

HAST THOU FORGOTTEN?

Oh, hast thou forgotten the time we exchanged
The vows of affection and love?
The stars of the night in their places were
ranged,
And shed their pure light from above.

The zephyrs of summer fanned gently thy brow,
And played 'mong thy ringlets of jet;
Then wafed to Heaven the half-uttered vow,
That passed our lips as they met.

Oh, hast thou forgotten the vows we have
plighted,
As o'er the lake softly we sail'd,
Ere thy cruel coldness this fond heart had
blighted,
And thy lost love my bosom bewailed?

Thou hast not forgotten, and yet thou art cold,
The breathings of love are all o'er;
And false to the tale of affection once told,
Thou hast learned to regard me no more.

'Tis sad, oh! 'tis sad, when a being we love
And cherish sinks into the grave;
But oh, how much more so when falsely they
prove
Who vows of affection once gave!

But I'll not reproach thee. Farewell! it is
true
I'll but seldom allude to thy name;
I'll mix with the cheerful, and smile when they
do,
And falsely they'll deem me the same.

But oh! in the gloom of silent midnight,
Thy memory a treasure too dear;
For hours I spend with the hearts that are
light,
Shall wring from my spirit a tear.

No more may I hear the sweet voice of hope,
The ray of her star never know;
No prospect of aught save despair may spring
up,
And dark be the season of woe.

And yet I will love thee, ay, even the same,
And pray for thee even as now;
And yield to the magic that lives in thy name,
And dwell in the smile on thy brow.

A Tale of the California Mines.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

There was a company up the gulch above us. Portuguese were these—a quiet, unobtrusive set of men, with dogs and shot guns and the quaintest little cabins in the world. Brown men, sailors mostly, with earrings in their ears, and their shirt bosoms open; clannish people, silent and respectful. Then there were other companies below, not unlike our own—a hundred men or more on this little mountain stream. Trees above us in eternal green, chaparral along the fierce and steep old mountain side, that pitched almost perpendicularly on either side the stream upon us, from which whistled the partridge through the day, and called the gray coyote at night. No other sounds than these, but the rattling of the stones in the cradle or the tom, and the pick and shovel on the rocks. No doctors, no law, no lawyers, no thieves; forty miles the nearest trading camp. All things were brought from there across a wall of everlasting snow, upon our backs—bread and bacon and beans, and beans and bacon and bread, the whole year through. At last the dreaded scurvy came. Men suddenly fell ill, lost the use of their limbs, fell helpless on our hands. No help; nothing would do them good but change of place and change of diet. We could not carry them out across the snow. This was dreadful. You could not have seen these strong, brave men stricken there, helpless, dying day by day, without hope, and been silent. Sad! fearful!

There were six of them; and the worst case in the six was that of the man with the leather nose, all brought together, all lying looking helplessly, sadly into each other's faces, thinking of other faces, other scenes, in other lands. At last an old sailor suggested, as a last resort, a remedy. He had seen a ship's crew saved in some lands in the tropics. We would try that. It was to place the men, stripped nude as nature, up to the chin in the earth, and leave them there through the night, till the loose and warm rich soil should draw the poison from their bodies.

There was reason in this. Besides, we had some evidence that it would save our men; for once, when a party of Indians attacked us, we won the fight and, following them a little way, found a wounded Indian buried up to the eyes in the earth. They had done this in the hope of saving him, to try and heal his wound, and they are good physicians.

We dug six pits in the shadow of a pine, in the loose and warm alluvial soil, and there, as the sun went down, we stood the men up to the chin, and filled the earth in about them.

It was a lovely moonlight night, balmy and peaceful as a paradise. Not a sound save the doleful howl of a wolf in the crags above. Even in this condition the grim Russian was the centre of interest. But he was as silent as helpless. His head inclined to one side and rested on the loose, warm soil beside him. His hand was half hidden in the earth.

Oregon Jake was there, assisting as well as he might, in his awkward and loose way, in the singular experiment and effort to save the lives of the stricken men.

But he was not gifted with any special gravity of bearing, and the grotesque picture before him, with all its sadness, had its comical feature.

He went up to Ginger and began to talk, as he looked now and then at the Russian over his shoulder. He half laughed as he did so.

The burled man heard him, lifted his head with an effort, and cried out, in a ghostly, graveyard voice:

"Knock him down, Ginger! Knock him down!"

Ginger, true to his helpless friend, knocked him down on the spot.

Again the feeble head of the helpless man settled over on the soft soil. He closed his eyes with the most perfect satisfaction, and then smiled till his white teeth looked like the entire roof to a miniature cemetery.

After a while the tired miners began to retire, and, with a silent prayer for the success of the experiment, left it to time. The invalids were cheerful, and, now, with a little hope, chatted gayly enough together, but looked strange beyond description—the six shaggy heads just bursting through the earth like Banquo's, three in a row, in the fitful moonlight. It looked like men rising from the earth and coming up to judgment. Their voices sounded weird and ghostly, too, as of another world. After a while one by one they fell asleep, and all was still save the howling of the wolf on the bluff above. I grew frightened like. I think the others did too. And one by one we stole away and left them there, as the night went on, and sought our bunks inside the cabin, and threw us down in our clothes, and slept. It was an experiment for life or death.

What strange stupor overcomes men sometimes at night who have been hard at work all day. Singular that we should have left those six men there at midnight in the black shadows, with only here and there a ray of moonlight to relieve the scene. Strange that we could not keep awake.

The experiment was a failure. The wolves came down in the night and ate off every head level with the ground.—From the Independent.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

No true coal has heretofore been found in Italy, although lignite, or carbonized fossil wood, has been long known to exist in many parts of the country. Now, however, a correspondent of the *London Times* asserts that coal of admirable quality, equal to English steam coal, is obtained from a bed twenty-five feet thick, cropping out at the surface of a place near Grosseto, in Tuscany. It has been used in small quantities for locomotive fuel on the Roman railway.

Four hippopotamus teeth have been received at the Lyceum of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., as a present from Captain Wilson of the United States ship *Yantic*. They were sent from Zanzibar, on the eastern coast of Africa. The donor writes that the animal to which the teeth belonged when he was able to walk, was killed near the point where Livingstone first landed on his great voyage of discovery, a fact which he thinks may give additional interest to the relics of the deceased hippopotamus. The longest of the teeth is 14½ inches in length.

DURING the past winter two vain attempts were made to reach the island of Spitzbergen in vessels from Norway. A steamer set out from Tromsø in November, and after reaching latitude 77 degrees north, was beaten back by the ice. In January an attempt was made by a sailing vessel from the same port, but the difficulty experienced in managing her frozen sails, added to the danger of ice and the perpetual darkness or twilight, compelled her return. The object in view was to convey stores to the house at Elsfjord in Spitzbergen, fitted up last summer as a refuge for the polar expeditions now out.

MAKE-UP OF THE BODY.—Supposing your age to be fifteen or thereabouts I can figure you to a dot. You have 180 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds; your heart is five inches in length, and three inches in diameter; it beats 70 times a minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, and 36,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will be eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subject to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile, one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of 201,168 feet, a tile ditch for draining the body, almost forty miles long.

WRITING MACHINE.—A writing machine is exhibited in Philadelphia. It is the invention of Mr. Emmett Dewamore. The machine is, with its stand, about the size of a small sewing machine, and consists of a keyboard with three rows of keys, each of which is marked with a

letter or number and connected with a long wire hammer, similar in action to those of a piano-forte, but bearing at the striking end, instead of the usual hard covered leather hammer, the metal die bearing the same letter or figure as that on the key. These hammers are ranged in a circle, so disposed that each hammer when thrown up by the action of its key strikes upon the same spot on a wooden cylinder, round which is rolled the paper to be written upon. Underneath this paper is a piece of ordinary carbonized paper, so that when the die on the hammer strikes upon it, the white paper is at once marked with whatever letter or figure may be upon the die. As the key which has been struck rises on being relieved from the pressure upon it, its action loosens a catch by which the wooden cylinder has been detained in its place, and the cylinder, acted upon by a coiled spring at one end, moves on a small space, so as to expose a fresh surface for the impact of the next die, which, on its key being struck, rises as before, and marks the paper with a fresh letter or figure immediately following the first. In this way each word is spelled, the striking of a light wooden bar which runs along the front of the key-board sufficing, at the end of each word, to move the cylinder forward without making any mark upon the paper, thus forming the spaces between the words. There are, of course, keys carrying the various notes of interrogation, &c., and it will readily be seen that by this simple arrangement a sentence may be printed off even much more rapidly than it can be written, each letter requiring, instead of the complicated, though unconscious, process of formation by a pen or pencil, only the single rap with the finger upon the key.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE way in which the Shah's visit is being turned to account for advertising purposes is not a little ludicrous. Even the clergy have not escaped the mania. A well-known preacher in one of our West-end churches has issued printed notices this evening that the subject of his sermon on Sunday night will be the "Kings of Persia as recorded in the Bible."

A RICH French banker, who always passes the winter in Paris, adopted the following plan when he wished his gardener to send him from his country house a dish of green peas during the month of January. He despatched a carrier-pigeon with the following note under his wing: "Gather a basket of green peas in the forcing-house, and send it to me by express with the pigeon which carries this note, for the bird is very fat, and I intend to eat it with the vegetables ordered."

A CHICAGO Jew was a juror in a liquor case, under the existing law. He was satisfied from the evidence that the defendant had sold beer, as charged, on Sunday. But, on examining the ordinance in the jury room, he found that the thing prohibited was selling on the Sabbath day. "By the teaching and education which I received," he says, "and by the sacred words of the holy Bible, the term Sabbath applies to the seventh day of the week, not to the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. The latter being the day on which the accused sold beer, how could I do otherwise but to find the prisoner not guilty?"

MR. AUDIBERT, a prominent railway manager, of France, who died a few days since, was an oddity. It is said he always emptied his pockets of money before getting home at night in deeds of charity, and one day left his cab with a single piece of money. As he put his foot to the ground one of his habitual beggars held out his hand, and received the piece. M. Audibert had nothing left to pay the cabman, who remarked that when one could not pay his fare one went on foot. A scene followed. Just then the beggar came up, and offered to loan his day's earnings, four francs fifty centimes. Mr. Audibert accepted it with a hearty laugh, paid the cabman, and the next day sent his beggar five hundred francs.

A LITTLE history is related, and said to have been told by King Victor Emmanuel himself. The Princess Maria, daughter of the Empress of Russia, was in the dress-circle at the Apollo Theatre. His Majesty had not been forewarned and was in his box, according to his usual custom, in the most complete *négligé*. As soon as he saw her Imperial Highness, he begged the Prefet, Commandant Gadda, to lend his black dress coat and white cravat, for a few minutes. Of course the request was complied with, and His Majesty, having put them on in one of the saloons, went and paid his respects to the Princess. This story is not quite so good as one told by the late Emperor Napoleon. He met Vivier, the horn-player, at Vichy, and asked him to dinner. Vivier excused himself—he was travelling, and had no dress clothes. "We are nearly of the same size," said the Emperor. "Ask my valet, Leon, to lend you some of my evening clothes." After dinner the Emperor complimented Vivier on the excellent fit, adding, "Mind you restore my property." Vivier replied that his honest intentions stopped with the restitution of the clothes, and could no farther go. He could not bring himself to restore the little red ribbon in the button-hole. "Keep it," said the Emperor, and Vivier was gazetted a Knight of the Legion of Honor next morning.

AN IRISH SHAH.—A professor, who was a little eccentric, went through the streets of Queens-town lately, dressed to represent the Shah of Persia, in a yellow suit and chamols knee-breeches, armed with a sword, bow, arrow, and a large club, and wearing a gold crown for a

cap. He was arrested late in the evening and brought before Messrs. Macleod, R.M., and Beamish, J.P., charged with presenting a revolver at one of his servants, and firing the same at her head. The unfortunate gentleman was walking through the town all day, followed by crowds, especially a number of emigrants, who thought he was some kind of wild Indian, and in several instances he made them fly in all directions with his club and arrows. Colonel Lloyd Yacht attacked by him near the Royal Cork Yacht Club, and his hat knocked off, and he was obliged to fly for refuge to the Cork Clubhouse. He then went home by train and encountered a young woman selling strawberries at his house. He met her with a loaded pistol, fired over her head, and nearly frightened the poor creature out of her wits; after which he reduced some of his house furniture to splinters with a sword. He was lodged in Bridewell, on remand for eight days.

THE BISHOP AND THE MINERS.—A good story is going the round of some circles in Wolverhampton, and although we cannot vouch for its accuracy, yet the authority on which it is stated is so good, and at the same time the circumstances appear so probable, that it is said to be out of place to mention it here. It is said that some time ago the Bishop of Lichfield had been at a church in the Black Country, and, as is often the case with his lordship, instead of riding in a carriage when returning, he walked the distance between the church and the railway station, or other place to which he was going. On the way he met a number of men "squatting" together on the ground, in miner-like fashion, and he suggested to the gentleman who was accompanying him, that they should say a few words to those men. This, also, is a favorite practice with the bishop, who is always ready to offer a word in season whenever a favorable opportunity presents itself. Going, therefore, to the men, a conversation somewhat to the following effect is alleged to have ensued:—"Well, my good men, what are you doing?" asked his lordship. "We bin a loyin'," replied one of the number. "You are lying," responded the bishop, "lying, what do you mean? I do not understand you." "We bin a loyin'," again said the man. "But what do you mean?" "Why, yer see," was the explanation vouchsafed, "one on us has fun a kettle, and we bin a trying who can tell the biggest lie to have it." "Trying to tell the biggest lie!" exclaimed the astonished bishop, "what a shocking thing!" and then his lordship proceeded to inform the men that he had always been brought up with the greatest horror of lying; he had been taught that one of the greatest sins was to tell a lie. The men listened patiently to this, but presently one of them, who had been looking intently at the bishop, suddenly exclaimed, on hearing his lordship say that he had never in his life told a lie, "Gie th' governor the kettle; gie th' governor the kettle." It is added that his lordship resumed his walk highly amused, though somewhat "crestfallen." We repeat the story as it has reached us, and must leave our readers to believe or disbelieve what seems to be an improbable occurrence.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.—A man may be so much of everything that he is nothing of anything.

DESIRES.—Every desire is a viper in the bosom which while he is still he is harmless, but which kindled may sting.

DEPRAVITY is not easily overcome. Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted, but never despair of ultimate success.

VANITY makes one mind nurse aversions and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power, and become despotic.

CHANGE OF IDEAS.—The mind can never remain idle, but too long persistence in one train of ideas weakens it, and deprives it of the happiness which ever accompanies its natural and healthful activity.

MISERY AND DECENCY.—Fortunate people seem to think that their less happy fellow creatures ought to suffer and die before them with decency, as the Romans used to require their gladiators to do.

MAGNITUDE AND GRANDEUR.—The English are apt to mistake magnitude for grandeur, and to think they are doing wonders, when they are only increasing the dimensions of trifling and commonplace things.

EXERTION AND REST.—The happiness of the fire-side is no more to be obtained without exertion than any other pleasure, and its real rest consists in the change from the exercise of other powers to the highest activity of the affectional.

THE TIGHT-ROPE OF LIFE.—We are all endeavoring to walk, dance, or balance ourselves upon tight-ropes, and the higher these are stretched, the more numerous the spectators. If well-balanced you will walk erect, and be in less danger of falling.

SOCIETY'S FAVORITES.—Any one who thinks, and many who do not, must know that in every class of society there are men who may say or do things with impunity, if not with applause, for which another would be vilified or ridiculed. In fact, society has favorites.

GOOD MUSIC.—Show us the family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in a song, and we will show you one, in almost every instance, where peace, harmony, and love prevail, and where the great vices have no abiding-place.