which so many and such fruitless searches had been made in all parts of Europe.

But how had this white powder been discovered? Well, you must know that on the road near Aue, the clay is white and soft, and so clammy when at all moist, that it is difficult for wheel or foot to pass through it. Many a time has the driver of a waggon or light cart had to pull up, and weary himself with hearty tugs at the reins and pushes at the wheels, which you must own is not pleasant, especially when there are ladies in the cart, and you would fain show your skill as driver; but that white stiff clay was not to be resisted, and cared nothing for the effect. One day Schnorr, the ironmaster, came by that way, and noticed with observant eye the trouble the beasts had to get over the road. It occurred to him that this mud or clay might be dried or calcined, and turned to profitable hair-powder. He brought home a sample—was successful—and behold the result!

Böttger, having achieved a great success, became intoxicated with the result. It was a lucky accident, if there be such things as lucky accidents in a God-governed world; certainly it was not the result of laborious research: the ironmaster had found the clay, and made hair-powder thereof; Böttger found the hair-powder, and in it, lo! the kaolin long sought. And now he was not only the maker of porcelain, but the maker of his own fortune. The powder was his philosopher's stone. He grew rich, indulged in expensive habits, was admitted into fashionable circles—a china lion of the Dresden pattern, to be petted and caressed. The flatteries and favours brought with them the penalty. He lived too fast and died too soon.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

Among our English potters, the most prominent position is deservedly bestowed on Mr. Josiah Wedgwood. He was born at Burslem in 1730, where his father carried on the business of a potter. This town is said to have derived its name from two Saxon words—*bym*, a stream, and *lœm*, clay, that is, a clayey stream, or, as some

would have it, clay town. This would appear to indicate a very early date to the establishment of potteries in that neighbourhood. After receiving an education, which could have comprised little more than reading and writing, since it ended in his eleventh year, Josiah was inducted into his father's factory, and worked at the potter's wheel,—a lively, merry-hearted fellow, who worked right willingly when work was to be done, and could play right willingly also when welcome play-time came.

POTTERS AT WORK.

When he was about thirty years old, he went into business on his own account in a small thatched building very unpretending in aspect, but all the more promising on that account. Finding himself so far successful as to warrant an increase in his establishment, he secured additional premises, which, as his work-people were summoned and dismissed by the ringing of a bell, were known as the Bell Works.

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