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Select Poetry.

From the Aldine.

TIRED MOTHERS.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little fellow leans upon your knee—
 Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
 Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;—
You do not prize this blessing over much—
 You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is a blessedness. A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
 To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
 That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
 The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest,
 You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
 This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped
 I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
 Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumpled by a shining head:
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Popular Tales.

WRONGFULLY ACCUSED.

It has been many a long day since then, yet I remember it all, just as though it had occurred yesterday.

I was a carpenter; the foreman of a large establishment, and as such possessed the entire confidence of my employer, who, by the way, had been a school-mate of mine.

One day he called me into his office to look at some rare coins he had just purchased.

"Here," said he, placing in my hand a heavy gold piece, "is one which is worth more than all the rest put together. It is a great curiosity. I paid $200 for it, and considered it cheap at that. I could easily double my money in selling it; and so you see, Harvey, it is really a good investment."

"No doubt it is," said I, "though it seems a large sum to have lie idle."

I breathed an involuntary sigh as I laid the coin down on the desk, for $200 would have seemed a fortune to me just then.

The severe illness of my wife and one of my children, and the death of another, made serious inroads on my purse, and it had required the exercise of the utmost economy to keep myself free from debt; nay, I had been obliged to withdraw from the bank the small sum, which, besides my salary, was all I possessed of worldly treasures. Thinking of this, I laid the coin down with a sigh, and turned away to attend to my duties.

The next morning I was again summoned into the office, but this time I met with no friendly greeting, as usual.

"Harvey," said my employer, abruptly, "that gold coin we were looking at has disappeared. I have made a thorough search, but it is not to be found. It has been carried away by some one. You alone saw or knew of it, and—"

He paused and looked significantly into my face. I finished the sentence for him, the hot blood dyeing cheeks and brow as I spoke.

"You mean, therefore that I took it—I!"

"What else can I think? The coin was here; you alone saw it. I cannot recall having seen it since it was in your hands. You are in need of money; you have told me that yourself. It was a great temptation, and I forgive you because of our old friendship, but I cannot retain you in my employ. Here is the salary due you."

"Very well," said I with forced calmness, "so be it. Since you have so poor an opinion of me after years of faithful service, I shall not stoop to defend myself."

Then I took the money he had laid upon the desk, and went out from his presence a well-nigh broken-hearted man.

But for the tender love of my wife, I doubt not but that I would have buried my sorrows in the grave of a suicide.

Supported by that love, however, and the consciousness of my own innocence, I took fresh courage and set resolutely to work to find a new employer.

But powerful is a breath of slander! Turn which way I might, I ever found that the story of my dismissal for theft had proceeded me, and my application for employment uniformly met with a refusal.

Time went on; piece by piece our furniture and every spare article of clothing found its way to the pawnbroker's, until at length even this poor resource failed us, and my children cried in vain for food.

Yet I did not sit down in idle despair; I could not afford to do so; the life or death of all I loved on earth depended on my exertions—and so turning away from them with a heavy heart, I once more set out on the weary search for work.

All in vain! Refusal after refusal met my entreaties for employment, and I was turning homeward with a listless step, when passing an immense church I was attracted by a group of men at its base.

Impelled by some strange impulse, I approached and mingled with them.

A workman was standing near by, looking up at the great steeple, which towered aloft some 250 feet above them, while a gentleman, evidently an architect, was addressing him in earnest language, and at the same time pointing toward the golden cross at the summit of the spire.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, as I drew near, "it must and can be done. The cross must be taken down, or the first heavy gale will send it down into the street, and lives will be lost. Coward! is this the way you back out of a job after engaging to do it?"

"I didn't know the spire was so high up there. Do it yourself if you want it done."

"I would if I were able," said the architect. "But go if you will; let it be. My honor is pledged to have it done at any price—and I can find a braver man than you to do it."

The carpenter walked away with a dogged, slouching step, and the gentleman was about to move away also, when I stepped forward.

"What is it you want done, sir?" I asked. "I am a carpenter; perhaps I can do it."

He turned eagerly toward me.

"I will make it worth your while. Take down that cross and I will pay you a hundred dollars. You will have to ascend those ornamental blocks, and I tell you candidly they are not to be depended on; they must be weak and rotten—for they have been there for years."

I looked up at the spire; it was square at the base and tapered to a sharp point, while along each angle were nailed small gilded blocks of wood.

"It's a dangerous place to work," I said, "and there will be even more peril in descending than ascending. Suppose I succeed in moving the stone, and then—"

"If any accident happens to you, my brave fellow, the money shall be paid to your family. I promise you that. Give me your address."

"Here it is," I said, "and as you value your soul keep your word with me. My wife and children are starving, or I would not attempt this work. If I die they can live on the hundred dollars for a while until my sick wife recovers her strength."

"I'll make it a hundred and fifty!" exclaimed the architect, "and may God protect you! If I had the skill necessary to ascend that steeple I would ask no man to risk his life there. But come, and keep a steady hand and eye."

I followed him into the church, then up into the spire, until we paused before a narrow window. This was the point from which I must start on the perilous feat which I had undertaken.

Casting a single glance at the people in the street below—mere specks in the distance—I reached out from the window, and grasping one of the ornamental blocks, swung myself out upon the spire.

My courage faltered, but the remembrance of my starving family came to my aid, I placed my hand on the block above and clambered up. From block to block I went, steadily and cautiously, trying each one ere I trusted my weight upon it. Two-thirds of the space had been passed, when suddenly the block that supported me moved—gave way. Oh, heavens! never, though I should live a hundred years, shall I cease to shudder at the recollection of that terrible moment.

Yet even in the midst of my agony, as I felt myself slipping backward, I did not for a second lose my presence of mind. It seemed to me that never before had my senses been so acute as then, when a horrible death seemed inevitable. Down, down, I slipped; grasping at each block as I passed it by, until at length my fearful course was arrested, and then, while my head reeled with the sudden reaction, a great shout came up from the people below.

"Come down, come down!" called the architect from the window; "half the sum shall be yours for the risk you have run. Don't try again. Come down!"

But no! more than ever now I was determined to succeed. I was not one to give up after having undertaken a difficult task.

Coolly, but cautiously, I commenced the ascent once more, first seeking in vain to reach across to the next row of blocks, for I did not care to trust myself again on that which had proved so treacherous. This I was compelled to do, however, until the space between the angles became sufficiently small to allow me to swing across. Accomplishing my purpose at length, I went up more rapidly, carefully testing each block as I proceeded.

Ere long I reached the cross, and there I paused to rest, looking down from the dizzy height with a coolness that even then astonished me. A few strokes with a light hatchet that the architect had hung at my back and piece by piece the rotten cross fell to the ground.

My work was done, and as the last fragment disappeared, I found a sad pleasure in the thought that should I never reach the ground alive, my dear ones would have ample means to supply their wants until my wife could obtain employment.

Steadily I lowered myself from block to block, and at length reached the spire window, amid the cheers of those assembled in the street. Inside the steeple the architect placed a roll of bank notes in my hand.

"You have well earned the money," he said. "It does me good to see a man with so much nerve—but—bless me! what is the matter with your hair. It was black before you made the ascent, now it is *gray!*"

And so it was. That moment of intense agony, while slipping helplessly downward, had blanched my hair until it appeared like that of an old man. The work of years had been done in an instant. Entering the cheerless room which was now all I called my home I found a visitor, awaiting me, my late employer.

"Harvey," said he, extending his hand, "I have done you a great wrong. It cost me a terrible pang to believe in your guilt, but circumstances were so strongly against you that I was forced to believe it. I have found the coin, Harvey; it slipped under the secret drawer in my desk. Can you forgive me, my dear old friend?'

My heart was too full to speak; I silently pressed his hand.

"I will undo the wrongs I have done. All the world shall know I accused you unjustly, not through my words only, but through my actions, too. You must be my partner, Harvey. If you refuse, I shall feel that you have not forgiven me."

I did not refuse. Instead, I thankfully accepted the offer, knowing that no surer method could have been devised to silence forever the tongue of slander, and free my name from the unmerited reproach which had of late rested upon it.

Prosperity has attended me ever since that day, but neither prosperity or wealth can efface its memory from my heart, nor restore my locks to their own raven hue.

What it will Do.

Iron made into steel, a rod one-fourth of an inch in diameter will sustain 9,000 lbs. before breaking; tin steel, 7,000 lbs.; iron wire, 6,000 lbs.; bar iron, 4,000 lbs.; inferior bar iron, 2,000 lbs.; cast iron, 1,000 to 3,000 lbs.; copper wire, 3,000 lbs.; silver, 2,000 lbs.; gold, 2,500 lbs.; tin, 3,000 lbs.; cast zinc, 160 lbs.; sheet zinct, 1,000 lbs.; cast lead, 55 lbs.; milled lead, 200 lbs. Of wood, box and locust, the same size, will hold 1,200 lbs.; toughest hickory and ash, 1,000 lbs.; elm, 800 lbs.; beach, 650 lbs.; poplar, 450 lbs. Wood which will bear a heavy weight for a minute or two will break with two-thirds the force acting a long time. A rop of iron is about ten times as strong as a hempen cord. A rope an inch in diameter will bear about two and a half tons, but in practice it is not safe to submit it to a strain of more than about one ton. Half an inch in diameter, the strength will be one-quarter as much; a quarter of an inch, one-sixteenth as much.

Cut your coat according to your cloth is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier we might all be! If we would come down a peg or two in our notions in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have or what we have not which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envy of those who possess more, and the wish to appear in the world of more importance than we really are, which destroys our peace of mind, and eventually leads to ruin.

Things Abroad.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

A PRINCELY MARRIAGE.

ROYAL MERRY-MAKINGS IN BERLIN.

The Court has just favored us with a living commentary upon the 45th Psalm, so rich, so beautiful, so imposing, so fascinating, that I long to gather all the youthful readers of the *Observer* around me while I try what words can do to spread the picture before their eyes. A favorite nephew of the King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany has just been married to the only daughter of the Duke of Sachsen-Altenburg; and the wedding-festival was a series of brilliant pageants that continued four days. The bridegroom is styled Friedrich Wilhelm Nicolaus Albrecht (known as Prince Albrecht,) a handsome man of 36, of good reputation, and quite a favorite because of his fine manners and his general culture; more a man of arts than of the sword. His father, the youngest brother of the king, died last October, and was buried in Berlin with royal and military honors; his mother was divorced more than twenty years ago, but is still living in disgrace, an exile from Germany; but notwithstanding these shadows upon his early home, the new head of the house enters with bright prospects upon a home for the future. A royal prince is not permitted to marry when and as he likes. In affairs of the heart these high people are less free than plain folks, who have nothing to think of but their own happiness. Princes cannot always have their own way. Three or four deaths in the families of his cousins would bring Prince Albrecht to the throne; and hence he could not marry without consent of the king, and the king would not suffer him to marry beneath his rank. It is whispered that in his early youth he had set his heart upon a young lady whom he was obliged to give up because her station was not high enough for a Prince of the blood. This is not his only restraint; for as a member of the royal family and an officer of the army, he must live where the king appoints; and so, instead of occupying the nice palace and grounds of his father in Berlin, and sharing in the gayeties of the Court, he must live at Hanover, where at present his army division is quartered. To be sure, he can there set up a little court of his own, to represent the emperor. It costs some sacrifices to be a prince—but Prussians are trained to absolute obedience to authority. Every prince is even made to learn some trade.

Prince Albrecht has been fortunate in finding a lady suited to his rank, who possesses beauty of person, and good qualities of mind and heart. She is only 18; and we must take breath to repeat her baptismal name, which is as long as the train of her bridal dress that required four ladies to carry it behind her;—Marie Friederike Leopoldine Georgine Auguste Alexandra Elizabeth Therese Josephine Helene Sophie—but for short she was called the Princess Maria von Sachsen-Altenburg. Her father is the Duke of a little territory south of Leipsic, which measures 20 geographical square miles, and contains 141,000 inhabitants—not so many by half as Chicago. But the size of his territory doesn't matter so long as he is of a princely stock, and has rank, and titles, and blood inherited through many generations; and for these he is thought worthy to wed his daughter to a member of the Emperor's family.

When a royal Prince is married the bride must come to him, that the nuptials may be celebrated at the palace of the king. The bride pays this homage to the rank of the bridegroom, for she is ennobled by the union. So when all was ready, the message came to the Princess Maria in her father's palace at Altenburg: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house: so shall the king, greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy lord; go pay thy homage unto him."

High officers of the court were sent from Berlin with the elegant railway carriage of the king, to meet the bride at the Prussian boundary and receive her from the officers of her own Duchy; and as the train approached the capital, it was joined by another escort of high military personages. Arrived at Berlin, the bride was met by the military commandant of the city, the chief of police, and other officers who conducted her to a royal carriage in waiting; but as yet she was not to be taken within the city. Berlin has no walls, but at the end of some of the principal streets are gates or arches that mark the outlines of the city proper; chief among these is the Brandenburg Door, at the foot of the Linden, the great central street of the city, at the upper end of which are the royal palaces and other public buildings. Just outside of the Brandenburg Door lies the Thiergarten, a large forest used as a public park; and at the outskirts of this forest is a pretty palace known as the Bellevue. To this the Princess was escorted without entering the city; and soon after her arrival, the Emperor, the Empress, and all the royal family called to welcome her, and remained to a family dinner given in honor of the bride and her parents.

All this was on Friday, April 19. On Saturday the bride was conducted in state from the Bellevue Palace to the great palace of state within the city, at the head of the Linden. The procession was really superb. First came half a regiment of dragoons splendidly mounted; then three elegant carriages, each drawn by six black horses with outriders, and containing the cavaliers and other officers appointed to attend upon the bride during the ceremonies; now a company of mounted guard, led by trumpeters playing lively marches, and then the great carriage of state, which is used only at coronations, weddings, and like festivities. This carriage was built for the first King of Prussia, and is one hundred and fifty years old; it is broad and high, widening out at the top; the windows are large and beautifully ornamented, and the whole body is thickly plated with gold upon an enameled scarlet panneling, the crowns over the doors being solid gold. Two horsemen in brilliant dress preceded the carriage, and a royal officer rode on each side of it. The carriage was drawn by eight jet black horses, in gilded and scarlet banners, and with huge plumes of white ostrich feathers nodding on their heads. The grooms on the horses and the pages behind the carriage were dressed in a pretty gala costume. On the right side of the carriage sat the bride in white satin, unveiled, bowing and smiling to the crowds who greeted her along the way. At her left was the Crown Princess of Prussia, daughter of Queen Victoria, and the future Empress of Germany, who matronized her princely cousin. Her jewels made the carriage radiant. "King's daughters were among thy honorable women; at thy side the queen in gold of Ophir."

Another company of mounted guards followed the state coach, then came two more six-spanned carriages with the ladies-in-waiting, and the procession closed with the remainder of the regiment of dragoons. On entering the Brandenburg Door the procession halted, and the bride was welcomed to the city by the Head Burgomaster, who delivered himself of a little speech, in which he advised her to imitate the Empress in caring for charitable objects, and so to make her coming a blessing to the city. I suppose she heard about as much of this as brides hear of the harangues sometimes inflicted by ministers at weddings, and in her heart wished him well back in the City Hall; but the good man's voice was soon drowned by the roar of cannon which announced that the Princess had entered the city gate. The royal cortege then proceeded up the Linden to the great palace, where the King and Queen, all the Royal Family, and a brilliant array of officers and ladies were awaiting the bride. "The daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift, even the rich among the people shall entreat thy face. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework; the virgins also, her companions that follow her; with gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the king's palace."

It was about one P. M. when the palace was reached. The bride was now led before the King, and the marriage compact was signed between his Majesty the King of Prussia and his Highness the Duke of Sachsen-Altenburg. Then the King led the bride to the suite of rooms prepared for her in the palace, and thus she was installed as a member of the Royal house. At three o'clock she dined with the members of the Royal Family, and at six o'clock the guests began to assemble for the marriage ceremony.

In the great palace are long, long suites of rooms—picture galleries, dining halls, throne rooms, ball-rooms, etc., some most elegantly decorated—terminating at last in a richly ornamented chapel. In this chapel were gathered the dignitaries privileged to attend the marriage, and the long picture gallery was lined on both sides with favored spectators of the procession. Starting from a remote part of the palace where the bride had her quarters, this magnificent array swept through the successive apartments; the Grand Marshal and his staff, the king's household officers two and two, the cavaliers appointed to wait upon the bride, the bridal pair—the train of the bride's dress carried by four ladies of the court—the military staff of the bridegroom, the household officers of the queen, the court officers of the king, the king in person leading the mother of the bride—her train carried by two pages—the military staff of the king, the attendants of the Duchess of Sachsen-Altenburg, the Queen of Prussia, attended by the crown prince and the father of the bride—her dress borne by four ladies—then the staff officers of the crown prince, and of the Duke of Sachsen-Altenburg, the prince of Netherlands leading the crown princess of Prussia, and then about thirty princes and princesses in couples; the trains of the ladies carried by pages. The whole course of the procession was enlivened with delicious music.

Just before entering the chapel the Empress placed upon the head of the bride a crown of diamonds. The marriage service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Kogel. At the moment when the ring was placed on the bride's finger a princely salute of 36 guns was fired before the palace. When it was concluded, the bridal procession returned to one of the grand throne halls, where the king and the bride seated themselves at a card-table, and the queen and the bridegroom at another. The other members of the royal family took places also. This custom of the card-table is a very old one, and is designed to relieve the stiffness of the after ceremony, by giving it the appearance of a social party. All the high personages, ambassadors, generals, etc., and the ladies of the court, now defiled before these card-tables, and made their obeisance to the king and queen and to the bridal pair. Supper now followed, then all repaired to the spacious and magnificent white hall. Here the splendor of the illumination, the brilliancy of ladies' jewels and of gentleman's decorations, the gorgeousness of military costumes, and the bewitching strains of music, gave a fairy aspect to the scene, and the torch-light dance completed the illusion. This dance was the most curious feature of the ceremony, and is a relic of the middle ages. It is strictly a promenade in time with music. First came the Grand Marshal and his staff; the twelve ministers of State, ranged two and two, beginning with the youngest, and ending with Bismarck and Von Roon, now followed, each carrying a huge lighted candle; then came the bridal pair, and this brilliant procession made the circuit of the hall, saluting all the guests. Next the king took the bride and led her around in the same order. The crown prince followed, and every other prince in the order of his rank—so that the poor bride was marched round nineteen times! Then the bridegroom led the queen and each princess in turn around the same circuit. The unfortunate torch bearers had to keep up their march for over an hour.

At the close of the dance the royal procession accompanied the newly married pair back to the bridal apartments, which were sumptuously adorned. "The king's daughter is all glorious within [*i. e.*, in her palace chambers,] her clothing is of wrought gold. All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." The procession halted at the door, but the Grand Marshal entered, and following another old custom, presently brought out upon a golden salver a garter cut into fragments, which were distributed to the guests. So ended this memorable Saturday.

On Sunday the royal company attended worship in the palace chapel, then breakfasted with the newly married pair. In the evening the Prince and Princess Albrect held a court (*i. e.*, gave are ception) in the palace, for Sunday is here the great day for social festivities. On Monday there was a grand state dinner, and in the evening a gala at the Opera House, where every one who had the good fortune to be invited, appeared in the most elegant attire, thus constituting an *ensemble* which lacked only the beauty of American ladies (the men here are much finer looking than the women,) to have made it the most beautiful as well as the most brilliant of festive assemblies.

On Tuesday morning there was a fine military parade, and then the Prince and Princes were suffered to begin their honeymoon in peace.

A few nails placed in a vase of flowers will keep the water sweet and flowers fresh. This arises from the sulphur eliminated from the plants combining with the iron.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you would sooner loose.

In proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.

The Arabs.

Persons of the middle class have sandals instead of shoes; they are single soles, or thin pieces of wood, fastened to the feet with leather thongs. Richer people wear slippers, and the women always use the latter covering for the feet. Drawers, with the addition of a shirt, always form the female dress. At Hedsjas, as in Egypt, they veil their faces with a piece of linen, leaving only the eyes uncovered. In Yemen, the veil is much larger, and covers the face, so that even the eyes are not discernable. At Sana and Mokha the women wear a transparent gauze veil embroidered in gold. They are very fond of rings on their fingers, arms, wrists and ears; they stain their nails red, and their hands and feet of a brownish yellow, with the juice of a plant called *el henne;* they also paint all around their eyelids, and even the eyelashes themselves, with *ko hel*, which renders them quite black. Men even sometimes imitate this fashion, but it is considered effeminate. The women of Yemen make black punctures on the face, which they consider improves their beauty. Fashion shows its influence in this country most particularly in the manner of wearing their hair and beard. In the States of Sana all men, whatever their rank, shave their heads; in other parts of Yemen it is the universal custom to knot the hair up behind and wrap it in a handkerchief. Caps and turbans are not in use here. In the mountain districts the hair is left long and loose, and is bound with small cords. All Arabians of rank have one curious addition to their dress. It is a piece of fine linen upon the shoulder, which probably was formerly intended to keep off the heat of the sun, but is now used only as an ornament. Carreri states that the Arabian women wear black masks with elegant little clasps, and Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation. In Moore, also, we find these lines:

"And veiled by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids—
A mask that leaves but one eye free
To do its best in witchery."

In many parts of Arabia the women wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. All the young women of the East are particularly fond of being able to gaze upon their own fair countenances, and seldom go without a looking-glass. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known and they may receive the homage due to them.

Pearl Fisheries at Ceylon.

After the pearls are collected they are classed, weighed, and valued. The method of classing them is by passing them through a succession of brass cullenders, called baskets, of the size and shape of large saucers. There are ten and sometimes twelve of these cullenders; the first has twenty holes in it, and the pearls that do not pass through these holes after being well shaken, are called of the twentieth basket. The succeeding baskets have 30, 50, 80, 100, 200, 400, 600, and 1,000 holes, each basket giving the name, corresponding with its number of holes, to the pearls that do not pass through; so that there are pearls of twentieth, thirtieth, fiftieth, and so on, to the thousandth basket. The pearls which do not pass through the eleventh or twelfth baskets, when they are used, are called "masie." The pearls having been sorted into ten or twelve sizes by means of the baskets are carefully examined in regard to their beauty of shape and color, and each size, except the masie, is susceptible of seven distinct descriptions. After being classed, they are weighed and valued according to their respective qualities. The price of pearls is expressed at a certain rate per "chow," which term has reference to the quality ascertained from the size, the form, the color, and the weight. The number of pearls which are valuable as gems, and permanently retained as such, is limited. The larger proportion of the small seed pearls and of the defective ones, are used as ingredients of a highly-prized native electuary; and occasionally the extravagance is committed of reducing them to "chuman," or lime, to be used with betel-leaf and areca-nut as a masticatory. The pearl-powder of the apothecary in this country a century ago; but whether it were made of pearls is questionable.—*Art Journal.*

Mercurial Ointment for Guns.

A correspondent from Cleveland, Ohio, writes to the *American Sportsman:*—After reading "J. H. D.'s" article in the *Sportsman* on mercurial ointment as a preventive against rust in gun barrels, I thought I would write and tell you my own experience on this point. I have used it constantly for twenty years, and I have never found anything to equal it, and I believe I have tried everything else, even that nauseating remedy kerosene oil. For external application, when hunting in wet and damp weather, I rub the gun with a piece of chamois skin, or a bit of any kind of cloth, thoroughly saturated with the ointment, and no matter how bad the day, I do not find a trace of rust at night. This should be done daily as it soon rubs off by handling. It is not necessary to put fresh ointment upon the skin or cloth at every application, for after it has once become well saturated it will last a long time before it will need renewing. For inside use, after the gun has been cleaned I place the chamois skin over the end of my wiper and push it up and down the barrel a few times, then put the gun in the case and leave it until I want to use it again. I have a fine Damascus gun which I have used constantly since the Fall of 1861, and it is as smooth inside to day as it was on the day of purchase, which I attribute entirely to the proper use of mercurial ointment. I have not fired my gun since last September, but examined it this morning and found it as smooth inside as ever, with not a sign of rust. Away with kerosene, mutton tallow, olive oil and all other remedies as long as mercurial ointment can be obtained. This is also the cheapest of all. Fifty cents worth is one half cheaper than any other remedy at the same cost, and I consciencously recommend it to all sportsmen. If they give it a fair trial I am satisfied they will never use anything else. I was first led to use it from the fact that all fine instruments shipped from Europe are annointed with mercurial ointment, which prevents them from rusting; so I argued if good for instruments, why not good for guns, and I tried it with the above results.

If you think this article worth publishing, for the interest of brother sports, you can do so; if not consign it to the waste basket. OTTER.

Leisure is a beautiful garment, but it will not do for constant wear.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

A Lancaster, Pa., man has been fined $10 for cruelty to a rat.

Select Poetry.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

The following sublime ode to the Supreme Being was written by one of the most distinguished Russian poets, Deszhannir, and has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace. The Emperor of Japan had it translated in the Japanese language and embroidered in letters of gold.

GOD.

Oh! Thou Eternal One, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-desolating flight!
Thou Only God, there is no God beside,
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Thou none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,
Being whom we call God, yet known no more!

In sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean's deep—may count
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God, for Thee
There is no weight, no measure—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark
Though kindled by the hand, in vain would try
To have Thy counsels infinite, and to us dark:
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence: Lord on Thee
Eternity had its foundations; all
Spring forth from the light, joys,
Sole origin—all life beauty thine,
Thy word created all and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great!
Life giving, life sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround.
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath—
Thou the beginning with the end hath bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
As the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army, glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the bright abyss—
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss—
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams:
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright!
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams!
But Thou to those as the Moon art to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—
What are a thousand worlds to Thee?
And what am *I* when Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against Thy goodness—is as a cypher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? naught!

Naught; but the effulgence of Thy light divine—
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too.
Yes, in my Spirit, doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew—
Naught! but I live, and on hopes precious fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in thee,
I live, and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I *am*, O God, and *surely* Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all! Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee!
Control my Spirit; guide my wandering heart,
Though but an atom in immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
On the last verge of Mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth—
Just on the boundary of the Spirit Land!

Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed, so wonderful, unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself *alone* it could not be.
Creator! yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my God!
Thy light, Thy love in this bright plentitude
Filled me with an immortal soul to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere;
Even in its Source to Thee, its Author, Thee!
Oh thought ineffable! Oh vision blest!
(Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee),
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill my heart,
And waft its homage to the Deity.
God! thus alone my lonely thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The *soul* shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Our Olio.

The Serpent's Fang.

Science has of late been endeavoring in vain to find an antidote to the poison of the serpent's fang, but so far has been unsucessful. It concerns the English tropical colonists very nearly. Few of those who have only seen reptiles coiled up in a state of semi-torpidity in a glass case, where they are kept alive by artificial heat, can form any idea how quick and sudden in its movements is the snake in a natural state. In a tuft of grass beneath an African sun is what seems to be a withered branch. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the branch becomes inflated, and the deadly puff adder flings itself, almost with the rapidity of lightning, through the air, and woe betide the man or animal that happens to be in its track. So in the Indian jungle the long, little, thin, green whip snake hangs from a tree, swinging idly in the breeze, apparently without the slightest animation. Let man or animal pass within reach, and far quicker than the eye can follow, the thing has made its fatal dart, dropped from its perch, and disappeared, leaving its victim writhing in the agony of death. Again, the traveler in the sandy parts of the Australian Bush suddenly places his foot in a hole—perhaps the foot-print of a horse; there is a sharp pinch in the leg, and on looking down he is horrified to find that he has been struck by the hideous death adder. In the extensive category of Australian reptiles this is perhaps the most deadly. Its maximum length is about two and a half feet. In color it is of a silver grey, and is found only in sandy places, where it coils up in the hollows, and so is very apt to be trodden upon. Its bite has been known to prove fatal in the course of half an hour.

So rapid is the action of snake poison on the system that when a person has been punctured with the fang there is little or no time for thought. Within a few minutes of the bite its effects are felt. The patient grows giddy, the pulse becomes intermittent, the pupils of the eyes dilate, numbness and rigidity follow, and then, when the poison has been carried by the circulation through the heart—death. And yet, strange to say, rapid as is its action when absorbed in the blood, the venom may be swallowed with impunity, thereby suggesting the idea that its effects are neutralized by the acids of the stomach.

It has been recommended to those who should have the misfortune to be bitten by a deadly snake to immediately cut out the punctured part, but it is not one person out of a score who possesses sufficient nerve to perform such an operation, and in many cases where it has been done some important vein or artery has been severed, so that death has ensued through loss of blood.

Not knowing the nature of the poison injected by the snake, it is difficult to tell what prophylactics are to be used. One thing is certain, that out of the many medicines tried nothing taken into the stomach has ever proved effective. Therefore, on the homœopathic principle that "like cures like," injection into the veins would seem to be the most rational treatment. And wherever this latter course has been adopted, surprising results has followed. Many curious experiments have been lately made by Professor Halford for the cure of snake bite. To this gentleman is due the credit of having been the discoverer of the liquid ammonia remedy. Professor Halford has spent many years in his endeavors to discover an antidote. And no man knows better than he the deadly nature of the enemy he has to combat with. He says that snake poison, whether dried up into powder by the sun, or converted into hard gum, thick or thin, fresh or stale, will, if once introduced into the blood, show its vitality as surely—aye, even more surely—than the dried seed placed in the ground and watered.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

About Tea.

Mr. Chan Lai Sun, Chinese Imperial Commission of Education, recently delivered a lecture in Springfield, Mass., on the subject of tea and its culture. He began by stating that tea grows in every province in China except three or four upon the northernmost Siberian border, but the quality and quantity depends largely upon the locality. The leaves resemble those of the willow, and are gathered during the spring and early summer. They are first exposed in a cool dry place for a day or two, then rolled into a ball on a table of bamboo slats, and dried in the sun. The rolling is to extract a portion of the juice of the leaves. After they have been dried in the sun, they are put into an egg-shaped iron pan over a charcoal fire, and incessantly stirred until a certain point of dryness is reached. The operator stirs with his hands, thrusting them in all portions of the pan, and practice enables him to dry the leaves almost exactly alike. The raiser superintends this process, and then brings his tea in bamboo baskets to the tea merchant, who adjudges its quality, and buys it at prices ranging from $15 to $20 per picul, equal to 133½ pounds. The merchant mixes his purchases together in a large reservoir, and at his convenience weighs out a number of pounds of tea leaves, and women and children spread them upon a large stage, and separate the leaves into grades according to quality. The tea stalks are the lowest grade, and the sorters are paid by the number of ounces of stalks they bring in. Children earn from 4 to 5 cents a day; the very best workers rarely earn as much as 10 cents a day. Americans could hardly live upon such wages, and until other nations can raise tea for 12 cents a pound they cannot compete with China in its production.

After the sorting, each grade is packed by itself in chests or bamboo baskets, the first for exportation and the latter for home consumption. It is ordered by importers abroad through a tea taster, who receives a salary of some $3,000 a year and operates as follows:—He has a long, narrow table, on which 60 or 70 cups are set; a boy weighs exactly one ounce from a small box into one of these cups, and if he has samples enough, all the cups are used. Hot water is then poured into each cup, and after five minutes the boy calls the master, who sips from every cup, then ejects it and notes in his book the quality of the tea. The purchaser orders upon his taster's estimate, and when his packages arrive at the warehouse, about one in twenty is opened for comparison with the sample. If it proves of inferior grade, a material reduction is at once made in the price, so that without connivance with the tea taster the adulteration of tea is next to impossible in China.

The tea is always examined to determine its age, as it is choicer when young. It is a vexed question whether black and green tea belong to the same species; it is probable, however, that they are branches of the same variety, and the color depends upon the locality. If a seed of black tea be planted in the green tea region, a few generations will make them both alike. When black tea is high, green can readily be turned into black, but black cannot be made to appear green. The latter obtains its bluish color artificially, Prussian blue being used in the coloring, but in such small quantities as to be harmless. The annual average yield of a tea plant is about twenty ounces, and too much rain affects the quality as well as the amount. The plants live from 20 to 30 years, and, when old, are frequently cut down, and a young shrub grafted into the old stock. Quicker returns are thus obtained, but the plant does not last so long.

Tea is drank pure in China, but there are very different ways of preparing it. The Chinese tea connoisseur purchases an article costing variously from $16 to $20 per pound. If he use this choicest kind, which is only grown on the tops of mountains, and of which only ten or fifteen piculs are produced in the kingdom, he has a baby teapot, an inch and a half high, and about an inch in diameter. A pinch of tea is put in, about twenty drops of hot water turned on, and it is ready to sip. It would be very intoxicating to drink much; even the taste of a sip will remain in the throat for hours after the tea has evaporated. The more common way of tea drinking is to have a teapot six feet high and three feet in diameter, kept warm, ready for any one to drink who chooses.

The speaker considered that, as long as the tea is of good quality, it matters little how it is prepared. The best way is to warm the pot with boiling water, then put in the tea and pour the water upon it. It should never be boiled.

The seeds of the plant are about the size of a small cherry; and from those not wanted for planting, oil is expressed, used for cooking purposes. The tea in this country is generally much injured by long conveyance by sea, and has a moldy taste to one who has drank it in its freshness. The individual consumption of tea is much greater in China than here.

Newspaper Notoriety.

"What is the last horror?" is a question with which the daily newspaper is too often taken up; and those who read newspapers diligently are never at a loss for such disagreeable sensations as are caused by robbery, murder, violence, or suicide. There is too much exaggeration in the mode in which these disagreeable things are often reported. The naked facts, all verbal adornment being stripped off, are enough to make men blush for their kind, and to cause a doubt whether the civilization of which we boast is not rather a superficial varnish than an actual advance. The savage wears at his girdle the scalp of the victim he has destroyed. The "civilized" murderer tries to hide or to bury the corpse. No doubt this *is* so far an improvement that it testifies to the existence of a public opinion averse to murder in the abstract. And yet again the efforts which are made to screen murderers from punishment replace the scalp at the girdle, and to a great degree vindicate the murderer. Far too many violators of law go unpunished. Or if punishment overtake them at last, it comes to them so slowly that the punished man succeeds to the pity which was at first exhibited for his victim. All this is wrong. And what is worse, it seems to be a wrong which, in the facilities which the law affords for the procuring of delay, cannot readily be reached or amended. Whoever has money or influence, or friends who can furnish either or both, and whoever, out of absolute helplessness, can evoke the sympathy of a too lenient class of philanthropists, can find means to delay, if not to frustrate justice. In one word, the public estimation of crimes of every grade is far too merciful. This may seem a harsh saying. The truth is often hard.

There is one direction in which efforts towards reforms are possible. In common conversation the tone in which crime is spoken of is far too light and careless. Cynical and frivolous comments are made upon events which merit grave censure. Perhaps this fault always attended the hastiness of spoken words. But there was a time when the dignity of types was supposed to require dignity of language. Now we see often the current levity of the tongue reproduced in print—not only in newspapers and magazines, but often in books. Manners and morals, and the English language itself, have suffered by the change. Crimes which should be met with grave rebuke are treated as huge jokes. Character suffers unjustly. Reputations are trifled with, "smartness" is exhibited in one line in unseemly jocularity, and in the next in language intended to be fiercely severe or sadly pathetic.

Justice would be more surely and fairly meted out to criminals if the newspaper notices of crime and folly were confined to the smallest limits, and prominence given to topics of a more useful and elevating character. Take away the newspaper-dramatic notoriety, which vice now delights in, and a great encouragement to evil would be removed. To figure in newspaper reports is, strange as it may seem, the great ambition of many an outlaw; and the murderer, awaiting trial or sentence, gloats over the newspaper version of yesterday's "interview," and is elevated in his own esteem to the hero of the day.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Summerless Year.

Nearly every one has heard of the Summerless year, 1816, and as but few now living recollect it, we give the following brief abstract of the weather during that year:

January was mild, so much so as to render fires almost needless in parlors. December previous was very cold.

February was not very cold; with the exception of a few days it was mild, like its predecessor.

March was cold and boisterous during the first part of it, the remainder was mild. A great freshet on the Ohio and Kentucky rivers caused a great loss of property.

April began warm, but grew colder as the month advanced, and ended in snow and ice, with a temperature more like winter than spring.

May was more remarkable for frowns than smiles. Buds and flowers were frozen, ice was formed half an inch thick, corn was killed, and the fields were again and again planted until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing was killed. Fruit was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine and three in Central New York, and also in Massachusetts. Considerable damage was done at New Orleans, in consequence of the rapid rise in the river; the suburbs were covered with water, and the roads were only passable in boats.

July was accompanied by frost and ice. On the 5th, ice was formed of the thickness of common window glass throughout New England, New York, and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn was nearly all destroyed; some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the hill farms of Massachusetts.

August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months already passed. Ice was formed half an inch thick. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed both in this country and Europe. Papers received from England stated that it would be remembered by the present generation, that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England and the Middle States. Farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815, for the seed of the spring of 1817. It sold at from $4 to $5 per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became very cold and frosty, and ice formed a quarter of an inch thick.

October produced more than its share of cold weather, frost and ice particularly.

November, was cold and blustering. Enough snow fell to make good sleighing.

December was quite mild and comfortable.

The above is a brief summary of "the cold summer of 1816," as it was called in order to distinguish it from the cold season. The winter was mild. Frost and ice were common in every month of the year. Very little vegetation matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat through the summer; all nature seemed to be clad in a sable hue, and men exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of this life.

The average wholesale price of flour during that year in the Philadelphia market, was thirteen dollars per barrel. The average price of wheat in England, was ninety-seven shillings per quarter.

New Quarters.

The first Sunday in the new house is a notable day. There is an entire absence of old land-marks, and, strange weird newness on everything, and you can't find your shaving soap. You start for a scuttle of coal, but you don't see the scuttle. It is in the bottom of a barrel in the garret. You take the dripping pan. When you change your shirt you look for it first. It is in one of the bureau drawers which are piled one upon another, in the parlor, and you find you have got to lift a half a ton of carpets and feather beds before you get down to the drawers. After you have lifted them down and searched them through, it is remembered by your wife that the desired garment is in one of the barrels—the one in the shed she thinks, although it may be in the garret and yet it would be just like that stupid carman to have carried *that* barrel down in the cellar. You attack one of those barrels, and are surprised at the result. A bed-quilt comes out first, then a pie-tin, next a piece of cold ham neatly done up in your vest and packed away in the missing scuttle. Below is an assortment of ironware and a length of a stovepipe, a half loaf of bread, a couple of towels and a rolling pin. You begin to expect you will eventually come upon a coal mine and perhaps some dead friends. Then you go down in the barrel again, and come back with a pleasing assortment of stockings and half emptied medicine bottles. The way you come up this time leads you to consider the barrel itself. It has caught in the back of your vest and made the cloth let go; it took off one-half of one sleeve, and created a sensation on the back of your hand as if a bonfire had raged there. It is quite evident the cooper who built that barrel was called away before he commenced to clinch the nails. You involuntary grasp the rolling pin as if you expected to see him. Then you call the girl to repack the barrel, and start up stairs to look after something that is easier to find, but finally change your mind, and pass the balance of the day in digging carpet tacks and worthless wood from the palms of your feet and concocting lies about the wealth of your uncle; and the moon looks through the window at night and touches up with a glow of burnished silver several lengths of stove pipe, a half dozen odd chairs, a sheet of dingy zinc, and a barrel with bedquilts foaming over the top.—*Danbury News.*