

PERSIAN MANUFACTURES.

BEYOND these were workshops for the manufacture of fire-arms, brought to very respectable perfection by one of the Persian youths sent to England to acquaint himself with the art. So ingeniously had he copied a rifle of one of the London makers, that I was completely taken in by it. He had engraved the name in steel letters, and, Persian-like, had sold some of them as "London guns." This he related to me with great glee, quite unabashed. "Real London," said he although made at Tabreez." The sabres also were good, though not equal to those of Ispahan or Damascus, either for the excellence of the material, or for the delicacy of the workmanship. A good Ispahan blade, if well wielded, will, it is said, cut through a half-inch bar of iron, a bale of cotton, or a silk handkerchief thrown into the air; and this is by no means a Persian extravaganza. The Persians are great admirers of these missiles, and nothing is so acceptable in the way of "peisheash," or present, as a double-barrel Joe, or a pair of hair-triggers. The other manufactures cannot be said to flourish much. Despotie governments are adverse to all improvements; for if profit be derived from them, they are sure to be taxed, and genius can never flourish where the invention meets no protection, and may be even attended with danger. The Persian who succeeds in amassing wealth, unknown to the government, seeks posthumous fame by the building of caravansaries or baths, but quite unconnected with any patriotic feeling, or even for the good of mankind. The most prominent of the arts, and the one in which they so much excel, is that of enamelling; in which, in point of rich fancy of pattern and of execution, they exceed the Europeans. The exquisitely formed flower grows on the gold and silver "kalleons" and thimbles, with a grace most true to nature.

Of jewellery I do not recollect much display in the bazaars beyond that of the "feruzas," or turquoises, of which the Persians are very proud; some stones being valued as high as one hundred tomana. The most celebrated mine is at Nishapora, in Khorassan. There are others but they yield a stone of a very inferior quality. The merchants may be deemed the most opulent and the most independent class in Persia. They are lightly taxed by the government, and less interfered with than others, and are so alive to their own interests, that they take care not to excite the cupidity of their rulers by any ostentatious display of wealth. Sordidness and avarice are their general characteristics, with a good deal of low cunning caution. The merchants seal their bargains with their signet instead of their signature; and the authenticity of these, and the being bound by them, depends entirely upon the seal. Hence the office of the seal-cutter is one of great importance and trust, for if he

is known to make duplicates, his life would answer for the offence. The date must be cut on the seal. They are all registered; and if a seal be lost, public notice is given of it by the merchant to his dealers. They engrave beautifully; indeed, with a perfection unknown in Europe.—They abbreviate the Ferengee names by leaving out the vowels; whether in contempt or compliment I do not know.—*Fowler's Travels.*

(ORIGINAL.)

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY MRS. J. R. SPOONER.

Gently glideth yonder stream,
Like a pleasant summer's dream—
O'er its rocky bed the while,
Fairest flowers are seen to smile.

And anon the sun beams' play
Light it up with brightest ray—
And the silvery waters shine,
Like some living thing divine.

There, beneath a wild-wood bower,
I hie me oft at evening hour—
And love to wander there alone,
List'ning to its pensive tone.

There is a charm in solitude,
Where the world doth not intrude;
To chasten and refine the mind,
With an influence, sad yet kind.

I marvel not, that men of old,
Forsook the fame bedecked with gold—
And, guided but by nature's light,
In nature's works adored her might.

Sweet evening hour! art thou not made
To call devotion from the shade,
Cast o'er it by our noon-day cares—
To cull the wheat from out the tares?

At eventide the patriarch strayed,
And the sweet singer, David, prayed.
More fitting time for prayer is none—
And Jesus loved to be alone.

East Randolph, Vt.

THE MIND.

THE mind, like a bow, is sometimes, unbent, to preserve its elasticity; and because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusions of the human mind; whereas, the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of ease; it may lose, indeed, its vigour, by being employed too intensely on particular subjects, but recovers itself again, rather by varying its application than by continuing inactive.