



THE INVENTOR OF THE POWER LOOM.

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THE invention of the stocking loom marks an era in mechanics which is of the utmost interest, and whose importance we are apt to forget in these days when everything that we have or want is made by machinery with so much ease and rapidity that we forget the comforts it has supplied to the millions who formerly only possessed them by the slow, expensive process of hand labor, and glorify the past as if it were better than the present.

Our picture shows Dr. Edmund Cartright, the inventor of the power loom, as he sits watching his wife as she knits a stocking with her baby upon her lap. Dr. Cartright was at this time a Church of England clergyman, forty years old, a native of Nottinghamshire, and had never interested himself in mechanics. This was in 1783. By April of the succeeding year he has his idea, which had sprung, as it were, full grown into existence, embodied in a loom, and in complete working order. In the meantime, however, he had consulted well-known cotton spinners and intelligent mechanics, and had received much encouragement. No great

invention ever belonged entirely to one person—it has grown to the time of its birth in the womb of time, and favoring conditions project it upon the waiting world. Not that the entire world is always ready for the new departure, on the contrary, the ignorant always oppose it, and consider it as directed against their rights, as well as the established order of things. The Cartright invention was no exception to the rule. Up to this time he had been a quiet clergyman, a studious man of letters, but now he found himself in the midst of turmoil, himself and his family the subjects of suspicion and insult. A company had been formed, a factory built, but it was soon burned to the ground with five hundred spindles, by the enraged stocking spinners and working men, who considered their privileges invaded. But the retarding of the work was only temporary, the factory was rebuilt in time, improvements were made, and the world in this direction proceeded to move on its new basis. It was many years, however, before Dr. Cartright obtained any pecuniary benefit from his invention. In 1809 Parliament voted him ten thousand pounds, but a poor acknowledgment for his years of labor and the obloquy he had suffered. He interested himself for years in steam power as applied to locomotion, but he did not live to see it accomplished. He died October 30, 1823,

Only a Friend.

BY JULIA E. LEIGH.

I AM very sad, my darling,
And I cannot think to-night
Of those simple words of friendship,
That, alone, I dare to write ;
If I could but have you with me,
And could hold you to my heart
With a sense that coming ages
Would not tear our souls apart ;

Could even think, my darling,
That this bond of ours would last ;
But I know, too well, that some time
It will be a thing that's past ;
For a woman's love, my darling,
Is to man of little worth
When it's measured, gauged, and fettered
By the other ties of earth.

I AM mad, I know, for dreaming
Of a time that may not come,
When to even words of friendship
Tongue and pen will both be dumb ;
But I've grown so tired of waiting,
When there's nothing at the end,
That I'd almost rather lose you
Than to simply be your friend.