The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877. VOL. XII.-NO. 43.

Select Poetry.

SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun
Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,
And sultry glory all the heavens o'erfills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;
Since wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,
Came, flashing through the east, the regal morn,
No throated twitterings gurgle round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quaint farm-gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jasmined honeysuckles twine,
And close beside them sun-flowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lie down,
And into visions swarms the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown
Outshimmering in an orient purple glare.

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
Baalbeck and Babylon:—I see slow streams
Gliding by mosque and minaret—see the gleams
Of seas in sunset—slips of shining strands,
And dowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
Of silken courtiers; through half-open doors
Catch the spice-odors, and the cool of springs
Leaping for ever in a maze of wings,—
See light forms dancing over pearly floors;

Sleeping seraglios, spire and tremulous dome
Winking in drowsy splendor all the day,—
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,
See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam
Leap terrible as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city, see unrolled,
Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak;—
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek,
And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
Laden with spices up a Persian glen;
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,
Or hear anon the soft and silver fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the hay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again!

Popular Tales.

THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

A THRILLING TALE.

And so all I had to do was to go into the country and enjoy myself for six weeks—that is what it came to.

Why, if any one had struck me with a feather at the moment the doctor uttered his verdict I should certainly have been knocked down; fortunately no such atrocity was attempted, so I maintained as erect a posture as my enfeebled health would allow until the eminent licentiate of the College of Physicians, whom I was consulting, begged me to resume my seat.

"You are utterly smoke-dried," he said.

"London or tobacco?" I inquired.

"Both, he answered. "No physic; fresh air is all you want—mountain air, if possible; perfect rest and quiet, abstemious habits, early hours and no tobacco."

"And then?" I blankly inquired.

"Then? Oh, then," he answered, "get married and settle down."

It certainly was fortunate I was not standing up at that moment, for it would not have needed a touch of the aforesaid feather to have laid me low. As it was I sank back in my chair aghast. "Get married!" I thought; I who was utterly insensible to female attractions, and who had been always taught to have an eye to the main chance, and regard matrimony as a clog, unless associated with a great heiress. I get married on a salary of £300 a year? Whew!

I left Savile row with scarce another word, convinced that for real, downright, unpractical men there were none to compare with doctors.

Thus I took the plunge, and within five days found myself at a snug little inn in North Wales, hard by a celebrated spot known as "Devil's Bridge," a few miles inland from Aberystwith.

The change soon refreshed me. I was astonished at feeling neither dull nor lonely—for the tourist season had hardly set in, and I had the little inn wellnigh to myself. So I wandered about and gazed wonderingly at all I saw, especially at the deep, craggy, wooded gorge or mountain river bed across which his satanic majesty's engineering skill was supposed to have been displayed.

As I stood looking down upon it from the bridge near the inn, it certainly seemed to me a wondrously romantic spot. Steep rock-bound banks, crowned with trees, hemmed in the rushing foaming river, its channel becoming irregularly narrower and more precipitous as it reached the head of the valley in the depths of which it lay. Here there was a waterfall, as I then thought, of stupendous magnitude, and yet a little higher up, a second, still larger. As I made my way down to the river by a well-worn path through a wood, the sound of the descending waters as, wafted on the soft summer breeze, it rose and fell in liquid cadence, fascinated me from the very first.

The weather hitherto had been superb, midsummer sunshine, and not a drop of rain.

The sunshine glinting through the trees; the pure sky above; the song of birds, not yet all hushed, in the wood; the fresh breezy colors—these all became such novelties and charms as I had never conceived possible. But seated on an isolated rock, it was still, after all, out of the "music of the waters" that I got my chief mental enjoyment.

At last there was a sudden change of wind. Heavy clouds swept over the landscape, burying in mist or occasional showers all forms save those close at hand.

"Regular Welsh weather, sir!" said a fresh colored elderly gentlemanlike man in a tourist's suit, whom I found the next morning in the coffee-room. "My party will be house-bound for a couple days at least, if I know anything of this country; shocking place for weather. Been here long, sir?"

I told him how long, and that I had not had a drop of rain the whole time.

"Disadvantage in that too," he went on; mountainous scenery wants mist and rain to drift round the peaks, fill up the torrents and bring out the waterfalls. This one here will present a fine sight after another four-and-twenty hours of such weather; it was a mere dribble last night when we arrived."

I was consoled by the gentleman's words, for having to spend the best part of the day indoors, there was a new sensation then yet in store for me; and I was a little disappointed to find, when early the following afternoon a lull in the weather enabled me to go down to my favorite haunt, that there was very little perceptible difference in the volume of water coming over the fall.

So there I sat, I suppose, for more than an hour in my accustomed state of placid indolent enjoyment. With eyes half shut and saying over to myself the first few lines of Southey's "Lodore," and trying to make "the music of the waters" fit into them as an accompaniment, when there suddenly sounded in my ears a roar so loud, and increasing so rapidly in volume, that I started, and looking up perceived that now indeed the fall had become grandly augmented. It was swollen at least to twice the size it had been ten minutes before; it looked magnificent. I turned toward the stepping stones by which I always regained the precipitous bank of the river. To my horror they had all disappeared, and in their place a boiling, bubbling ferment of brown water and frothy foam was sweeping along at a tremendous pace. Then in an instant I knew that the river was rising rapidly. Anyone but a fool would have forseen this as the natural consequence of the increase in the waterfall. Right and left and all around the river had now become a boiling caldron of broken water; I was cut off from all hope of retreat, and should be washed away like a fly, I knew.

Helpless and scared, I stood irresolute yet a moment longer.

I recollect in this dire emergency suddenly observing a still further increase in the volume of the fall, and almost simultaneously with it feeling my legs slip from under me as the brown water gurgled in my ears and glistened in my eyes. Then there was a choking, helpless, tumbling pressure forward, several sharp blows upon my legs and arms, an effort to strike out, met by coming in contact with more rocks, and then a whirl and twirl and spinning round as if I had been a cork.

The swimmer's instinct, however, was of some use after all, for, in the first place, it enabled me to retain a little presence of mind, and, in the second, to bring my head up to the surface after the first plunge. I saw I was already a long way from the upper fall, and an additional pang was given to my sensations by the recollection that I was being hurried on toward the lower, over which if I was carried I must inevitably be drowned. Fortunately, just now I was carried by a current close in under one of these sheer-down sides, and for the fiftieth time sent spinning round in the eddy like a cork.

I made a helpless grab at the smooth and slippery surface, much as the drowning man catches at the proverbial straw, for I was by this time getting exhausted and suffocated by the constant rolling over which the torrent gave me. I did just manage to get a finger-hold in a crack, and to steady myself somewhat; but the water was very deep just here, and I could not lift much more than my chin above it, whilst a foothold of any sort was out of the question.

Yet to remain where I was much longer was impossible. Could I but have raised myself some two feet I should have been able to reach an overhanging bough of one of the thickly growing young ash-saplings, the roots of which projected from the earthy top of the rock a yard or two above.

Oh, how I longed for a giant's arm, that I might touch that bough! Twice I made a futile effort to spring out of the water at it, but only exhausted myself, and had the greatest difficulty in retaining my support.

Was I sinking and losing consciousness? and is this to be the end, I thought, with that music still in my ears? And, lo! what vision is that which I behold? Surely an angel's face looking down from amidst the leafy roof above me! Yes; my life must be passing away in a dream of beautiful sights and sounds. For a moment or two more such was the vague conclusion floating through my dazed mind, nor was it at once dispelled by a perfectly audible and silvery voice saying:

"Try to reach it now; I think you can; quick, try!"

This can be no illusion; this is no phantom born of a drowning man's fancy; this is a sweet reality; and in that bending branch, now steadily descending to within my grip, I see my life restored to me and my hopes renewed.

I have the delicate end of the bough in my hand; yes, automatically I have seized it, and already it helps to lift me higher out of the water.

"Be very cautious," says the voice once more. "Take great care, or it will snap. There, wait so, whilst I pull this strong one down, and that will hold your weight better; now, so;" and in another minute I have grasped this strong one; I manage to raise myself by it a little, and to put the tips of my toes into the fissure of the rock by which I had so long held with the tips of my fingers.

Then a soft, firm hand is held out to me, and taking it I finally, by one supreme effort, pull myself well up among the underwood and twisted roots at the top of the cliff.

Too exhausted to speak or think, I threw myself down upon the steep hillside among the long grass and ferns between the trees. Then I think I did really lose consciousness for a while, for I do not remember seeing the pretty, graceful girl who had saved my life until I found her kneeling at my side, endeavoring to raise my head as she wiped the streaming water from my forehead and hair.

"Wait here," she said, "and I will run to the inn for help; I won't be long. There, lean against that tree trunk."

"Pray, stop," I stammered, feebly; "I shall soon be all right. I am really very much obliged to you."

"Oh, never mind that," she answered, brightly; "if you can walk, so much the better. Get up, and come along at once; you must get your wet clothes off."

I rose and shook myself, feeling very bewildered, sick and scared.

"Here—up this way," she cried. "I think we can get through the wood this way; follow me.

I had scarcely started after her, as with a firm, light step she sprang up the slope among the trees, when I heard from the top a cry of:

"Hillo-o! Lucy, hillo-o! where are you?"

"Here I am," she cried; "all right. Come down, papa, and give this gentleman a hand. I have just helped him out of the water—he was nearly drowned!"

"What? Eh, my dear? What are you talking about? Gentleman out of the water—nearly drowned?" said a cheery voice; and looking up, I saw two or three figures coming against the sky over the crest of the hill. Then there was a little hurried talk as they met my preserver, and presently my middle-aged friend, who had spoken to me about the weather at the inn the day before had a vice-like hold upon my arm, and was lending me very material assistance in my ascent.

"What a fortunate thing! Only to think," he said, "of Lucy happening to see you! We were wandering about, and she had gone on ahead by herself to look at the fall; then all of a sudden we missed her and wondered what had become of her; and then, lo and behold! all the time she was qualifying for the Royal Humane Society's medal.

We had stopped, when a second young lady, evidently a sister of my guardian angel, came running down toward us, exclaiming:

"Oh, papa, do come up quick; Lucy has fainted. She was just beginning to tell us all about it, when in a moment she went quite off."

Whereupon I hastened up the remainder of the slope in company with my new friends, to find the brave girl quite insensible; her head resting on the lap of a lady, evidently her mother.

Then all solicitude, very properly, was turned from me to her; but she soon revived, and then, and not till then, I allowed myself to be hurried off to the inn to get dry clothes. These, and a little hot stimulant, soon put me to rights, with no further damage from my ducking than a few superficial bruises and scratches.

But what was this tremendous internal wound that I suddenly became conscious of?—that had not been inflicted by projecting rocks or slippery crags or foaming water! No; of a certainty that was the result of a sympathetic glance from a pair of bright brown eyes, which had gone straight to my heart from the moment they had looked down upon me in my peril.

I now suddenly awakened to the possibility of what the doctor had called "settling down." There absolutely appeared a chance of my taking to the idea, and of so carrying out his prescription to the letter. What a wonderful and beneficent effect it was working!

"Why, there she is in the garden at this moment, and how beautiful she looks! Now that I have made myself presentable," I thought, "I will go down immediately and thank her like a coherent being and a gentleman."

She was sitting in a little arbor at the end of the inn garden. As I approached, a blush, the more evident from the paleness which her undue exertion and subsequent faintness had left, overspread her sweet face—that angel face, which I had at first thought a dream, and which to me now, with my newly-awakened poetical sensibilities, scarcely seemed a reality.

I cannot describe it. Why should I? Other people would not see it with my eyes; there were hundreds and hundreds of faces in the world doubtless far more beautiful.

"I hope you are feeling better," I said. "I am afraid that what you have done for me has overtaxed your strength; I shall never forgive myself if it has made you seriously ill."

"Oh, no," she answered, "I was only a little out of breath with the running and the scramble through the brushwood and trees; but I was sure that if I was to be of any use there was no time to be lost. Please don't say any more about it."

"Oh, but indeed I must; you must tell me how you saw me and how you were able to reach me."

"Oh, I had merely gone down to look at the waterfall—I knew it would be very much swollen—and the moment I came upon it, to my horror and surprise I saw you standing upon that rock in the middle of the river. I felt sure that you would be drowned; but before I could even call out you were washed off it, and I saw you carried away. Well, I don't know what it was that made me do it, but I ran along through the wood by the side of the river as fast as I could. I don't suppose I thought of being able to save you, but it all seemed so dreadful; and then I lost sight of you. But I still ran on to near the top of the second fall, and got close down to try if I could see you; the trees were so thick up above that I was obliged to get close to the edge. I was looking all about for you, when I suddenly saw you just underneath where I was standing, and trying to reach that bough. Well, then I pushed it down to you, that's all."

"All, indeed!" I cried. "Can I ever repay you for that "all!" You simply saved my life; I should never have got out but for you."

"Hope you are not much the worse for your ducking sir?" here broke in her father's voice. "I and my wife hope that you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening; you must be a little dull and lonely here by yourself."

Of course I would, and of course I did, and of course, too, I spent the very pleasantest evening I had ever known in my life. I told the family who I was and all about myself; and they told me a great deal about themselves—father, mother and two daughters—and how they had come out for their annual run, as they called it, and how they often made very pleasant acquaintances on their tours.

"But it's not often," said my host, "that we make one in this fashion; it is not to be wished. We don't expect to become heroines of a domestic drama every day. Ha, ha! but, by Jove, it was very lucky Lucy saw you."

After this evening followed a succession of the most delightful hours I had ever known; morning, evening and noon were spent in the company of my new acquaintances, and at the end of a very short time those acquaintances had become fast friends. I was as completely over head and ears in love as I had been over head and ears in the turbulent water, and I told her so.

"Save me once more," I said; "give me that hand once again, and let it be mine forever; otherwise it would have been kinder to have left me to drown outright."

She dropped her head, but held out her hand, that hand which at this moment has just touched my arm, as a silvery voice says:

"Come, Billy, stop; I have been peeping over your shoulder. You need not write any more; people can guess the rest. I would rather you did not enter into details."

"Very well, dear," I answered; "as it is nearly twelve years ago since it all happened, perhaps you are right. Yes, settled down for twelve years; who would think it! And in a week or two we must be off, for the nineteenth time together, on another holiday diversion. What shall it be and where shall we find it?"

"Oh, I am still all for the country, you know," she cries. "I am never tired of rural sights and sounds."

"Nor I," is my reply; "we'll go where:

> "Gentle winds and waters near,
> Make music to the lonely ear,"

as Byron says. Fancy my quoting Byron! What a transformation in a man! Only we shall not be lonely, shall we?"

"Indeed, no," she says, "we will only take care not to sit in the dry beds of mountain streams when we want to listen to "the music of the waters.'"

The education of the human mind commences in the cradle, and the impressions received there frequently exert their influence through the whole of life. Principles which take the deepest root are those implanted during the seasons of infancy, childhood and youth. The young pupil takes early lessons from everything around him; his character and habits are forming before he has any consciousness of his reasoning powers.

Every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. Thoughts may be born to-day, which may never be extinguished. Hopes may be excited to-day which may not be realized till eternity.

Our Olio.

Glimpses of Atlantis.

The sedimentary rocks of our Atlantic States aggregate a thickness of nearly 45,000 feet. The manner in which the sand, gravel, mud and so on, which formed these rocks, was distributed over the bed of the sea which rolled where our continent now lies, proved beyond a doubt that they came from the north and east. They represent the detritus of pre-existing lands, the washings of rains, rivers, coast currents, and other agencies of erosion; and since the areas supplying the waste could scarcely have been of less extent than the new strata it formed, it is reasonably inferred that land masses of continental magnitude must have occupied the region now covered by the North Atlantic before America began to be, and onward at least through the palæozoic ages of American history.

It is not to be imagined that the ante-American sea was 45,000 feet deep. When the earlier palæozoic strata were forming the water was evidently shallow, and in some parts broken by islands. From time to time the sea was deepened by the sinking of its floor; and as the successive strata were laid down the subsidences for the most part more than kept pace with the thickening deposits. Now and again the movement was reversed, as when the Green Mountain range was uplifted; and occasionally deposition exceeded subsidence, or slight elevations brought the sea bed near to the water level. Previous to the carboniferous period evidences of shallow water are common; and after that time successive low-level land areas repeatedly occupied the half of what is now the Mississippi basin.

While the new America was thus forming, the ancient Atlantis was no doubt sinking as well as washing away. When its final disappearance occurred remains to be determined; quite recently, however, two or three lines of scientific research seem to converge in support of the truth of the ancient story, long considered mythical, in regard to the geologically recent occurrence of that remarkable catastrophe. Archæology has sufficiently demonstrated that the memory of man runs back vastly farther than history has been willing to admit; so that there remains no inherent improbability in the story the Egyptian priests told to Solon. All that modern science asks is whether there is any other evidence of the recent existence of Atlantis.

Since the exploration of the North Atlantic sea bottom for telegraphic purposes proved that no elevations or depressions inconsistent with the safe laying of cables were to be found between Newfoundland and Ireland, it has been popularly taught that the Atlantic lies in a vast trough with a comparatively regular bottom. A wider range of soundings made by the American ship Dolphin, the German frigate Gazelle, the British ships Hydran and Porcupine, and more recently by the Challenger, quite overthrows the popular idea, proving the Atlantic bed to be rather a double trough, the deeper depressions separated by a mountainous ridge of great altitude running north and south, almost midway between the existing continent. From the variations in the soundings along the ridge there is every reason to infer that it is a line of broken country, the higher peaks reaching the surface north of the equator in the Azore Islands, and further south in St. Paul's Rocks, the Islands of Ascension, Tristian d' Acunha, etc. On the other side of the ridge the water deepens, the bottom presenting a surface, diversified by hills and valleys, such as could be carved out only when the sea bed existed as dry land.

From the soundings made and collated by the officers of the Challenger expedition, a chart has been prepared, showing by soundings, first, the Atlantic areas having a depth of over 2,000 fathoms, and second, the areas ranging between 1,000 and 2,000 fathoms: the narrower areas having a depth of less than a thousand fathoms, showing white. By far the greater portion of the sea bed south of 50 N. L. exceeds the depth of 2,000 fathoms. The area of medium depth covers the northern sea down to an irregular line between Newfoundland and England. Thence a narrow isthmus (beginning about 52° N. L., and 30° West Long, from Greenwich) connects the northern table land with what had been denominated the Dolphin Ridge—a seal-shaped area with its head to the north and its tail joining (at about 15° N. L. and 45° W. L.) another ridge called the Connecting Ridge. The latter puts out from the South American shore just north of the Amazon's mouth, and extends from about 19° N. L. and 50° W. L., southeastward to a point on the equator about Long. 10° W., where it turns abruptly south and forms the Challenger Ridge, which broadens southward, but is not mapped below 40° S. Lat. Just north of Tristian d' Acunha the Challenger Ridge sends off an arm, which curving to the northeast, joins the coast of Africa.

Here unquestionably we have the backbone of the ancient Atlantis continent; and in a recent lecture in London one of the Challenger staff has reviewed the evidence of soundings touching the general contour of the "lost Atlantis." Its valleys and hills are not such as could be formed by any natural irregularity in the disposition of sediments, nor by submarine elevations; they have been carved by agencies acting above the water level. Along the ridge there are four points which remain unsubmerged—the Azores, St. Paul's Rocks Ascension and Tristian d' Acunha. In the deeper basins, the Bermudas, Fernando de Noronha, Trinidad and St. Helena rise to the surface, in some instances not far distant, from depths exceeding three thousand fathoms. A group of such surroundings under the equator (not far from where the general ridge makes the angle separating the Connecting Ridge from the Challenger Ridge) give evidence of an ancient valley line. Supposing the continent raised until this valley became dry land, the high peaks (now islands) near by would rise to Himalayan heights, and the ridge itself would average about 1,500 feet. Even under the equator such elevations would be capped with snow, if the atmospheric conditions were at all as now. The lower levels along the mountain ridge would present every variety of climate, according to the height; and with such a line of communication many serious problems of plant and animal migration across the equator during the geologic ages could be easily solved. In the North Atlantic regions the general elevation of the ridge is probably not more than 9,000 feet, unless the original depths are masked considerably by a deposit of globigerina—ooze.

Thus deep sea exploration confirms the report of geology that Atlantis really existed; and palæontology also bears witness to the same great fact. Still more, it testifies that the final disappearance of the buried ridge did not occur until comparatively recent times. The evidence on this was reviewed some eight years ago by Professor Unger, who had been led to believe that a land connection must have existed between Europe and America, as late as the tertiary period, by a comparison of the recent and fossil floras of the two continents. Other evidence of like nature may be found in professor Gray's review of the history of gigantic red-woods (*sequoias*) of California, reprinted in "Darwiniana."

With such support the traditions of the ancient world, on both sides of the Atlantic, begin to read like something more than empty myths. The Egyptian priests, it is more than likely, were reciting veritable history when they told Solon about the islands of continental magnitude that formerly existed in the outer sea beyond the pillars of hercules, but had sunk beneath the waters. And it is not impossible that the mighty kings of Atlantis may have invaded Europe and Africa, as the Egyptian books narrated, and overrun those countries as far as Greece and Egypt.

The story of the of sinking Atlantis during a time of floods and earthquakes was preserved with even greater fullness of detail on the American continent, if there is any truth in the representations of Brasceur de Bour Eourge. That student of Central American monuments and traditions asserts that not only was the story of the submergence of a great country to the eastward widely spread among the natives and frequently referred to in their writings, but that seasons of humiliation and prayer will be observed in commemoration of such disasters—both princes and people humbling themselves before their divinity and praying that the calamities which had overtaken their ancestors might never be repeated. These great convulsions are specially dwelt upon in the Indian traditions, and one or two minor ones are mentioned, when the land was shaken by frightful earthquakes and the waves of the sea combined with volcanic fires to overwhelm and engulf it. By these convulsions the land was swept and submerged, but few of the inhabitants escaping in boats or finding a refuge on the tops of high mountains.

To the evidence of tradition de Bourbourge adds that of language. The words *Atlas* and Atlantic, he says, have no satisfactory etymology in any language of the Old World. On the other hand, the radical *alt* is characteristic of the Nahuatl language, weich played so important a part in Mexico and Central America. It signified water, war, and the top of the head, and furnished a series of words, such as *atlan*, on the border of or amid the water; also *atlaza* (preterit, *atlaz*,) to combat or be in agony, and to hurl or dart from the water. *Atlan* was the name of a native city at the entrance of the Gulf of Uraba, in Darien. The same combination appeared also in *Quetzalchohuatl*, the name of the quetzal plumbed serpent god of the Aztecs.

We are not aware of any geological reason for doubting the possibility of the lingering of Atlantis as an archipelago down to post-tertiary times, and its final submergence within the period since man appeared. The probability of its cotinuance hinges entirely on the credibility of human traditions. In the absence of conflicting evidence, the concurrence of testimony from people so widely separated as the ancient Greeks and Egyptians on the one side and the Central Americans on the other, may in some minds count for a great deal. At any rate it must be admitted that Atlantis *has existed* as a substantial reality.—*Scientific American.*

The Cost of Dying.

The population of the world at the close of the year 1876 is estimated at 1,423,917,000. Admitting that the average duration of human life is 33 years, the deaths will be 43,455,060 a year. According to the most reliable data, it costs about an average of $100 to defray the expenses of a Christian funeral. If, therefore, all the nations of the earth were Christians, the funeral bills would amount to $4,345,506,000 annually. The question that will at an early day confront economists will be: Cannot some way be devised to die cheaper? Evidently it costs too much to get decently under the sod—too much for rosewood coffins, plumed hearses, monumental marble, fashionable cemetery lots and mourning costumes. Fashion is too supreme at funerals. The fickle goddess is too potential in dictating the fit and fabric of shroud and winding sheets and the style of silver plates and nails. Mourning goods are manufactured to order and graded first, second and third; every sigh has its peculiar tint until at last the world observes that the days of sadness are past and the "dear departed" are forgotten. The poor can hardly afford to die, a rude country coffin no longer answers the purpose. The style of a burial case is a matter of deep concern, and in many cases the living are robbed of the absolute necessaries of life that the dead may have a fashionable funeral. Speculation in cemetery lots is now a feature in real estate transactions, and there are aristocratic avenues in the cities of the dead as well as in the cities of the living. Pride erects its monuments on the grand thoroughfares, and the gaping multitude discuss the former opulence of those who lie under sculptured marble. The population of the United States is estimated at 40,000,000, which will give, according to accepted death-rates, about 1,250,000 deaths annually. Estimating the average cost of a funeral at $100 we have a death tax of about $125,000,000 annually, or something over $3 per capita for every man, woman and child in the country. Manifestly this sum is too large. Common sense demands that it should be reduced. The discussion will hardly be undertaken by the undertakers, and the livery-stable men may regard it somewhat hackneyed, nevertheless the fact stands that it costs too much to die.

Burying a Fort.

Quite an original method of taking a fort is described in *Blackwood's Magazine.* In 1696 a large Russian Army besieged the Turkish fort of Azof, which was situated on a plain, strongly fortified, and had a small but well disciplined garrison. No common approaches could be made to it, as the Turkish cannon swept the level with iron hail. In this case the engineering skill of the Russians was baffled, but Gen. Patrick Gordon, the right-hand man of Peter the Great, and the only one for whose death he ever shed a tear, being determined to take the place at any cost proposed to bury it with earth by gradual approaches. He had a large army; the soil of the plain was light and deep, and he sat twelve thousand men to work with spades, throwing up a high circumvallation of earth wall before them in advance. The men were kept in gangs, working day and night, the earth being thrown from one to another like the steps of a stair, the top gang taking the lowest place every half hour in succession. In five weeks the hugh earth wall was carried forward nearly one mile, until it rose to and above the highest ramparts, and the earth began to roll over them. This caused the Turkish Governor to hang out the white flag and give in. Had he not done so General Gordon would have buried the fortress.

Edible Nuts.

Nuts are true seeds, and differ from fruits in having hard shells without any soft of pulpy enclosure. From the earliest times nuts, especially acorns and chestnuts, have been used for food, and at the present day in Southern Europe chestnuts form a large portion of the food of the laboring classes, who besides eating them raw and roasted, make puddings of them and polenta for pastry. The chestnut is the most farinaceous and the least oily of all the nuts, and therefore it is the most easy of digestion, but it requires boiling or roasting to burst the starch cells and render it digestible. The chestnuts of Southern Europe are far superior in size and perfection to those that grow in colder climates. Though little used on our tables, they make delicious desserts.

The walnut is a native of Persia, and its fruit is much used in the green state as a pickle. This nut is very oily, and on the Continent its oil when fresh, is used in cooking as a substitute for olive oil. In Switzerland the poor people use the refuse matter after the oil is extracted, for bread. Walnuts and hickory nuts are often used by fancy cooks for shortening and flavoring cake; the addition of these nuts makes a delicious but very indigestible article.

Acorns from remote antiquity have been used as food for man and animals. The ancient Britons lived mostly on acorns; so says Galen did the Arcadians. They were prepared in many shapes, boiled and roasted, dried and ground and made into bread. At present they are chiefly used for fattening hogs, deer, and poultry, though in Norway and Sweden they are boiled and mixed with cornmeal to make bread.

Hazelnuts and filberts are the fruit of the same tree, the former in its wild and the latter in its cultivated state. These nuts are quite free from oil. At dessert they are eaten with salt.

Fresh roasted peanuts are very agreeable in their flavor and quite nutritious. Instead of being munched between meals, in all sorts of places, if they were eaten at the table as a part of the meal and thoroughly masticated, they would prove more wholesome.

The coconut is a product of one of the palms, and grows abundantly in all tropical regions. The kernel, in its fresh state, is very nutritive and when grated makes excellent cakes or fritters. The milk of the coconut forms a delicious beverage in its native country, a large nut when fresh will give half a pint of milk. When it is very young the pulp is so soft that it may be eaten with a spoon and the shell is so thin and transparent that it may be used as a lantern. The oil obtained by pressure from the kernel is used for burning in lamps and for making fine soap. There is no part of the tree but is employed for some useful purpose, though with respect to fruit the coconut is one of the least productive of the palm tribe. One tree in good soil produces about one hundred coconuts annually.

Sweet almonds are nutritive, but difficult of digestion. The brown husk that surrounds the kernel is unwholesome, and on account of its injurious qualities almonds should always be blanched. This is done by simply pouring boiling water upon the kernels. Bitter almonds are poisonous to all classes of animals. Though they do not contain prussic acid, yet, when chewed, a chemical change is effected by which prussic acid is formed. The essence of bitter almonds is a most potent poison, though it is extensively used for flavoring. In the hands of a careless, ignorant cook it is dangerous, and there are a great many flavorings that could well take its place altogether.

A Curious Clock.

The Clockmakers' Company have recently printed a catalogue of the books, MSS., paintings, and prints relating to horology, together with the collection of ancient clocks, watches and watch works, preserved in their library and museum. These are now deposited in the Guildhall Free Library. The list, compiled by Mr. W. H. Overall, is a foundation for a bibliography of horology. Among the prints is one representing a very extraordinary clock, the production of Jacob Lovelace, of Exeter. It took thirty-four years to complete the work; he died in 1716. The movements are: First, a moving panorama descriptive of day and night; day is represented by Apollo in his car, drawn by four spirited coursers, accompanied by the twelve hours, and Diana in her car, drawn by stags, attended by the twelve hours, represents night. Second, two gilt figures in Roman costume, who turn their heads and salute with their swords as the panorama revolves, and also move in the same manner while the bells are ringing. Third, a perpetual almanac, showing the day of the month on a semi-circular plate, the index returning to the first day of every month on the close of each month, without alteration, even in leap-years, regulated only once in 130 years. Fourth, a circle, the index of which shows the day of the week, with its appropriate planet. Fifth, a perpetual almanac, showing the days of the month, week, and the equation of time. Sixth, a circle showing the leap-year, the index revolving only once in four years. Seventh, a timepiece that strikes the hour and chimes the quarter, on the face of which the whole of the twenty-four hours are shown and regulated. Within this circle the sun is seen in his course, with the time of rising and setting, by a horizon receding or advancing as the days lengthen or shorten; and under is seen the moon, showing her different quarters, phases, age, &c. Eighth, two female figures, one on each side of the dial plate, representing Fame and Terpsichore, who move in time when the organ plays. Ninth, a movement regulating the clock as a repeater, to strike or be silent. Tenth, Saturn, the god of time, who beats in movement when the organ plays. Eleventh, a circle on the face shows the names of the ten celebrated ancient tunes played by the organ in the interior of the cabinet every four hours. Twelfth, a belfry with six ringers, who ring a merry peal ad libitum. The interior of this part of the cabinet is ornamented with beautiful paintings representing some of the principal ancient buildings of the city of Exeter. Thirteenth, connected with the organ there is a bird-organ, which plays when required. —*British Trade Journal.*

Rich Without Money.—Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than lands. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develope good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the rich proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

The Garden Spider.

I think those of my young friends who have been in the garden on a fine Autumn morning, must have noticed the beautiful web of the garden-spider, like a fairy wheel which the early frost has studded all over with diamonds, making a far more attractive-looking trap than that of her homely, cousin, the house spider.

A little examination will show you that the two webs are made in a very different way; for whilst the house spider throws her threads loosely and irregularly together, the garden spider arranges hers in lines and circles at carefully measured distances, just as if she held in her wonderful hands a tiny pair of invisible compasses.

I dare say some of you boys, who are just beginning to learn Euclid, and have found out how difficult it is to draw circles, would be glad if our little friend could impart to you her power of making them so perfectly; for she has earned for herself the name of the Geometrical spider.

If you watch her at work, you will see that she begins by pressing her spinnerets against the branch of some shrub till she draws out a long silky line, which the wind soon wafts to another branch, where it is fastened by the gum at the end of it; then, like the house spider, she walks over it again and again, each time adding a thread, till it becomes a strong cord; then she throws out another and another, till the framework of her web is complete. The shape of this framework she leaves to the fancy of the wind, which sometimes blows the threads so as to form a triangle, but more generally an irregular four-sided figure.

In the middle of the outside cords the little wheelright begins her work, by placing there a drop of the gummy fluid from her spinnerets, which she draws out into a straight thread, at the end of which she lets herself down till she reaches a lower branch, where she fastens it. This done, she runs back again up the little ladder, and spins till the outside cord is reached again. Walking along the edge for some little distance, she drops some gum, and continues her course, spinning her threads all the time. As she goes on, she every now and then gives the line a little push with her hind legs, to prevent its getting entangled with the cords of the framework. When she gets opposite the place where she began to spin, she gives the long straggling thread a hard jerk, which pulls it tight across the first line.

Running to the point where the two lines cross one another, the little creature sends on to the outer lines of the web the spokes of her delicate wheel. In less time than it takes you to read about it, she has made all these spokes, carefully pulling each to see if it is firm; and now begins the work of making those beautiful circles which you often see. A little drop of gum fastens the circle to each of the lines, and the spider also takes care to leave some among the threads of the web, to catch the feet of the flies and other insects who enter her trap. When all is finished to her satisfaction, the busy worker bites out the piece in the centre of the web, where all the lines have met; and seating herself there, she rests from her work and watches for her prey.

Business Punctuality.

It is astonishing how many people are unpunctual. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but the fruitful parent of numerous other vices; so that he who becomes its victim is soon involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time, saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and injures the prospects of mechanics who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession nor a station in life which is not liable to the canker of this destructive habit.

Many of Napoleon's great victories were won by infusing into his subordinates the necessity of punctuality to the minute. It was his plan to manœuvre over large spaces of country, to render the enemy uncertain where he was about to strike, and then suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with irresistable force upon some weak point of the extended lines of the foe. Execution of this system demanded that each division of the army should arrive at a specified spot, punctually, for if any part failed to come up, the battle was lost. It was by imitating this plan that the allies finally succeeded in overthrowing the Emperor. The whole Waterloo campaign turned upon these tactics. At Mt. St. Jean, Blucher was punctual, while Grouchy was not, and the result was, Napoleon fell and Wellington triumphed.

In mercantile affairs punctuality is quite as important as in military. Many are the instances in which neglect to renew an insurance policy, punctually, has led to serious loss. Hundreds of city merchants and manufacturers and publishers are now suffering in consequence of want of punctuality among their country customers in paying up accounts. It is sound policy which moves the banks to insist, under penalty of protest, upon the punctual payment of notes; for, were they to do otherwise, commercial transactions would fall into inextricable confusion. Many a time has the failure of one man to meet obligations brought about the ruin of a score of others, just as the toppling down of the first in a line of bricks causes the fall of all the rest.

Smoked Walls.—A correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes to know if anything can be done to keep the smoke from an old kitchen wall from striking through and turning the whitewash yellow. That journal replies:—Put ten cents' worth of white vitriol—pulverized—in two quarts of cold water; wash the walls with a common whitewash brush dipped in this solution. Let it dry over night, then apply the following whitewash:—Put in a pail the contents of a twenty-cent package of white rock lime. Fill the pail with hot water, cover and let steam, stirring occasionally until dissolved. Add to this five cents' worth of painters' blue. This can be applied with an ordinary whitewash brush. It does not rub off, and rivals in whiteness the finest kalsomining. Three rooms, 24x16, can be whitened with one twenty-cent package.

We are proverbially blind to our own faults, and there are very few of us who have the grace to join with Robert Burns in the prayer:

> "O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"

Such are the infirmities of human nature that we instinctively attribute some bad motive to those who show us our faults. The first impulse is to resent, and the next to deny. As passion cools we are sometimes able to see that our censors have done us a kindness.

Frowns blight your children as frosty nights blight young plants.

We increase our wealth when we lessen our desires.

A mole on the face may be removed by repeated application of colorless iodine.

The Seven Wonders.

The seven wonders of the world are among the traditions of childhood, and yet it is a remarkable fact that ninety-nine persons out of one hundred who might be asked the question could not name them. They are the Pyramids—the mystery of the past—the enigma of the present—and the enduring puzzle for the future ages of this world. The temple, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the most celebrated city of Assyria, and the residence of the kings of that country after the destruction of Nineveh. Chryselephantine statue of Jupiter Olympus, the most renowned work of Phidias, the illustrious artist of Greece. The statue was formed of gold, and was sitting on a throne almost touching the summit of the temple, which was seventy feet high. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was two hundred and twenty years in building, and which was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and two hundred and twenty feet in breadth and supported by one hundred and twenty-seven marble columns of the Ionic order, sixty feet high. The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, erected in the memory of Mausolus, the king of Caria, by his wife Artemisia, B. C., three hundred and fifty-three. The Pharos at Alexandria, a light-house erected by Ptolemy Soter at the entrance of the harbor. It was four hundred and sixty feet high and could be seen at the distance of one hundred miles. Upon it was inscribed "King Ptolemy to the Gods, the Saviors, for the benefit of the sailors." Lastly, the Colossus of Rhodes, a brazen image of Apollo, one hundred and five Grecian feet in height, which was to be located at the entrance of one of the harbors of Rhodes.

How Women Dress in Persia.

A few women were seen. We met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be women because of their costume and size; but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees in a cotton or silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chudder, it is called, which passes over the head and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chudder is tied around the head a yard-long veil of white cotton or linen, in which before the eyes a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout and ventilator. The veil passes under the chudder at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors puts on a pair of trowsers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chudder, and thus her outdoor seclusion and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognize her in the street. In this costume Mohammedan women grope their way about the towns of Persia. Their trousers are tightly bound about the ankles above their colored stockings which are invariably of home manufacture; and slippers with no covering for the heel, complete the unsightly, unwholesome apparel of those uncomfortable victims of the Persian readings of the Koran.—*Arnold's "Through Persia by Caravan."*

Depth of the Ocean.—The average depth of the ocean is somewhere from 2000 to 2500 fathoms. A very large portion of the sea has a depth somewhat less than this, and a depth of 2000 fathoms appears to be common. Where it is 2500 or 3000 fathoms, we would appear to be going into submarine valleys, with the exception of the North Pacific, where there is an enormous extension of water of great depth, in many cases going beyond 3000 fathoms. In the Atlantic a great part of the northern section of it has a depth of about 2000 fathoms, with a middle ridge which passes down from Greenland, and includes the various groups of islands and single islands to Tristan d'Acunha, and probably beyond it. In the South Atlantic, on each side of this ridge, which is there called the "Dolphin Rise," in compliment to the American ship which first surveyed it, there is a trough which runs to a considerable depth, usually down to 3000 fathoms, and these form marked depressions roughly parallel with the axes of the South American and African continents.—*Good Things.*

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and in his unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within, that makes or unmakes.

One of the greatest curiosities in the Hills can be found within half an hour's walk of Buffalo Gap. It consists of a large number of petrified pine trees, one of which measures eighty-seven feet, and is one of the most perfect specimens of petrifactions we ever saw, every knot, knot-hole and limb being as clearly defined as one would see them in the natural state of the tree.—*Black Hill Times.*

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment some assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals. No one, who holds the power of granting it, can refuse it without guilt.

I love a serious preacher who speaks for my sake, and not his own—who seeks my salvation, and not his vainglory. He best deserves to be heard who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. Nothing is more detestable than a professed declaimer, who retails his discourses as a quack does his medicines.—*Massillon.*

An instant decides the life of man and his whole fate; for after lengthened thought the resolve is only the act of a moment; it is the man of sense that seizes on the right thing to be done; it is ever dangerous to linger in your selection of this and that, and so by your hesitation get confused.

Constantinople.—Constantinople has a circumference of about thirteen miles. Its harbor, the "Golden Horn," is a long capacious inlet of the Bosphorus running along the northeast side of the city, with sufficient depth for the largest vessels and capable of receiving 1,200 sails of the line.

Harvest never comes to such as sow not; and experience will not, unless you do what God has commanded.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.