

ron whose fathers and mothers have deserted them, and who are abandoned to the charity of strangers, found it their greatest treat to collect under the cedar, and dance round it; or, perhaps, with sadder thoughts they would sit to rest and watch the happier children passing, with fathers and mothers and sisters by their side, all talking and laughing together. To these poor children the cedar was a kind of father; year by year they measured their growth by it; at their earliest recollection they were not higher than this little projection of rough bark; now they can almost touch the lowest sweeping branch when the wind waves it downwards.

There was once a prison at the end of these gardens, a dark, and dismal, and terrible place, where the unfortunate and the guilty were all mixed together in one wretched confusion. The building was a lofty one, divided into many storeys, and, by the time you reached the top you were exhausted and breathless. The cells were as dreary and comfortless there as in the more accessible ones below; and yet those who could procure a little money by any means, gladly paid it to be allowed to rent one of those topmost cells. What was it that made them value this weary height? It was that, beyond that forest of chimneys and desert plain of slates, they could see the Cedar of Lebanon! His creeks pressed against the rusty bars, the poor debtor would pass hours looking upon the cedar. It was the prisoner's garden, and he would console himself in the weariness of a long, rainy, sunless day, in thinking the cedar will look greener to-morrow. Every friend and visitor was shown the cedar, and each felt it a comfort in the midst of so much wretchedness to see it. They were as proud of the cedar in this prison, as if they had planted it.

Who will not grieve for the fate of the Cedar of Lebanon? It had grown and flourished for a hundred years, for cedars do not need centuries, like the oak, to attain their highest growth, when, just as its hundredth year was attained, the noble, the beautiful tree was cut down to make room for a railway. This was done just ten years ago; and now the hissing steam-engine passes over its withered roots. Such things, it seems, must be; and we must not too much grieve or complain at any of the changes that pass around us in this world of changes, and yet we cannot but feel sorry for the Cedar of Lebanon.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople makes a beautiful appearance as it is approached from the water. The city is about 15 miles in circumference, and contains about a million of inhabitants. Many of its suburbs are as large as Boston. It was originally a walled city. There are a large number of Mosques in the city. One of the most beautiful places is the seraglio, the residence of the sultan. It occupies 150 acres of ground, and contains within its enclosure all the sultan's household servants—his body guard—his harem—the mint, &c. The streets of the city are narrow and filthy, and the houses irregular. It is filled with dogs and beggars, who meet the traveller at every turn. The only wheeled vehicle used is a sort of carriage drawn by 12 oxen, which are beautifully ornamented with blankets and bells. The bazaars for the sale of goods are beautiful. The shop keeper sits in front of his shop and has a boy in back who hands out the goods as fast as they are wanted. The walls of the bazaars are frequently covered with the articles offered for sale, for 15 or 20 rods. One of the principal luxuries of the Turks is coffee, served up in small cups with long handles, so they need not burn their fingers. Another luxury is smoking and warm baths.—*Id.*

MUTTON.—We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season; is more agreeable to the palate, when one gets accustomed to it; and that those who eat it, become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves, than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams of the South Down breed of sheep: venison itself is not superior.—*American Agriculturist.*

A THIRSTY NATION.—Tea was imported into the United States during the last year to the value of 5,751,586, and coffee to the amount of 6,214,532 dollars.

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen;
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapt in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour,
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
'Till that strange life is ended.

SMYRNA IN ASIA MINOR.

Smyrna contains about 120,000 inhabitants, composed of Turks, Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Franks, the latter class embracing all who wear hats. The city is entirely without wharves. The vessels anchor a short distance from the shore, and the cargo and passengers are transported back and forth in small boats. The streets are so narrow that it is impossible for two beasts of burthen to pass. When they meet they are obliged to back out, and when foot passengers meet them they have to stoop under the bales of goods that lie across their backs. The houses are mostly of wood, and when a fire breaks out, it is very destructive. In the city is a large Amphitheatre, where Christians were formerly burnt. Here also was one of the Seven Churches spoken of in the New Testament. The ground on which it stood is considered sacred. The city is supplied by water by one of the ancient Roman aqueducts, which has stood several hundred years, and bids fair to stand as long as time lasts.—*Rev. Mr. Jones.*

TO WASH CALICOES.—Infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in while hot, and leave it till cold; and in this way the colours are permanent and will not fade by subsequent washing. So says an exchange on the authority of a lady, who has often tried the recipe.

SINGULAR LAW.—There is a law in Holland which obliges the government to bring up, at its own charge, the seventh child of every family, in which there are already six living. Under this law, the tribunal of Amsterdam lately condemned the Government to pay to a citizen, named Hooglandt, two hundred and fifty florins a year, until his seventh child shall have arrived at the age of eighteen years, or, during the same period, provide for his maintenance and education. The judgment has been confirmed by the Royal Court at the Hague.