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The Dying Rosebud.

How oft, while yet an infant flower,
My crimson cheek I've laid
Against the green bars of my bower,
Impatient of the shade.

And pressing up and peeping through
Its small and precious vistas,
Sighed for the lonely light and dew
That blessed my elder sisters.

I saw the sweet breeze rippling o'er
Their leaves, that loved the play,
Though the light thief stole all the store
Of dew-drop gems away.

I thought how happy I should be
Such diamond wreaths to wear,
And frolic, with a rose's glee,
With sunbeam, bird, and air.

Ah, me—ah, woe is me, that I,
Ere yet my leaves unclose—
With all my wealth of sweets must die
Before I am a rose.

Waiting for You, Jock.

Winter's agoing;
The streams are a-flowing;
The May-flowers blowing
Will soon be in view,
But all things seem faded,
For my heart it is jaded,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you;
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

As soon as the day's done,
My thoughts to the West run;
I envy the red sun,
That sinks from my view,
On you it's a-shining,
While here I am pining,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you;
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

I sigh when the day beams;
The pitiful night seems
To cheer me with sweet dreams,
That bear me to you.
Each morn as you flee me,
The fading stars see me,
Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you;
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!

Go, robin, fly to him;
Sing ever high to him;
Summer winds sigh to him;
Bid him be true!
Where he sleeps on the prairies,
Oh, whisper, kind fairies,
"Waiting for you, Jock,
Waiting for you!
Oh, but it's weary work,
Waiting for you!"

A HEAVY BURDEN.

Robert Hodgkins had lived in the village, next door to Samuel Hullins, at least a dozen years, and no doubt the two neighbors would have been on good terms together; but, unluckily for the peace of Robert Hodgkins, Samuel Hullins had a pension on account of a bad wound which he had received when fighting as a seaman under Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Every week when Hodgkins went to pay his rent up at the tanhouse, he muttered and grumbled all the way there and back, because his neighbor could afford to pay his rent so much better than himself. An envious, discontented spirit is one of the worst qualities a man can foster in his bosom; it makes him miserable at home and abroad; it sours his sweetest enjoyments, and plants stinging nettles in all his paths along the journey of life.

For a time Hodgkins growled and grumbled to himself, but afterwards his discontent grew louder, till, at last, it became his favorite topic to lament his own ill luck, and to rail against those whose money came in whether they would or not, and who had nothing else to do but to sit in an easy chair from morning till night, while he worked his heart out to get enough to support himself and his family.

It was on a Monday morning that Hodgkins, who was sadly behind in his rent, walked up to the tanhouse to Mr. Starkey's, to make some excuse for not paying what was due.

Hodgkins entered the tanhouse, and was soon reproved for not paying his rent by his landlord, Mr. Starkey, who told him that his next door neighbor, Samuel Hullins, regularly paid up every farthing. "Yes, yes," replied Hodgkins, "some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths; Hullins is a lucky fellow, no wonder that he can pay his rent with such a pension as he has got."

"Hullins has a pension, it is true," said Mr. Starkey, "but he carries a pretty heavy cross for it. If you had lost your leg, as he has done, perhaps you would fret more than you do now, notwithstanding you might in that case have a pension."

"Not I," replied Hodgkins, "if I had been lucky enough to lose a leg twenty years ago, it would have been a good day's work for me, if I could have got as much by it as Hullins has contrived to get. You call his a heavy cross, but I fancy that his pension makes it light enough to him; the heaviest cross that I know of is being obliged to work like a negro to pay my rent."

Now, Mr. Starkey was a shrewd man, and possessed a great deal of humor, and well knowing Hodgkins' disposition to repine, he felt disposed to convince him, if possible, that the lightest cross soon became heavy to a discontented spirit.

"I tell you what, Hodgkins," said he, "I am afraid that you are hardly disposed to make the best of things; however, as you think that your neighbor Hullins' cross is so very light, if you will undertake to carry one much lighter, you shall live rent free as long as you abide by the bargain."

"But what sort of a cross is it that you mean to put upon my shoulders?" inquired Hodgkins, fearing that it might be something to which he could not agree.

"Why," replied Mr. Starkey, fetching a large lump of chalk and making a broad cross on Hodgkins' back, "that is the cross, and so long as you like to wear it, I will not ask you for a farthing of your rent."

Hodgkins at first thought that his landlord was only joking, but being assured that he was quite serious, he told Mr. Starkey that he must look for no more rent from him, for that he was willing to wear *such a cross as* THAT *all the days of his life.*

Away went Hodgkins, chuckling within himself at his good luck, and thinking what a fool of a landlord he had got to let him off so easily from paying his rent. Never was he in a better humor than when he entered his cottage.

Hodgkins having seated himself with his back to the cupboard, his wife had not seen the cross on his coat; but no sooner did he turn round to pull up the weights of the cuckoo clock, than she cried out with a shrill voice: "Why, Hodgkins, where have you been? There is a cross on your back a foot long; you have been to the public, and some of your drunken companions have played you this trick, to make you look like a regular simpleton; come, stand still, and let me rub it off, or every lad in the village will be laughing at you."

"Let it alone," said Hodgkins, turning quickly round; "I won't have it rubbed off. Go on mending your stockings, and let my coat alone." "But I won't let it alone," replied his wife; "do you think my husband shall play the fool in that manner? No, that he shan't; I'll have every bit of it off before you stir out of the house."

Hodgkins knew very well that his wife was not easily turned when she had once set her mind upon a thing, so, striding across the cottage, he hastily made his escape, banging the door after him with all his might. "An ill-tempered viven!" muttered he to himself; "I would have told her of my good luck had she been quiet, but now she shall know nothing about it."

"Halloo, Robert!" cried old Fallows, the bricklayer, as Hodgkins turned round the corner; "who has been playing you that trick? Why, your back is scored all across. Come here, and I will give you a dusting."

"Mind your own back, and let mine alone," said Hodgkins.

"Mr. Hodgkins," cried little Patty Stevens, the huckster's daughter, running after him, "if you please, there has somebody been making a long score all down your coat; mother will rub it off for you if you will come back."

"You and your mother had better mind your red herrings and treacle," replied Hodgkins, sharply, leaving the little girl wondering why he did not stop to have his coat brushed.

No one else noticed the cross on Hodgkins' back till he got near the blacksmith's shop, where the butcher and the blacksmith were talking, the butcher cutting a piece of elder, to make skewers, and the blacksmith with his arms across, leaning on the half door of his shop. "You are just the very man I wanted to see," said the butcher, stopping Hodgkins; but before he had spoken a dozen words to him, old Peggy Turton came up, in her red cloak and check apron. "Dear me!" cried old Peggy, gathering up her apron in her hand, "why, Mr. Hodgkins, your back is quite a fright; but stand still a moment, and I'll soon have it off." When Hodgkins turned around to tell old Peggy to be quiet, the blacksmith roared out to the butcher to "twig Hodgkins' back." "He looks like a walking finger-post," cried the butcher. "Ay, ay," said the blacksmith; "I warrant ye his wife has done that for him, for spending his wages at the Malt Shovel." There was no other method of escaping the check apron of Peggy Turton, and the laughing and jeering of the butcher and blacksmith, than that of getting off the ground as soon as possible; so, calling poor Peggy a meddling old hussy, and the other two a brace of grinning fellows, he turned the first corner he came to, feeling the cross on his back a great deal heavier than he had expected to find it.

Poor Hodgkins seemed to meet with nothing but ill luck, for just before he got to the school all the scholars ran boisterously into the road, full of frolic and fun, waving their caps, and following Hodgkins, shouted as loudly as they could brawl, "Look at his back! look at his back!" Hodgkins was in a fury, and would perhaps have done some mischief to his young tormentors had it not been for the sudden appearance of Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, who at that moment came out of the school-room. The boys gave over their hallooing, for Hodgkins directly told Mr. Johnson that they were "an impudent set of young jackanapes, and everlastingly in mischief."

Mr. Johnson, who had heard the uproar among the boys, and caught a glimpse of Hodgkins' back, replied, mildly, that he would never encourage anything like impudence in his scholars, but that perhaps Hodgkins was not aware of the cause of their mirth; he assured him that he had so large a chalk mark on his back, that it was enough to provoke the merriment of older people than his boys, and advised him by all means, if he wished to avoid of being laughed at, to get rid of it as soon as possible. Hodgkins said peevishly that his back was "nothing to nobody," and muttering to himself, walked on, feeling his cross to be heavier than ever.

The reflections which passed through Hodgkins' mind were not of the most agreeable description. It was, to be sure, a rare thing to live rent free; but if every man, woman, and child in the village were to be everlastingly tormenting him, there would be no peace from morning to night. Then again, even if his neighbors got used to the cross on his back, and said nothing about it, he knew that his wife would never let him rest. On the whole, the more he considered about it, the more was he disposed to think that the bargain was not quite so good a one as he at first had taken it to be.

As Hodgkins went on towards the Malt Shovel, he saw, at a distance, his landlord, Mr. Starkey, and directly after, to his great consternation, his neighbor, Samuel Hullins, came stumping along, with his wooden leg, in company with Harry Stokes the carpenter. Now Harry Stokes was quite the village wit; and Hodgkins dreaded nothing more than to be laughed at by him, in the presence of Samuel Hullins. His first thought was to pull off his coat, but then, what would Mr. Starkey say to that? Not knowing what else to do, he took refuge in the Malt Shovel, but soon found the house too hot to hold him, for when those who were drinking there began to laugh at the cross on his back, both the landlord and landlady declared that no customer of theirs should be made a laughing-stock in their house, while they had the power to hinder it. The landlord got the clothes-brush, and the landlady a wet sponge, and Hodgkins was obliged to make a hasty retreat, to secure his coat from the sponge and the clothes-brush of his persevering friends.

When Hodgkins left home, he intended to go to a neighboring village about some work which he had to do, but his temper had been so ruffled by old Fallows, Patty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, and Peggy Turton, as well as by Mr. Johnson and his scholars, the company at the Malt Shovel, and the landlord and landlady, that he determined to get home as soon as he could, thinking it better to be railed at by his wife, than to be laughed at by the whole village.

If you have ever seen, on the first of September, a poor wounded partridge, the last of the covey, flying about from place to place, while every sportsman he came near had a shot at him, you may form some notion of the situation of poor Hodgkins as he went back to his cottage; sometimes walking fast that he might not be overtaken, sometimes moving slowly that he might not overtake others. Now in the lane, then in the field; skulking along as though he had been robbing a henroost, and was afraid to show his face. The cross by this time had become almost intolerable.

No sooner did he enter his cottage door, than his wife began:

"And so you are come back again, are you, to play the tomfool? Here have been half a dozen of your neighbors calling to know if you are not gone out of your mind. If ever there was a madman, you are one; but I'll put that coat in a pail of water, or behind the fire, before I will have such antics played by a husband of mine; come, pull off your coat! I say, pull off your coat!"

Had Hodgkin's wife soothed him, he might have been more reasonable, but as it was, her words were like gunpowder thrown into the fire. A violent quarrel took place, words were followed by blows, and dashing, smashing, and crashing resounded in the dwelling of Robert Hodgkins.

The fiercer a fire burns, the sooner will it consume the fuel which supports it; and passionate people, in like manner, exhaust their strength by the violence of their anger. When Hodgkins found that there was no prospect of peace, night or day, at home or abroad, either with wife or amongst neighbors and villagers, so long as he continued to wear his cross, he of his own accord rubbed it from his back.

The next Monday Hodgkins went up to the tan-house betimes, with a week's rent in his hand.

"Ah, Robert," said Mr. Starkey, shaking his head, "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. It is a good thing to encourage a contented disposition, and not to envy others, nor unnecessarily to repine at the troubles which God has been pleased to lay upon us. Let this little affair be a lesson to us both, for depend upon it, we never commit a greater mistake than when we imagine the trials of others to be light, and our own crosses to be heavier than those of our neighbors.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."

The Shah and His People.

The Shah of Persia has arrived in England. Extensive preparations were made for his reception, and Great Britain proposes to show Nassr-ed-Din the full glory of her kingdom and the extent and sources of her prosperity. He goes to Buckingham Palace, where he and his suite will be accommodated. There will be a grand review and a march through London, which last is really the most effective means of impressing the Shah with the force at the command of the Queen. No city in Europe can turn out so large a crowd, and London is but a fraction of England. The Persian King will visit Manchester and Birmingham, and there behold somewhat of the impulse which labor gives to empire. There is deep political significance in the visit, so far as Russia and England are concerned and the Government of each of these countries is exceedingly anxious to secure the good will of the Prince, not because he is powerful, but because he stands closely related to their dominions in Asia, and because Persia is a field soon to be opened to railways and manufactured goods. The Shah has come with a liberal purse. He has some $20,000,000 put by for his traveling expenses. These, however, are borne chiefly by the Governments to which he pays visits. He will, doubtless, scatter largess with a liberal hand, and make many purchases. The Shah wears a robe which is valued at $1,000,000. He brought an assortment of wives with him, but they were too much for his Persian temper after he reached Europe, so he sent them all back from Moscow, to raise a breeze in the harem, and vilify their absent and unreasonable lord. The absence of these gentle dames will be a relief to the good Victoria, who has a keen sense of propriety. The Shah is very rich; he has absolute sway, and he absorbs the revenues of the country and adds them to his private fortune. His poor subjects are crushed by poverty and public burdens, and within the last two years thousands of them have perished from famine, while luxurious rulers have added to their hoarded treasure and paid no heed to the want and misery which devastated the Kingdom. The Shah, in August, 1871, returning to the capital, was met at the gates by "thousands of howling women," who were dispersed by the police. He issued an order that bread should be sold at a nominal price, but the bread did not come. He then ordered the Vizier of the town to be put in chains, the chief baker to be cut open, and the other bakers to be roasted in their ovens. Strange as it may seem, bread by this means, was made no cheaper, and now the Shah is wandering around to see with "how little wisdom" ether lands are governed.

How the Probabilities are Cast.

At the seventy odd stations in the United States the observations are made six times daily with each of the instruments named in regular succession and at the same moment of time. The first is made at seven o'clock in the morning and the last at ten o'clock at night, three of which are forwarded to the central office at Washington, from which the "probabilities" are cast at 10 A. M., and 1 A. M., constituting the morning and evening weather reports. The headquarters here are connected with all the telegraph companies, and work at stated times in long circuits in receiving cipher messages. The cipher system insures accuracy and brevity—one word giving the degree and fraction of a degree of temperature instead of being fully written out—and is used to make up the meteorological condition of all the stations. These cipher messages commence to come from five to eleven P. M., and when finished are taken into a translating-room and read aloud, when three clerks write them out from memory, so familiar have they become with the cipher, one on a rough map and two on the manifold bulletins. When these reports are all noted on the map—the condition of the thermometer, the state of the barometer, the direction of the wind, the condition of the heavens, &c.,—a careful study of the entire country is made by Lieutenant Craig or Professors Abbee and Maury, and the synopsis of the weather made for the New England, Atlantic, and Middle, and the Western and Gulf States for the past twenty-four hours, and the probabilities indicated for the next eight hours. These are in turn placed on bulletin-maps and are telegraphed broadcast to the daily papers by the Associated Press.

Political Intrigues in France.

Things in France remain stupidly dull on the surface, probably because all parties are working in secret to circumvent and outwit each other. One of the fine schemes of the Conservatives is to get up a *plebiscite* to decide whether the government shall be Monarchical or Republican. They imagine that, if all the Imperialists and Monarchists and anti-Thiers men will unite in voting for the Monarchy, they will find themselves in a large majority, and can settle the little matter of whether the nation shall have a boy Emperor or a King among themselves afterward to their entire satisfaction. But already the various factions have begun to count the chickens before the eggs are fairly laid, and the people who might vote for a Monarchy with one man at the head of it decidedly object to going for a Monarchy in the abstract, without knowing whether they are to have the old clothes of Louis Napoleon, or a royal commonplace in the person of Chambord. "Show us the man," they exclaim, very naturally. They don't propose to play blind-man's buff any more when a throne is the stake. Meanwhile, M. Thiers has shaken hands with M. Gambetta, and henceforth the Republicans will be one. This is a decided gain; and so long as the fire of public danger keeps the Republicans pressed together in a common interest, idea, and policy, their cause is safe.

HAIR OIL.—The following oil is recommended as an excellent compound preparation for the preservation and growth of the hair: Take, of purified beef marrow, say, four ounces: of purified lard, two ounces; concrete oil of mace, four ounces; oil of aloes, lavender, mint, rosemary, sage, and thyme, each, two drachms; balsam of tolu, four drachms; camphor, one drachm; alcohol, one ounce; place the alcohol in a glass mattrass, and by the heat of a water bath, dissolve therein the balsam of tolu; add the camphor and essential oil. On the other hand, melt together the marrow, lard, oil of mace, and, as it congeals, add the alcohol solution made, and stir the whole well until it is entirely cooled. Lubricate the head with the oil once or twice every twenty-four hours.

Samana Bay.

What a Resident Says of its Products and Prospects.

A few days since Judge J. P. O'Sullivan and Governor Fabens, of Samana Bay, arrived in New York from Santo Domingo City, stopping at Samana and Porto Plata. These gentlemen are both engaged on business in connection with the construction of a new railroad from Samana to Santiago, as well as developing the best means for developing the resources of that portion of the country. The writer called upon Judge O'Sullivan to learn what were the present prospects of Samana Bay and Santiago since the Samana Bay Company had taken possession of that portion of the island. Judge O'Sullivan stated as soon as the proposed line is completed passengers and frieght will be rapidly conveyed from Samana Bay to Santiago and other parts of the island, whereas it now takes days. The expense of traveling will also be greatly diminished. At present it costs at least $100 in gold to travel from one of these points to the other. To get from Samana Bay to Santiago takes from three to four days, and the journey is anything but a pleasant one. Mr. O'Sullivan said also that during the past twelve months the population had greatly increased throughout the island, owing to an influx of people from all nations, and there was every reason to think that it would continue. He considers the climate a good one, and not unhealthy, as some people believe it to be. The principle products raised are coffee, tobacco, indigo, and sugar, while of fruits almost all kinds can be grown to great advantage. There are large quantities of mahogany to be had, and several American merchants have commenced the cultivation of cotton. For labor there will be ample employment as soon as matters can be brought to a satisfactory condition and commercial interests between the island and other countries established. Mr O'Sullivan considers an acre of land near to a seaport on the island worth at least twenty acres of land in New England. There is one continual spring there, and with proper farming two crops, at least might be raised. Living is also cheap, particularly if a man occupies his own house. Most persons subsist on fruits of different kinds, and meat is very cheap. Said Mr. Sullivan: "Twenty dollars in gold will buy you a whole bullock, and I have bought half of a lamb for $1 and $1.50." The poorer people live for a mere trifle, growing almost all that they consume. Wages are from $1.50 in gold to $3, according to the work done, though at present there is but little demand for skilled workmen, owing to the island not being thickly settled. The population of Santiago and Samana Bay, with their vicinities, is estimated at about 30,000 inhabitants.

The writer also called upon Governor Fabens, who said that the affairs of Samana Bay were in a thriving condition, and that he believed Samana Bay would one day be the leading port of the West Indies. He remarked that General McClellan, while President Pierce held office, predicted that would be the case, and said it was one of the finest harbors in the world. Governor Fabens said the Company intended to do everything to further the development of the resources of the island, but that as the company was new, a great deal had to be thought about to make it successful, and so far as their operations have extended their object has been achieved.

On the question of annexation with the United States Mr. Faben said the people were anxiously looking for that, as they believed it should be to their advantage in every respect.

Another Strange Case.

The papers of St. John, N. B. are commenting upon the final unmasking there of a prominent mercantile citizen, for a long period a local criterion of all that was honorable in man. Many years ago he came thither to a dry-goods clerkship in a thriving house, bringing a reputation for moral fastidiousness which his whole future manner and practice publicly substantiated. Abstaining rigorously from every form of equivocal self-indulgence, scrupulously decorous in his language, tireless in his business duties, he advanced as rapidly in enviable social appreciation as in his interests as a tradesman, and, upon acceding to a minor partnership with his former employers, married a lady from one of the best families in the city. He became a father, a substantial citizen, and a full partner. After a while his business associates wished to sell their shares and retire, when it was found that he had accumulated enough independent capital to purchase the greater portion of the concern and become chief proprietor. Thenceforth he waxed richer and richer; his credit was good for any amount; he was the model man of trading and social circles; and so until a few weeks ago, when some unrelated circumstance prompted one of his latest partners to institute a private examination of the books of their partnership and the firm preceding it. Thence the discovery, that for more than thirteen years this universally respected and trusted merchant had been a secret brigand to his employers, partners, and every one else whose property he could reach. He had been as regular in his stealings as in his other and better-known habits; systematizing and hiding it with a genius worthy of the noblest human attainments, and putting the steady dishonest profits out in investments so unconspicuous that they had attracted no suspicious attention. As a consequence of this discovery, necessarily made public at last, he is now a wrecked and ruined man, having surrendered to his old employers and subsequent partners his whole fortune, to escape prosecution for felony.

Vegetable Perfumes and Health.

An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medical researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxydizing influence. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemons, fennel, bergamot; those that give it in smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg, and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts, and in places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxygen influence of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should surround their dwellings with beds of the most odeariferous flowers.

"I say, old boy, cried Paul Pry to an excavator whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, "what are you digging there?" "A big hole," the old boy replied. Paul was not to be put off in this fashion. "What are you going to do with the hole?" he asked. "Going to cut it up into small holes," rejoined the old boy, "and retail them to farmers for gate-posts."

Our Home Department.

What a Western Editor says of the Local Department of a Newspaper.

The local news is the most important feature of a newspaper, says Colonel Calkins in his address before the Wisconsin Editorial Convention, for the vast majority of readers. It is like social gossip, and it has a pungency and attraction, if well told, which a record of the most important remote events does not possess. If the reader knows personally all about the facts which are described, so much the better; for the account of a dog fight which he, himself, beheld, or the report of a meeting which he attended, or in which he participated, will be perused by him with greater inerest than he would feel in the most thrilling description by an eye witness of the capture of a Modoc chieftain. A man will read with absorbing interest every line in a description of a fire at which he was present, and the minutest details of which he already knows; and if he can find an audience to listen, he will read it again to them aloud. If he took part in subduing the fire, the account will possess a double charm and ravishment, and his eye will kindle, and his cheek will glow as he fights anew in print the battle with the flames. To see in print what the eyes saw occur yields an indescribable pleasure to the human mind. As we live again in our children, we live over again the eventful moments which the newspaper reproduces before us. Whatever men stop in the street to talk about, or women meet at the tea table to discuss, is of sufficient importance for the local columns of the newspaper. I have seen a local editor, (who did not understand his business), enter breathlessly the office in which he was employed, and describe orally, with animated eloquence, an event which he had seen, or which rumor had conveyed to him, and which he would never think of writing up for the paper, until told to do so. We have also, all of us, known men who would have been invaluable journalists if they had possessed the faculty of writing out their observations for the printer; for they find out what everybody else wants to know all about, and they will tell the news of the town by the hour to curb-stone listeners; but they fail to comprehend the duty, or the utility, of putting what they know where it will do most good. The talk of the streets, the counting-room, the shops and social circles is the best material for the local editor. The ablest editorial article on the events of peace and war will pass unread, or without comment, while a paragraph about triplets born in the humblest neighboring family will be in everybody's mouth. Every man takes a greater interest in the absence of his friend or acquaintance from home than he would in the absence of the Queen of Great Britain from her dominions. A bank in New York may become insolvent and ruin thousands, but we will barely mention it, while, if a store across the street is locked up by the sheriff, we will talk about it all day. An army may be slain in battle on the other side of the globe without exciting one of our emotions; but we will all get up, and run to look, and be shaken by a tempest of feeling, if a drunken roustabout is knocked down around the corner. We feel an interest in the world around us far deeper and more enduring than that which we feel in the world at large. Our home, domestic wonder is the real nine days' wonder. This quality in human nature gives to the local department of the newspaper an attraction, if it is well edited, which no other department can acquire.

Cotton and Sugar Culture in Egypt.

A gentleman in Boston has recently received a letter from a friend in Egypt, who makes some interesting statements concerning the growing material prosperity of that country. The development of the cotton trade has been very rapid, and the year just closed has been one of the most successful in the production of that staple known to the Egyptian planters. The whole crop of the year is estimated at two hundred million pounds, which at Liverpool brings prices ranging from 10 pence per pound for common to thirty-five pence for the best Sea Island, there being Ashmoor and Galini as intermediate grades. The traffic in cotton has been taken out of the hands of speculators, and committed to commission houses. The writer touches upon the enterprise of the railway that is to unite Soudan, Abyssinia, and Middle Africa with Alexandria, Cairo, and the Red Sea, and indicates the great development of country which is expected to result from it. The Viceroy has recently largely increased his sugar interests in Upper Egypt, and while he hitherto planted only 25,000 fedars, or acres, of land with sugar cane, he now has 150,000 under cultivation, each fedar yielding under good management one hundred cantars of gray sugar and twenty-five cantars of molasses, a cantar being 98 pounds. It is no wonder that the Viceroy is the wealthiest monarch in the world, when all his revenues, of which this is but a small part, are so immense, but the gentleman who writes of him says that there can be no doubt "that the actual Government of Egypt is the best she has had for many centuries past, and that nothing is neglected to develop her resources."

The French Indemnity to Germany.

Here is the briefest statement of the French indemnity payment that has yet been made public. The *Journal Officiel*, the French Government newspaper, declares that of the three milliards which remained to be paid Germany, one was entirely discharged last autumn. The second has been already paid. The third and last milliard (the fifth of the entire indemnity) will be delivered to the German Treasury in four equal payments—on the 5th of June, 5th of July, 5th of August and 5th of September of the present year. In return, the Emperor of Germany has engaged to evacuate, on the 5th of July next, the four departments—Vosges, Ardennes, Meuse and Meurthe-et-Moselle—as well as the fortress and arondissement of Belfort. The evacuation is to be affected within four weeks from that date. As a pledge for the two last monthly payments, the fortress of Verdun and the military district around will alone continue to be occupied until the fifth of September. They shall be evacuated within two weeks from that date.

HIS VIEW OF THE MATTER.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of one hundred pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, master?" "Yes," said the lawyer, "but she is not so old but she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do." "Ay! do they? Well, write again and say: 'If my wife marry again I bequeath to her the sum of two hundred pounds.' That'll do, won't it, master?" "Why, that is just doubling the sum she would have received if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer. "It generally is the other way—the legacy is diminished if the widow marries afterward." "Ay! but he who takes her will deserve it."

Artificial fruits are much used for hat trimmings this season.

Punishment in Delaware.

The Whipping Post, the Pillory and the Gallows.

A correspondent who visited Georgetown, Delaware, writes as follows:—About the centre of the town, which numbers between eight hundred and nine hundred inhabitants, stands a respectable Court House, fronting north directly to the southeast stands a common-looking pump, as I supposed, but upon more careful examination it proved to be the far-famed whipping post, for which Delaware is so widely reputed. The post in question is an old one, and has done good service in its day; it is about seven feet high. The prisoner is made to hug the post, and his hands are handcuffed to it by means of iron pieces, which firmly hold the arm against the post. A hole in the post allows a place for the pillory, in which, under the law, the prisoner has generally to stand before being flogged, supporting on his neck and arms a weight of about fifteen pounds. There are but few persons whose constitution can stand this punishment one hour and live. Still the people of the town claim these rites of barbarism are the only remedy they have against filling their jails with a set of worthless rascals who would prefer to let the county support them than to work themselves. Directly in the rear of the Court House, about one hundred yards, stands the jail, a substantial looking two-story building, the yard of which is about thirty by forty feet, and is enclosed on three sides with a brick wall sixteen feet high and on the third by the jail building. Within this yard is the gallows erected for the execution of Green, alias Burton. This structure is also worthy of our forefathers, and would have probably answered excellently fifty years ago as a swift means of transit into the next world. It is, however, somewhat behind (or ahead?) the inventions of the present age. It is made of two unbarked oak saplings, sixteen feet high and six inches in diameter. These are erected about eight feet apart, and across the top is placed and bolted firmly with wooden bolts an oak log, hewn about six inches square. In the centre of this a large iron hook is placed, to which the rope was tied. Pieces of timber are nailed from the uprights to the jail walls, about two feet distant, about eight feet from the ground. Upon these cross-pieces are placed three sixteen feet pine planks, thus forming a platform. In front of this and directly in the centre of the gallows is the trap, which is about two by three feet. Two large hinges attach it to one of the planks forming the platform, and it was supported by three pieces of timber about one and a half inches thick, extending from the ground. To the centre piece was attached a rope. At the conclusion of the services and after the cap had been drawn over the face, the two outside posts were removed, and at a given signal the remaining one was suddenly pulled out and Burton was launched into eternity.

A Russian Emperor.

Ivan IV., of Russia, one of that country's notable emperors, was justly surnamed the Terrible. He possessed the ferocity of a wild beast, and on the slightest caprice would condemn his subjects to death. In a single year sixty thousand men were killed by his orders, many of them by the most cruel tortures. One of his favorite amusements was to bend down two small and supple trees by the united strength of half a hundred men, so that the tops of the trees would be brought together at the ground. The victim would then be led forward, and his feet would be fastened, the right to one of the trees, and the left to the other. At a signal the straining pressure would be removed, and the elasticity of the wood swung the man into the air, where he was generally torn in two. Burning at the stake, tearing the flesh with hot pincers, roasting in ovens, and the like, were among the jovial fancies of this Muscovite ruler; and to show that he had no fastidious fondness for his blood relations, he murdered with his own hand his son Ivan, who had been a sharer in his pastimes and cruelties. A modern jury might acquit him of any intentional crime, as he professed repentance and sorrow for what he had done, and in his old age determined to enter a convent—a pious and praiseworthy resolution, which death prevented him from fulfilling. Despite his cruelties, he did more for the greatness and glory of Russia than any of his predecessors, and it was in consequence of his cruelties that his country begun that career of conquest in Asia which is still progressing, and has led to one of the most important political questions of the day.

Young Men and Marriage.

The Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., in an article discussing the obligations and duties of young men, uses these words: "The true girl has to be sought for. Generally she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her—so large, and pure and womanly! When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside are really women. If you gain her love, your two thousand are a million. She'll not ask for a carriage, or a first-class house. She will wear simple dresses, and will turn them when it is necessary, with no vulgar *magnificat* to frown upon her company. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you do come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with a new thought of how very little happiness depends on money! She'll make you love home—if you don't you're a brute—and teach you how to pity, while you scorn, a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy.

Now don't, I pray you, say any more "I can't afford to marry." Go find the true woman and you can. Throw away that cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself, and seek your wife in a sensible way."

Resurgam.

A strange case of resuscitation lately took place at the hospital of the Val de Grace, at Paris. A man had hanged himself in a garret in the Rue St. Jacques, and having been cut down and examined by the medical men, was pronounced dead. The clinical lecturer, however, desired to try one last experiment, and he opened the chest and attempted artificial respiration, but without success. He then applied the pole of an electrical battery to the pneumogastric nerves, and passed a strong current at intervals of four seconds. Soon after some signs of respiration appeared, and in five minutes the cardiac pulsation was perceptible. The epiglottis was tumefied, and the tongue had to be drawn out with pincers to leave a passage for the air. A few ounces of blood were obtained from the medico-cephalic vein, the dilated pupils contracted, the signs of life became more and more manifest, a few drops of alcohol were given, muscular contractions became visible without electricity, warmth returned to the feet, the pulsation in the carotid arteries recommenced, and the patient was saved.

The Shah of Persia.

His Bad Manners and Big Diamonds—How He Looks, Eats, and Behaves.

In an interesting letter to the New York *Times*, Dr. William H. Russel (the historian of Bull Run) gives some personal information about the Shah of Persia which will not tend to raise that potentate in the opinion of cultured society. It seems that the distinguished Oriental monarch is not only proud, but unpunctual, ill-mannered, and rather immoral. As a matter of choice, he prefers to eat with his fingers, and cannot be persuaded that anybody in the world is the equal of His Sublime Highness. Yet rumor has not been up to the mark in describing the incredible richness of his jewels. Mr. Russel says: "No one was prepared to see, *mortalibus oculis*, a diamond nearly twice the size of the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," (now in the possession of the Queen of England, once Runjeet Sing, the Lion of Lahore's greatest glory), stuck in front of a man's sword-belt, and five diamonds, each larger than that jewel of jewels, *en echelon* upon his coat, from waist to shoulder. These stones are scarcely cut, and do not show as they ought, but they are of surpassing purity. The Shah's sword-belt is a treasure-house in itself. The sheath is studded with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, which shame their setting of purest gold. The front of his coat is garnished with rows of brilliants instead of lace. The collar and sleeves are crusted with them, and his orders are of the most precious jewels. His spurs flash like sunbeams. All this on the person of a man who has nothing noble in mien or face, although he is above the average height of the Indian Mussulman noblesse."

As to the personal appearance of the monarch, we are afraid that his picture has flattered him. For the keen-sighted journalist says: "He is not much at his ease with European barbarians, and it is ludicrous to see him standing alone in a crowd with a clear space round him and no one to talk to, for he balances first on one leg and then on another, 'like a hen on a hot griddle,' and does not know what to do with them or his hands. When he turns his back and the spectator calmly surveys his exterior, freed from the distracting influences of his diamonds, the Shah does not present an imposing appearance. I admit that the backs of most people fail to impress one, but his Majesty's tailor has rendered his *revers* quite abnormally ridiculous by making his frock coat with a multitude of fine plaits like those of a Highlander's kilt or of a lady of Queen Bess's time over the hips, and so all round. His face is seldom animated, and there is something incongruous in the position of his respectable gold spectacles, *a la* Thiers, on his aquiline nose, under a Persian cap, and, over all these, diamonds."

His personal habits would not render him an acceptable visitor in cultivated circles, whatever "shoddy" might think of him. At least so the writer seems to suggest in the following paragraph: "In spite of his jewels and external splendor, the Shah-in-Shah is, according to European notions, a savage in many respects—proud, wilful, sensual, and arbitrary. If punctuality be 'the politeness of princes,' as it is said to be, the Shah would, in consequence of his utter indifference to engagements, be one of the most ill-mannered men in the world. He kept the parade at Potsdam, ordered by the Kaiser, waiting a couple of hours. He kept the Queen for half an hour at the railway station waiting for him. He would not go to breakfast when it was announced, at the time of invitation, but walked about in the garden, and then, seeing an arbor which pleased him, desired to have his breakfast brought there. When he sat at dinner yesterday he put his fingers in his plate and ate with them, and if he came on a piece of some dish which he did not like, he took it out of his mouth and threw it down—not on the ground, but on the Queen's (Empress's) dress."

As to the morality of the royal visitor from Ispahan, our readers will regret to learn that "there has been some trouble in teaching the Shah and his followers that women are to be treated with respect, even though they go about with their faces uncovered, and one of the most useful lessons they will carry back from Europe is that which will teach them to consider their wives their equals, and not their slaves—if they earn it. There is a great 'if,' for they do not at all approve of all they see here."

On the whole, therefore, our people have no great reason to regret the Shah's determination not to come to the United States. Our manners and morals will be the better for receiving no excuse for their disregard through the example of a monarch. A single wife, knives and forks, and business punctuality, are institutions which we are not as yet prepared to part with.

The Prison Ship Martyrs.

Since 1808 the bones of American soldiers and sailors who died on board the British prison ships have been lying in a vault on Jackson street, Brooklyn, near the Navy Yard, where they had been deposited with due ceremony by the residents and the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order. As the city grew the walls of the vault were encroached upon, and several futile attempts were made to procure funds and a site for a more suitable monument to the memory of the martyrs. The present Park Commissioners have erected a mausoleum for the remains on the green slope of Washington Park, or Fort Greene, facing Myrtle avenue, and just above the parade ground. The structure was erected at a cost of $6,500. The body is of Portland granite, embelished with pillars and fretwork of polished Aberdeen stone. It is 10 feet high, 30 feet long, and 15 feet wide. The style is partly Egyptian, and the general appearance is graceful and appropriate. Two wagons and ten laborers conveyed the thirteen coffins from the vault to the mausoleum. Upon each coffin is a plate bearing an inscription. Upon the tomb the following inscription will be cut: "Sacred to the Memory of our Sailors, Soldiers, and Citizens, who Suffered and Died on board British Prison Ships in the Wallabout during the American Revolution." A tall shaft will probably crown the tomb in a short time.

Execution of a Woman for the Murder of Her Husband.

At Sarina, Canada, Mrs. Workman was hanged in the jail-yard for the murder of her husband in February last. Great exertions were made to procure a commutation of her sentence, but without avail. The unhapp