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The Globe.

ANTONY WITH CLEOPATRA.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—SHAKSPEARE.

BY GEN. W. H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying—
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast,
Let thine arm, oh! Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Hearken to the great heart-secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though the scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and shattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him, who drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home—
Seek her—say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled;
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches;
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming—quick! my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra! Rome! farewell!

Storm of Blood and Dirt at Albany.

Masses of gelatinous matter, containing minute granules arrayed in it in some regularity, were found in the streets early yesterday morning.—Viewed through a microscope, the small brick colored bodies were somewhat like the grains of wheat; and the gelatinous matter seemed to be connected to each one as a separate covering. They were apparently separate cells, very uniform in size, being 1-120 of an inch long, and 1-255 of an inch thick, filled with glanular particles from which they derive their color. The gelatinous envelope and their appearance gave them at first somewhat the character of one of the single-celled protophytes, resembling most the Palmoglœa, one of the humblest kinds of vegetation. That they were not these, was proven by their containing a distinct cell wall.

Several persons claim to have seen them falling as a shower, and they were not found under trees or shelter. They have probably been carried for a great distance by the wind. They are more like to be the germ cells of some marine growth, perhaps the fucus platycarpus, which they resemble. The presence of chloride of iodine (sea salt) which is found largely in the gelatinous envelope is corroborative of their marine origin.

Dust storms and blood rains, so called from the character of the dust which they deposit, usually occur in the spring or fall, though they have been observed during every month of the year. On the 14th of October, 1755, a blood rain descended at Locarno, Switzerland, during which nine inches of rain fell and the red matter that was deposited during the shower was found, by actual measurement, to be an inch deep. The same storm reached Suabia, on the Alps, and on these high mountains it changed into a reddish snow, which fell to the depth of nine feet. A storm of red hail is stated by Humboldt to have occurred at Paramo, in South America. In Tuscany, March 14, 1813, there fell hail of an orange color.

In March, 1808, a fall of over five feet of red snow fell in Carniola, in Germany; the ground had been previously covered with white, and the storm of colored snow was succeeded by another, the flakes of which were, as usual, of a pure and brilliant white—the two kinds being perfectly distinct. A portion of red snow melted in a vessel and the water evaporated left a fine rose-colored brick red, fell in Italy, in 1816, and in the Tyrol, 1847. A black snow fell at Walpole New Hampshire, a few years since, so intense in its color that a correspondent of the Boston Journal remarks concerning it: 'I send you some writing written with the snow as it fell, and with a clean pen.' The different colors of many of these storms may depend upon the same coloring matter under different conditions.

Microscropic investigations in various parts of the world have revealed the cause of these dust storms and blood rains to be either portions of various minerals or shells of infusoria, or parts of plants and insects carried into the atmosphere by the winds. Infusorial shells and aquatic plants of especial localities have been identified after having crossed the ocean and been deposited in dust storms, thus tracing aerial currents.

Ehrenberg found 320 different species of organisms in the dust of various showers; of these, five were of marine origin. This distinguished naturalist mentions 340 instances of dust storms and blood rains, of which 81 took place before the Christian era, and 259 after it.—*Albany Argus.*

AGE OF THE WORLD—WHAT SAYS GUANO?—The deepest deposit of guano known is 70 feet. According to Humboldt, a deposit of three centuries would not exceed more than one-third of an inch in thickness. By an easy mathematical calculation it will be seen that at this rate it would take almost countless centuries to form the deepest guano bed. Such a calculation carries us back towards a former geological period, and proves that in past ages a greater number of birds existed.

A Mexican Love Story Solved.

An extraordinary story comes from Mexico relative to flour. It appears that an old miller in that locality had a very beautiful wife, of whom he was jealous in the extreme, and took out his "soulagement" in thwacking the lovely young being. There was a certain cook, of the male species, young, handsome, and fat, who came to the mill from the hotel to buy flour, and hearing of the distress of the lonely one first, and seeing her second, become, of course, dreadfully in love. Some one told the miller.

The town began to talk of the fact, and to laugh at the floury one. One day the cook and the lovely young wife suddenly disappeared, and merrily laughed the Mexicans at the miller's misfortune; nothing went down but the scandal of the elopement of the miller's wife and the cook. The miller scowled vengefully upon all the town; and so time passed; nothing more was heard of the cook and the miller's wife by any one. Two years after the miller was pleased to die, and to inform the world in a paper, which was left to be opened after his death and to be published in the town, that the cook and the miller's wife has, by his planning, eloped into an oven two years since, and been baked; that he would have got rid of them elsewise, but for the jeering of the public; therefore he ground them up in a large mess of corn, which the town people were pleased to compliment him for as being exceedingly rich and nutritious, and he only hoped they would enjoy the reminiscence as he did the remainder of his life that he was spared wherever he saw a townsman.

THE FLORIDA REEFS.—The following are Agassiz's estimates of the formation and age of the Florida reefs on the coast of Florida:—

These reefs are built up by an insect that begins to work on the ground, in water of twelve or fifteen fathoms deep, and he cannot live unless he has the constant action of the sea upon him, so that he stops at the height of high tide. By numerous experiments it has been ascertained that the coral constructs at the rate of about half an inch in a century; but in order to err, if at all, on the safe side, Agassiz doubles his estimate in his calculations, making it an inch in a century. Now, outside the Florida Keys there is a long reef with an average height of seventy feet, which, therefore must have been begun 8,400 years ago, or 2,400 years before Adam. Secondly, the keys themselves are nothing but an inner repetition of the same sort of coral reef, or at least the same average height; and builders must have furnished them before they began on the outside reef, as appears from their necessity of having the open sea, and from the fact that there are now none outside of the one we have mentioned above. The Keys, therefore swell the record to 16,800 years. Next we have the shore bluff of the main land which is also of the coral construction, and which carries the earth's record above 20,000 years. Moreover, there are, as you go inland, seven well defined, and of course successive, coral reefs, which, added to the foregoing, would make the world 80,000 years old. And Prof. Agassiz regards this as a very moderate estimate.

THE COUNTRY CHOIR.—As I look at such matters, nothing sweeter, or purer, or more delicious to a simple soul, can be conceived than the unaffected singing of a country choir. There is a little scientific fuss and professional palaver about it. And the melodies come out so full and clear,—a creation each by itself, rising and falling in its cadences like the steady swell of the sea! I know few things, for myself, more true and hearty. There stands the choral row, male and female, heads erect and mouths open wide, letting out soul and voices together; the fiddle squeaking with excitement to get the lead, and the hard working chorister, with quick eye thrown to one side or the other, actually singing down the whole! As for the melody itself,—so simple and direct, so plaintive, so stirring, filling the house as with a flood from floor to ceiling, and drifting out through the open doors and windows into the echoing streets,—it is enough to move the most worldly heart that ever tried to mint itself into money. One hardly thinks he catches such seraphic strains again though he goes all the way from New England to Rome.

THE LAUGH OF A WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in a cool exhilerating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that voice to this day. Sometimes it will come to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and we turn away and listen and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind! It turns the prose to poetry; it flings flowers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

☞Little things sometimes produce great results. A drop of water a little frosted will explode the mammoth rock in twain; a match will fire a whole city, and a little busybody gossip of a woman with a little tongue and no brain will set a whole neighborhood by the ears.

Why do you Worry?

Don't you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon its worries? Don't you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast without is hardly heard through the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat where you may rest and refit yourself for another day, with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants, and the idleness and impudence of your boys; unless, indeed, it be the supercilious bow with which Mrs. Snooks that afternoon passed your wife, and the fact that the pleasant dinner party at which you assisted the evening before at Mr. Smith's, has been ascertained to have been one of a second-chop character, his more honored guests having dined on the previous day. Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour, or less, of this discipline, brings all parties to a sulky and snappish frame of mind. And instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody, sullen silence over your books—books which you are not likely for this evening to much appreciate or enjoy.

Now, I put it to every sensible reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in,—even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around in a hundred directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pig sty.—*Country Parson.*

TRUE AND FALSE GOOD-BREEDING.—It is truly said that a little gentility is a dangerous thing. There are no such sticklers for etiquette as the would-be fashionable, who have heard of good society, but have never seen it. Having no innate good-breeding, they hedge in their lives with conventionalities and rules borrowed from the "Handbook of Politeness." It is unsafe to do an original and spontaneous act in their presence, or let fall a remark that's not correctly commonplace, if you would beware of offending their fastidiousness. On the other hand, there's no such freedom anywhere as in really good society. Truly well-bred persons never act by rule, or fear giving offence by the freedom of their conduct and conversation. It is the high tone of their behavior that preserves them from vulgarity, not the observance of etiquette. Innate politeness and nobility of character show themselves in every gesture, in every accent of the voice and glance of the eye; humble dress and occupation cannot conceal them; neither can vulgarity put on those high qualities, though it be clad in purple and gold, and housed in a palace.

BEAUTIES OF SHADOWS.—The shadows all day long play at silent games of beauty. Every thing is double, if it stands in light. The tree sees an unrevealed and muffled self lying darkly along the ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden rods, wayside asters, meadow daisies, and rare lilies, (rare and yet abundant in every nice, level meadow,) cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies long all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again from the root all the afternoon, until the sun shoots it as far eastward in the evening as the sun shot it westward in the morning. A million shadowy arrows such as these spring from Apollo's golden bow of light at every step. Flying in every direction, they cross, interlacing each other in a soft net-work of dim lines. Meanwhile, the clouds drop shadow-like anchors, that reach the ground, but will not hold; every browsing creature, every flitting bird, every moving team, every unconscious traveler writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

WHAT IS A "SPLURGE?"—Rev. Dr. Cox has given the following, which, it strikes us, well defines the term by illustration:—The word "splurge" is a coinage, probably, not yet in any dictionary; yet meaning, as if a great rock of the mountain, disintegrated from its summit, should rush and bound, portentous and avalanched, into a sylvan lake at its foot, there making an uproarious splash, boring its way through the parted and the frighted waves, and after dashing the spray in all directions, burying itself in forgotten repose under congenial mud at the bottom; so gone forever from sight, from thought, from upper air, and all the ways of men; thus meaning—the low aim of making a considerable sensation at least once in society.

☞Neither purity, virtue, nor liberty can long flourish when education is neglected.

MALING A BULL USEFUL.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives an account of his training a bull to useful work. He says: "I am the fortunate possessor of a copy of a book on dog breeding, by Gen. Hutchinson, that Rarey of dog training—which in practice has taught me such marvels respecting education of animals, that I undertook to teach my bull with as much confidence as I would feel in training a Newfoundland dog to fetch a stick out of the water. I have one of Emery's endless chain powers to drive my hay-cutter. My bull is an Alderny, two years old, weighing a little over 900 pounds. I put on the break and had him led into the power, where he had a small feed of oats given him. While he ate those he was groomed and caressed. This was repeated two or three days in succession. Then, while he was eating, the break was slacked a little, and as the floor moved down, (slowly, so as not to alarm him,) he stepped up to keep his muzzle at the oats. At the fourth lesson he walked an hour, and cut hay enough to last my stock—some 18 head in all—two or three days. We have not had the slightest trouble, and so much does he seem to like the exercise, and the pleasant remembrance of the reward of good behavior, that I shall not be surprised if, when he happens to find the door open, he should go in and "run the machine" on his own account. I intend to put up a circular saw and let him cut my fire wood. Now for the advantages. The pampering and confinement which makes a horse run away, will in time make a bull devilish. The work I give him requires no harnessing; it is only an hour's walk up a hill of 13 deg. elevation. It gives him an outlet for his superfluous spirits, it keeps him "in hand" and gentle, it wears away the growth of his hoofs, develops his muscle, and improves his health. Have I not a right to expect my herd to be benefited by such management? I cut all my hay, stalks and straw for cattle and horses. It saves fully one-third."

TRAVELLING IN ASIA MINOR.—There is by no means a scarcity of vermin in Asia Minor, and as every town and village, and every particular locality, has its peculiar annoyance, the best way is to take a course of lessons in the bearing of them with submission. The novitiate wil be divided into a septagon of trials. When you can see unmoved and feel even pleased to watch one or two dozen lizards running about in your tent, the initial trial is over. When you can bear twenty or thirty mosquito bites upon your proboscis, and not feel afraid of the swelling, and can even appreciate all the time how beautifully their fine hums are drawn out, you are at the end of your second lesson. When you can eat your dinner contentedly, although thousands of ants surround it, and even eat a few occasionally, and when you will not rise up from the table any sooner, although you know that your legs are acting as a mechanical conductor to the swarm, the third item of your diploma is signed. When you can, without a shudder, take up a black centipede or two, and politely throw him out the door-way with the feelingly pronounced benediction of Uncle Toby in Sterne, you have overcome your fourth trial. When you can see upon your person the hairy, yellow tarantula, minus an involuntary scream, and quietly put the three inched deadly spider under your feet, the fifth corner of your septagon of trials has been rounded off. When you can feel amused even whilst destroying a nest of scorpions, and dedicate all your presence of mind to sending them satisfactorily Hadesward, item six is overcome. And when you can lie unmoved in the dark of your tent at night, and hear and feel a gliding snake, for the tenth time move over your coverlet, nor ever think of your Lucifer matches, you novitiate is ended and all the seven vials emptied.—*Travels in the East.*

MORAL BACKBONE.—Without a stiff moral backbone a sound condition of the mental organization is impossible. Yet this essential element of mental stability is rather rare. Weakness of the moral spine is in fact much more common than disease of the material vertebræ. It is a sad disability and works an infinity of mischief. Those who are afflicted by it not only wrong themselves through its influence, but also inflict serious evils upon society. They lend money which in some cases they can ill spare, to persons whom it does not benefit; become security for people they do not know, and are mulcted in the amount of the guarantee; recommend as worthy of the confidence of others men in whom they have no confidence themselves, and are dishonored by the conduct of their *proteges;* bestow places on individuals they do not esteem; live in a manner which neither their conscience nor their taste appoves, and all this because they have not strength enough in their moral spines to bear up against the pressure of importunity and temptation. Where there is a natural tendency to this kind of weakness it should be choked in early life, for it rapidly grows worse by indulgence. "He has had an ill education," said the Elder Brutus, "who has not been taught to *deny.*" A peremptory negative at the right time has saved many multitudes from perdition. A weak assent at the wrong time has been the ruin of millions.

☞A sharp talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," responded the wife, "it is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

☞A fit of abstraction—picking a man's pocket.

Wit, Humor and Wisdom.

☞Somebody—a crusty bachelor, of course—inquires why, when Eve was manufactured of a spare rib, a servant wasn't made at the same time to wait on her. Somebody else—a woman, we imagine—replies in the following strain:

"Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, collar string to be sewd on, or a glove to mend 'right away, quick now!' Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and he stretching out, yawned out: "Ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture; and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to do. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself, and he never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates. He never stayed out till 11 o'clock to a political meeting, hurrahing for an out and out candidate, and then scolding because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled tenpins, and drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a new wife's care's a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did."

☞A stranger in London, and in fact throughout England, will be struck by the absence of anything in the shape of barbershops. There are some ground cellars which pretend to be such, but they must have come down from a past age. You enter one of these dens. It is provided with a broken-backed chair or a stool, with a seat like a shoemaker's bench. You sit down, with nothing in the world to rest your head against, while the barber, a greasy object, with a leather apron on, fixes a dirty towel about your neck, deluges you with a filthy lather made of brown soap, and then proceeds to mow off your beard, like a reaper in a harvest field. This flaying alive process over, he jerks the napkin off your neck, and pointing to a broken wash basin, says, "There is water." You then dress your own hair with the remnant of a brush and a huge comb, with half the teeth gone. If Le Sage had ever been in England, I should say that he assuredly copied his barber in Gil Blas from one of the London cellars. The cost of the entire operation is *one penny.*

☞An amusing incident occurred in one of the churches of Philadelphia last Sunday evening. An old lady, whose failing eyes demanded an unusually large prayer book, started for church a little early. Stopping on the way to call on a friend, she laid her prayer book on the centre table.—When the bells began to chime she snatched what she supposed to be her prayer book and started for church.—Her seat was in the chancel end of the gallery. The organ ceased playing.—The minister read, "The Lord is in his holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." In the effort to open her supposed prayer book, she started the spring of the music box, which she had taken instead. It began to play—in her consternation she put it on the floor. It would not stop—she put it on the seat, it sounded louder than ever. Finally she carried it out, while it played the "Washing Day," an Irish jig tune.

☞Rev. Mr. ——, of Lawrence, Mass., is a bachelor. Noticing, early in the season, that one of his members, a married lady, was not at meeting for several Sabbaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she had "nothing to wear," and said "you are waiting for your spring bonnet, I suppose." Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance. He therefore thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked, "I haven't seen you at church yet; hasn't that bonnet come?" "Yes, sir," she archly replied. "Shall I show it to you?" "If you please," answered the wondering pastor. Holding up a wee bit of a baby, she said, blushing, "this is the spring bonnet I was waiting for; did I do right?"

☞A young lady, being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood; to which he made the following ingenious and complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man that has a virtuous wife, for the number of his days may be doubled."

☞Some editors say that the destiny of the world hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which we say: "Yes; that is a fact. Suppose a 'little miff' had taken place between Adam and Eve—what then?"

☞A sensitive lady from the country, looking for a coach—"Pray sir, are you engaged?"

Cabman—"Och, bless your purty soul, ma'm, I have been married this seven years, and have nine children."

☞Those who blow the coal of others' strife may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.