THE LOVE THAT IS BORN.

" The love that is born in the joyous morn
Will fade with the eventide,"
That was the strain of the old refrain
You used to sing at my side.
The burden of that old song,
How it rings for me now and here,
As the year declines and Autumn twines
Her garlands over its bier.

For 'twas in the Spring,
In the merry morn of the year,
That you plighted your faith to me till death,
In the same old woods out here.
A flush of green on the boughs
Was just beginning to start,
And a rapture of birth pervaded the earth,
Like the throbs of a human heart.

The year was young as you carolled and sung,
In the light of your beauty and youth,
And little we thought the song had aught
Of prophecy or truth.
But sadly it comes to me now—
Like spectres those words abide;
" The love that is born in the joyous morn
Will fade with the eventide."

For the love that was mine in the Spring's soft shine,
And to swift Summer fulness led,
Fell off and was lost by a pitiless frost,
Ere the leaves on the maples were red;
And ne'er, in these woodlands lone,
Can I ever forget the cost
Of my shame and my grief, where the gold of the leaf
Reminds me of how it was lost.

For gold, and fame, and a lofty name
You bartered the faith you had sworn,
And the hapless strain of that old refrain
About " love that is born in the morn"
I could not silence it quite,
If I never so sternly tried:
" The love that is born in the joyous morn
Will fade in the eventide."

SHAM JEWELLERY.

The passion for jewellery has been a habit of mankind from the days of Solomon to those of the Shah. It was illustrated by the idolaters of Somnath; it blazed at the feet of the Esterhazies; it has culminated in the tiara and belt of Nasr-Shah-Eddin. This potentate made himself the cynozure of Europe by means of the diamonds flaming upon his aigrette, his breast, and the hilt and the sheath of his scimitar; and so the subject of gems has been wonderfully upon the carpet lately. But with fashion comes ambition. People will wear glittering ornaments somehow, and prefer the false to none at all. In romance, these lustrous deceptions have played a high part, as in the story, by Dumas, of the " Three Musqueteers," where a brilliant bit of dissimulation saves Anne of Austria from disgrace. Everybody, too, has read tales of extravagant ladies pledging their genuine jewels and wearing shams for the deception of society. And the art has reached such perfection, that, apart from certain tests, which, of course, are impossible to apply, they really do deceive. In flash and splendor, the imitated are often scarcely inferiors to the originals, whence, by the chemist's magic, they are copied. In dealing with this consummate kind of forgery, one preliminary remark has to be made. Jewels viewed in a natural, and jewels viewed in an artificial light, are, like certain sorts of beauty, not to be compared. There is a fluid radiance in them which wants refraction: the former take it from the sun, the latter from the chandelier. In the case of the peerless stone, however, the diamond, the object of the splendid illusion is to produce a perfectly colorless substance, thoroughly lucid, and capable of reflecting all lights. To this pebble—for it is notning more—have been attributed many virtues; but it can be fabricated by science vith a very neat approach to reality. First, it is necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallisation—a mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still, all this may not yield a thoroughly deceptive diamond. Another composition is made from silversand, very pure potash, minium, calcined borax, and a form of arsenic, varied occasionally by a mixture of *strass*—a mixture for which an equivalent is paste, and which represents transparent pebbles burnt to powder, white-lead, and other similar materials. Sometimes rock-crystal is used, with borax acid from Italy, and nitrate of potash. Of these materials is composed the false diamond, which figures so alluringly in the shop-windows of the Palais Royal.

Let us turn to the sapphire, the next esteemed among precious stones, even above the emerald and the ruby. It is a product of the East, though found, of inferior quality, in Bohemia, Saxony, and France among rocks of the secondary period. There are white sapphires, occasionally mistaken for diamonds; crimson or carmine, resplendent beyond description; vermilion, and topaz-tinted. Indeed we may assign rank to the emerald as daughter to the sapphire. Do you covet them in order to beam with borrowed lustre at a ball? Take, as the cookery-books say, one ounce of paste, mix two grains of precipitated oxide of cobalt, and there you have the colored and glowing necklet, which none except a jeweller can detect. Supposing, however, that you desire ear-rings of chrysoberyl, or chrysopal—or cymophane, as the French term it, which means " floating-light "—the trifle is exceedingly pretty, with its surface of asparagus green and its heart of radiating fire. Yet it is to be emulated by a combination of aluminium, silica, oxide of iron, and lime.

Coming to the splendid gem, the ruby, whether of Brazil, Barbary, or Bohemia, with its cherry or purple red, varied by opalescent or milky aspects, there are various methods of rivalling it—with litharge and calcined shells; with paste, antimony, glass, and purple of Cassius; with white-sand, washed in hydrochloric acid, minium, calcined potash, calcined borax, and oxide of silver, stirred in a crucible. We are furnishing our jewel-box rapidly and at a moderate expense. But care must be taken lest, through an imprudent admixture, your fictitious ruby should suggest the idea of a garnet, which is a poor and unrecognisable relation of the family. The topaz has never been very fashionable in England; yet it is a charming gem in all its varieties—yellow, white, colorless—"drops of water" the Dutch lapidaries call these—orange, shining to little disadvantage among diamonds, "red jonquil," purple, red, blue, and violet. But it is unnecessary to search the rocks of Brazil, Saxony, or Bohemia to gain credit for wearing these bits of beautiful radiance. A little white-lead, with some shells of a rich tint, pulverised and calcined, will yield a composition of exquisite fire and tint, capable of being cut like the genuine gem. So will a mixture of antimony, glass, and ordinary jeweller's paste with purple of Cassius; but the best imitation of any is produced by a composition of white-sand, minium, burnt potash, burnt borax, and oxide of silver. This, with the necessary processes, is a somewhat costly preparation.

Far above the topaz, however, in point of splendor and value, ranks the emerald—not that of Brazil, or India, or Carthagena, but the " noble " quality discovered in Peru, among the valleys of New Granada, of a rich grass green, with a sort of velvet surface, unapproached by any other precious stone. There are of course, several varieties—the skyblue, the aquamarine the corn-colored, even the white; but they are not often imitated. The true *smaragdus* has been converted almost into an object of worship. It has been exalted as an amulet in cases of epilepsy and insanity; its aid has been evoked for the detection of witches and hidden treasures; that of Mantu, indeed, was formerly termed the "goddess." Still, our chemist will, with paste, oxide of copper, and nitre of potash, create something wonderfully similar, or, more elaborately, he may employ numerous different materials, including the invaluable silver-sand. The true hyacinth of Ceylon, often confounded with the orange sapphire and the saffron topaz, and known also as the " brown diamond," can be counterfeited almost to perfection. So with the water sapphire, hyaline, the common amethyst, the "smoke diamond" of Alençon, the cats' eye, and the agate. Onyx and coral need scarcely be enumerated. There is a notorious manufacture of onyx nearly all over Europe, from German pebbles, treated with acids; and the false can scarcely be distinguished from the true, except by their weight and price.

We should recommend very great caution in purchasing what purports to be onyx. In no kind of precious stones is more deception practised. As regards coral, there are also false kinds as well as the reality. By the aid of the real or pink coral, many beautiful imitations are effected; sometimes with the assistance of diamond-dust, for application to mosaic, to furniture ornaments, and enamel. The opal is, in its way, peerless among precious stones, and the only one which when extracted from the earth, as in Hungary, is soft, hardening and diminishing in size through exposure to the air. It is rarely larger, with its milk-blue beauty illuminated by sun-tints, than a nut, but has always been marvellously esteemed. In fact, the flamboyant opal of Mexico, representing an admixture of silica, iron, and water, is a magnificent gem, and its family is mentioned in the Apocalypse, as including " the most noble of stones." In consequence of their being excessively prized and of a quickly fading nature, sham specimens are fabricated to an extraordinary extent.

Thus, also, with pearls, although by many they are preferred when they have lost their original whiteness. The rage for this has no limit. False pearls were invented in Paris towards the close of Henry IV.'s reign, by an ingenious fellow named Jaquin. Thence the manufacture spread into Italy, where it was extensively practised, though the French specimens retained their superiority. To begin with, were employed the scales of the blay, a small flat fish, with a green back and a white belly, common in numerous rivers of Europe. The scales are carefully scraped off, and repeatedly washed in pure water until they glisten like silver. They are then again washed in a sieve, inclosed in a net, and whipped like a pulp, though still retaining those rectangular particles, which, to some extent distinguishable to the eye, constitute a high merit in genuine pearls. The mass thus formed was at one time known as " essense of the East." To it was added some gelatine, from the same fish. Glass of the most delicate texture, and powdered white wax, with a dash of mother-of-pearl, completed the operation, and the necklace of the demoiselle was ready for wearing. It needs only a slight additional chemistry to convert these pearls into opals—a kind of jelly made from parchment is added.

The rose pearls of Turkey are formed by pounding fresh and young flowers in a mortar until they become a paste, spreading this on cloth, and laying to partially dry in the sun. When nearly dry, they are pounded again in rose-water, then dried again, and so on until the paste is exceedingly fine, when it is rounded into shape, polished with rose-water, for the sake of lustre and scent, and thus becomes the pretty imposture celebrated as the rose-pearl. They are of various colors—black, for the white throats of Circassia; red, for beauty of a darker depth; blue, also for fairness; and a splendid amber, fit for all complexions, though chiefly for the brunette. Mock-pearls, it should be remarked, by the way, have been made from fruit, perfumed with storax and musk. The commerce in these fictitious decorations is principally French and Austrian, though something is known about it in our own honorable country. There is Japanese cement, there is rice-paste, and there are Roman pearls, made up of silversand, fish-scales, spirits of wine, and white wax. The Venetian pearls are generally vitreous, and little likely to deceive, yet they are sold by thousands of boxes throughout Europe, Asia, and the New World. The art employed is simply that of producing white glass in tubes, tinted, however, by a process which the Italians still claim as a secret, though the existence of any such mystery in our days may be doubted. These tubes, so to speak, are melted again, whirled into a globular shape, or sometimes manipulated in a soft condition into the spherical form, which, however, is occasionally produced by simply stirring the fragments of glass round and round in a vessel filled with warm sand and hot wood-ashes. Nothing now remains beyond collecting the pearls, blowing off the dust, stringing them on thick strings of silk, packing them in barrels, and exporting them far and wide throughout the world, only stopping short of the uninhabited islands. Enamel would come into our scope, with gilding, silvering, damascening, besides the alloy of coinage, but that the subject, however attractive, would attain to unmanageable proportions. These are among the most tender and delicate arts existing, and their culture has always accompanied the higher progress of civilisation. Enamelling is, in fact, the creation, rather than the imitation of a jewel, and calls upon the artist's taste and skill scarcely less than did the production of Ascanio's famous lily. The clouding and watering of metals, again, are artificial glosses upon nature, representing a subtle science; but it is in the fabrication of decorative insignia illustrating the various orders of chivalry in Europe, that the limits of ingenuity have been reached, with their mixture of false gems, their crucibles of color, amaranthine enamels, bits of polished shell, and rays of burnished metal.

Thus, therefore, there is still a sort of alchemy practiced in this world, for is it not a Rosicrucian art to manufacture diamonds, emeralds, rubies, opals, and pearls from the common elements of the earth, and convert the contents of a laboratory into sparkles which shall flash as though they were beautiful secrets surrendered by the two miserly mines of Golconda, or the Sinbad valleys of Brazil! The very light of heaven, the sunbeams themselves, have been entrapped and imprisoned by these mimetic jewellers. As for the result, what myriads of people are pleased in the indulgence of a little innocent vanity, without wearing one fortune on their heads, another round their necks and a third upon their arms! It is not the savage only who delights in baubles. Besides, do we not thus enjoy that which Marie Antoinette called the " luxury " of wearing diamonds, without her " torturing fear " of losing them?

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

It was during the palmiest days of the Empire. Never was Paris so gay: in fact, it was the *fête* day of the Emperor, the last flickering blaze of his greatness ere his glory departed forever. All Paris knew that he would grace the opera that night, and add to its usual lustre the glittering pomp and circumstance of power. Accordingly all that portion of Paris who had the necessary number of francs went to the opera, in honor of so great an occasion Mons. Blauvais, the director, was to produce " Le Prophète."

The overture was over; the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, radiant in her beauty and glittering with jewels, had just entered the royal box; his *suite*, uniformed in every color of the rainbow, stood grouped in the background. In another moment the bell would tingle and the opera commence. But in an instant of time, when every sound was heard, the second box to the right of the Emperor was opened, and the curtains were drawn aside, and revealed the lovely wife of the Russian Ambassador, Duke Metzkerwitch.

No wonder that the bell tinkled unheard and the curtain went up unnoticed; no wonder that every eye was fixed with a fascinated gaze upon the woman who had just taken her seat and was calmly and with well-bred nonchalance glancing about the house; for upon her arms, blazing like beacons, sparkled the diamonds of which Paris had heard so much, and which royalty in vain had long sought to purchase. A hum of admiration ran through the house, and then, for the first time, the enchanting strains of the chorus where listened to.

When the curtain fell upon the first act, and Milord This ogling Milady That, a servant wearing the imperial livery presented himself at the Russian Ambassador's box, rapped only as an imperial flunky could rap, and then entered the box.

" Her Majesty had noticed the bracelets and was dumb with admiration; would Milady be so gracious as to allow the Empress to make a personal examination of one of the bracelets?"

In an instant the fair arm was shorn of its gems, and with a smothered ejaculation of delight the man wearing the imperial livery bowed himself out of the box, bearing the bracelet that a million of francs could not purchase.

The curtain fell upon the third act, ascended again on the fourth, the notes of the finale rolled through the house, the curtain fell for the last time; and still, with well-bred politeness, the wife of the Russian Ambassador waited for the return of her priceless jewels. The imperial party rose and departed, and yet the bracelet was not returned. Then the Duke, with a terrible frown of impatience, rose and drove rapidly to the Tuileries, and demanded the return of the diamonds.

Explanations followed, and the Duke was at last convinced that the Empress had never sent for the bracelet, and that the man wearing the imperial livery was one of the daring thieves who infested the capital. He bade his coachman drive to the office of the Prefect of Police, and ere daylight a hundred of the shrewdest officers were searching Paris for the gems. The Duke, filled with anxiety, remained at the office for tidings while the Duchess restlessly awaited the recovery of her bracelet at home.

The great clock had just tolled the hour of six when the bell of the Duke's hotel rang violently, and an officer of the police was ushered into the presence of the Duchess.

" Was the bracelet recovered?" and " would they imprison the scoundrel for the rest of his days?" eagerly demanded the Duchess.

With a grave bow the officer stated that the thief was taken, and upon his person was found the bracelet. But the fellow stoutly insisted that he was not a thief, and that the bracelet in his possession had been in his family for many years. Would madame intrust to him the mate to the missing bracelet, that the identity might be complete?

Madame the Duchess, without a word, unlocked her casket and placed in the hands of the trusty officer the second bracelet. The officer, with a profound bow, left the apartment, and madame retired once more—this time to sleep and to dream of her precious diamonds. When the bell tolled the hour of nine, the Russian Ambassador, haggard and disordered, entered his wife's apartments and threw himself in despair into a chair. Madame opened her eyes, and with a smile a delight asked for the bracelets.

"Satan!" exclaimed the Duke, "we can learn nothing of them."

" What!" shrieked the madame, " have you not recovered it? The officer who came for the other bracelet said the thief had been taken and the bracelet found."

The Duke, with an exclamation of amazement, sprang to his feet, and in a husky voice, besought his wife to explain. In few words she told him. And then with a groan the Duke dropped into a seat.

" I see it all," said he; " the rascals have robbed you of the second bracelet. There was no messenger sent for the bracelet. The man to whom you gave it was no officer, but a bolder thief than he who robbed you first."

And so it proved. The bracelets were never returned, and the Russian Ambassador recalls the last *fête* day of the fallen Emperor with a sigh, for it made him a poorer man by many millions of francs than he was when he handed his charming wife into his carriage and bade his coachman drive to the opera.

HOW TOADS DINE.

When our toad gets into his mouth part of an insect too large for his tongue to thrust down his throat (and I have known of their attempting a wounded humming-bird), he resorts to the nearest stone and presses the protruding part of his mouthful against it and thus crowds it down his throat. This can be observed at any time by tying a locust's hind legs together and throwing it before a small toad. On one occasion I gave a yellow-striped locust to a little toad in its second summer, when he was in the middle of very wide gravel walk. In a moment he had the locust's head down its throat, its hinder parts protruding and started for a stone or clod but finding none at hand in either direction he lowered his head and crept along, pushing the locust against the ground. But the angle with the ground was too small, and my walk too well rolled, to increase the angle he straightened his hind legs up, but in vain. At length he threw up his hind quarters and actually stood on his head, or rather on the locust sticking out of his mouth, and after repeating this once or twice, succeeded in getting himself out side of his dinner. But these instances of ingenious adaptation to the circumstances were exceeded by a four year old toad at Antioch College. I was tossing live earth-worms while digging, and presently threw him so large a specimen that he was obliged to attack one end only. The end was instantly transferred to his stomach, the other end writhing free in the air and coiled about the toad's head. He waited until the worm's writhing gave him a chance, swallowing half an inch, then, taking a nip with his jaws waited for a chance to draw in another half. But there were so many half inches to dispose of that at length his jaws grew tired, lost their firmness of grip, and the worm crawled out five-eighths of an inch between each half-inch swallowing. The toad, perceiving this, brought his right hand to aid his jaws, grasping his abdomen with his foot, and by a little effort getting hold of the worm in his stomach from the outside he thus, by his foot, held fast to what he had gained by each swallow, and presently succeeded in getting the worm entirely down.—*Thomas Hill, at the Am. Sc. Association.*