FRUIT TREES.
The subscriber has for sale Two Thousand Apple Trees, of the best kinds, and of a proper growth for planting.
NICHOLAS BREWER.
b. 20.

THE JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES,
EW AND STRIKING CHARACTER ADDED TO
WALDIE'S
CIRCULATING LIBRARY.
HE Proprietor of this work, anxious to gratify his readers to as great an extent as his will allow, respectfully announces to the public that the very liberal patronage he has received has enabled him to add a new feature to this periodical, which he believes cannot fail to prove interesting and valuable.
HE JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, containing three to four pages of additional new matter, will be given every week as an accompaniment to the Circulating Library, and will contain:
Early reprints of the reviews and miscellaneous books, from the weekly and monthly periodical press of London, &c. These reprints will be carefully selected with reference to their imparting correct information respecting new books as are reprinted in America, and to convey literary intelligence in regard to books which rarely find their way across the Atlantic. As great exertions will be used in this department instructive and entertaining, the proprietor is confident that it will be considered an important addition, by numerous subscribers, with whom it will greatly avoid the expense of purchasing such books as are printed on the calculation from the titles or the reputation of their authors to sell the edition. This part of the Journal will embrace a considerable amount of extracts from new books of travels, memoirs, biography, novels, and in fact present a bird's eye view of new publications, early diffused throughout the nation, by means of the facilities of mail transportation.
The London Literary Gazette will be cited for this purpose, while the "Critical Notices of the London Metropolitan, the Monthly, the Gentleman's, Blackwood's, Edinburgh, Fraser's, and other Magazines, already regularly received by the editor, will be freely used.
2. Varieties, embracing literary anecdote, new discoveries in science and the arts, sketches of society and manners abroad, literary transactions, short notices of new books, and every species of information interesting to lovers of reading, with occasional extracts from the numerous departments of the London press, which are within the bounds of possibility, and are now published in no American Journal.
3. A regular list of the new books published, and in progress in London and America.
4. Occasional original notices of new American publications, with extracts exhibiting their prominent features of excellence or defect.
☞No additional charge will be made against increase of reading matter, beyond what is contained on the pages of the cover of the Library, and therefore subscribers who receive their numbers by mail to no additional expense of postage.
A. WALDIE.
Several applications having been made for certain the manner in which the original department of noticed new books will be conducted, we take the present early opportunity of stating that, at least they shall not be univocally be UNBOUGHT. The possession of a copy by the publisher shall not be a passport to praise, when the merits of the work warrant it; so that our readers may be assured of two things: First—books shall be noticed the next day after they are received, and, secondly, they shall not be reviewed more they have been read. We have no time for puffing, and will be the less disposed therefore, to fall into the error of an author of eight, who, in his anxiety to be the first to the bellows of criticism, read the preface of a duodecimo, and gravely entered his probation of two chapters, which, unfortunately for his critical acumen, had been omitted, the preliminary reference to them had been a mistake remained! This predicament was worse than that of the London editor, who criticised some passages of Cooke's acting, found when he rose next morning, and his wrath was all over London, that the play had been postponed.
For the rest, time must develope our means and our capabilities; in cases where the courtesy of the trade is not exceeded to the Journal, unlike most of our cotemporaries, shall buy what books we want, and give them as deserve it a careful perusal.
The prospectus, and some technicalities always attending the first issue of a new journal, make the present number but a specimen of its future promise.
July 4.

FOR ANNAPOLIS CAMBRIDGE & EASTON.
The Steam Boat
RYLAND, commander, will leave her route on TUESDAY the 9th inst. leaving the lower end of Dugan's Wharf, at 7 o'clock. A. M. for Annapolis, (Cambridge by Castle Haven,) and Easton, and return from the Eastern Shore on every Wednesday and Saturday, leaving Easton at 1 P. M. by Castle Haven and Annapolis. She will commence her Chestertown Trip on Monday 22d April, leaving Baltimore at 6 o'clock, return the same day, leaving Chestertown at 6 o'clock; calling at Corsica wharf, for the Centreville passengers.
N. B. All baggage at the owners risk.
Passage to or from Easton or Cambridge, [illegible]
Passage to or from Annapolis, [illegible]
Passage to Chestertown or Corsica, [illegible]
Children under 12 years of age half price.
LEM'L. G. TAYLOR, Master.
May 2.

The Maryland Gazette.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
AT THE BRICK BUILDING ON THE PUBLIC CIRCLE.
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. LXXXIX. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1834. NO. 14.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the United States Gazette.

SERENADE.

Listen, listen, Lady fair!
From thy bower high in air,
Listen, while the stars are waking,
Twilight too, her leave is taking,
Listen, while on starry ceiling
Soft with chiming spheres is pealing,
Listen, while the weary hum,
Of mortals turning them to rest,
Tells us that the hour is come,
The hour that music loves the best;
Turn thee from the trembling lute,
Turn thee from the breathing lyre,
Listen only to the flute
Of Thomas Mulligan, Esquire.

Colder blows the northern blast,
And freezing dews are falling fast,
Clear, the moon, but cold as clear,
Frozen drops the stars appear:
Then a withered leaf blew past,
Driving me in shivering haste;
Close thy casement, Lady fair!
'Gainst the chill of evening breezes,
Clearest in the wintry air,
When the lake is deepest freezes:
Go, while music's charm still lingers
Join the ear—to rest retire,
And think not of the stiffening fingers,
Of Thomas Mulligan, Esquire.

LADY.

Sweeter is the setting sun,
Than when his course is just begun;
Sweeter the expiring light,
Of falling star in such a night,
Than the still unblushing gaze
Of yon red planet's ceaseless blaze;
Sweet is the retiring south,
Leaving on the lake the swell;
Sweetest is the sweetest mouth,
When unbid it says farewell;
Sweet the tinkling of the lute,
When the player's fingers tire,
And sweet is the retiring flute
Of Thomas Mulligan, Esquire.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AT PALERMO.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Palermo June 28.

Two of the best conducted lunatic asylums in the world are in the kingdom of Naples—one at Aversa, near Capua, and the other at Palermo. The latter is managed by a whimsical baron, who has devoted his time and fortune to it, and with assistance of the government, has carried it to great extent and perfection. The poor are received gratuitously, and those who can afford it, enter as boarders, and are furnished with luxuries according to their means.

The hospital stands in an airy situation in the lovely neighbourhood of Palermo. We were received by a porter in a respectable livery, who introduced us immediately to the baron—a kink-looking man, rather advanced beyond middle life, of manners singularly gentle and prepossessing. "*Je suis le premier fou*," said he throwing his arms out, as he bowed on our entrance. We stood in an open court, surrounded with porticoes lined with stone seats. On one of them lay a fat, indolent looking man, in clean gray pantaloons, talking to himself with great apparent satisfaction. He smiled at the baron as he passed without checking the motion of his lips, and three others standing in the doorway of a room marked as the kitchen, smiled also as he came up, and fell into his train, apparently as much interested as ourselves in the old man's explanation.

The kitchen was occupied by eight or ten people all at work, and all, the baron assured us, *mad*. One man, of about forty, was broiling a steak with gravest attention. Another, who had been furious till employment was given him, was chopping meat with violent industry in a large wooden bowl. Two or three girls were about obeying the little orders of a middle aged man, occupied with several messes cooking on a patent stove. I was rather incredulous about his insanity, till he took a small bucket and went to the jet of a fountain, and getting impatient from some cause or other, dashed the water upon the floor. The baron mildly called him by name, and mentioned to him as a piece of information that he had wet the floor. He nodded his head, and filled his bucket quietly, pouring a little into one of the pans, and resumed his occupation.

We passed from the kitchen into an open court, curiously paved, and ornamented with Chinese grottoes, artificial rocks, trees, cottages and fountains. Within the grottoes recessed figures of wax before the altar of one, fitted up as a Chinese chapel, a mandarin was prostrated in prayer. The walls on every side were painted in perspective scenery, and the whole had as little the air of a prison as the open valley itself. In one of the corners was an unfinished grotto, and a handsome young man was entirely absorbed in thatching the ceiling with strips of cane. The baron visited to him, and said he had been incurable till he had this employment for him. Everything about us, too, he assured us, was the work of his patients. They had paved the court, built the grottoes and cottages, and painted the walls, under his direction. The secret of his whole system, he said, was employment and constant kindness. He had usually about one hundred and fifty patients, and dismissed upon an average two thirds of them quite recovered.

We went into the apartment of the women. These, he said, were his worst subjects. In the first room sat eight or ten employed in spinning, while one infuriated creature, not more than thirty, but quite gray, was walking up and down the floor, talking and gesticulating with the greatest violence. A young girl of sixteen, an attendant, had entered into her humor, and with her arm put affectionately round her waist, assented to every thing she said; and called her by every name of endearment while endeavouring to silence her. When the baron entered, the poor creature addressed herself to him; and seemed delighted that he had come. He made several mild attempts to check her, but she seized his hands, and with the veins of her throat swelling with passion, her eyes glaring terribly, and her tongue white and trembling, she continued to declaim more and more violently. The baron gave an order to a male attendant at the door, and beckoning us to follow, led her gently through a small court planted with trees, to a room containing a hammock. She checked her torrent of language as she observed the preparations going on, and seemed amused with the idea of swinging. The man took her up in his arms without resistance, and placed the hammock over her, confining every thing but her head, and the female attendant, one of the most playful and prepossessing little creatures I ever saw, stood on a chair, and at every swing threw a little water on her face as if in sport. Once or twice, the maniac attempted to resume the subject of her revings, but the girl laughed in her face and diverted her from it, till at last she smiled and dropping her head into the hammock, seemed disposed to sink into an easy sleep.

We left her swinging and went out into the court, where eight or ten women in the gray gowns of the establishment were walking up and down, or sitting under the trees, lost in thought. One with a fine, intelligent face, came up to me and courtesied gracefully without speaking. The physician of the establishment joined me at the moment and asked her what she wished. 'To kiss his hand,' said she 'but his looks for a scene.' She coloured deeply, and folded her arms across her breast walked away. The baron called us, and in going out I passed her again, and taking her hand, kissed it and bade her good by. 'You had better kiss my lips,' said she, 'you'll never see me again.' She laid her forehead against the iron bars of the gate, with a face working with emotion, watched us till we turned out of sight. I asked the physician for her history. 'It was a common case,' said he, 'she was the daughter of a Sicilian noble, who too poor to marry her to one of her own rank, had sent her to a convent, where confinement had driven her mad. She is now a charity patient in the asylum.'

The courts in which these poor creatures are confined, open upon a large and lovely garden. We walked through it with the baron, and then returned to the apartments of the females. In passing a cell, a large majestic woman strided out with a theatrical air, and commenced an address to the Deity, in a language strangely mingled of Italian and Greek. Her eyes were naturally large and soft, but excitement had given them additional dilation and fire, and she looked a prophetess. Her action, with all its energy, was lady like. Her feet half covered with slippers were well formed and slight, and she had every mark of superiority both of birth and endowment. The baron took her by the hand with the deferential courtesy of the old school, and led her to one of the stone seats. She yielded to him politely, but resumed her harangue, upbraiding the Deity, as well as I could understand her for her misfortunes. They succeeded in soothing her by the assistance of the same playful attendant who had accompanied the other to the hammock, and she sat still, with her lips white and trembling like an aspen. While the good old baron was endeavouring to draw her into a quiet conversation the physician told me some curious circumstances respecting her. She was a Greek, and had been brought to Palermo when a girl. Her mind had been destroyed by an illness, and after seven years' madness, during which she had refused to raise from her bed and had quite lost the use of her limbs, she was brought to the establishment by her friends. Experiments were tried in vain to induce her to move from her painful position. At last the baron determined upon addressing what he considered the master passion in all female bosoms. He dressed himself in the gayest manner, and, in one of her gentle moments, entered her room with respectful ceremony and offered himself to her in marriage! She refused him with scorn, and with seeming emotion he begged forgiveness and left her. The next morning on his entrance, she smiled—the first time for years. He continued his attentions for a day or two, and after a little coquetry she one morning announced to him that she re-considered his proposal, and would be his bride. They raised her from her bed to prepare her for the ceremony, and she was carried in a chair to the garden where the bridal feast was spread, nearly all the other patients of the hospital being present. The gaiety of the scene absorbed the attention of all; the utmost decorum prevailed; and when the ceremony was performed, the bride was crowned, and carried back in state to her apartment. She recovered gradually the use of her limbs, her health is improved, and excepting an occasional paroxysm, such as we happened to witness, she is quiet and contented. The other inmates of the asylum still call her the bride; and the baron, as her husband, has the greatest influence over her.

While the physician was telling me these circumstances the baron had succeeded in calming her, and she sat with her arms folded dignified and silent. He was still holding her hand, when the woman whom we had left swinging in the hammock, came stealing up behind the trees on tip toe, and putting her hand suddenly over the baron's eyes, kissed him on both sides of his face, laugning heartily, and calling him by every name of affection. The contrast between this mood and the infuriated one in which we found her, was the best comment on the good man's system. He gently disengaged himself, and apologised to his lady for allowing the liberty, and we followed him to another apartment.

It opened upon a pretty court, in which a fountain was playing, and against the different columns of the portico sat some half dozen patients. A young man of eighteen, with a very pale, scholar like face, was reading Ariosto. Near him, under the direction of an attendant, a fair, delicate girl, with a sadness in her soft blue eyes that might have been studied for a *mater loloroso*, was cutting paste upon a board laid across her lap. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was about, and when I approached and spoke to her, she laid down the knife and rested her head upon her hand, and looked, at me steadily, as if she was trying to recollect where she had known me. 'I cannot remember,' she said to herself, and went on with her occupation. I bowed to her as we took our leave, and she returned it gracefully but coldly. The young man looked up from his book and smiled, the old man lying on the stone seat in the outer court, rose up and followed us to the door, and we were bowed out by the baron and his gentle maiden as politely and kindly as if we were concluding a visit to a company of friends.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ARICA.

We have been favoured with the perusal of a letter received in town from a gentleman residing at Lima, containing an interesting account of the great earthquake at Arica and Tacna, as witnessed by his correspondent at the latter place. The following extracts will be read, doubtless, with interest.

Tacna 18th Sept. 1833.—We were this morning visited by one of the most fearful earthquakes which this city has ever experienced, the consequences of which have been dreadful, both in the destruction of property and of lives. It occurred about six o'clock, while most of the people were in bed, and was followed in a quarter of an hour after wards by another not quite so strong, but said to have been as bad as that at Caracas where so many lives were lost. There was no noise as is usually preceding the shock, but it came upon us suddenly in its full strength, and lasted half a minute or more. Had it continued a few seconds longer, or had it taken place during the night or on any of the festival occasions, when the churches are generally filled, half of the population must have perished; as it was many were buried alive under their houses, and in the churches while at mass.

The Governor immediately after called a meeting of the Cabildo, who have ordered all the houses in the least degree dangerous to be pulled down. The soldiers are now employed in this duty, and have already disinterred a number of bodies principally females and children, from the ruins. Several persons were taken from their houses from holes made in the walls, the door being firmly closed, and others who were crushed beneath the fallen materials, were taken out more dead than alive. I witnessed a number of most affecting scenes, husbands deplored of wives and children, who were bruised and disfigured in the most shocking manner. One woman with her child, were found wrapt together in a blanket, she having prepared to run out, but was stopped, by the door being twisted and blocked up. Two were found under the ruins of the church, clasped in each others arms, having resigned thus to their fate, when prevented from escaping. It is lamentable, that the loss of many lives was occasioned by the ignorance and superstition of the people, who remained in the churches for greater safety. The sub-prefect was out of town, but arrived at twelve o'clock, and is using every means to mitigate the consequences of this sad catastrophe. The foreigners, however, had in the mean time opened a subscription for the relief of the poorest sufferers, and a list has been filled, including the whole of them at one to three doubloons each, which will amount to something handsome. The loss of property has been very great; and in this place alone it is estimated at from 2 to 300,000 dollars. Indeed I should suppose more, for scarcely a house has escaped without more or less injury. The number of bodies found are about twenty, but there are about 500 cart loads of rubbish to be removed yet from the ruins of the church, which will take some time. However, there are few missing now.

Sept. 19th. By the post this morning, we have received a confirmation of the report in circulation last night of the total fall of Arica, not a habitable house remaining—two lives lost—only, which is so far consolatory. The elegant new Custom House, which has just been finished at a great expense is reduced to ruins. We are all thankful, deeply thankful to the Almighty for our preservation; none of the victims are foreigners. The merchants suffer severely from the impoverished state to which their debtors are reduced; no business can be done for sometime. The greater part of the purchasers from Arequipa, Moquiqua, Cochobamba and other parts of the interior have started off to see how their families have fared. Calana, Pachia, Lama, Loumba, and the other towns we have yet heard from, have suffered equally with ourselves in proportion to their size; in the latter the whole of the last year's wine has been lost, by the vessels in which it was contained breaking in the vaults. We have had a succession of shocks since to the number of twenty already, and cannot remain in our houses a moment without the greatest apprehension. We anxiously wait the particulars of this disastrous earthquake from other parts of the country, over which it must have extended generally.

N. Bedford Mercury.

From Hook's Comic Annual.

JOHNSONIA.

'Do you really believe, Dr. Johnson,' said a Litchfield lady, 'in the dead walking after death?' 'Madam,' said Johnson, 'I have no doubt on the subject; I have heard the Dead March in Saul.' 'You really believe, then, Doctor, in ghosts?' 'Madam,' said Johnson, 'I think *appearances* are in their favour.'

The Doctor was notoriously very superstitious. The same lady once asked him—'if he ever felt any presentiment at a winding sheet in the candle?' 'Madam,' said Johnson, 'if a *mould* candle it doubtless indicates death, and that somebody will go out like *snuff*; but whether at Hampton *Wick*, or in *Greece*, must depend upon the *gravis*.'

Dr. Johnson was not comfortable in the Hebrides. 'Pray, Doctor, how do you sees,' enquired a benevolent Scotch hostess, who was so extremely hospitable that some hundreds always occupy the same bed. 'Madam' said Johnson, 'I had not a wink the whole night long, sleep seemed to *flee* from my eyelids, and to *bug* from all the rest of my body.'

The Doctor and Boswell once lost themselves in the Isle of Muck, and the latter said they must *spier* their way at the first house they met.' 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'you're a scoundrel: you may spear any body you like but I am not going to run a-Muck and tilt at all I meet.'

'What do you think of whiskey, Dr Johnson?' inquired Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. 'Sir,' said the Doctor, 'it penetrates my very soul' like the *small still* voice of conscience,' and doubtless the worm of the still is 'the worm that never dies.' Boswell afterwards enquired the Doctor's opinion on illicit distillation, and how the great moralist would act in an affray between the Smugglers and the Excise. 'If I went by the letter of the law, I should assist the Customs, but a cording to the *spirit*, I should assist the Contrabands.'

The Doctor was always very satirical on the want of timber in the North. 'Sir,' said he to the young Laird of Icombally, who was going to join his regiment, may Providence preserve you in battle, and especially your nether limbs. You may grow a walking stick here but you must import a wooden leg.'—At Dunsinane the old prejudice broke out,—'Sir,' said he to Boswell, 'Macbeth was an idiot he ought to have known that every wood in Scotland might be carried in a man's hand. The Scotch sir, are like the frogs in the fable, if they had a Log they would make a King of it.'

Boswell one day expatiated at some length on the moral and religious character of his countrymen, and remarked triumphantly that there was a Cathedral at Kirkwall, and the remains of a Bishop's palace. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'it must have been the poorest of sees; take your *Rum* and *Egg* and *Mull* together, and they won't provide for a *Bishop*!'

East India Company is the worst of all company. A lady from Calcutta once endeavoured to curry Johnson's favour by talking of nothing but howdahs, doolies, and bungalows, till the Doctor took, as usual to 'tiffin.' 'Madam, said he, in a tone that would have scared a tiger out of a jungle, 'India is very well for a rubber or for a bandana, or cake of ink; but what with its Shurtpore, Pahlumpore, Barrackpore, Hyderapore, Singpore and Nagpore; its Hyderabad, Astrabad, Bundlebad, Sinbad, and Guzzarathidbad, its a poor and bad country altogether.'

Master M. after plaguing Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin, and a large tea party at Litchfield, said to his mother that he would be good if she would give him an apple. 'My dear child, said the parent feeling herself in the presence of a great moralist, 'you ought not to be good on any consideration of gain, for 'virtue is its own reward.' You ought to be good disinterestedly, and without thinking what you are to get for it.' 'Madam,' said Dr. Johnson, 'you are a fool; would you have the boy good for nothing?'

The same lady once consulted the Doctor of the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. 'Madam,' 'it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school-fellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbed a dozen of orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple tree, for I was always a heavy boy, the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that's why Justice is represented with scales.'

Caleb Whiteford, the famous punster, once inquired seriously of Dr Johnson, whether he really considered that a man ought to be transported, like Barrington, the pick pocket, for being guilty of a double meaning? 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'if a man means well, the more he means the better.'

From the People's Mazazine.

LOWELL.

Lowell, the American Manchester, is situated at the confluence of Merrimack and Concord rivers, twenty-five miles northwest from Boston. This town received its name from Francis C. Lowell, of Boston, who was distinguished by his successful efforts in introducing the cotton manufacture in the United States. The place is undoubtedly destined to be a great manufacturing city.

The growth of Lowell for a few years past has been almost unparrallelled. The foundation of the second factory was laid here in 1822, at which time, the land now included in the town, exclusive of one factory establishment, contained less than one hundred inhabitants.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn the state of the manufactures of cotton and woollen Goods in Lowell at the present time. We are indebted to the Journal of that place for the following statistical remarks:

'The whole amount of capital at present invested, is $6,130,000. The number of large mills in actual operation is nineteen. These mills are each about one hundred and fifty-seven feet in length and forty-five in breadth—of brick, five stories high, each story averaging from ten to thirteen feet high thus giving opportunity for a free circulation of air. The aggregate number of spindles used is 84,000—looms 3000. The whole number of operatives employed is about 5000, of which 1200 are males, 3800 are females. The quantity of raw cotton, used in these mills per annum, exceeds 8,000,000 pounds or 20,000 bales. The number of yards of cotton goods of various qualities manufactured annually is about 27,000,000. Were the different pieces united, they would reach to the distance of 15,300 miles! In this estimate is included about 2,000,000 yards of coarse mixed cotton and woolen negro clothing, in the manufacture of which about 80,000 pounds of wool are used per annum.

'The quantity of wool manufactured annually into cassimers, is about 150,000 pounds, making about 150,000 yards.

'The Lowell Carpet Manufactory is in itself a curiosity. Sixty eight looms are kept in operation by hand labour, viz: fifty for ingrained or Kidderminster carpeting, ten for Brussels and eight for rugs of various kinds. One hundred and forty thousand pounds of wool in the course of a year are manufactured into rich and beautiful carpets, the colours of which will vie with any imported. The number of yards of carpeting made per annum is upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand, besides rugs. The operatives at present employed in all these mills receive for their labour about one million two hundred thousand dollars per annum.

'The Lawrence Company has now but one mill in operation. One other is erected which will be in operation in a short time. The foundation of two others are laid which will be ready to go into operation in the course of this year. (1833.) These mills will contain about 16,500 additional spindles for cotton, and 550 looms, and will use 2,500,000 lbs. of raw cotton annually, furnishing employment for 700 operatives. These three mills will probably be the means of adding at least one thousand five hundred to the population of Lowell.

'The Middlesex Company has lately erected another mill, for the manufacture of cassimers and broadcloths, which is said to become of the first manufacturing edifices in the U. States. It is one hundred and fifty-three feet in length, by forty six, and six stories high. Nearly one million of bricks have been used in its construction. It contains 2,880 spindles, and sixty four looms for cassimers, and forty for broad cloths. It works up about 300,000 lbs. of wool annually, and employs about two hundred and seventy five operatives.

'The edifice, in which all the machinery employed in the mills is manufactured, is termed the 'Machine Shop,' belonging to the Locks and Canal Company, and is probably the largest 'shop' in the country, being built of brick, four stories high, two hundred and twenty feet in length and forty-five feet in width. About two hundred machinists, some of them the most skilful and ingenious workmen in the United States, or in the world, are constantly employed. About six hundred tons of cast and wrought iron, two-thirds of which at least are of American production, are annually converted into machinery, besides a large quantity of imported steel.

'It is computed that upwards of five thousand tons of Anthracite coal are annually consumed in the Lowell Manufacturing establishments and Machine shop, besides im-