The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1868.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

The Toilers on the Sea.

BY R. H. W.

I.

It is a dark and stormy night for the toilers on the sea,
God bless us; and God bless them, that saved they may be,
For one who on the land has dwelt, can seldom ever know,
Of a sinking ship at sea, of the grief, and tears, and woe.

II.

So let us pray this stormy night, for the ships on a rock bound coast,
For the captain and his gallant crew, that they may be not lost.
In fact, it is a fearful night to be driving on a rock,
Expecting every moment to feel the fatal shock.

III.

So let us on our knees and pray for the toilers on the main,
That they may saved be, to return to home again.
That the wind should cease to blow and the billows cease to rise,
For it is a dreadful thing to see and hear one's drowning cries.

IV.

We in our warm houses, and by our fires bright heat,
Never think of the icy sea, of the frost, and rain, and sleet,
Which the sailor has to bear for us, in the cold, and ice, and snow;
Of these we never care, and seldom ever know.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS, ETC.

[Prepared for the New Orleans Crescent.]

Boston and vicinity annually consume 400,000 cords of oak and hemlock bark in tanning leather.

A pumpkin weighing 326 pounds has been grown in the valley of the Loire, France, this season. It was sold in Paris for 300 francs.

An acre of plantain will produce as much food as forty-four acres of potatoes, or one hundred and thirty-three acres of wheat.

The British Museum has more than 120 000 varieties of coin. The Paris collection is still greater.

Oysters are worth $10 to $30 per thousand in New York.

In the hemlock forests of the North and East, 1000 barrels of the extract of bark are made daily; about four-fifths of which go to Europe.

Philadelphia has sixty marble yards and ten steam mills for preparing marble for its various uses.

The only mine of chromate of iron in the United States is near Baltimore, and is valued at $3,000,000.

The largest lead mines in the United States are the Perry and Valle mines, in Jefferson county, Mo. They have yielded from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 pounds of ore annually for the last forty years.

A wrought iron jail has been built in St. Louis, and shipped to Potosi.

A manufacturing firm in Peoria, Ill., turns out 1,000 steel plows per week.

A firm in Racine, Wisconsin, manufactured over 1,125 threshing machines last year.

There were 255 patents issued from the patent office during the week ending 6th October.

It is said that $15,000,000 have been expended in the States during the last ten years, in maintaining strikes, by labor associations.

In England, there are over 700 co-operative associations, and more than 1,500 in Prussia.

Life statistics show that printers and shoemakers live but 33 years on an average after they attain manhood.

A man in Southern California made $30,000 last year by gathering mustard-seed.

A factory in Portland, Me., puts up 12,000 cans of sweet corn daily.

New York city has at present 1,200 organ grinders and 10,000 thieves.

In Louisiana there are, this year, 397,291 acres more land planted in corn than in 1867.

A farmer in Lebanon, N. H., this season, raised 3,000 bushels of potatoes from thirteen acres of land.

In 1802, merchants in New Orleans shipped some 400,000 pounds of indigo, the produce of Louisiana.

About seventy establishments in Baltimore are engaged in canning oysters. They sell them at $1.50 per dozen for one pound cans, and $2.50 per dozen for two pound cans.

The five (so-called) military districts have 1,945,399 acres more land planted in corn this season than in 1867. An average product of twelve bushels per acre will give 23,344,788 bushels over last year's crop in these States.

The interoceanic canal at the Gulf of Darien will be about 34 miles long. For a canal 270 feet wide on the surface, 150 feet wide at the bottom, and 31 feet deep, the estimated cost is $80,000,000.

The war against Paraguay has already cost Brazil $200,000,000 in gold.

During the month of August last there were 781,020 boxes chewing tobacco, and 6,426 boxes smoking tobacco shipped from Richmond, Va.

The value of oysters annually consumed in New York city is estimated at $3,000,000.

The Pioneer Woolen Mills, in San Francisco, contains 7,000 spindles, 72 broad and fancy looms, and employ from 375 to 400 hands.

The Pacific Glass Works, near San Francisco, turn out $10,000 worth of glassware per month.

At a recent meeting of the New York Agricultural Society, it was stated that "the writings of Dr. Asa Fitch (state entomologist) had saved annually to the single State of New York the large sum of $50,000."

There are 3,646 flowering plants known in our territory east of the Mississippi.

A farmer near Milton, N. C., sold his last year's crop of white beans for $1600.

A farmer in Glynn county, Ga., has an olive orchard of 250 trees—a portion of them now in fruit. He expects to make a few hundred bottles of oil this season.

Shrimps are shipped from Charleston, S. C., to New York, and sell for eighty cents per quart.

Buckingham county, Va., has twenty steam saw mills in operation, and about the same number of new mills being erected to run by water power.

In 1830 the United States had 41 miles of railroad completed. By the end of this year there will be 40,000 miles of track completed, at a total cost of $1,800,000,000. Great Britain has 13,289 miles of railroad.

Manufacturing in New England seems to be profitable. The average value of the stock of fifteen of the leading companies is now $876 per share for $100 paid in. No need for a protective tariff.

During the two weeks ending 30th ult., there were 3814 cases of boots and shoes shipped from Boston for New Orleans.

A tannery at Allentown, Pa., turns out 1000 sides of leather per week.

At the late fair of the New Jersey Agricultural Society, a horticulturist exhibited 125 species of evergreens.

From 75,000 to 100,000 orange trees were set out in Florida last year.

Bayard Taylor is said to be worth $80,000, and owns three shares in the New York Tribune.

One firm in Chicago turns out 75 cases boots and shoes per week, and another turns out 25 cases of slippers per month.

The three copper fields of Missouri extend through seven counties and include 500,000 acres of land.

The labor congress, which recently met in New York city represented 600,000 working men.

The Wenham Lake Ice Company have bought a lake in Norway, from which they will supply London with ice.

Statistics kept for the last two hundred years show that the lives of New England ministers, who preached two sermons on the Sabbath, averaged sixty years.

An orange tree, on the St. Johns river, Florida, produced this season 7000 oranges, which sold for four cents each.

The Southwestern Fruit-grower's Association will meet at Osyka, Miss., on Wednesday, 14th inst.

There were 42,257 exhibitors at the late great exhibition at Paris in 1867.

The Apprentices' Library in New York contains 40,000 volumes.

New England and the Middle States produce five-sixths of all the leather made in the United States.

A twenty-five acre truck farm near Norfolk, Va., yielded $175 per acre net profit.

The British pound sterling is the basis of currency for 36,477,000 of people. The dollar is the basis of currency for 137,900,000; and is the recognized standard of commercial value for 487,000,000 more, or about three-fifths of the whole human race.

A building and loan association has been organized in Macon, Ga.

Out of 200 English sparrows bought for Boston Common, 180 died on the passage.

There are over 100 subordinate typographical unions in the United States.

It is estimated that there will be 50,000 miles of railroad in the United States at the end of 1870.

A comb factory is in operation at Alton, Ill., turning out 100 dozen combs per day.

A firm in Atlanta, Ga., has received and shipped 200,000 pounds of dried fruit this season.

Since its removal to Belgium, Rochefort's Lanterne has increased its circulation to 120,000 copies.

A CHAT ABOUT DESSERT.

[From All the Year Round.]

Alas! for that time, "how far unlike the now and then," when, little John the Baptists that we were, with our heads in chargers of frill, we cared not yet for any of those toys of humanity, double firsts, miters, seats in parliament, fox hounds, yachts, etc., those unsatisfying toys, and were supremely happy with what we had been expecting for several hours—the fat, plump fig with the golden seeds, and the spoonful of West Indian jelly, which were solemnly handed over to us after dinner, on the night of the annual party, by the tall severe gentleman, (friend of the family,) who evidently regarded our arrival from the nursery with the intensest disgust, thinly covered over by a miserable varnish of gay benevolence.

On those rare dinner-party days it was our habit to prowl round the butler's pantry and keep a bright lookout about the top shelves for those green dishes full of almonds and raisins, those piles of oranges stuck proudly with stiff shiny laurel leaves, or those little morasses of golden green preserve, showing dark against the sparkling light of cut-glass dishes, generally supposed in the family to be of priceless value. The search being illegal, the very illegality gave it a kind of charm. It partook of the character of poaching. It became then a serious speculation among us junior members of the family what there would be at dessert—whether chestnuts, or if the cherry brandy would be brought out; if there would be a pine or a melon; whether the grapes would go round, and ever reach us; whether we should refuse biscuits if they were likely to deprive us of a second orange, and so on. No stockbrokers on 'Change, no slippery rogues with a new martingale at Wiesbaden, ever speculated more on possibilities than we youngsters did as he brushed our hair to go down after dinner. Then was the time that fruits were enchanted things to us, and always seemed fresh from fairy land.

The Persian melons with the obscure Arabic inscriptions on their rinds worked in white threads, were just those that turned into Cinderella's coaches. Those leather-coated chestnuts came from Don Quixote's country. Those little bags of wine, called grapes, grew on the Rhine—perhaps by the Rats' Tower where the wicked bishop was eaten up. Every fruit had its story, and was at once a picture and a legend.

That pleasant little combination dish of fruit that they bring you after dinner at a French restaurant called Les Quatre Mendiants, as strongly suggests a legend as does the French name for aromatic vinegar—the Vinegar of the Four Thieves. The latter story is that, rubbed over with this pungent liquid, four thieves of Marseilles, during the time of the great plague in that city succeeded in safely plundering the dead. The Four Beggars is an equally suggestive name. Who were these four beggars? In what reign did they live? Did they ever live? Were they Holbein men, with great slashed sleeves, tasseled with bunches of greasy ribbons—old soldiers of Francis the First, perhaps, who had wrestled with the Swiss? Were they not grim, brown, scarred rascals, ripe for the gallows, gashed by Bernese and Oberland halberds, and beaten about by Burgundian partisans; nimble at cutting purses; nimming heavy gold chains; snatching silk cloaks and feathered velvet caps with cameos and jewels at their sides; dexterous at threading crowds at preachings and professions—sturdy, resolute, heartless, merry, desperate, Heaven-forsaken scoundrels, living for the moment and under the greenwood tree, with their heads against the dead deer, sleeping away the thoughts of the future? Would not Callot have sharply etched their rags and ribbons, and Rembrandt have watched them through a prison grating, while horrible Abhorson was grinding his ax in the courtyard and blinking at the sun? Would not Salvator Rosa have sketched them as they lay on a rock under a shattered oak tree, gambling with torn and greasy cards for a gold crucifix and a pearl rosary? Would not Teniers have pictured them reveling at a village inn, drunk at skittles, tipsy at shuffle-board—swaggering, swearing, pulling out knives, hugging, or stabbing?

It was this same dish about which we once found some stray French verses written on the back of a wine-list in a café in the Palais Royal. They ran, if we may be allowed to roughly paraphrase them, somewhat thus—and, if pointless, they are at least picturesque:

QUATRE MENDIANTS—(THE FOUR BEGGARS.)

Once on a time in the brave Henry's age,
Four beggars dining underneath a tree,
Combined their stores. Each from his wallet drew
Handfuls of stolen fruit, and sang for glee.

So runs the story. "Garçon bring the carte—
So, cut-throats—stay, and, mind, a matelote,
And, Charles—a pint of Burgundy's best Beaune;
In our deep glasses every joy shall float.
That torbosed merchant
The figs with golden seeds, the honeyed fruit
That feast the stranger in the Syrian tent.

"Go fetch us grapes from off the vintage rows,
Where the brown Spaniards gayly quaff the wine
What tiny the azure ripple of the waves
Laughs bright between the green leaves of the vine.

"Nor yet, unmindful of the fabled scrip,
Forget the nuts from Barcelona's shore,
Forked in Iberian oil from olives pressed,
To the crisp kernels adding one charm more.

"The almonds last, plucked from a sunny tree
Half-way up Libanus, blanched as snowy white
As Leila's teeth; and they will fitly crown
The beggars' fourfold dish for us to-night.

"Beggars were happy, then let us be so;
We've buried Care in wine's red glowing sea;
There let him soaking lie—he was our foe—
Joy laughs above his grave, and so will we."

The history of cooking, from the deluge to the passing of the reform bill, would be one of the most stupendous works that ever ruined a publisher. It would run to, say about three hundred and thirty-two volumes folio without the index, and would secure the author a limited income, but an enormous fame. Perhaps the world is hardly ripe for it yet. Let the globe go on turning its round sides like an enormous apple to the sun's fire for a century longer, and perhaps then it will be ready for the book. One volume would be dedicated to the gay and smiling subject of "desserts," and a pleasant, anecdotic little pamphlet of four thousand and odd pages it would make.

The dessert of the middle ages had no special character. There would be a good deal of Cellini cup and Limoges plate and Palissy dish about it, and perfumes and spices enough, no doubt. We picture the cakes like wedding-cakes, heavy, full of citron, rather indigestible; and we imagine certain errors of taste marring the whole affair: as in Ben Jonson's time when, at a lord mayor's feast, a be-ribboned dwarf jester, at a given signal, took a flying header into a huge bowl of custard, to the alarm, terror, indignation and delight of the aldermen, the court gallants and the ladies, whose ruffs, farthingales and slashed hose of silk and satin must have been cruelly splashed and spotted.

In the times of the Medicis and the Bartholomew massacre, the French and Italian nobles had a curious custom of always carrying about with them, in the pockets of their silk doublets, costly little boxes full of bonbons.

Henri Quatre, Mary de Medicis, and all their friends and foes, carried about with them little gold and Limoges enameled boxes, still to be seen at any sale of Messrs. Christie and Manson's; no doubt there was one full of red and white sugar-plums in the pocket of Mary Queen of Scots when she fell dead at the foot of the block in Fotheringay. You may be sure there was one in the pouch of grisly Duc de Guise, with the close-cropped bullet head and the long spidery legs, when he lay dead and bleeding on the polished floor of the Castle of Blois; no doubt as he fell, with a dull thump, a stream of red and white "ten thousands" rolled along the marqueterie. It was a childish custom; it proves that the age had a sweet tooth and a more boyish taste than ours possesses; but it must have been useful for diplomatic purposes and highly conducive to flirting. How the custom must have helped to develop character and illustrate temper! Sir Anthony Absolute could snap his box down and refuse a bonbon, or Malvolio could smile and present his with a bow and a conceited grimace. Jaques would moralize as he gulped a red almond, and Mercutio, holding one between his finger and his thumb, would rattle out a dozen quips before he swallowed the sweetmeat with a laugh and askance look at scornful Beatrice.

It is in Robert May's "Accomplished Cook," published in 1665, five years after the glorious and never sufficiently to be remembered restoration of that father of (a good many of) his subjects, Charles the Second, after, as Marvell said, he had been, like the son of Kish, in exile:

"seeking his father's asses all the while,"

it was at old Lady Dormer's that this zealous servant in his eager pursuit of fame devised a central ornament for a dessert. It gives one a strange notion of the tasteless luxury and coarse pleasures of the society where Rochester fluttered and where Buckingham flaunted. Mr. Robert May expatiates largely on the skill and art required to build a large gilded ship of confectionery—its masts, cabins, portholes, and lofty poop, all smart and glittering—its rigging all ataunto, its bunting flying, its figurehead bright as a gold leaf could make it. Its guns were charged with actual powder, its cargo was two turreted pies, one full (O admirable invention!) of live birds, the other (O incomparable ingenuity of the Apician art!) of frogs. When borne in by pages to the sound of music, the guns were discharged, the ladies screamed and fainted, so much so as to require being held up and consoled with sips of Tokay, the gallants all the while smiling and applauding.

This done, says the zealous and thoughtful man, to sweeten the smell of powder, "let the ladies take the egg-shells full of sweet waters (also part of the cargo of the vessel) and throw them at each other, and all danger being seemingly over by this time, you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pies, and when lifting first the lid off one pie, out skip some frogs, which make the ladies to skip and shriek; next after the other pie, whence come out the birds, who by a natural instinct flying to the light, will put out the candles; so that what with the flying birds, skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and surprise to the whole company." At length the candles are lighted, and a banquet brought in; the music sounds, and every one with much delight rehearses their actions in the former passages. "These," says May, regretfully (for the immoral dish was invented in the reign of James the First) "these were formerly the delight of nobility before good housekeeping had left England, and the sword really acted that which was only counterfeited in such honest and laudable exercises as these." Such were the sports at Whitehall when black-browed, swarthy "Old Rowley" presided at the table, on which grave Clarendon condescended to smile, and which Evelyn and Waller may have watched with blind approval.

The house of Brunswick brought over sound Protestantism, but German taste. Cookery grew cumbrous, dull and uninventive. A vulgar naturalism became the fashion with the Germanized Italian and French cooks of the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole, great about trifles, incomparable decider of the width of a shoe-buckle, keen despiser of all follies and meannesses but his own, neat and fastidious tripper along a flowery path over the vulgar and pauper encumbered planet, derided the new fashion in desserts. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums and creams, simple, unpretending and pleasant facts, had long since given way to fashionable insanity and fashionable rusticity to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese and shepherdesses of Saxon China. This was the Pre-Adamite formation, but these fantastic creatures, wandering about a dessert in a meaningless way among dry frizzly groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be insipid. By degrees the great minds in the white nightcaps soared higher (the imperfect metaphor must be excused,) and there appeared at my Lord Clackmore's dessert, and at the Earl of Tattleton's dinner table, meadows full of paper cattle all over spots, sugar cottages, where Damon and Chloe lived when they were not at the Ridotto, or ambiguous Madame Cornely's great masquerade in Soho Square; pigmy and long-legged Neptunes in cockle-shell cars domineering over oceans of looking-glass and rumply seas of silver tissue. My Lady Fitzbattleaxe, the Honorable Miss Hoopington, the plain Miss Bluesacque, came home from Chenevix's and the India shops laden with dolls, babies, and little gods and goddesses, not for their children but for their housekeepers. Gradually even such brains as those of Frederick, Prince of Wales, whose chosen companions were Desnoyers, the dancing-master, and Bub Doddington the toady, began to deride these little puppet-shows that figured in the center of the Burgundy glasses and the dishes of macarooms. The Dilettante society, and the fashionable visits to Rome and Florence, awakened expanded notions of art. The grandeur of size now struck these pigmy dandies. The ambitious confectioners of the fashionable squares aspired to positive statuary, spindle-legged Venuses, and barber's dummy Marses, in affected postures. Walpole mentions a celebrated confectionery of Lord Albermarle's, who loudly complained that his lordship would not break up the ceiling of his dinningroom to admit the heads, speard-points, and upraised thunderbolts of a middle dish of Olympian deities eighteen feet high.

But even this flight of Lord Albermarle's confectionery was surpassed by an enthusiastic contemporary in the service of the Intendant of Gascony, at a great feast given in the province in honor of the birth of the Duke of Burgundy. The nobles of Gascony were treated with a dinner and a dessert. The latter concluded with a representation, by wax figures moved with clock-work, of the ceremonial of the sick-room of the Dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the great monarchy.

This reminds us of the over zeal of the late Duke of Beaufort's Neapolitan confectionery, whom Mr. Hayward describes as deeply impressed with the dignity of his art. His grace was one night in bed fast asleep, and with the curtains drawn snug, when "he was 'ware of an excited knock at the door several times impatiently repeated. Somewhat impatiently the duke stirred in his warm nest, sat up pulled the curtains back, and asked testily who the —— was there?" A voice answered in broken English:

"*C'est moi seulement*,—it is only me, Signor Duc. I was last night at the opera, and was dreaming of the music. It was Donizetti's, and I have got one grand idea. I rose from my bed. I invented a sorbet. I have named it after that divine narrator, from whom we quote, of Herbault's address to an English lady of rank, when he hurried to her hotel to announce the completion of an order for a turban and ostrich feathers: "Madame, after three sleepless nights, the feathers are arranged."

The prince regent, whose tastes incline to a sort of vulgar and spurious Orientalism, at one of his costly feasts at Carlton House, had a channel of real water running round the table, and in this swam gold and silver fish.

The French epicurean writers say that the dessert should be the girandole or crowning tableau of the dinner. It should surprise, astonish, dazzle, enchant. If the dinner have fully satisfied the senses of taste and the well-balanced apretite, the dessert should address itself to the soul through the eyes. It should rouse sensations of surprise and admiration, and crown the enjoyments that commenced with the removal of the cover of the soup tureen,—that Pandora's casket of a bad dinner, that joy and triumph of a successful and tasteful repast.

The dessert is allowed by all French writers to be Italian in origin. The *maitre d'hotel*, before the italian dessert, arrived, gloried in large dishes, mountains of fruit and sticky hills of sweetmeats. The elegance was clumsy and ostentatious. There was no poetry in it. Paul Veronese's picture of the Marriage of Cana will give some idea of the primeval French dessert. The newer fashion consisted in those futile trees and shrubs and orchards and gardens abused by Horace Walpole; but Frenchmen delighted in the seas of glass, the flower-beds formed of colored sand, and the little men and women in sugar promenading in enameled bowling-greens. This custom had not been introduced in 1664-1666, when Louis the Fourteenth gave those magnificent *fêtes* at Versailles of which Moliere has left glowing descriptions. The sand gardens first appeared in France in 1725, at the marriage of that miserable and selfish voluptuary Louis the Fifteenth with Queen Mary of Poland; and it is said that this princess, brought up in misery and obscurity in the late town of Wissenbourg, was delighted with the fantastic new fashion. It is in the nature of art and science to advance from conquest to conquest. Sir Humphry Davy once said, science grew so fast that, even while he was preparing for the press, his work had to receive constant alterations. Desforges, father of the author of several romances, and the comedies of The Jealous Wife and Tom Jones in London, was the first decorator of those days. He introduced imitation foliage, and gave to the frizzled muslin what was then considered, in the words of one of his eulogizers, "un si grand air de nature et de vérité." To him succeeded another great creature, De Lorme. De Lorme had not such profundity of imagination and creative genius, yet he still found laurels in Paris to harvest, and what he left ungathered were stored up by Dutfoy, of the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, who, *circa* 1805, immortalized himself by forming the center of his dessert of palaces and temples of the severest proportions, of perfect taste and of vast extent. Domes, cupolas, huge peristyles, galleries in perspective, elegant porticos, columns, entablatures, architraves, were moulded by his ingenious and skillful hands. The profiles were of remarkable purity, the ornaments of exquisite taste. The appropriate attributes with which he adorned his temples rendered mythology an after-dinner study, at once agreeable and instructive. To these temples this great man added woods and groves (the trees full of nature), and adorned them with groups of figures of Sevres. He almost gave movement and life to these extraordinary pictures, and, by managing his light and shade with taste, lent an enchantment to the whole, turning even a wood of frizzled muslin into a slice of fairy land.

But the great Dutfoy did not rest here. Naught with him was done while aught remained to do. He was exactly like Cæsar as far as that went. He had already ransacked earth, air, water, to please the senses; he now thrust his hand into the fire. He sought the aid of the pyrotechnist, and that artist, roused by friendship and money, hurried to his succor. He mixed harmless Chinese and scented fire-works with his temples and Greek shrines; at a given signal fire was brought, and the carefully concealed match lighted. In a moment the Temples or Dutfoy were the centres of a whirl of colored fires; a thousand gerbes darted to the ceiling, and shed their scented sparks on the astonished and delighted guests. The noise and fragrance of this fountain of light, flame and color produced a surprise undisturbed by the shadow of a fear; for the sparks, in spite of their brilliancy, were so innocent, that even the finest and most gauzy silks and tissues received no damage from them. Every one allowed that Fairy Land, on a royal birth-day, had been presented to their eyes, and that no more lively and splendid way of terminating a banquet had ever been devised.

It was at this same time that sugar rocks strewn with delicacies were also fashionable at desserts, with fruits glacés au caramel, pyramids of bonbons, iced cheese, etc. At the same period a Parisian confectioner won eternal, or almost eternal fame, say six months' fame—by preparing for state desserts the principal scenes in the opera of "The Bards." Ah, those were times! A confectioner had to keep his wits about him then, and to be at the same time icer, confectioner, decorator, painter, architect, sculptor and florist. Yes, there was room for genius then. A dessert might run to ten thousand crowns.

The dessert is meant for the eyes more than the stomach. Yet what bright and pleasant things have been said "over the walnuts and the wine:" what pretty and gallant compliments paid as filberts have been cracked! How agreeable it is on a winter evening to see a broadside of honest chestnuts bounce and bang from the lower bar of the grate, what time the miserable and tepid formality of smuggling them in, wrapped in a napkin, has been forgotton for the quiet comfort and enjoyment of a really friendly party! The dinner is over, its toils, its glories are past; we are now in a flowering prairie of idleness, with nothing to do but to try fruits, and to sip at all preserves that are not at discord with our wine.

Take it altogether (conventional as it is,) no one would wish the custom of dessert abolished. It is a pleasant little fruit harvest; but the ladies must no longer be suffered to leave us, now the three-bottle days are gone forever. And if English families would only get into the quiet, enjoyable German way of part singing, and would teach their young people to sing, dessert would be the best time for a little agreeable, unostentatious, cosy, natural music.

Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife—
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill,
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn—
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

[Good Words.

THE HONEYMOON HOTEL.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

If you are getting on in years, and want to be reminded seriously of the flight of Time, I recommend you (and especially if you do not go to Chapel) to resort to the Honeymoon Hotel. The situation is "salubrious"—a word, by the by, that seems exclusively appropriated by advertisers—and the prospects it commands sublime. The charges, it is true, are enormous; but then it is not every hotel bill in which a great moral lesson is included. It is located on the southern coast of England, at the foot of a stupendous cliff, with a broad sloping fringe of garden-ground intervening between it and the sea. The cliff itself has also, by the ingenuity of man (aided, as I should think, by the suggestion of woman), been partially cultivated. The winding paths that have been cut in its face are not only adorned with flowers, which awaken thoughts, if not too deep for tears, at least of the deepest wonder as to how they ever got there, but also with innumerable arbors, each for the accommodation of two persons; for there the guests of the Honeymoon Hotel are to be found seated in fond pairs, hand clasped in hand, in ecstatic admiration of the scenery. The panting of the visitor gives sufficient notice of his approach to prevent their being discovered (as they often are in the garden below) looking at one another, and apparently with but one arm apiece. These couples are all young; some of them beautiful, and I dare say accomplished. They are egotistic, of course, or rather Dualistic. They have their being in one another. Land and sea seem to be made for them, and them only, and anticipating. Had I had any idea of the objects of envy that would be presented to my notice, I would have stopped at home rather than have invaded, in company with my middle-aged consort, this Paradise, where every Eve was young as the morn. A broad hint of the state of affairs was indeed dropped by the driver of the coach which conveyed us to this retreat from the railway station; but at that time it was too late to alter our plans.

"Going to the 'Oneymoon 'Otel, are you, sir?" said he. "A very favorite place that is with young couples, *and for the matter of that*," added he with a glance of apology (which was not by any means accepted) at my wife, "*with old uns too*."

This was not a pleasant augury for our self-complacency during our little trip, I think; and it was borne out by the event. We were most favorably impressed, however, by the appearance of the hotel itself, (which, of course, does not go by the name which I have given to it, or persons over thirty would avoid it;) it is more like what is understood by the word bower than an inn; yes, a bower of beatitude. It is overgrown with roses and honeysuckles; the front door bell is so concealed behind a passion flower that a stranger can scarcely find it. A gentle cooing, issuing from a lofty pigeon house, pervades the spot, as though to indicate the presence of the human ring-doves within this temple of love. The apartments are as little like those of an ordinary hotel as of a lodging house. They are well and even tastefully furnished, and lavishly adorned with flowers. Books in elegant bindings, the contents of which are principally devoted to the tender passion, are strewed about the sitting rooms. Byron and Moore seem the favorite authors. The tender passages are underlined in pencil, and there are copious annotations; opposite to the former writer's absurd description of Lara I found written in a female hand, "How like my Charles!"

The above mentioned poets are not particularly popular with us, but my wife and I were both annoyed when we found them removed, upon the second day of our stay, and works of a much more sober character substituted for them; Hannah More's works, for instance, instead of Moore's. This was not the first slight that had been put upon us on account of our advanced time of life. I noticed that the waiter never ventured to enter any other sitting room but ours without first knocking at the door to apprise the devoted pair within. Now, he never knocked at our door. There was, of course, no particular reason why he should, but I think (and my wife thought so too) it would have been more delicate in him to have done so.

The sitting rooms all opened upon a lovely lawn, with rustic benches, adapted for two persons sitting pretty close together; and, besides, there was a veranda similarly provided. The inmates of the hotel shrank from all public notice, and studiously avoided the acquaintance, and even the observation, of their fellow couples; but this veranda afforded, nevertheless, some excellent opportunities to the natural historian. I subjoin some observations upon early pairs—that is, on the character and conduct of newly married couples, as observed daily from a shaded spot in our own parlor, and out of the corner of my eye.

The male bird is first seen. He perches himself on a bench outside, and casts retrospective glances into the sitting-room for the coming of the Beloved Object to make his tea. He is attired in as gorgeous plumage as though he were about to perambulate Pall Mall, instead of a stroll upon the sea-shore all day. The newspaper lies folded on his knee. What are politics or polemics to Edwin, when he is waiting for his Emma? Presently there is a flutter of some ample but delicate substance, and out she comes, in muslin, radiant as a star. She stoops down and presses her coral lips to his sublime forehead, then stands with one hand lightly resting on his shoulder, looking out upon the cerulean deep. She says something in a soft bewitching tone, eulogistic of the scenery. He replies with some pretty compliment upon herself. She pats his manly cheek rebukingly, and steps on to the lawn to pluck a flower for his button-hole; in doing so she catches sight of the present writer, blushes like the rose she has gathered, and flits back with the dreadful news that they are not entirely alone. It is one of the prettiest pantomimes in the world. In some cases this performance is repeated, morning after morning; but in others, the performance, after a day or two, varies considerably. Edwin gradually awakens from his dream of bliss, and begins to take an interest in the Times. I hear him ringing for the waiter, and inquiring, in a tone of solicitude, if there are prawns for breakfast. If he is a sluggard by nature, his old habit reasserts itself, and Emma will present herself first in the veranda, making a sunshine in that shady place. She cuts the newspaper for her lord, but never reads it; she may hold it before her, but it is as likely as not to be upside down. If a smile irradiates her pretty face, it is of him she is thinking. Presently the wretch comes down to receive his tribute of a kiss (I hear it through the open window so distinctly that it gives me quite a thrill,) after which begins a tinkling of spoons—I allude to the breakfast service—and tender, muffled talk. On the third morning, the male bird smokes in the veranda, and I perceive that, instead of the pair of shiny shoes in which he has previously appeared, he wears slippers. The next day I catch him occasionally taking out his watch, as though time was going just a little slow at the Honeymoon Hotel; at the end of the week he yawns. I am sorry for Emma; but I cannot say that I am displeased upon my own account. The contemplation of that unalloyed bliss was something too aggravating. Besides, I feel myself so superior to this careless bridegroom: I I should treat his Emma so differently if she were my Emma; it seemed to me that I should never get tired of her winning ways.

When I said that these happy couples made no acquaintance with their fellow-pairs, I did not mean it to be inferred that they took no notice of one another; quite the reverse. The rival Emmas would regard one another, when each thought the other was not looking, with the eye of a professional valuer or broker; one, so to speak, took stock of the other from head to foot, and certainly did not overestimate her value,—the other Edwin's bargain. Yes, I am quite confident, from the expression of their faces while making these calculations, that they were not extravagant ones. The bridegroom might be injudicious enough to praise, but the bride only *appraised*. She took no notice of the other husbands whatever. You see there was only one man in the world as far as she was concerned; but she was not quite so certain that for her Edwin (although he was almost an angel) there was only one woman. At least, upon no other ground, can I account for her evident hostility towards those who seemed to me as lovely and innocent as herself. As for the rival Edwins, they were not aware of each other's existences.

The position of my wife and myself among these ringdoves was incongruous and embarrassing enough; but if a gentleman and his family were to arrive at the Honeymoon Hotel, I do not know what would be done. The diplomatic waiter would have to explain to him, I suppose, that he had mistaken the character of that establishment altogether. There is no accommodation for children; no facilities for the entertainment of "parties" exceeding two in number. The vehicles kept on hire are generally of that description which Mr. Punch has associated with sending articles to the wash; small basket carriages, in which Edwin lolls like a lotus-eater while Emma drives the pony. Since the institution of the Ark, in fact, I should doubt whether any dwelling-place has been constructed so exclusively for the reception of pairs as the Honeymoon Hotel. It is not adapted for the sober joys of matrimony, but is an asylum devoted to young persons laboring under mental delusion, intoxication, delirium. There is no visible restraint put upon the patients; the rooms are padded only in the sense of being exceedingly comfortable; yet the treatment pursued seems to be most efficacious. In a week, or a fortnight at most, there is a sensible improvement in almost every case. First, there are lucid intervals; and, in time, reason completely reassumes her sway.

The intelligent proprietor favored me with many curious anecdotes concerning the afflicted persons who resorted to his establishment; but I do not consider myself justified in repeating them. The patients referred to are thoroughly cured, and might recognize with pain the description of their short-lived lunacy. Upon the whole, I may say that no reformatory or other institution for the amelioration of my fellow-creatures which I have inspected, ever afforded me so much interest as did my observation at the Honeymoon Hotel. To the friends of "Those who are about to marry," I can most conscientiously recommend this well-conducted retreat; while even over elderly couples—for no bachelor would of course be admitted—the place will be found to exercise a wholesome effect. It will convince them of the absurdity of that period of their lives which they are accustomed to sentimentally regret at its palmy time. The bill being framed, like everything else, for the benefit of young couples only, may be thought by others a little extortionate; but, then, as I before observed, a great moral lesson is included (along with the fees to servants). It will be most unmistakably impressed upon you, that you are not so young as you used to be; that you are out of the category of Honeymoon couples altogether; and that the description of bliss of which you are perhaps an impatient spectator, may be destined for your boys and girls in due time, but never more for you.

I confess, for my own part, that on one or two occasions I did feel just a little envious. Was it wrong? Ah, but if you had only seen the Emma!

Upon the whole, however, in our stolid, long-settled matters of fact fashion we enjoyed ourselves, by a couple of young people, evidently in the worst stage of the local malady, and whose united ages could not have exceeded forty. I heard the female patient make some remark concerning me, as I passed them in the hall, which I felt sure was of a complimentary character, but, being a little deaf, I could not catch the exact words.

"What was it that charming pretty girl said about *me?*" inquired I of my consort, as we drove away.

"I don't agree with you that she is pretty," replied she, severely; "but her remark was, 'How like that gentleman is to dear papa?'"

"Well, my love," replied I, "the coachman was right; we had no business at the Honeymoon Hotel, for we are a pair of old uns."

"Yet he added," said my wife with a touching tenderness, "that we should find it pleasant, nevertheless, and I think we did so."

"My dear," said I, "you are an angel;" and although I dare say the remark has been heard often enough in the neighborhood of the Honeymoon Hotel, I doubt if it was ever so near the truth.

Another Horror on the Lakes.

BURNING OF A PROPELLER—FOURTEEN PERISH IN THE FLAMES—NAMES OF THE VICTIMS AND THE SURVIVORS.

OSWEGO, October 6.—The propeller Perseverance, Capt. John Fitzgibbons, of the Welland Railway, took fire fifteen miles off Putney Villa, about 2 o'clock this morning, and burned to the water's edge. The fire was first discovered by the engineer, who showed it to the first mate, he being then on watch, and almost before they could realize the appalling fact the propeller was completely enveloped in flames. Two other boats were on fire before they could be rescued, but the third was launched, and put off with the two mates and two men and a boy. There were nineteen persons aboard, fourteen of whom, including the captain, perished in the flames.

The propeller Enterprise, of the same line, was about fifteen miles astern of the Perseverance and she picked up the boat containing the above named persons, and arrived here with them this afternoon. The Enterprise remained near the burning steamer until daylight, at which time the wreck was still afloat. The captain's son, who was first mate, is among the saved. The cargo of the Perseverance consisted of 20,147 bushels of corn, for J. S. Mott, of Oswego, and both boat and cargo were insured.

The Perseverance was a first-class propeller, and employed wholly in the grain trade between the Welland Railway and Oswego. This is one of the most heart-rending accidents which has ever occurred on Lake Ontario, and has cast a gloom over the whole community. Capt. Fitzgibbons formerly resided in this city, and was well known and much respected.

The following are the names of the lost: John Fitzgibbons, the captain; Michael Fitzgibbons, the stewart and son of the captain; Alex. McArthur, first engineer; Charles Mason, second engineer; Andrew James, Patrick and Henry Scott, firemen; Dalf Bisnel, wheelsman; four deck hands, with unknown French names, and Mrs. Davis and daughter.

Survivors—Morris Fitzgibbons, first mate and son of the captain; Wm. Thorp, second mate; Peter Leghe, wheelsman; a deck hand, name unknown, and Patrick Lynch, the porter.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1868.

Dear Sir—In your paper of last week you or one of your correspondents say that Dr. Drake is not the originator of the celebrated Plantation Bitters, and that they were manufactured and s