Poetry.

Literary Larceny.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend—that's lose—their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary books,

Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;
They thus complete their set at home,
By making one of you.

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

Even Glover's Works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon,
Though ever since I lost my Foote,
My Bunyan has been gone.

My life is wasting fast away—
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on Gray,
There's gray upon my locks.

They still have made me slight return;
And thus my grief divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gray,
They have not left me Sterne.

—*Hood.*

Agriculture.

Irrigation and Watering.

The process of irrigation, when judiciously performed, greatly increases the productiveness of all soils, and every crop in climates that experience periods of drouth, be they ever so short.

A proper quantity of water is absolutely necessary, not only as a vehicle of conveying the food from the soil to sustain the plant, but as the sole agent in promoting the decomposition of all organic and most of the inorganic manures.—All vegetable and mineral matter is unchangeable and indestructible when dry, and the wet state is the position antagonistic; therefore a regular and constant supply of water is the very life-blood of vegetable vitality.

In California, where, from the necessity of the case, they are obliged to resort to that process, owing to the periodical dry seasons, it performs wonders: eighty-four and a half bushels of wheat to the acre; turnips thirteen inches in diameter; beets weighing twenty-seven pounds; and all other crops in proportion, are the result.

There are many districts in this country where it could be used to great advantage, particularly on grass. The process is entirely different from our watering of gardens in dry weather. In irrigation water is let on in any quantity not sufficient to drown the plants, and allowed to stand till the earth is thoroughly soaked to a foot or more in depth, and then passes to another level.

Whoever has taken pains to water gardens in dry spells can not fail of having been struck with the trifling effect produced—often appearing to do more harm than good. The cause is that temporary watering does not penetrate the soil more than an inch or two; but the great failure arises from the fact, that, instead of thoroughly wetting the ground, the slight sprinkling causes the roots, instead of penetrating deep, to send out and spread near the surface during the night, and an hour's sun dries up all the moisture—leaving the plant often in a worse state than if it had not been tampered with; for had it been left alone, the roots, in their requirements of water, would have penetrated below and sustained themselves.

We have often observed that after commencing the watering of vegetables it must be constantly kept up, or they prove worse than those left alone. When temporary watering in the garden is resorted to, the only course is, to have large dishing hills, or drills, and to give slowly large quantities of water, or the contiguous dry earth absorbs so much and so quickly that the plant is very little benefited by it.

The same fault applies to the manner generally adopted with house plants; they get daily little dabs of water, doing no good, when one thorough good watering a week, wetting the earth of the pots, would be infinitely better. The roots being at and near the bottom, it is a good process to set them in a basin of water till wetted entirely through.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

Important Facts.

It has been ascertained that a piece of land which yields only sufficient pasturage for one head fed upon it, will supply food for four head in the stable, provided the crop be cut at the proper season, and fed in a proper manner. Besides this, the soiling will be found to yield four times the quantity of manure from the same number of cattle, and the richest and most efficacious manure is made in the stable, if conveyed to the fields at the proper stage of fermentation. The increase of milk, also, which is secured by the adoption of this process, is an important consideration.—Besides, the cattle increase much more rapidly in weight while fattening than when allowed the free range of the fields, are secure from accident, and are not annoyed by flies, insects, or heat. They likewise escape many of those troublesome and often fatal diseases to which cattle are liable abroad. The quantity of manure each animal furnishes when fed in the stable, and properly littered, may be set down at sixteen large double cart-loads. I do not suppose the system of soiling cattle will soon become popular in this country.—There are many circumstances which, to my mind, seem to preclude the possibility of this; yet there are situations where it can unquestionably be adopted with high favorable effects. In many sections experiments have already been made, the results of which demonstrate most exclusively that it is far more economical to fatten animals in this than in the ordinary way. Dairymen, also, in the vicinity of our large towns frequently keep their milch cows in the stable, milking them three times a day instead of twice, and supplying them with fresh fodder from the fields as long as it can be had green. Sheep are also fattened for the market in the same way, and the very decided superiority of the mutton, and the consequent ready sale and high price it secures in the market, indicate the superiority of the new system over the old. No one can doubt that swine do much better when confined to a snug sty, while fattening, than when permitted to go and come when they please. Why should not the same reasoning be applied to other domestic animals? High feeding makes them spirited and antic, and they run and frisk so much that nearly one-half the food supplied is a dead loss to the feeder.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Spading vs. Plowing.—"Wonders will never cease," has often been said and still holds true. To the astonishment of the farming community, "and the rest of mankind," spading machines are now being produced which are capable of doing the work of three to five ploughs in width and from eight to eighteen inches in depth, with the power exerted by one or two yoke of oxen. It does more; the soil is left as free and light as after being thrown up by the expert hands of a genuine son of Erin with an ordinary spade.

Miscellaneous.

Discoveries in Jerusalem.

The following notes on ancient quarries in Jerusalem have been placed, says the London Athenæum, at the service of our readers through a friend. They were made by a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Douglas:—

During a visit to Jerusalem, in the spring of 1855, I became acquainted with a very intelligent Hebrew, who informed me that there were extensive quarries beneath the city, and that there was undoubted evidence that from these quarries the stones employed in the building and rebuilding of the temple were obtained. He told me that these excavations were accessible through a small opening under the north wall of the city—that he had descended some time before with two English gentlemen, and had spent with them several hours in exploring the excavations, which were sufficiently extensive to have furnished stones enough, not only for the construction of the temple, but for the whole of Jerusalem, the walls included. He expressed his readiness to accompany me, but proposed to go after dark, as he feared the Turkish guards might fire upon or maltreat us, if they detected us. As my party comprised two ladies, and my two sons, all equally desirous with myself to see these excavations—as the gates of the city were closed at sunset, and as there were no houses outside the walls—I would not listen to the proposal to spend the night in the open air, unless upon trial, I found we could do no better. We accordingly went to examine the situation and size of the opening. We found it about one hundred and fifty yards to the east of the Damascus gate. It seemed like the burrow of some wild animal. There was no rubbish above the opening but some tall grass and weeds. Persons entering might be observed by the guards; but this did not seem very likely, as the soldiers generally remained within the gate, and only very rarely one sauntered outside. We accordingly decided to make the attempt by daylight, fully satisfied that, even if observed, we should only be rudely driven away. The next morning, therefore, we left the city as soon as the gates was opened. One of the party got into the hole, but returned, saying that it would be necessary to get in feet foremost, as there was a perpendicular descent of six or seven feet at the inner opening. He went back again with the lights; I followed. The ladies were got through with considerable difficulty. When fairly inside, we found ourselves in an immense vault, and standing upon the top of a pile which was very evidently formed by the accumulation of the minute particles from the dressings of the blocks of stone. On descending this pile, we entered through a large arch, into another vault, equally vast, and separated from the first by enormous pillars. This vault, or quarry, led, by a gradual descent into another, and another, each separated from the other by massive stony partitions, which had been left to give additional strength to the vaulted roofs. In some of the quarries, the blocks of stone which had been quarried out lay partly dressed; in some the blocks were still attached to the rock; in some the workmen had just commenced chiseling; and in some the architect's line was distinct on the smooth face of the wall of the quarry. The mode in which the blocks were got out was similar to that used by the ancient Egyptians, as seen in the sandstone quarries at Hagar Tilsils, and in the quarries at Syene. The architect first drew the outline of the blocks on the face of the quarry; the workmen then chiseled them out in their whole thickness, separating them entirely from each other, and leaving them attached by their back to the wall. They were then detached by cutting a solid passage behind them, which, while it separated the blocks, left them roughly dressed, and left the wall prepared for further operations. We remarked the similarity between the stones chiseled out in these quarries and the few blocks of stone built into the south-east corner of Jerusalem, which are so remarkable for their size, their weather-worn appearance, and the peculiar ornamentation of their edges. We spent between two and three hours in these quarries. Our examinations were, however, chiefly on the side toward the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Our guide stated, that more to the westward was a quarry of the peculiar reddish marble so commonly used as pavement in the streets of Jerusalem. From the place where we entered the descent was gradual. Between some of the quarries, however, there were broad flights of steps, cut out of the solid rock. I had no means of judging of the distance between the roofs of the vaults and the streets of the city, except that from the descent the thickness must be enormous. The size and extent of these excavations fully bore out the opinion that they had yielded stones enough to build not only the temple, but the whole of Jerusalem.

The situation of these quarries, the mode by which the stones were got out, and the evidence that the stones were fully prepared and dressed before being removed, may possibly throw light upon the verses of Scripture in which it is said—2 Chronicles ii, 18: "And he [Solomon] set three score and ten thousand of them to be bearers of burdens, and fourscore thousand to be hewers in the mountains, and three thousand and six hundred overseers to set the people to work." And again—1 Kings vi, 7—"And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought hither; so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building."

In one of the quarries there was a spring of water. A recess in the rock and a shallow trough had been cut for its reception. The water was soft and clear, but somewhat unpleasant to the taste. The expenditure of our candles hastened our departure. We got out as we got in unobserved. I had not another opportunity of visiting these quarries, but left Jerusalem in hopes that some one more enterprising and more able would explore and give a more detailed and accurate account of these excavations, which to me seemed so abounding in interest.

Rhodes—Its Past and Present.

Rhodes, in every respect, is one of the most illustrious among all the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. Its situation is remarkable. On the verge of two of the basins of that sea, it became the intermediate point of the eastern and western trade; and it was the Greenwich of the Greeks, from which their geographers reckoned their meridian of latitude and longitude. It was a proverb, "that the sun shone every day on Rhodes;" and this beauty and brilliancy are typified in her coins, on one side of which is the head of Apollo radiated like the sun, while the other exhibits the rose flower, the conventional emblem, which bore the name of the island.

The writer arrived at Rhodes in the dawn of the morning, having sailed in the track of Paul by Patras. Few places since the fall of the Roman empire excite the same interest as Rhodes. Its earliest origin is obscure, but it soon became distinguished in maritime affairs, and in the school of rhetoric and philosophy. At a later period it was the barrier between the civilization of Europe and the barbarism of Turkey. The fertility of its soil, and the salubrity of its climate, combining the warmth of tropical regions with the genial temperature of a more northern zone, were wont to be praised by the classics. We therefore hailed our arrival at this island as one of the happiest enjoyments of this portion of our travels; and high as our hopes had been raised, they were not disappointed.

The island and city present a pretty picture; the coast is indented with gulfs and winding bays. None of the Asiatic islands have been so deservedly celebrated as that of Rhodes, the Venice of the East. In extent and population it ranks next to Cyprus and Lesbos. It was remarkable among the ancients for the skill of its inhabitants in the art of navigation; for a college in which the students were renowned for eloquence and the mathematics; for its clear air and its pleasant and healthy climate, which induced the Roman nobility to make it a place of their residence; for its prodigious statue of brass, consecrated to the sun, and called his colossus; for its city built by Hippodromus in the midst of perfumed gardens and an ampitheatre of hills, and on the verge of two of the basins of the sea; for its history, instructive and elevating in all its periods; for its code of mercantile laws, by which the commerce of later times was regulated; for its legislative enactments, framed almost in the spirit of Christianity itself; for its having been the last city to make a stand against the advancing Saracen; for its fortifications and stately harbour; for the fine view it affords of the opposite shores of Western Asia, embracing the last range of Mount Taurus coming down in magnificent forms to the sea, and the long line of snowy summits along the Lycean coast, and the unruffled expanse of the ocean, shining like the mirror of the Almighty under the blue and brilliant sky.

The island presents a triangular form, rising gradually from the sea, and attaining considerable elevation towards the centre, when it terminates in the lofty summit of Mount Ata Mira. The fertility of the soil was apparent at the first glance.

The land and the climate are glorious as ever; but since 1522, when the knights of St. John were driven from this last fortress of Christian chivalry in the Levant, the curse of desolation seems to have settled down on the place. We saw in the once celebrated harbour of Rhodes only two small Greek ships or boats taking in water and fruit. The aspect of the city is sad enough.

The streets are ruinous, gloomy and deserted; but, like Malta, they present many lasting monuments of the taste and energy of their knights. The houses are built in the peculiar character of the olden times, and in the gay Grecian style, mixed with the sombre florid of the Gothic, with ornamented beadings and borders of flowers, round the windows and along the walls, and arabesque traceries carved in white marble, representing arms, and armour standards, cuirasses, gauntlets, greaves, quivers, bows, helmets, and the royal arms of England, all executed with the greatest delicacy. Every house has its little paradise, where the orange, the lemon, and the graceful palm tree, preserve the Oriental character of the whole.

A Warning.

A few weeks since, in the course of conversation, with an eminent broker, who has been over forty years acquainted with the leading moneyed men of the country, we asked if he ever knew a schemer, who acquired money or position by fraud, to continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death. We walked together about three minutes in silence, when he replied "*Not one!*" "I have seen men," he said, "become rich as if by magic, and afterwards reach a high position in public estimation, not only for honor and enterprise, but even for piety, when some small circumstances, of no apparent importance, have led to investigations which resulted in disgrace and ruin."

On Saturday we again conversed with him upon the same subject, and he stated that since our last interview he had extended his inquiries among a large circle of acquaintances, and with one solitary exception, and that doubtful, their experience was to the same effect as his own. He then gave a brief outline of several small and big schemers and their tools, their rise and fall. Suicide, murder, arson, and perjury he said were common crimes, with many of those who "made haste to be rich," regardless of the means; and he added, There are not a few men, who may be seen on Change every day, ignorantly striving for their own destruction. He concluded that fortunes acquired without honesty generally overwhelmed their possessors with infamy.—*Boston Atlas.*

Compensation of Magazine Writers.—A correspondent of the Aberdeen Journal, who says he speaks from practical experience, gives the terms paid to writers by the proprietors of certain periodicals named. "We ourselves," says the writer, "receive from Chambers's Journal, twenty-one shillings per page, and for the continuous tales in the serial a guinea and a half per page is paid; in a page of Chambers' there are 1,373 words. In a page of the 'Leisure Hour' there are usually 1,120 words, and for that number the Religious Tract Society pays fifteen shillings. For a page containing about 1,250 words Eliza Cook used to pay us a guinea; and Charles Dickens's 'Household Words' still pays that sum for a page of not more than 1,050 words. For the much smaller pages of Tait's, Sharpe's, Bentley's, and the New Monthly, half a guinea each is paid; while for pages of about the same size, Blackwood and the Dublin University pay double that price. For reviews the Athenæum pays half a guinea; while the Critic and the Literary Gazette pay seven shillings per column. The Quarterlies pay their contributors at rates varying from eight to sixteen guineas per sheet of sixteen pages.

Milton.

In Milton's second defence of the people of England, may be found this passage, in allusion to his loss of sight—

"Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, so long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit. As long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the Light of Divine Presence more clearly shines.—Then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. O! that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity. And indeed in my blindness I enjoy in no small degree, the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself—Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns, and merits public execration. For the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack, not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings, which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure."

In the last English edition of Milton, published at Oxford, the following beautiful lines may be found, with the remark they were among the late effusions of that Master of English song.

They are really the property of an American writer, Elizabeth Lloyd, a Quakeress of Philadelphia. Their affinity with the above train of thought, will easily account for the error of the compiler while it does not in any measure lessen the compliment paid to the poet, in ranking her composition among the productions of Milton.

"I am old and blind!
Men point to me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted by my kind,—
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong,—
I murmur not that I no longer see,—
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme to Thee!

O merciful one!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near
When friends pass by—my weakness shun—
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my holy dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou has dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing—
Beneath it, I am almost sacred—here,
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng—
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies!

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine."

How Whisky Tastes.

The Editor of the Boston Olive Branch says, that at a recent session of one of the western conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the venerable Bishop Soule in making some observations on the subject of Temperance, is represented as having said—"Though I have passed the seventy-fifth year of my age, *I have not yet learned how whisky tastes!*" True to the letter. We were present on the occasion, and heard, as the old people used to say, "with my own ears," the statement as it fell from the lips of that eminent minister of the cross of Christ.

And here it should be known and well understood by all concerned, that as the legitimate result of this rigid adherence to the total disuse of ardent spirits, the Bishop, though now verging towards the eightieth year of his age, is possessed of a much larger share of physical energy and muscular strength than usually falls to the lot of men in the prime of life; nor can his most intimate and intelligent friends and acquaintances perceive the slightest abatement in the herculean force and vigor of his mental faculies. He stands as udrightly, walks as briskly, eats as heartily, sleeps as soundly, talks as fluently, preaches as powerfully, prays as fervently, and feels as deeply and intensely for the interest and prosperity of the church, as he did *forty years ago.*

In addition to his incessant and arduous labours, within the limits of the several States and territories of this great confederacy, for the last half century, he has twice crossed the Atlantic, performed the tour of Europe, and preached the glad tidings of salvation to admiring thousands in nearly all the principal towns and cities of the British Empire. Besides this, within the last twenty-four months he has twice visited California, superintended both sessions of the Pacific Conference, and travelled extensively through many portions of that far-distant land, proclaiming "Jesus and him crucified," as the only hope of a wrecked and ruined world, to the vast crowds that everywhere flocked to hear him, in the wide wastes, as in the cities full. But not having yet filled up the measure of his obligations to the church and the world, he is even now holding himself in readiness to pay California a third visit, should no one of the younger members of the Episcopal College find it convenient to enter upon the performance of this important mission.

Such, in brief, is a rough, outline sketch of the physical, intellectual, moral power and efficiency of the man—and the only man, perhaps, now living on this continent,—who can in truth say, at the advanced age of seventy-five years—"*I have not yet learned how whisky tastes!*"

Eighty Years a Prisoner.

A hardy old man recently passed through Lyons, France, on his way to Savoy, his native country. No less than eighty-one years ago, when he was forty-one, he was sentenced to the French galleys for life for some crime. At the commencement of our revolution, being then a middle aged man, he was shut out from the world. The other day he was released at the aged of one hundred and twenty-one! No cause is assigned, but the probability is that the Government thought he had worked out more than a natural life in the galleys, and that he was past doing any harm. It is said that he has a little property in Savoy, the interest on which has been accumulating exactly one hundred years, or since he arrived at the age of twenty-one. The old man enjoys perfect health, although he stoops so much that his face almost touches his knees.

The above paragraph we copy from an Italian newspaper. We, of course, do not know upon what ground the Savoyard was released, but we may add that a condemnation to perpetuity in the galleys in France is considered to have expired after one hundred years confinement. Only one case of an individual having outlived his term of punishment was ever known, and that was a native of a little village in Dauphiny, who at the age of twenty-one was condemned to the galleys at Toulon for the term of his natural life. The convict survived his hundredth year of penal labour, and, according to the rule observed, was discharged. From Toulon the patriarchal sinner, numbering in years one hundred and twenty-two, found his way to his native village, but alas! no one there knew him. Nor did he seek to recall it to the memory of any one, for the next day the melancholy man took the road to Toulon, in time reached it, and on imploring to be received at his old lodgings, was there allowed shelter, and died the next year.—*Glasgow Chron.*

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