SUMMER IDLENESS.

Under "a roof of pine,"
To hear the rain-drops brood,
With the sorrow of love long past
Thrilling the listening wood;
Deep, said the clustering firs,
Where the nightingale sings all day,
To hide in the darkness sweet,
Where the sunbeam finds no way.

To ramble from field to field,
Where the buttercups lie all day,
All but the little black cow
As in a dream, that's still the same;
And where the "speedwell" blue,
Chees where the two kind words,
And the wild rose burns with a blush
As the daisy of the fields

To bask on the grassy cliff,
Lazily watching the sail,
The blue plains of the deeper sea,
And the shallows emerald pale;
The breeze: its dalliance
And the sea-birds flickering white:
Athwart the rosy cloud
And under the golden light.

In the haycock, sweet and dry,
To lazily nestle down,
When half in sleep I lie gray and shorn,
And half the bold waves brown:
Mid the shrouds of purple lupins
When the evening sky is red,
To lie and count the flowers
One's epicurean head.

Or better, amid the corn,
To turn on one's lazy back,
And see the light upborne
Over the drifting wrack;
To hear the field-mouse run
To the sun-lit wavering stalk;
And see the timorous hare
Limp over the hedge-side walk.

Such are the summer joys
That Epicureans love;
Men with no morrow to heed,
Heading or cloud ahead;
Grasshopper men that sing
The little summer through,
And when the Winter comes,
Hide from the cold and rain.

Happy the man, whose heart
Is granite against Time's frost,
Whose Summer calm continued
In Autumn's never lost;
Who, when cares come with clouds
That gather from East to West,
Has still a cheerfulness
And sunshine in his breast.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

Splendid Savages.

If we were indebted to the newspaper Press for nothing else than our better knowledge of foreign countries, the debt would be large. We had no informant upon this subject in old times equal to the Special Correspondent of to-day. The man who specified in some far-off land for half a fortnight, and came home and published his profiles of his experience, was of course more exhaustive in his account; but his remarks were wanting in freshness: he forgot his first impressions (which, for a book of travel, are the most essential) before he began to write; his details were often uninteresting, and his reflections (for readers like to reflect for themselves) almost always superfluous. On the other hand, the traveler who merely strayed beyond the limits of the Continent, and published his *Sorties night in Timbuctoo*, or elsewhere, had little to say, because he had no opportunities for information; "the Special" in strange latitudes, all doors—almost those of the harem itself—fly open. Emperors who wish to stand well with England, and shrewdly suspect that she is most easily cajoled by means of her favorite, the "Special," issue the *mot d'ordre* that its emissaries shall be royally treated. Lions of every kind, from one another in placing these Bohemians on their staff. They see more of everything that is worth seeing, and that from the most convenient point of view, abroad, than do polichemen of the A Division at home; and of course they are the very people to give a graphic account of it all. They are chosen, not from the permanent staff, because they are step-sons of first cousins of newspaper proprietors, but simply because they are the writers that are best for the work, and excellently well do they perform their office.

One of the most talented of these gentry, and who bids fair ("bar one," as the bettingmen say) to stand at the very summit of his profession, has lately favored us with his experiences of a winter in Russia.* It is true that these are confined to St. Petersburg and Moscow; but the new and the old capitals of that vast empire are admirable types of new and old Russia; and our author's eyes let nothing slip. The occasion afforded him was the late marriage of the Czarovitch with Princess Dagmar, and everything that could wear a holiday aspect was made to do so; for, the author, therefore, is not the prevailing idea that the traveler may—and, we conclude that Russia in ordinary times is not very cheerful country to live in. That, indeed, would be actually our own supposition. An incliment climate; a despotic and cruel government; and a population in which only one-half per cent. can read or write, do not present materials of much promise. But that large class of persons who delight in paradox, have been so won over by that small sect of "Western visitors at St. Petersburg, upon this auspicious occasion, as at Cologne: he has there, for fellow-traveler, a Russian government courier, who, besides his ordinary luggage, conveys with him twelve enormous cases—each being four men to lift it—covered with black oilcloth, and of most funereal aspect; these contain the wedding-dresses of the imperial family, and, of course, in Paris—St. Petersburg, in spite of the late Czar's endeavors, having just re-dralled the capital of France in fashion, although it may have surpassed it in a certain savage splendor.

The Northern Terminus at Berlin, says our author (who did not visit it upon this occasion for the first time), is the point on the journey Russianwards where you seem to begin really to leave Western Europe behind you, and to pass the confines of its civilization. The chimney-pots hat and tunic-coat, which form the ordinary garb of gentlemen, whether in London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, nay, New York or St. Louis, are here exchanged for more fantastic costumes. The railway platform looks like the stage of a theatre, so variously appareled are those who stand there, waiting to be whirled to their far-off homes; in gorgeous caps, in turbans, in fur-pelisses, in boots—such as the Baron in the story used to clap on his head, in voice of thunder. Wahcalians, Magyars, Bohemians, Poles, Moscovites, all speaking in tongues which, even to our travelled Special, are utterly unknown. But it was not until he had left Prussian Poland far behind, and even the province of the Poniemanian Baltic, that the landscape altered in its German features. "The night had closed in again when we left the last Prussian station, passed over a par-

* *A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarevitch.* By Edward Dicey. London: Macmillan.

row stream on which the rails on either side were painted in different colors, and found ourselves in Russia. I have never crossed a frontier where the change between two countries was so marked and signal. We could still see the lamps of the Prussian station, and yet we were amidst a population to whom German appeared well-nigh unknown. Wild looking porters, dressed in sheep-skin coats, and resembling the Analapsit peasants in the *Prophète*, jabbered round us in as unknown jargon. Passports were asked for, and scrutinized rigidly; we were driven through one room after another, provided with mysterious passes, to enable us to make our way past sentries, so that no body could leave the room unauthorized; and were soon taught by unmistakable signs that, if we wanted to get our passports viséd, and our luggage passed without unnecessary detention, we must fee somebody for the privilege. The rooms in which we waited were really magnificent of their kind; but the food served, the attendance worse, the charges for everything were enormous, and cheating appeared to be received rule of everybody connected with the establishment."

Nor was the "look-out" from the carriage-windows more promising than the moral aspect.

"Pomerania was 'triste' enough; but there at any rate, there was the look of life, and comfort, and prosperity. Here the one prevailing aspect was that of exceeding loneliness. For mile after mile we went creeping on—our average pace, I should say, was fifteen miles an hour—through interminable stunted forests. The pine woods of Poland are dismal, but they are cheerful compared to these endless larch forests, half swamps, half plantations. The bare white stalks of the larch and silver birch stood gaunt and ghastly by the side of the squat fir-trees amidst which they were interspersed. The earth was dun-colored, covered with dark mosses and lichens. All through the woods there lay charred and blackened stumps; there was water everywhere, not running brooks or clear streams, but dark pools surrounded with dank weeds, and gloomy mores with stacks of black turf piled beside them. The woods appeared well-nigh tenantless; a few wild-fowl hovered about the marshes; I saw a hare or two startled from the ferns by the rattle of the train; water-rats could be seen stealing down to the edge of the pools; but of other life there was none. When you left the forest for a time, and got out into the cleared country, the aspect was not much more cheerful. The bare fields were half-covered with boulders of gray round stone; the soil looked so sodden with wet, it seemed hard to believe any crops could ever grow there; the field-roads were black tracks of earth, smashed down by horses' feet; every now and then, you saw a herd of lank pigs, or a few lean oxen, guarded by a peasant clad in sheepskin so dirty as to have become the same color as the sombre fields; in the distance, there were blocks of low wooden huts or sheds, which, I suppose, were villages, but from which no smoke issued; heaps of dead soaked hay could be seen stacked up loosely; in the fields themselves there were pools without end, fringed with rows of black bulrush stalks. Half-a-dozen times within the day I caught sight of a town with gilt minarets and spires, I presume, were those of churches. Twice, I think, we passed a chateau, with white-washed walls, and green roofs; the former facade, cracked and weather-stained. But I should be ashamed of my fleeting glances I caught of such things in passing, was one of extreme desolateness." There were points of resemblance, indeed, between—this—cheerless—landscape and the half-cleared settlements of Western America, but there was this marked difference: in the latter case you see at once the Prince of Wales and the other invited guests, whose presence in Russia is already signaled. The Emperor himself is there, of course in full uniform (as every male Russian who is worth mentioning always is), and our own Prince and his suite have attached themselves in military costume accordingly. In the four immense saloon-carriages there are nearly a hundred fellows in the most brilliant uniforms, and almost as many stars among them as in the firmament. This contrast between the splendor of the few and the squalor of the many is continuously being presented in Russia. In St. Petersburg, unlike any western city (where, however, such contrasts are striking enough), this extends even to the buildings. Next to the Palace stands the Hotel. All the wealth is lavished upon church and palace, and the hotel is left to the mercy of general comfort. St. Isaac's Church, for instance, is perhaps the most gorgeous shrine in all Christendom. Its steps are of porphyry, its pillars of basalt, its walls of marble, its capitals of bronze; "yet the square in the centre of which it stands is worse paved than the back streets of the poorest German town." It is said that in London are to be seen the extremes of riches and poverty; but then there are many intermediate states. Now, in St. Petersburg, there is nothing of the kind. Luxury and misery stand shoulder to shoulder. The most sumptuous civilization (although, indeed, it may be only uniform-deep) confronts the most filthy barbarism. "Dives and Lazarus are the only two party in the Russian life-drama." There are no respectable classes in St. Petersburg. The extreme paucity of well-dressed people in the street, although the people that *are* well dressed are gorgeous, strikes every stranger; and those who are in tolerable clothes, that is, possessors of tenths of the population, have a brutal and degraded look in the extreme. Perhaps the most all sober in Glasgow (it is whispered), but Glasgow is a temperance town compared with the Russian capital. "Everywhere, and that at all hours of the day, you meet with intoxicated people." Our author, himself a gentleman, attired in the most splendid fur, go reeling down the Newski, lurching from pavement to kerb-stone, and shouting out any particular attention, for less the attention of the police, which would have certainly happened in Regent street. "Amongst the lower class—for the word class can hardly be used in the plural number in Russia—drunkenness is said to be universal. It is not only that it should be so, for any sort of intellectual amusement, or even innocent amusement, is out of their reach. The theatre is the only place of performances excellent; but then the price of admission are nearly beyond the means of common pockets." * * Boozing on bad spirits, in stifling cellars of cut-throat aspect is, so far as I can learn, the only entertainment provided for the Russian peasant.

Without the means of getting sufficient warmth, too, life at St. Petersburg must be wretched indeed. The cruel sharpness of the east wind, that blows across the Gulf of Finland, is something indescribable; and wrap yourself up as you may (you will have got them), in furs and cloaks, your feet and ankles will ache with the pain. St. Petersburg is one of the few cities where a large number of people sleep habitually in the open streets at night. Our author saw plenty of them (not, mind, to be confounded with the unhoused poor, who sleep every third house) lying on benches before the street doors, when he returned from a late from the splendid entertainments at the palace.

Let us turn from the contemplation of such Stygian misery to the other side of the picture of Russian life. Our author, as British special newspaper correspondent, he, of course, an invitation to the imperial wedding, and makes one of the couple of hundred black coats that

Crop Returns.

The following is a condensation of crop returns for July, received at the Depot of Agriculture, from the Department been able to report so favorably as at the corresponding period last year. Since the establishment of the Statistical Division.

While exaggerated statements have been made in influential papers, especially of the so-called failure of the wheat crop of last year, in the face of the fact that $12,066,000 worth of breadstuffs were exported to Great Britain, and a large immense numbers of emigrants fed, much larger quantities of wheat were left over than usual, and a surplus still remaining now, sufficient to break monopoly speculations and market, it is gratifying to know that we shall have a surplus of wheat, notwithstanding the deficiency, in the "failure," for there never was a failure of the wheat crop in this country of the first magnitude, of every.

Three or four States, West Virginia, Kentucky, California and Indiana, made but about half a crop. Neither States were in that category, and Iowa, Missouri and Kansas made a good crop.

Instead of a deduction of fifty per cent. on the amount of products of wheat, which would at least have threatened a famine, scarcely more than a third of the amount of the product, and these, by means of lancets set in a frame which is worked by steam, are cut into spline four and a half inches long. The frame may readily produce from two to three millions of splints in a day. They are then put out collected into bundles, and dried by exposure to an oven to a temperature of 400 degrees Fahrenheit. They are then conveyed to the sulphur house, where both ends of each bundle are dipped a half inch deep in the melted sulphur, and are called "dipping," and consists in tipping the ends of the splints in the phosphorus mixture. The composition of this mixture differs according to the purpose for which the matches are to be consumed. Matches for use in cabinets are made of such as our own, contain less phosphorus than those for use in out-door purposes, as phosphorus, when it becomes moist, loses its inflammability. The mixture, or match composition for use in England should consist of phosphorus, of phosphorus, four parts of chlorate of potash, two parts of sulphur, three parts of powdered glass, and a little vermilion and gum-water to thicken.

The phosphorus is the most important ingredient in the match composition, as this it is which ignites the sulphur, which is subjected to friction, the combustion being conveyed to the splint, which is impregnated with sulphur. The gum is introduced for the purpose of making the mixture adhere, and also to prevent the phosphorus from the action of the air. Matches which contain a considerable quantity of glass, are much more apt to be a snapping noise when ignited, while those which contain a small quantity of that substance burn with a steady flame, and with a free ignition.

Attention is paid to the process of manufacture. The splints, after being sulphured, are conveyed to another room, in which are operatives, who are smoking or chewing tobacco, covered with the phosphorus composition to the depth of an eighth of an inch, and heated underneath by steam, for the purpose of keeping the mixture in a fluid state. The splints are dipped into this, and are dried, if necessary, then dried; and as both ends are tipped with the composition, they are next divided, each splint being cut in two, and in some manufactories, the splints are divided before the composition is added. The matches, after being packed in boxes, are ready for the market.

Apples are produced in portions of New England, the Allegheny region and the West.

Grapes are cultivated in large works in the States, generally appearing unusually well. It has been ascertained that four ounces of berries than usual, as a study of the tables will show.

Sorghum—The sorghum crop is generally returned a comparatively poor condition, with some figures than last year, and the crop is not so abundant as last year, caused by the fumes of the phosphorus, which is quite innocuous and destitute of odor.

Another improvement in this industry was made recently by the manufacture of purifiers for sulphur as the substance to convey combustion to the splint. The very noxious sulphurous fumes which the ordinary lucifer-match evolves when lighted are thus done away with.

Many attempts have been made of late to obviate the liability of matches to ignite by accidental friction, as from this cause very serious calamities have originated. The dangerous plan, devised by a continental manufacturer, reduces this risk to a minimum. It consists in dividing the match composition into two parts, putting the one on the end of the splint, and the other, contained in a small glass bulb, on the side of the box. By this means, the match will only ignite when both are rubbed together.

The statistics of the lucifer-match manufacture are very extraordinary. Austria, which with Russia, Turkey, and Spain, imports about two thousand five hundred tons of matches annually.

France sells one thousand ton hundred matches for one farthing, another office five hundred tons for the farthing. In France and Sweden also, the manufacture is very extensive. In this country two hundred and fifty millions of matches are made *daily*, which is at the rate of eight per day for every individual. In the Prussian states, however, only manufacture one-fifth, the other benefits being imported from the continent.

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TO THE REPUBLICAN CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA.—Approved by the Republican Executive Committee of the City and County of Philadelphia, the Committee of Twenty-Five, the Committee of Twenty, the Committee of Ward Committees