OUT OF SERVICE.

"If as a flower doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were, by frost's extremity,
Nipt in the bud." HERBERT.

A creature out of work in beggary
To Thee I come,
O King, of Kings, find room and use for me
In thy great home!

Scarce skilled to serve and please my fellow-men,
In Thee to wait,
I offer me. In mercy let me in,
Ere 'tis too late.

Though comelyness be rusty, dull and frail,
Do not refuse me;
No weapon in Almighty hands can fail,
O Maker, use me.

Draw out the music from my heart-strings mute,
Notes high and glad
Of thanks and praise; or, if it better suit,
Low, sweet and sad.

My jangled chords a tuner's care and pain
Will patiently tune,
But, good or bad, the player makes the strain
More than the lyre.

Speak unto me. The hardest rocks fall off
The heat resounding;
Thy voice may to some answering heart more soft
From mine rebound.

Or let me, one with thine awful rod apart,
If only so
Thy living waters through my stony heart
May weeping flow.

And forth anon, the world's dry places through,
Untainted, long,
And give bellmen to drink and live anew
Christ's fainting sheep.

I shiver through my show of leaves whence'er
The year comes round;
"Why cumbereth it"—I ever hear to hear—
"Why groaneth, cries?"

The hungering husbandman too oft hath passed;
He reeks my fruit
And sills with dew-drops. The axe at last
Lies at my root.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

Lippincott's, for June, is ballasted with a serious and well considered article by Hon. Amasa Walker, entitled "Conversion of the National Debt." We can in no other way draw attention as well to the project of gradual conversion, as by quoting the final line, in which the Hon. writer knits up the threads of his previous argument: whoever reads this paragraph, will read the article entire:

"In conclusion, then, if it be so much more economical to pay the public debt in thirty-four instead of twenty-four years, if the time in one hundred and forty-two years, if the saving in taxes and charges upon the people by the shorter process be equal to one half of the present wealth of the nation; if the additional tax required to extinguish the debt will be so slight as to be almost imperceptible; if $1,500,000,000 of debt will thus be gradually converted into active capital, and the industry of the country be thereby greatly promoted and its trade extended; if a fruitful source of political corruption will be removed and the safety of the nation largely increased; if, as honest and high-minded men, we disdain to entail upon posterity a debt we have not contracted and are abundantly able to pay; if the longer we delay the process of liquidation, the more difficult will be its accomplishment and the more uncertain its ultimate completion; if, in short, it is not only consistent with honor and patriotism, to commence the work of extinction at once, and, in the most convenient and efficient, carry it steadily and persistently forward to its final consummation?"

The literary papers ("Popular Novels," by J. N. Barnes, and "American Poetry," by Rev. Henry Hartshorne), are pleasant reading, but not above the watermark of ordinary club-convention. We observe with concern, that the latter essayist considers Bryant a "sensationalist," and our Mr. Longfellow a writer as artistic as Tennyson; and that, blind to Longfellow's anatomy, he prefers the figures of Winghish and Ido Lewis to the Farnese Hercules.

Mrs. Dexter's delectable study of "Dallas Galbraith," so richly replete with what is best and firmest in a generous feminine character, advances a good step by dismissing the hero to his New Mexican explorations, after his renunciation of wealth and family. Nothing can be finer or more sadly true than Dallas's meditation on wealth, in chap. xxii.; for with us it is opulence alone that can indulge in the higher walks of scholarship, the libraries, the galleries and museums of older governments are not accessible here to the poor man; America, after having taught her children the rudiments of a mercantile education, imagines her duty to be done, and the sum of genius, as typified by Dallas Galbraith, is forced to pursue his studies under the protection of some rude and trenchant patron, like Dr. Frickhof, or, failing the patron, to give them up. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, in "The Strange Passengers," very skillfully introduces a thread of weird Spanish romance into the chronicle of the old New England merchant service. Mrs. Spofford's record contains some reminiscences of that Nestor of the American press, Major Moralces M. Noah.

The poetry of Swinburne leads off with the long, unequal, but affluent poem of Swinburne, called "Siena." By first perusing the author's notes, it is easy to get rid of the apparent obscurity of the argument: which done, you have a very sympathetic image, in a very beautiful Tuscan city, whose legends and existing monuments are strung together in a catalogue of descriptions. These descriptions, it is true, most inharmoniously conjoined; we miss the art, so magnificently shown in Byron's literary poems, of linking episodes like cameos to the chain of the narrative, without shock or dislocation; but Mr. Swinburne's episodes are good in themselves, as our readers had proof yesterday in the extract we quoted paying tribute to Saint Catharine of Siena. The subsequent plea for pity on an erring and unfortunate lover of Siena, the lady Pia Guastelloni, is full of grace, and blends ingeniously into another plea for that "mightier malice" who is called "Italia;" easily leading off to brilliant hopes for the future of Italy, as a regalia and the bride of a purer church. Mr. Swinburne misses, we are obliged to say, under the strain of a long historical and topographical narrative that much of the richness and and verbal felicity that constitute his ordinary traits; his metrical empires constantly lose the character of climax and take the form of theses; still, as a broad and burning picture, full of the light of Italy, his "Siena" strikes us as better than anything in Rogers, and only inferior to some of the happiest transcripts of the Brownings,—and to the whole of Byron.

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Exploration of an Australian Gold Mine.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes an exploration with Prince Alfred in an Australian gold mine. The following extracts show how gold is got out from a depth of four hundred feet:

"The depth of the shaft is four hundred and twenty feet, and it takes us about three minutes to arrive at the bottom. We step out of the cage into a chamber brilliantly lighted with gas, and the astonished eyes of the party who have gone down before us. The atmosphere feels oppressively hot, damp and unpleasant, but we are assured that it will be better when we get into the mine—a promise hardly made good by our subsequent experience. The next stage of the cage brings our friend the middy, who turns up, or rather pops, some more of the fair lady's misadventure.

"The workings which we are visiting are upon the 'Golden Point Lead.' This 'lead' is at a depth of about three hundred and eighty feet below the surface, and, strictly speaking, is simply the bed of an extinct river, in the sandy and gravelly bottom of which the gold is found. There is a very marked difference between this river bed and the channel within which it lies, the latter being, as it is, what is clay called the 'reef,' a barrier of which rises gradually on either side, like the banks of an existing stream. The actual bed of this old river is about three hundred feet, the thickness of the gold-bearing deposit being from five feet six inches to seven feet. Practically, however, rather more than this depth of 'wash dirt' is excavated, as a part of the 'reef' is moved also to secure say gold which may have got into its crevices.

"In the Band of Hope Mine, and in all similar mines, the main drive or gallery by which the workings are reached is a few feet level than any part of those workings, and lower than they are ever likely to be. The reason for this is that, as there is a great deal of water in all alluvial mines, it is absolutely necessary to keep the main drive dry ordained, which is done by having a gradual fall towards the bottom of the shaft. The bottom of the shaft is therefore the lowest level in the mine, and from it the main drive accounts, a thing of weird Spanish romance into the chronicle of the old New England merchant service. Mrs. Spofford contributes some reminiscences of that Nestor of the American press, Major Moralces M. Noah.

"Water, water everywhere leads off with the long, unequal, but affluent poem of Swinburne, called "Siena." By first perusing the author's notes, it is easy to get rid of the apparent obscurity of the argument: which done, you have a very sympathetic image, in a very beautiful Tuscan city, whose legends and existing monuments are strung together in a catalogue of descriptions. These descriptions, it is true, most inharmoniously conjoined; we miss the art, so magnificently shown in Byron's literary poems, of linking episodes like cameos to the chain of the narrative, without shock or dislocation; but Mr. Swinburne's episodes are good in themselves, as our readers had proof yesterday in the extract we quoted paying tribute to Saint Catharine of Siena. The subsequent plea for pity on an erring and unfortunate lover of Siena, the lady Pia Guastelloni, is full of grace, and blends ingeniously into another plea for that "mightier malice" who is called "Italia;" easily leading off to brilliant hopes for the future of Italy, as a regalia and the bride of a purer church. Mr. Swinburne misses, we are obliged to say, under the strain of a long historical and topographical narrative that much of the richness and and verbal felicity that constitute his ordinary traits; his metrical empires constantly lose the character of climax and take the form of theses; still, as a broad and burning picture, full of the light of Italy, his "Siena" strikes us as better than anything in Rogers, and only inferior to some of the happiest transcripts of the Brownings,—and to the whole of Byron.

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