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PURE GOLD

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

VOL. III. NO. 8. TORONTO, AUGUST 16, 1872. WHOLE NO 60

TRUE COURAGE.

BY A. THURSTON.

'Tis easy to stand on a vessel's deck,
On a vessel, snug and trim,
And to watch the foam from her flashing wake,
And the rainbow bubbles swim;
It is easy enough to climb the mast
When hushed the billow's war,
And the sephyrs play
With the pennon gay
That floats from the highest spar.

'Tis another thing in the murky night,
By the snaky lightning's glare,
To climb and to stand on the dizzy height,
When the tempest's arm is bare;
When the masts are bending low with the strain,
And the canvas all is riven,
And the angry blast,
Goes whirling past,
And the flying clouds of heaven.

'Tis easy enough to be brave and true,
With nothing to set us wrong;
When the sky above is a cloudless blue,
And the heart is full of song;
'Tis another thing when the stormy clouds
Are darkening over head,
When the angel of wrath
Stoops o'er our path,
And all above is lead.

On! the Christian who stands through his fiery youth,
When the tempter's power is strong,
And who will not barter God's holy truth
For the proffered hire of wrong;
Oh! bring not to him the warrior's meed,
'Tis a fading wreath, and dim;
Earth has no gem
For the bright diadem,
That the Lord will give to him.

Popular Subjects.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

For a Japanese, the mikado is very tall—about five feet nine inches. He is also slender, and when walking maintains an extreme erectness, which apparently adds to his height. When seated, he seems more at his ease, although, either from inclination or from rules of etiquette, he allows himself few of the reliefs of position and attitude in which his followers freely indulge. The expression of his countenance is remarkably mild and affable, though remarkably grave. His features have hardly any of the characteristics which are commonly recognized as Magnolian—a fact which may or may not assist in elucidating the vexed question of the origin of the Japanese people, since the mikado represents, by as direct and pure a descent as any living person can, the first rulers of the present dominant race. His complexion is a little lighter than that of the average masculine native, but by no means so clear as that of the majority of the women. His forehead is high, not broad, and slightly retreating. There is little of the ordinary Asiatic narrowness and languor about his eyes; they are round, though not large, bright, and incessantly active. His nose is prominent, and possibly a little broader than the Caucasian type, but not so much as to be remarkable. His mouth and lips are rather large and full, speaking still according to a European and not an Oriental standard. The chin is long, and recedes in a manner which might warrant a suspicion of lack of firmness, if the theories of physiognomists have any weight. A single glance shows that he has abandoned the ancient custom of shaving the eyebrows and blackening the teeth, although, until recently, I believe, he followed in these respects the traditions of his predecessors. Finally, his hands are small, and as delicately shaped as any fine lady's in Christendom. His feet were protected by thick slippers of obviously Occidental origin; otherwise his dress was all his own. His head was covered with the small, close-fitting cap, not unlike a Venetian corno of small dimensions, in which he always appears in public, but, for the sake of convenience, without the distinct livelong feather which is usually depicted in his effigies. His upper robe was of shining and heavy white silk, closely folded at the throat, with long though not cumbrous sleeves, and loosely gathered together at the waist. The trousers were of red silk, prodigiously ample, and of a texture so thick and inflexible as to appear artificially distended and supported. Whatever may be said of his physical attributes, he unquestionably displayed on this occasion (a visit to the imperial college at Yeddo) certain moral qualities which cannot be recalled without admiration. His endurance and patience are wholly beyond comparison. For nearly four hours he sat composedly surveying the proceedings (most of which must have been unqualifiedly dull for him), without giving a sign of restlessness, uttering a syllable, or even changing the gentle seriousness of his countenance. He did not even permit himself the relaxation of a smile, although one or two incidents occurred which provoked the unrestrained mirth of all who came with him. At the same time, he appeared in no degree indifferent to the ceremonies. He observed every thing pretty keenly, and followed the printed programme with a watchful eye. The only sign of direct personal recognition which he vouchsafed was in response to a few complimentary sentences from the American director, Mr. Verbee, at the close of the proceedings, when he courteously inclined his head. All having been welcomed, he left the hall in the same stately manner he had entered, closely followed by his *suite*. Having privately reposed for half an hour, and eaten his simple noon-meal, he re.entered his carriage' glanced at a few of the not particularly attractive surroundings of the establishment, and was rapidly whirled away in the midst of his troop of variegated lancers. A minute later, the entire party disappeared through the massive [illegible] and the imperial college resumed the simple industry of its customary life.—*Correspondence New York Tribune.*

HEAT AT SHANGHAI.

The thermoneter is the biggest liar that ever lived. It is only ninety-five or ninety-eight degrees here at night, and one hundred or one hundred and three degrees by day, and yet it is hotter, intensely hotter, than I have felt it in the Napa (California) Valley, coming from the Geysers, in July, at one hundred and eighteen degrees, or on the sands of Egypt. Thermometors, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying, lie, not exactly in words, or figures, or letters, but in spirit, in substance, in caloric, at least. I am suffocating here! I cannot get breath enough! What would I give for a puff, and how much more for a typhoon, even if a destructive one? There is no air, night or day, and, if possible, it is hotter by night than by day. There is no sleep in this oven-bed, and, if there were, the mosquitoes would eat you up, if you did not throw over you the well-reticulated net. A mattress is unendurable; a mat has to be laid on that, or your perspiration would stick you to the mattress. Never, never, Yankee pilgrim, enter here in June, July, or August. They say you *can* breathe, and live, and sleep, in all the other months of the year; Shanghai is nearly in the latitude of Northern Florida; but, amid low lands as it is, on which are boundless fields of cotton, near the mouth of the great Yangtze, doubtless, the climate is like that of New Orleans, on the Mississippi, with the thermometer ranging higher. What I know for a certainty is, you will never catch me here again in July, if there be any way of getting around it, or over it, or under it.

The foreign residents of Shanghai suffer not a little this season of the year; but here, then, they must stay, for now is the season of "tea" and "silk," the great exported staples of the country. In winter they can play, but never in the summer. They prepare themselves for being roasted as well as possible—not exactly in our Georgia or the Japanese natural costume, but as near to it as civilization will permit. They go without shirts to begin with. A white flannel frock-coat, closely fitting to the body, somewhat fancifully made, with white linen trousers, is the costume. No dickey is sported over that coat. No dickey could stand the drippings of perspiration here over five minutes, if on. They live thus, and do business with a punka, or wind-flap, flying over them ever kept going by a half-sleeping coolie (Chinaman). We breakfast by punkas; we dine by punkas. Heaven giving us no breezes, men raise as many artificial winds as possible. No one ventures out, if it can be helped, till the sun is going down. A great two-story, tong-tailed pith hat is then sported. They ride out toward sunset in "traps," low-hung carriages, drawn by one pony, or in a California-made carriage, with California horses, where that costly luxury can be afforded; or they go in sedan chairs, or are wheeled by a Chinaman, two at a time, on a wheel-barrow, dog-cheap for such rides as that—the vilest invention, by-the-way, for going I have ever seen yet—worse, if possible, than the Japanese cango.—*Brook's "Seven Month's Run."*

BIRDS OFF CAPE HORN.

A straw hat and thick overcoat do not form a stylish Broadway combination; but are characteristically a la Patagonia. The one is a needful protection against the fervid sun, while the other wards off the biting Southern air. Armed with such defences, I was one afternoon, reading, while stretched upon the deck, in an attitude more comfortable than courtly, when the captain touched my arm, and pointed to the deck. Close beside us stood a little continental visitor. I will describe him particularly, for, not being sufficiently versed in ornithology to know whether the species has been depicted before, I am delighted with the idea of winning an easy fame by introducing a new bird to notice. It was a bird of the same size and shape with the ground sparrow of this country, but totally different in plumage.

He has bright, beady eyes, and a mouse-colored head, the color deepening into drab about the neck, and the drab deepens into a dark navy blue, which also lightens and softens into a prominent breast. The tail feathers are tipped with a brownish yellow, which brightens in color, then becomes veined and spotted with black; and next occurs alternate strata of this conglomerate and pure black. Finally the black prevails, and spreads over the tail feathers, except that a narrow even stripe of glistening white borders the extreme feather on each side.

He was still and stupid with exhaustion for some time; but, brightening suddenly spread his wings, and flew landward.

Is the striking difference in motion of water-fowl from land-birds instinctive or acquired? Perhaps when the former were loosed from the Hand of Providence, the index-finger pointed towards the sea, they had the same mode of fight with other birds. Might not their peculiar, undulatory movement, their wheeling and circling flight, have been caught from the swell of the ocean?

In their search for food, as they skim over the water, they are obliged to follow its fluctuating contour, and perhaps carried thence this trick of motion into upper air. What, too, is the occult reason why sea-birds invariably have discordant or melancholy notes? One would imagine, that, catching grace of motion from the sea, some of them at least would be attuned in voice to the ripples, as well as to the shriek and clangor of the storm.

This thought kept recurring to me, one evening, after clouds of gulls had attended the ship all day, incessantly cooing and screaming, I had just heard for the first time, the cry of a penguin. The captain had told me that it was a doleful sound, and seemed to come from a drowning person. It was indeed like the hopeless wail of a half-insensible drowning man. The single note, repeated several times, as it came clear, distinct and almost articulate, over the water, had a peculiar effect in the dark calm evening.

While I was still pacing the deck, and the night was setting in cloudy and moonless, I caught a peculiar sound from one of the winged company. It was a prolonged, low, but sonorous, flute-like moan, almost a wail, with a trilling rise to a note somewhat higher which has just sounded and then abruptly ended, and seemed more mournful and hopeless than the former. The clatter of other birds broke in like child's play upon an oratorio if Handel.

It may seem strange that the cry of a bird has such a power over sensibility; but the captain of the ship, who was at my side, told me that having been once wrecked on an uninhabited South Sea island, and striving against great disadvantages to build a boat that would breast the shocks of ocean, he could endure the misery of his situation and the uncertainty of his prospects, except when completely unmaned by the peculiar cry of this bird. The pre-eminence of the nightingale among singing birds is beautifully expressed in the Spanish name: the charming figure—El Ruisenor, or, "Lord of Song"—has never been transferred, so far as I know, to English verse. A kindred, though not equal distinction, is justly due to this winged, unknown singer, as with wonderful volume, and power, and plaintiveness, he enforces attention to his notes alone, in the midst of the dissonant orchestra of the sea.

THE LAST OF MORMONISM.

Evidently the Morman system in Utah is near ts end. Brigham Young held to justice in Salt Lake City is almost like a Pope impeached in Rome. His martyrdom by death might do something for the Mormon cause, but his fine and imprisonment will do nothing. For ourselves, we think the system would have died out quietly if let alone. It would have pined and withered under the influence of Gentile civilization pouring in upon it. But the States are evidently resolved to make short work of it, and they can do this if they will. To the ordinary American it appears a mere scandal and disgrace; and one too that is mainly exotic in its character. The proportion of native American polygamists is not great. Certain parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and many districts of Wales, combine with Sweden and Norway, and a few German cities, to supply Mormonism with its votaries and vietims. Brigham Young's second in command is an Englishman; the Prophet's Secretary is a Scotchman. The Americans complain all the more bitterly of the [illegible] because it is so largely kept up by Euro[illegible]; they complain too, and we [illegible] travellers have [illegible] City. Too m[illegible] ional splendour around the plac[illegible] perfect wonder of industry, beauty, and pro[illegible] —and thus set ignorant and restless people crav[illegible] ing for a home in that terrestrial paradise among the Wabsatch Mountains. It cannot be too emphatically repeated that Salt Lake City is a shabby and miserable little tenth-class country town, undrained, unlighted, for the most part unpaved, and built on a reeking swamp. The beautiful scenery, the glorious mountains around it, sometimes beguile the traveller into fancying he sees dignity and architectural success in the dirty little village which, were it seated in an English valley, he would turn from with contempt. There are towns in the Western States of which the very names are unknown in England, and which beginning later than Salt Lake City, and having to the full as many difficulties to contend with, are already far beyond it in appearance and in prosperity. Mormonism has no wonderful works to boast of. If it dies, it will die and make no sign. The thing was, from first to last, half sham and half mistake. We could have wished that America had allowed it quietly to fade away; but if it is now doomed to die a sudden and violent death, there is nothing even in its fate to call for pity, or to excuse regret.—*Daily News.*

OLD AND NEW COLORS.

The colors which are now called "old fashioned," that is two say the colors is vogue before the last two generations, were almost invariably more beautiful and becoming than those so fashionable now.

The truth is that a color may be too pure. Modern dyers, stimulated by the vulgar taste for mere gaudy tints, have so much improved in color-distilling and dyeing, that our modern colors are hideous through their extreme purity. the old-fashioned blue, which had a dash of yellow in it, and which looks sadly faded against the fashionable staring blues, was one of the most exquisite hues ever worn; so was the warm dun yellow we see in old master's pictures; so was the soft, brownish crimson. The same remark applies to Oriental colors. The old Indian and Persian manufactures, which will never grow old, look forever perfect and grand; and this is not only due to the wondrous Oriental feeling for combining colors—it is partly due to the imperfection of colors they used. The reds are chiefly dull, the blues greenish, the white yellowish or gray, the black half-brown: this may be noticed in any old Indian carpet or shawl.

But, alas! the Orientals are being demoralized by the European mania for vulgar contrasts; and it is becoming more and more difficult to procure the old subdued mixtures. In the goods they fabricate for the French and English markets, they are beginning to use the cheap imported European dyes, although they still, through sheer ignorance, adhere to the old patterns. Soon they may give place to the modern bad ones, and we shall have nothing better from the East than we can make at home, as far as harmony of tints and poetry of design are concerned. In fact, it is almost impossible, now, to purchase an Indian shawl with the old beautiful colors. Not long ago, we searched, all through the Paris shops, for such a one, and only succeeded, at last, by going over into the *Rue de Bac*, where we picked up one, that some impoverished grand dame of the *Faubourg St. Germain* was compelled to sell, and which had probably been imported from India in the reign of Josephine.

It would really seem as if a certain amount of what, at first thought, we might call imperfection, is necessary to beauty. The most permanently fascinating faces are not those with the most regular features. In an Oriental carpet, or a Cashmere shawl, the pattern is never carried out with mathematical precision, as in the fabrics from the looms of Europe. To this very pecularity the Turkish rugs and Indian scarfs owe a good deal of their charm. They are full, so to speak, of delightful surprises. The same remark may be made of the use of color by the Asiatics. Our perfect machinery cannot make the curiously charming fabrics that these poor people weave with their obsolete looms. We have lost the strange charm of color which our ancestors in the Middle Ages, in common with the Orientals, once possessed. [illegible] and certainly we have not improved [illegible] the ancient patterns; we have to [illegible] back to them again and again for our lac[illegible] our method, and lost our [illegible] we have perfected our colors and lost our perceptions of, and feeling for, real beauty. Very few Americans, comparatively, have a good eye for color. But the English are even more deficient. The true cause of the supremacy of the French, in fashions, is that the Paris designers of costumes excel in color as well as in form.

To see the way in which some women dress, we might thing that the old and true doctrine, that the color in dress must be subservient to complexion, had been altogether forgotten. For example, no blue eyes can bear the propinquity of the modern bright blues, without turning gray; indeed, even blue eyes do not look blue now; no cheek can outbloom the modern pinks and scarlets; it is because these colors have been brought to such a pitch of perfection that they dazzle, but enhance nothing, and they have the retribute effect of not lasting. The antique colors, like the Oriental ones, may have faded, and probably did so, but they never showed either the change of time nor the stains of wear to anything like the same extent, nor so early, as the modern colors; they were not so bright, though they were far more subtle. In those days one could put on a gown half-a-dozen times without looking slovenly: it would look beautiful and good to the last. Ruskin says truly, that "no color harmony is of high order unless involving indescribable tints;" and this is the secret of the antique colors—each partook of some other; the very imperfection made them the most perfect of all colors. We think we see, however, signs of a reform. Of late, dun colors have been coming into use, which help to soften down the glaring colors. The new shades of olive, salmon, citron, and green-blue are also very lovely.—*Petersons Magazine.*

A Louisianian has invented a method of extracting bee-honey from the comb by means of a centrifugal process, which accomplishes its work without breaking the comb further than uncapping the cells. The comb is then placed in sliding compartments fitted to the hive, and the bees at once commence to refill the cells, thus saving the labor of constructing twenty pounds of comb, bee-bread, and wax, in order to preserve one pound of honey.

There is but one proper mode of regulating the hours and the remuneration of labor—mutual voluntary agreement between employer and employed. Probably no two industries are controlled by exactly similar circumstances; and human industries must invariably adapt themselves to the circumstances which control them.