

sions, of which we have an account in his own words. He says: "I remarked that paper written upon with lithographic ink and well dried, when dipped in water with which were a few drops of oil, took up this oil on all the written, while the rest of the paper, especially when it had been dipped in gum water or starch water much diluted, remained free of oil. This made me think of trying the effect of paper printed with ordinary printing ink. I tore a leaf from an old book and passed it through a weak solution of gum, and, laying it on the stone, I took a sponge charged with a thin oil color, and rubbed it all over the paper. The printed characters took the color at once while the paper remained white. I then put another white sheet above, put both under the press, and obtained an excellent copy of the printed sheet, although reversed. It would be possible by this method to reprint old books without great cost, or even editions of new ones."

It is singular that, being so well acquainted with the process of transferring old impressions, it did not occur to Senefelder to think of applying them to the stone. This is one of those curious oversights, however, to which all men seem to be liable. Still the persevering artist went on from trial to trial, from deduction to deduction, and at last discovered the method of drawing on stone with crayons—engraving without the use of acids—and executed the earliest chromo-lithography.

In 1799, to secure to himself and those dependent on him a fair share in the profits of his continued labors, Senefelder associated two of his brothers with himself in partnership, and petitioned the king, Maximilian Joseph, to confer on him the exclusive privilege of lithographic printing. A patent for fifteen years had just been made out, when one of the chief editors of music in Bavaria offered him the sum of 2,000 florins if he would teach him his art, and remove to Offenbach to establish a lithographic press. These proposals were joyfully accepted, and three months later the new business was in full activity.

But now, for some years, Senefelder appears to have been engaged in commercial undertakings, more or less unfortunate. After a time he returned to Munich, and found that his brothers had sold their business for a salary of 700 florins. The government refused to confirm his patent, but, in consideration of his merits, and the benefits that

had accrued from his inventions, appointed him, in 1810, inspector of lithography, with a salary of 1,500 florins. Well might he view with pride the results of his labors. This man, inspired by genius and poverty to such patient, faithful study and effort. His artist feeling was deep and strong: he thought far more of excellence of work than of reward, and we are glad to find that he met with such appreciation on the part of the government as rendered him tranquil about his future, and enabled him to devote his time and talents to the attainment of his best ideals.

Senefelder possessed great kindness of heart, and unimpeachable integrity. Being generous and communicative, he had revealed many of his processes to learners, who afterward made use of them to the detriment of their master.

He was very happy in his married life with one in every way fitted to be the companion of a man of genius. With her he returned to Bavaria, living tranquilly on the salary attached to his office, and occupying himself in painting, in which he attained considerable skill. He did not forget his first friend Gleissner, but solicited and obtained for him a comfortable post in one of the government offices.

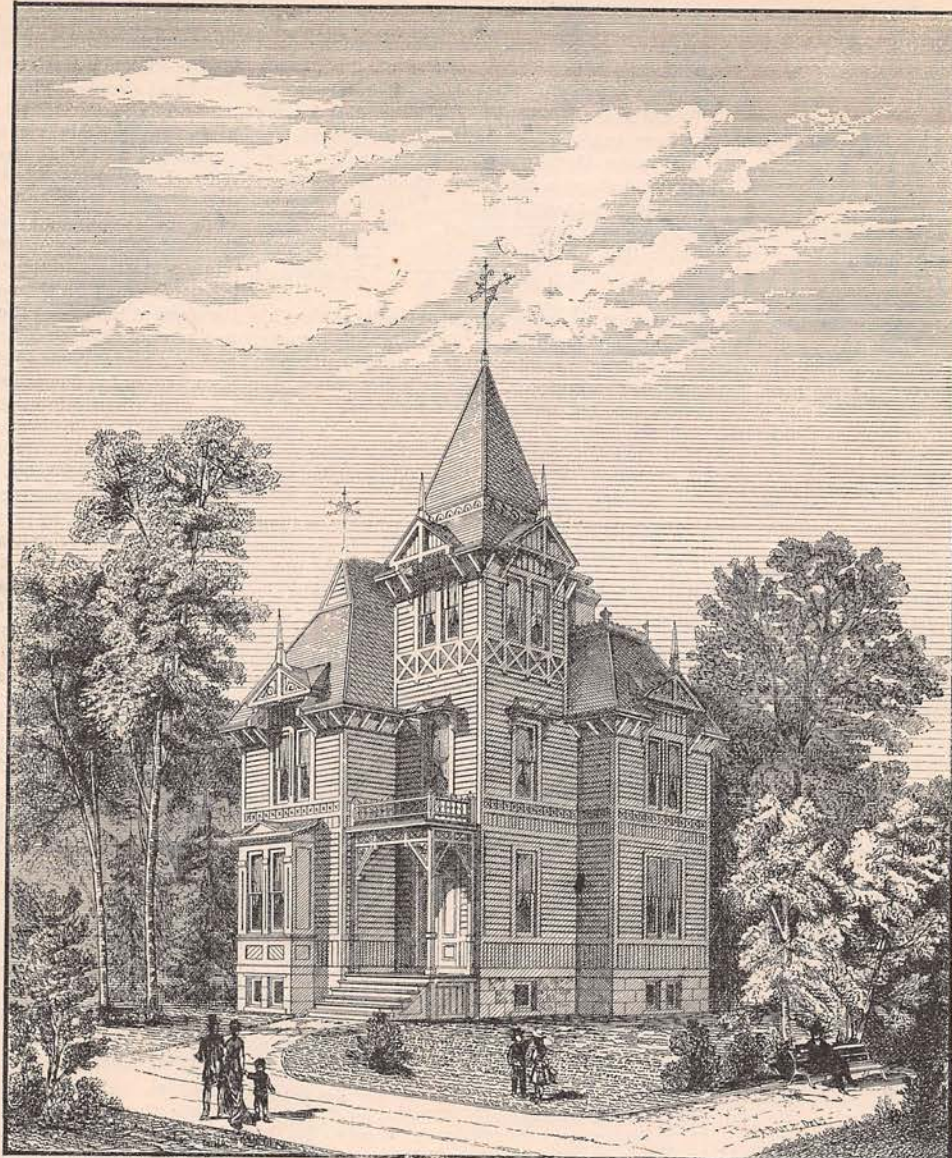
In 1834 disease overtook Senefelder and

he became blind, and died. A bust to his memory was placed in the magnificent Walhalla of Munich, an honor of which he was eminently worthy.

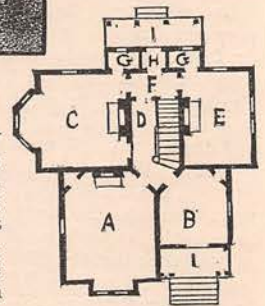
Architectural Design No. 16.

A SUBURBAN residence, designed for Alexa. von Mitzel, Esq., Baltimore, Md., and contains many desirable points architecturally, and when built will make a cheerful and beautiful home, one that any person can well be proud of possessing. All the internal arrangements are perfect and complete, but a house that no one should attempt to erect without first procuring a complete set of drawings, specifications, and details carefully prepared by some competent architect, as often parties attempt to build from sketches, etc., that they see, without fully matured drawings, and only after the house has been completed they find out their mistake.

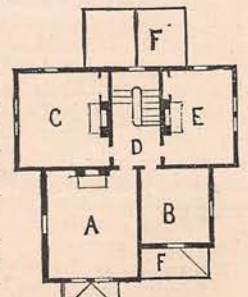
For arrangement of apartments see plans.



SUBURBAN RESIDENCE NO. 16.



—FIRST STORY—



—SECOND STORY—

ON FIRST STORY.—A, Parlor, 14x18; B, Vestibule, 10x12; C, Dining-room, 14x16; D, Stair-hall, 7 feet wide; E, Kitchen, 12x14; F, Passage between Kitchen and Dining-room, 5x6; G, Pantries; H, Rear Entrance; I, Porches.

ON SECOND STORY.—A, Front Chamber, 14x18; B, Chamber, 10x12; C, Chamber, 14x16; D, Stair-hall 7x14; E, Chamber, 12x14; F, Porch Roofs.

Any information regarding the above can be had by applying to the architect, E. M. Butz, Allegheny, Pa.

ending. If, in George Sand, spiritual culture had kept pace with mental culture, if her aspiration toward things high, holy and ennobling, had equaled her worldly ambition, those declining years, so full of sadness and unrest, might have been the serene, starry evening that succeeds the toilsome, heated day, and death would have come to her as an angel of love, rather than a messenger of fear.

Those to whom God gives transcendent powers must accept with them a greater measure of responsibility. George Sand could not say in dying, that she had written no line she would wish to blot. Her works have left their impress upon their generation; it is no transient impress, it will remain for generations yet to come, an influence for good or evil upon the minds of men. Her word-paintings will live when many a masterpiece that now gazes down upon us from the breathing canvas is forgotten; her ideal creations, sculptured from the purest prose language offered, will endure when even the solid marble crumbles into dust. But is the world better or happier for her having lived in it?

Paris Letter.

PARIS. SNOW. Certainly these two words seem hardly to suit each other, and yet during the last few days they have been mentioned often in conjunction. We have not, as usual, simply seen a whitish tinge upon the house-tops, but have really been blessed (?) with real snow several inches deep. It has been amusing to watch many a good woman, standing with arms akimbo, shovel and broom at hand, undecided how to begin clearing a path. For this is no yearly occurrence; not since 1871 have they been visited by such a downfall, and this recalls to their minds reminiscences of that terrible year, and stories still more terrible arise in their imagination, and are told with a volubility that would puzzle many an adept shorthand writer to note. Within the last few years they have had cold snaps, but not so much snow as now. I remember one winter, in particular, of which they never tire of telling you. On the first evening of January of that year, the theaters were crowded, but when the people were ready to go home, they found the streets covered with ice, so that it was impossible to walk. All the coachmen were obliged to take their horses from their carriages and leave them in the street, and many persons, who found it impossible to proceed, remained in these all night, or found shelter in the deserted omnibuses, whose conductors had detached their horses, and were trying to get them to their stables without accident. This, however, was a difficult task, which was proven by the shops for selling horse flesh being overstocked the following day. Many persons were obliged to crawl, and numbers only reached their homes by removing their shoes, and depending on their stockings to keep them from falling. Now, however, this is all prevented by the snow, but travel has been very difficult. Stages, in spite of extra horses and strong adjectives of drivers, have often been blocked, and the horse cars have been really a novel sight, with eight horses attached—for they have no snow-plows here. The occupants seem to be the only ones who enjoy it, and salute each entering acquaintance with "*Eh bien! Voilà la neige!*" which exclamation sounds very much like "Would you have thought it possible?"

In entering the busy parts of Paris, you are struck by a novel sensation. The usual rattle of wheels has altogether ceased, and carriages and carts glide through the street, putting you much more in mind of the ghost in Hamlet than they can do at home, where we are used to this sort of

thing. Everything seems hushed; even the unceasing prattle of the Parisian is subdued.

Walking up the *Avenue de l'Opéra*, you behold a pretty sight. The morning is now somewhat advanced, a faint ray of sun has brightened for a moment the somber atmosphere, and before you, at the extremity of the avenue, appears the Opera House, with its golden statues reflecting the sunlight that has given to those parts covered with snow a delicate pink hue. But alas! as the day advances, what a change takes place! The immaculate whiteness is replaced by a grayish substance, half water and mud, through which you have to paddle your way as best you can. Fortunately, you are not long before having some hopes that things will soon improve. In almost every street appears a small army of improvised scavengers, recruited from unemployed working-men. They set to work with a will, and before long the crossings are cleared, and then they commence on the sidewalks, for in Paris these are considered as belonging to the public, and therefore it is the place of the public to keep them clean. One and all are of the opinion that the Government should take such measures as would prevent the citizen deriving any inconvenience from an occasional snow-storm. It is surprising they should complain, when there are so many employed to keep the city clean. The last fall may have been a little too strong for the municipality; nevertheless, as a rule, Paris is very well prepared to deal with such phenomena. In fact, a whole army of sweepers are employed—25,000 in ordinary times, and 2,000 auxiliary sweepers, who work only half a day. In exceptional cases, the street administration engages as many special hands as it thinks fit—sometimes as many as 1,500 or 2,000. The administration, therefore, disposes of some 7,000 workmen, including the heads of brigades and the inspectors. A brigade is composed of 115 men and women, for women are employed as well as men. In ordinary times, their day begins at three o'clock in the morning, and ends at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the half day at ten o'clock in the morning. The half day is paid twenty-four cents to thirty-five cents, and the supplementary hands are generally paid at the rate of six to eight cents per hour.

The grand annual fair, that I failed to mention in my last, was a great success this year. This fair, which commences at Christmas and lasts for a fortnight, is really a great affair for the young and old, rich and poor. It is the huge Paris Christmas tree. Its boughs extend from the *Madeleine* to the *Bastille*, from the Observatory to the "*Gare de l'Est*," and each of these inimitable thoroughfares are lined on either side by a string of stalls, crammed with the latest productions of Parisian ingenuity, and admired by the strangest crowd that a large city can produce. For once in the year the boulevards become the resort of all classes of society. The aristocratic lady of the *Champs-Élysées* is elbowed by the working girl from the dingiest suburbs; the swell, by the workman; the elaborately got-up son and heir by the shoeless urchin; all eager to gaze on the amazing objects displayed before them. Here is a wonderful doll, dressed in the height of fashion, there skillful acrobats, delightful tea sets, Noah's arks, with all the beasts of creation, trumpets and drums, guns and swords, glittering trinkets, laces, ribbons of all colors, sweets of all kinds, objects to satisfy all. How the venders exert themselves, as only the French can, in showing off all these wonders! How they coax good-natured fathers and kind-hearted mothers to loosen their purse-strings, and what rebuffs and back-handed slaps they give the poor waifs, who, having got too near, and having no money to spend, have to satisfy themselves by feasting their eyes! With unflinching energy will these

enticing salesmen offer their wares; until, at length, the police authorities notify them that it is time to shut up shop. Then you will hear them shout, in the highest pitch of what remains of their voice, that now is the time to buy, for they are not selling, but "*donnant tout pour rien*" (giving everything for nothing). And to some extent this is true, for, on the last day of the fair, it is sometimes remarkable the bargains one can find.

Of course during the past month the excitement has been the great lottery of the Exposition, but now it has about blown over, as all the things of value have been drawn. If you are still a holder of a ticket, it is hardly worth while to search for your number, for, if it is found among the winners, it will probably have drawn a bundle of candles, a box of toilet soap, a pound of candies, a cake, or something of the sort; and yet, even with these small prizes still out, there is some little interest left; but now nearly every one is of the opinion that those who failed to buy were the most fortunate; at any rate, the most sensible.

Yesterday I heard of one man who had drawn—with only *twenty tickets*, at one franc each—three prizes, amounting to the enormous value of eleven francs. These three prizes consisted of a broom, a bottle of wine, and a pair of baby's shoes—(report says that he is a bachelor).

Last week two soldiers drew, on a joint ticket, a piano, and, being unable to decide which should have it, sawed it in two. I have not yet heard of any particular case of lunacy on account of having drawn a great prize; but as all Paris was not long since about crazy on the subject, the particular cases were indiscernible.

Our Easter Cross.

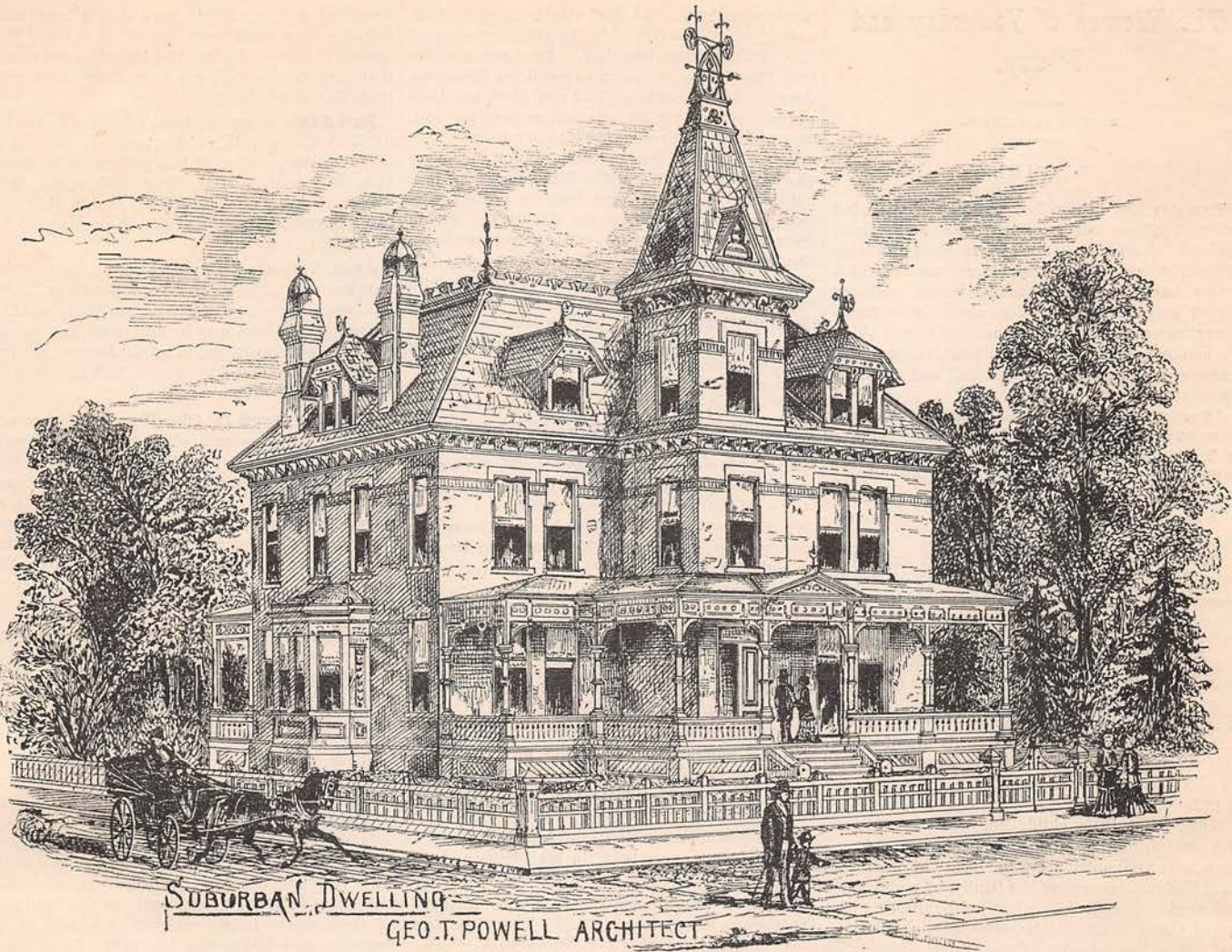
SWEET Easter flowers
That blossomed fair
In sunny hours
So bright and rare,
To weave a cross
For us to bear—

A cross of flowers, from Flora's bowers,
Oh, never in this world of ours,
Can we be called upon to take
A sweeter burden for Christ's sake;
And as with joy this cross we bear,
Let glad rejoicing fill the air.

For angels bright
From worlds of light,
Have rolled away
The stone to-day,
And from the tomb,
Mid dust and gloom,
The Saviour stands
With upraised hands!
Ascending high
Beyond the sky,
He intercedes
For us, and pleads
That we may stand
At His right hand.

Suburban Dwelling.

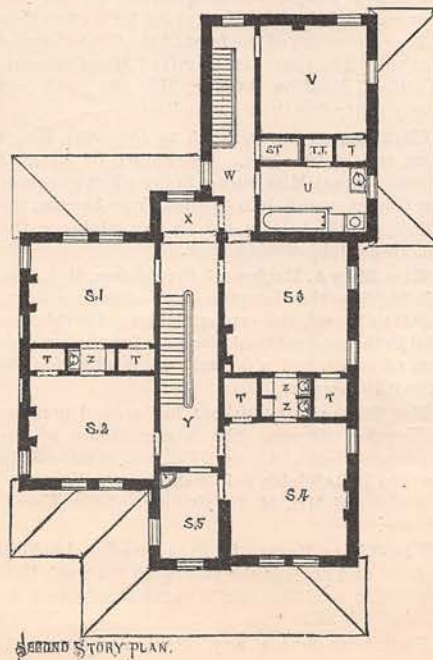
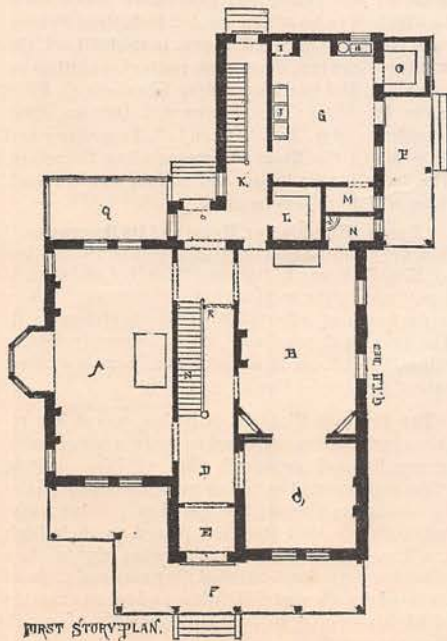
THE carefully planned and commodious dwelling presented in this number, and shown by the plans and perspective, will need only to be examined to be appreciated. The interior is systematical and convenient; while the exterior is elegant and imposing. The design is a combination of the best ideas produced by architects, and is the prevailing style now in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. The structure is of brick, with outlines of dark-colored brick. The windows and doors have sills and caps of stone moulded.



The cornices, etc., are of wood. The roofs are of varied colored slate. The plans are arranged to supply the wants that ladies complain of as not being complete, i. e., "easy and inviting stairs;

large and spacious closets, and plenty of them." All the plumbing has been located to avoid sewage gas from getting into the main building, and to overcome this serious objection. The dining-room

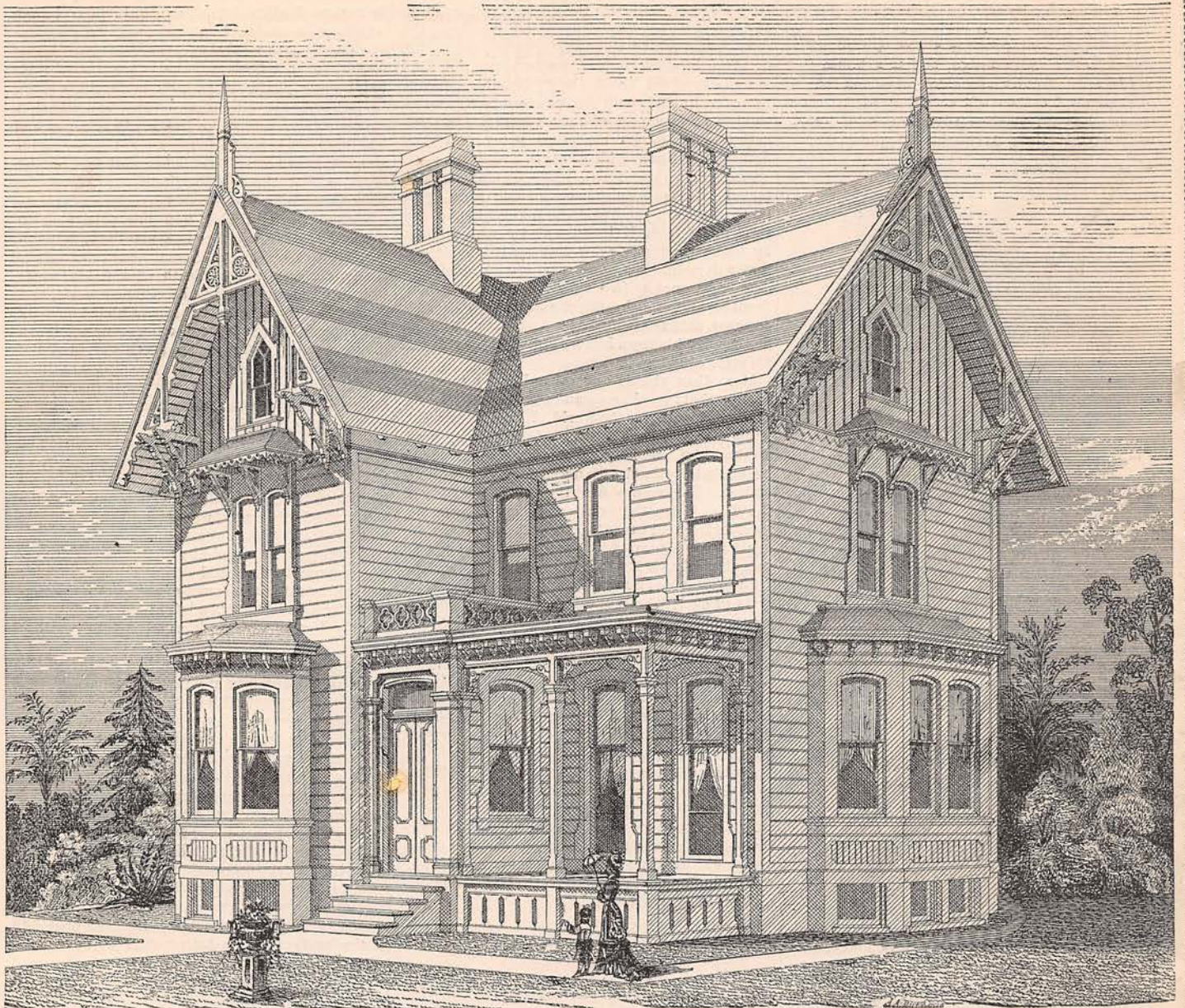
and library will be wainscoted. This dwelling will cost about \$5,000 in convenient localities. It is important in having a house built to have prepared all drawings, to enable builders or contractors to estimate the total expense before commencement; also to make a complete edifice satisfactory to the owner.



REFERENCE FOR PLANS.

- | FIRST STORY PLAN. | SECOND STORY PLAN. |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| A Parlor, 15'6" x 30'0" | S 1 Chamber, 13'0" x 15'6" |
| B Dining-room, 15'6" x 24'0" | S 2 " 13'0" x 15'6" |
| C Library, 14'8" x 14'0" | S 3 " 15'6" x 16'6" |
| D Hall, 7 ft. 6 in. wide. | S 4 " 15'6" x 16'6" |
| E Vestibule. | S 5 " 7'6" x 11'6" |
| F Veranda. | T Closets. |
| G Kitchen, 13'6" x 18'6" | U Bath Room. |
| H Sink and Boiler. | V Servants' Room, 13'6" x 13'0" |
| I Pots. | W Rear Hall. |
| J Wash Tubs. | X Lobby. |
| K Kitchen Hall, 5'6" wide. | S T Woolen Closet. |
| L Stove Room, 6'6" x 7'0" | T T Wash Clothes. |
| M Dish Closet, 3'0" x 6'0" | Y Main Hall. |
| N Private Closets. | Z Toilets and Water. |
| O Kitchen Pantry. | |
| Q Conservatory, 15'6" x 8'0" | |
| R Glass Sash Door. | |
| Z Main Stairs. | |

The designs are from Mr. Geo. T. Powell, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and 141 Centre Street, New York. Complete drawings, plans, etc., and any further information, can be obtained by addressing the architect as above.



Architectural Design.

This residence was erected during the past year by Wm. F. Ross, Esq., at Glenfield, Allegheny

Co., Pa., from designs, drawings, etc., prepared by Edward M. Butz.

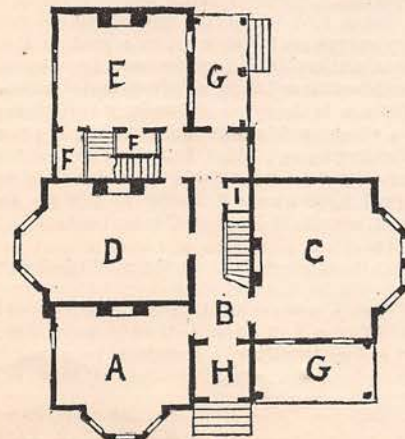
The following is a general description of same.

THE FIRST FLOOR CONTAINS APARTMENTS AS FOLLOWS :

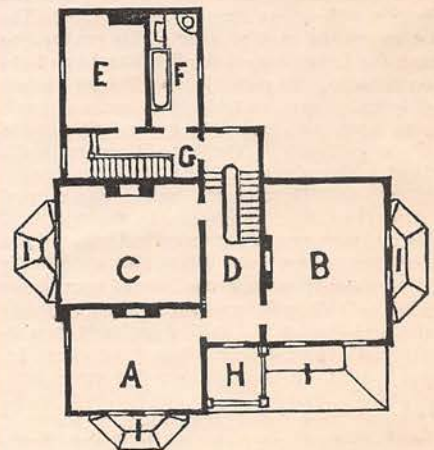
- A Library, 16 x 18 feet, with bay window in front as shown on plan.
- B Main stair hall, 8 x 20 feet.
- C Parlor, 16 x 20 feet, with bay window at side.
- D Dining-room, 16 x 18 feet.
- E Kitchen, 14 x 16 feet, with pantries and back stair hall between the same and dining-room ; also connection with main stair hall.
- F F are Pantries.
- H Front Vestibule, 8 x 8 feet.
- I Coat Closet, under main stairs.
- G G Verandas.

THE SECOND FLOOR CONTAINS APARTMENTS AS FOLLOWS :

- A Chamber, 16 x 18 feet.
- B Chamber, 16 x 20 feet.
- C Chamber, 16 x 20 feet.
- D Main Stair, 8 x 20 feet.
- E Servants' Room, 10 x 14 feet.



FIRST STORY.



- F Bath Room, 6 x 14 feet.
- G G Back Stair Hall, same having connection with main stair hall on the platform as shown.
- H Balcony over vestibule of first story.
- I I I I Veranda Roofs.