and they needed it, for we had traveled fast. The morning that we started back to Yuma a young girl about seventeen or eighteen years old came out to camp and applied to Brady, the trainmaster, to help her escape. Her parents were English, who had joined the Mormons not long before, and one of the elders wanted to marry her. Her parents were trying to force her to this polygamous marriage, and she could only avoid it by running away. She had an uncle and an aunt in San Francisco, and to them she wanted to go. Brady wasn't the man to say "no" under such circumstances, and he stowed her away in the flour wagon by piling the barrels around her in such a way that she couldn't be seen from either end.

We hadn't got far before a dozen Mormons overtook us, the girl's father being along with them, and they taken through that train until they found the girl. After they had got her out she turned to Brady and bade him good-bye, at the same time thanking him for trying to help her. That, of course gave him dead away, and the Mormons arrested him for kidnapping the girl, and away they all went toward the city. Harney saw that there was something wrong with the train, and back came a messenger to see what was the matter. As soon as Harney was informed of what had occurred, he ordered the train to halt and stay there until he got back, and, swearing worse than before, away he and all his troops went for the Mormons. They had got a long start on him, however, and reached the city first.

Do you suppose Harney stopped when he reached the city? Not a bit of it. Right up the main street he went at a gallop, and when he jumped from his horse and cried "Halt!" it was right in front of Brigham's office. There was a musket and fixed bayonet; but as he brought his weapon to a charge Harney gave it a kick that turned the guard half round and the next instant he was disarmed. Harney strode into the office with a half-dozen soldiers at his heels, and two minutes later Brigham was a-straddle of a horse, and galloping down the street in the centre of a troop of cavalry. It was fun to see the Mormons stare as they saw the old man in such company, but before they could have time to act they were out of the city.

About five miles out Harney ordered a halt, and it wasn't long before a lot of Mormons came riding up as fast as their horses could carry them. When they got up within sound of his voice, Harney ordered them to halt or he would fire on them, and they halted. Then he or-

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