

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me—my head had dropped low on your breast  
 With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest;  
 While the holy emotions my tongue dare not speak  
 Flashed up like a flame from your heart to my cheek.  
 Your arms held me fast—O, your arms were as gold—  
 Heart responded to heart in that passionate fold;  
 Your glances seemed drawing my soul through mine eyes,  
 As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies;  
 And your lips smooing to mine, and I proved in my bliss  
 They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.  
 You kissed me—my head and my breast and my will,  
 In delicious joy, for the moment stood still!  
 Life had no more temptations, no charms,  
 No vista of pleasure arising from your arms;  
 And were I at this moment an angel, possessed  
 Of the glory and peace that's given the blessed,  
 I would by my white robe unrepentingly drape,  
 And take from my forehead the beautiful crown,  
 To settle once more to that heaven of rest,  
 With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.  
 You kissed me—my soul in a bliss so divine  
 Healed and soothed, like a foolish man drunken with wine;  
 And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if death  
 Would come while my lips were still moist with thy breath;  
 'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold  
 While your arms wrap me close in that passionate fold.  
 And these are the questions I ask day and night:  
 Must my life know but one such exquisite delight?  
 Would you care if your breast was my shelter as then?  
 And if you were here would you kiss me again?

COLD-WATER POURERS.

It is curious to observe how, even in modern times, the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men whose sole pretence to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They are never at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that is proposed, and when the thing is produced and has met with some success, to find a flaw in it. I once saw a work of art produced in the presence of an eminent cold-water pourer. He did not deny that it was beautiful; but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it that nobody had observed, and upon that crack he would dilate whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed, he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw, that little flaw, was all in all to him.

MUSTAFA FAZL PASHA, the late brother of the Khedive, was famous for his sumptuous living and his propensity for reckless gambling. A Paris writer, who visited him at Constantinople, says of him:

"At heart he was good, and he was beloved by all who surrounded him. Fifty domestics would have sufficed for his palace, but he fed three hundred; some because he had known them from birth, others because they had served his father. When Mustapha Fazl offered me hospitality, in spite of the sympathy which their master showed me, none of the three hundred scamps in his service would make my bed, clean my boots, or do anything for the groom. All that has been said about the civilization of the Turks is a fable, notwithstanding a little European varnish, they hate us, and religious fanaticism dominates every other feeling. The three hundred scoundrels lounged about the chambers, and if the prince wanted a glass of water there were fifty domestics to hand it to him."

STRENGTH OF METALS AND TIMBERS.—A quarter-inch rod of the best steel will sustain 9,000 pounds before breaking; soft steel, 7,000 pounds; iron wire, 6,000; iron, 5,000; inferior bar iron, 2,000; cast iron, 1,000; 3,000; copper wire, 2,000; silver, 5,000; gold, 2,500; tin, 3,000; cast zinc, 160; cast lead, 50; milled lead, 200. Of wood, box and locust the same size will hold 1,200 pounds; toughest ash, 1,000; elm, 800; beech, cedar, white oak, pitch pine, 600; chestnut and maple, 650; poplar, 400. Wood which will bear a heavy weight for a minute or two will break with two-thirds the force acting a long time. A rod of iron is about ten times as strong as a hemp cord. A rope an inch in diameter will bear about two and a half tons, but in practice it is not safe to subject it to a strain of about one ton. Half an inch in diameter, the strength will be one-quarter as much; a quarter of an inch, one-sixteenth as much, and so on.

THE BURNING OF ROME.

As everything connected with great fires has a peculiar interest, we reproduce the narrative of the historian Tacitus concerning the conflagration which occurred at Rome A. D. 64:

"There followed a dreadful disaster—whether fortuitously or by the wicked contrivance of the prince (Nero) is not determined, for both are asserted by historians; but of all the calamities which ever befell this city from the rage of fire, this was the most terrible and severe. It broke out in that part of the circus which is contiguous to Mounts Palatine and Caelius, where, by reason of shops in which were kept such goods as minister aliment to fire, the moment it commenced it acquired strength, and, being accelerated by the wind, it spread at once through the whole extent of the circus, for neither were the houses secured by enclosures nor the temples environed with walls; nor was there any other obstacle to intercept its progress; but the flame, spreading every way impetuously, invaded first the lower regions of the city, then mounted to the higher; then, again ravaging the lower, it baffled every effort to extinguish it by the rapidity of its destructive course and from the liability of the city to conflagration in consequence of the narrow and intricate alleys and the irregularity of the streets in ancient Rome. Add to this the wailings of terrified women, the infirm condition of the aged, and the helplessness of childhood; such as strove to provide for themselves and those that labored to assist others—these dragging the feeble, those waiting for them; some hurrying, others lingering—altogether, created a scene of universal confusion and embarrassment; and, while they looked back upon the danger in their rear, they often found themselves beset before and on their sides; or, if they had escaped into the quarters adjoining, these, too, were already seized by the devouring flames; even the parts which they believed remote and exempt were found to be in the same distress. At last, not knowing what to slum or where to seek sanctuary, they crowded the streets and lay along the open fields. Some, from the loss of their whole substance, even the means of their daily sustenance; others, from affliction for their relatives, whom they had not been able to snatch from the flames—suffered themselves to perish in them, though they had opportunity for escape. Neither dared any man attempt to check the fire, so repeated were the menaces of many who forbade to extinguish it, and because others openly threw firebrands with loud declarations that 'they had one who authorized them'—whether they did it that they might plunder with the less restraint, or in consequence of orders given.

Nero, who was at the juncture sojourning at Antium, did not return to the city till the fire approached that quarter of his house which connected the palace with the gardens of Mæcenas; nor could it, however, be prevented from devouring the house and palace, and everything around. But, for the relief of the people thus destitute and driven from their dwellings, he opened the field of Mars and the monumental edifices erected by Agrippa, and even his own gardens. He likewise reared temporary houses for the reception of the forlorn multitude, and from Ostia and the neighboring cities were brought up the river household necessities, and the price of grain was reduced to three sesterces the measure. All of which proceedings, though of a popular character, were thrown away, because a rumor had become universally current that, at the very time when the city was in flames, Nero, going on the stage of his private theatre, sang 'The Destruction of Troy,' assimilating the present disaster to that catastrophe of ancient times.

"At length, on the sixth day, the conflagration was stayed, at the foot of Esquilæ, by pulling down an immense number of buildings, so that an open space, and, as it were, void air, might check the raving element by breaking the continuity.

"But, ere the conflagration had subsided, the fire broke out afresh, with no little violence, but in regions more spacious, and therefore with less destruction of human life, but more extensive havoc was made of the temples and porticoes dedicated to amusement.

"Nero seemed to aim at the glory of building a new city, and calling it by his own name; for, of the fourteen sections into which Rome is divided, four were still standing entire, three were levelled with the ground, and in the seven others there remained only here and there a few remnants of houses, shattered and half consumed—that dedicated by Servius Tullius

to the moon; the temple and great altar consecrated by Evander, the Arcadian, to Hercules while present; the chapel vowed by Romulus to Jupiter Stator; the palace of Numa, with the temple of Vesta, and in it the tutelæ gods of Rome.

"Moreover, the treasures accumulated by so many victories, the beautiful productions of Greek artists, ancient writings of authors celebrated for genius, and till then preserved entire, were consumed; and though great was the beauty of the city in its renovated form, the older inhabitants remembered many decorations of the ancient which could not be replaced in the modern city."

AN AUSTRALIAN NEWSPAPER LA-  
 MENT.

Antipodian newspaper publishers have a hard time. A letter from the editor of an Australian paper, published in Victoria, mourns over the dull times and the scarcity of the circulating medium. An idea may be formed of their desperate straight by the following extract from the letter of our far off cotemporary:

"We look for better times when the thirty thousand convicts arrive from Paris. You may judge of our wretched condition when I inform you that we have only had one murder in our town for the last two years, and not a robbery worth anything for nearly eighteen months. I send our young men out to collect news over an area of twenty square miles, and back they come with a paltry accident or a contemptible petty larceny. The suicide of some unfortunate wretch is quite a God-send to us."

Australia is evidently becoming too virtuous for newspaper editors, and they don't seem to understand imaginative writing. They had better import a half-dozen New York reporters, who would supply as many "dreadful calamities" as the lovers of the dreadful could desire, and more too.

LIKE A PRINCE.

How many children who squander precious money in selfish gratification might do with it what this young French prince did, and be vastly happier than they now are:

When Charles X. of France was a boy he was playing in a room where a peasant of Auvergne was scrubbing the floor. The Auvergnat amused the Count d'Artois (his title at that time) with tales of his country, and the prince told him he was sorry he was poor, and had to work so hard.

"Ah," said the man, "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed!"  
 "Well, then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor, every month, gives me some pocket money, for which, after all, I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give it to your wife and children; but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded."

The honest peasant told the prince's governor, however, and the latter told him to take the money and say nothing about it. So when the Count d'Artois received his allowance, at the end of the month, he slipped the whole sum slyly into the hands of his protegee.

The same evening the governor had a child's lottery for the benefit of the young princes, and each of the brothers was prompt to hazard, but the Count d'Artois kept unconcernedly aloof. The tutor feigned surprise at this unusual prudence, but the little count wouldn't relieve his curiosity; then his brothers teased him, until finally his childish patience gave way, and he cried out:

"Yes, it may be very well for you; but what would you do, if, like me, you had a wife and five children to support?"

Our republic commenced in 1877, 100 years ago, with thirteen States and 815,615 square miles of territory, which was occupied by about 3,000,000 of civilized human beings. It has now a population of about 43,000,000, who occupy thirty-seven States and nine territories, which embrace over 3,000,000 of square miles. It has 65,000 miles of railroads, more than sufficient to reach twice and a half round the globe. The value of its annual agricultural productions is \$2,500,000,000, and its gold mines are capable of producing \$70,000,000 a year. It has over 1,000 cotton factories, 580 daily newspapers, 4,300 weeklies and 625 monthly publications.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A man got shot at Beck's gunsmith shop last week—four bit's worth.

CHINESE COIN.

The bulk of the circulating medium of China consists of small copper coins called cash, 1,000 of which make one dollar. A cash is therefore worth about one mill. Between 1830 and 1860 this coin became scarce. The then emperor, the celebrated Fee-fo-Fum—He-en Foong was his real name, but our rendering is more easy of remembrance—resolved to make money plenty and cheap. He therefore issued some millions of iron cash. The new coin was worth about half as much as the copper cash, but was decreed to be equal to it. The faith and resources of all China, however, could not keep the debased currency at par. It sank lower and lower as the quantity of it increased. In April, 1857, 1,000 copper cash were worth 5,700 in iron. Despite the enormous issues of the false coin, prices rose faster than money could be struck off. A number of banks came into being. The public mint was supplemented by private printing presses. The paper cash depreciated with even greater rapidity than the iron ones. Early in the spring of 1858 a copper cash was worth between ten and twelve in bills. Money was cheap, but goods were high. Rice cost so much that a famine seemed near at hand. A somewhat rude remedy was chosen. Mobs sacked the banks, seized the viceroy, and hauled him around by his pigtail until the sufferings of Abaddon were wholly eclipsed. The demonstration secured its aim. The currency was brought back to par, and the almonder-eyed Celestials have since then been contented with cheap rice and hard "cash."

RESPONSIBILITIES OF YOUNG MEN.—I suppose no thinking man, of any age, or of any land, can have failed to recognize the tremendous responsibilities that rest upon the young men. Look, for instance, on a country like this. Here every individual man has to bear his part in the general welfare. There are no hereditary claims to the seats in our legislative halls; our executive offices are not bestowed necessarily on men who have only royal titles to recommend them; but from the highest to the lowest, every municipal, State, and national honor is at the disposal of him who can win it. In this country there is no limit to a man's ambition until he has occupied the highest executive office of the Government. And the consequence of this is plain; if the fathers are eligible to every office, and can become candidates for every honor, then there must be a fearful responsibility resting upon the sons, because they will one day occupy their fathers' positions. Directly or indirectly, they will be the makers of the laws that govern them and us. Their wealth, their influence, their talents, and their votes will one day be used for measures which must seriously affect the welfare of their fellowmen. In fact, the whole body politic must be influenced for good or evil by the actions of those whom we call our young men.

TABLE CONVERSATION.—A great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents to often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing the food in sullen silence, instead of severely talking of others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table, the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family.

Hence the intelligence, and the refinement, and the appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation are no small part of education!

Return good for evil.