

son to remain the laughing stock of a few *patoquets*, who, vain of their own means of enjoyment, insult me by smiling at my privations? If you are unable to afford me any improvement in my position here, take me away from Brienne, and put me into some mechanical position. From this offer you may judge at my despair. Please believe that my letter has not been dictated by the vain desire of indulging in expensive amusements, which I have no taste for. I only want to be able to show that I have the means of procuring them like my companions.

Your respectful and affectionate son,
BONAPARTE."

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE following beautiful little "gem," entitled "The Shipwreck," is from the pen and poetical brain of an esteemed friend, long since called to his reward:—and as the contributor has no knowledge of it ever appearing in print up to the present, he asks and solicits space for it in the "Young Folks Corner," of THE HARP.—W. McK.

From the climes of the east, o'er the calm ocean waves,

The vessel is gallantly sweeping;
When far far—below, in their red coral graves,

The hearts of the shipwrecked are sleeping;
From the climes of the east to their own lovely isle,

The mariners gladly are steering,
And bright are their prospects, and sweet is their toil,

For no storm on their path is appearing.

They think of the homes where their parents reside,

That shall greet them with tear-drops of gladness;

Where the wives of their love, each as gay as a bride,

Shall lighten the heart of their sadness;
Where their children shall meet them with bright eyes of blue,

And cheeks like the summer-tide blossoms;
Where their sweethearts await, like the lilies in dew,

To drop overpower'd in their bosoms.

From slumber to tempest the ocean awakes,
Like the lions in hunger that waken,

And the canvass is scatter'd like winter-snow flakes,

And the masts like a willow are shaken,
And down goes the ship, like a star from the sky,

When the storm on the night-wind is dying—

And now the green sea waves all quietly lie,
Like the turf on the graves that are lying

SCIENTIFIC RECEIPTS.

HOW TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL GEMS OR PASTES.—As this species of *jewelry* and *gem-gaws*, is so common on this Continent, it may prove interesting and instructive to our young readers, to give a few receipts for their composition and manufacture.

In making artificial gems or paste jewels, the first consideration is to procure a kind of glass which shall be of as great a specific gravity, and as clear as possible, in order that it may reflect the rays of light, and occasion that particular play of light which renders paste so much more brilliant than common glass. Some glass, however, is of greater specific gravity than the gem to be indicated; were this used for the purpose the mock gem would have an unnatural glare of light, and consequently be immediately detected. Very numerous are the receipts to make the colorless *foundation paste* or *strass*, as it is called, everything used in the making of which should be perfectly pure.

1. COMPOSITION OF PASTE FOR DIAMONDS.—Rock crystals 4056 grains; red lead 6300; pure potass 2154; borax 276; arsenic 12; or 2nd. Rock crystal 3600 grains; pure carbonate of lead 8508; potash 1260; borax 360. 3rd. White sand, purified by being washed first in hydrochloric and then in water till the whole of the acid is removed, 100 parts; red lead 150; calcined potass 30 to 35; calcined borax 10; oxide of arsenic 1 part. It is necessary to keep the whole of these compounds in a state of fusion for three or four days before they will have attained their greatest perfection.

TO IMITATE THE YELLOW DIAMOND.—To one ounce of paste, as above, add 24 grains of the chloride of silver, or 10 grains of the glass of antimony.

TO IMITATE THE SAPPHIRE.—To 24 ounces of paste add 2 drams 26 grains of the oxide of cobalt.

"I found the original of my hell, in the world which we inhabit," said Dante, and he said a greater truth than some literary antiquaries can always comprehend.