

## SONG FOR THE SEASON.

BY ELISA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about!  
The forest is denning its doublet of brown,  
The willow tree sways a with a gloomier frown,  
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!  
'Tis true we all know that Summer must go,  
That the swallow will never stay long in our eyes;  
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,  
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,  
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,  
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,  
That is linked mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm!  
Alas! poor thing, the first gust will bring  
The pillar to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves,  
And many a spirit, like him, will cling  
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves!

Look low, look low, the night-gusts blow,  
And the reddest forms in hedge and field  
Come whirling and spinning wherever we go,  
Lighter in dancing, as never the dead!  
Oh! who has not seen rare hearts that have been  
Painted and painted, in garb that deceives,  
Dashing gaily along in the fluttering shawl,  
With despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves!

Look on, look on, more breaketh upon,  
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue;  
The distant orchard is yellow and wan,  
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.  
Oh! well it will be if our life, like these,  
Shall be found, when old time of green beauty bereaves,  
With the spirit of good works for the Planter to see  
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves.

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,  
The West wind over the land and sea,  
Till it plays in the forest and moor and roars,  
Seeming no longer a mournful breeze!  
So music is best, till it meeteth a breast  
That is probed by the storm while memory grieves  
To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,  
Then it dies like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves!

Not in an hour are leaf and flower  
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay;  
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower,  
Make ready the way for falling away!  
And so it is Man in life as peacefully fade,  
By the fear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,  
For he's loosened from earth by each trial and shade,  
Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track,  
Of human hearts' brown-throated crew,  
With joy and dead leaves, all dry and black,  
And every year still flunging new.  
But the soul is fed, where the branches are shed  
For the future to bring forth fuller sheaves,  
And so it is Man in the future's April  
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!  
Great Maudslayi.

## Literary Department.

From the Charleston Courier

## THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

"The fire that in my bosom preys  
Is like to some volcanic isle,  
No torch is kindled at its base—  
A funeral pile."

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the highest circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features, which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion; passengers looking to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! What beauty, too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it. Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

"—she was changed  
As by the sickness of the soul, her mind  
Had wand'ring from its own home, and her eyes  
They had not their own lustre, but her look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm, her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things  
And forms, unimpelled and unperceived  
Of other's sight, familiar were to hers."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose: 't was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sang with touching pathos,

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her sighing,  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying!

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking—  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the listener is breaking.

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed, and she continued—

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded  
As clouds over the morning fleet?  
Too fast have those young days faded,  
That even in sorrow were sweet!  
If thus the unkind world wither  
Each feeling that once was dear,  
Come child of misfortune! come hither,  
I'll weep with thee, wear for thee."

She then sang a fragment of the beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive "save me, my brother, save your sister!" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man (was he a man?) who called upon the conductor to "put her out of the car." He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibility to such a scene of distress almost defies belief; and this is, in every particular, an "ow'er true tale." Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality!

Again the poorhearted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs:

"Oh where shall rest be found  
Rest for the weary soul?"

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James river, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation, and no one dare intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away to the shore with the unhappy pair, en route for the Asylum at —. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone! that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.

\* Me lip so teste.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

A paper read before the National Institute, by Professor Jacobs, of Pennsylvania College, says the Baltimore American, treats of those atmospheric phenomena so characteristic of our autumnal skies, during the continuance of what is called the Indian Summer. The learned essayist says that this autumnal season is only one of a class of similar phenomena occurring at various times during the year. He designates these several seasons as follows, giving it as his opinion that they occur when either the temperature or the pressure of the atmosphere, or both together, have attained their highest degree or their lowest, and are about to pass to the opposite extreme:—

Seasons of comparative rest in the atmosphere are of frequent occurrence, and the sky is scarcely ever free from matter, whatever that may be which destroys its transparency.

Four periods occur, however, during the year, with considerable regularity, at which are to be witnessed the grand distinguishing characteristics just named.

The first occurs with but little variation as to time, at about the close of October, or beginning of November. It is scarcely ever as late as the 12th or 13th of the latter named month. This is the period of the "Indian Summer," properly so called. In its duration it is not perfectly uniform. Sometimes it lasts two or three weeks, and at others only a few days. During the autumn of '43 it continued only for five days, viz: from the 28th of October to the 2nd of November, and was then so faintly marked, as to have led many persons to suppose that for that year there was no Indian Summer, and was, therefore, scarcely distinguishable from the rest of the season.

The second occurs about the middle or close of April. Though not in general so well characterized as the period just named, it is sometimes so distinctly marked as to attract the attention of even the casual observer. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred during the spring of 1833. From the 17th or 18th of April to 9th of May, a period of three weeks, the atmosphere was subject to but little disturbance; the winds were gentle; but few clouds were to be seen; no rain fell to water the earth, and the sky was darkened by what had the appearance of smoke, which was afterwards enforced by real smoke, arising from extensive fires then prevailing in our mountain forests. But during every year, perhaps without exception, this peculiar state of weather may be noticed at this period, sometimes more, and at others less distinctly.

The third period occurs from about the middle of January to the first week in February, and continues from five or six days to

three weeks. During this season it is not unfrequently happens that the farmers in Pennsylvania and Maryland plough the grounds designed for the reception of their spring crop. Among the more remarkable examples of this kind might be named the winters of 1817 and 1818, and those of 1842 and 1843. Every year, however, as might be expected, is not alike in this respect, just as is the case with the "Indian Summer."

A fourth period of similar atmospheric condition exists during the month of August. The atmosphere has then sunk into a state of almost perfect repose. The breezes from the south and from the southwest, which had almost daily, during the months of June and July, refreshed us, and thus rendered the heat less oppressive, have died away. The stagnant and sultry air has its transparency destroyed by thin haze or smoke, through which distant objects appear of a whitish blue color. Thunder clouds have diminished in frequency and extent, and hence, except during extraordinary seasons, the month of August is deficient in rain. The widely extended cloud does, indeed, come with its refreshing and cheering showers, but these it distills rather gently and quietly. And, after it has passed away, it leaves a dusky atmosphere. It is about the middle of the month when this state of weather mostly occurs.

Agreeably to these views, there are, therefore, four grand periods at which a smoky or hazy atmosphere pre-eminently prevails, viz: two of greater intensity, occurring about a month or six weeks after the autumnal and vernal equinoxes, and two of less intensity, or less distinctly marked, occurring at about the same length of time after the summer and winter solstices. The autumnal is of the greatest intensity, particularly so, as the immense volumes of actual smoke, which are thrown into the air from ten thousand fires kindled by Indians and hunters among the western forests, strewed with the recently fallen foliage, add their sombre hue to the already existing vapor smoke. The Indian summer is, therefore, only one of the four periods, and subject, like the rest, to vary exceedingly in character and duration, during different years.

## VULCANIZED CAOUTCHOUC—GUTTA PERCHA.

A late issue of Chambers's Journal, in noticing the material CAOUTCHOUC—its wonderful cohesive force, power of resisting impression, its impermeable elasticity, and accommodation to a host of the wants of mankind, passes to the consideration of a newly invented mode of hardening the substance, termed vulcanizing. As the caoutchouc is said to be greatly improved by undergoing this process, the matter is of general interest.

Mr. Brockenod who is well known in Great Britain as connected with this subject, ascribes the merit of the discovery to a Mr. Hancock of England.

The caoutchouc to be vulcanized is immersed in a bath of fused sulphur heated to a proper temperature, until, by absorbing a portion of the sulphur, it assumes a carbonized or burnt appearance, and eventually acquires the consistency of horn. The same condition can, however, be produced by kneading the India-rubber with sulphur and then exposing it to a temperature of 190° Fahrenheit, or by dissolving it in any of the common solvents, as turpentine, holding sulphur in solution or suspension. The rationale of these operations appears to be that the India-rubber forms an actual chemical compound with the sulphur; becomes, in short, a sulphurized caoutchouc, the properties of which are thus enumerated: The new compound remains elastic and rigid at a few degrees above the freezing point of water; vulcanized caoutchouc is not affected by the ordinary solvents, nor by heat within a considerable range of temperature. Finally, it acquires extraordinary powers of resisting compression, with a great increase of strength and elasticity. Some interesting experiments have been made upon this compound. Mr. Fuller has invented a form of spring in which vulcanized caoutchouc takes the place of steel, and the surprising result is that the India-rubber springs are more than three times the strength of the metallic; that is, they will resist, at the height of their tension, a pressure equal to from five to ten tons. A more forcible evidence of the strength of this material was obtained by firing a cannon ball at a mass of vulcanized caoutchouc, and it was found literally broken to pieces, while there was scarcely a perceptible rent in the caoutchouc itself.

Gifted with these new powers, vulcanized caoutchouc has already been called into extensive employment for the most various and opposite purposes. It forms an admirable spring, more docile and more equal in power than those of steel; it has for this purpose been applied to locks and window blinds. It may be mentioned parenthetically that by proportioning the ingredients the material may be rendered harder or softer at will. It is manufactured into most elaborate ornaments, being superior to leather in the sharp outline and bold relief of their detail. It is formed into a tubing of great strength and flexibility, well adapted for fire-hose and for any apparatus required in conveying steam, water or gas—although for these purposes it is, perhaps, somewhat costly.—The tubing has been, by way of experiment, wrapped together, twisted, and knotted into every conceivable shape, but instantly resumes its contour as soon as liberated from its restraint. The tube promises to become invaluable in the construction of life-boats, superseding those made of

canvas, which were slowly destroyed by the influence of the sea water. Its most important application is in its use in railways, and in railway carriages. It is laid between the rail and the sleeper, and thus prevents the rails from indicating any traces of pressure. Beside all these appliances, it is proposed to apply it as a coating to protect the wires of the submarine telegraph from the influence of the sea water: it forms impervious bottles for ether; inkstands, pantaloons, straps, boots, surgical bandages, and a number of articles, for which its nature seems to have been expressly designed.

From this, there is a natural reversion to the very similar substance termed GUTTA PERCHA. This is of recent introduction into England, having been first brought under the notice of the Society of Arts in the autumn of 1843. The history of its discovery is given at great length by Doctor Montgomerie. This gentleman first observed it manufactured at Singapore, in the hands of a Malayan woodman, and from investigations forthwith instituted, Dr. M. became convinced that if attainable in large quantities, it would become extensively useful, and establish another specific trade of commerce.

The tree from which it is procured belongs to the natural order Sapotaceae—it is found in abundance in many places of the island of Singapore and some dense forest at the extremity of the peninsula, and is plentiful in Borneo. The tree is called Ninto by the natives; it attains a considerable size, even as large as six feet in diameter—one of the largest in the forests where it is found. It is valueless for building purposes, on account of the loose and open character of its tissue; but bears a fruit which yields concrete oil, used for food by the natives. 'Gutta Percha,' however, is contained in the sap, and is thus procured:

A magnificent tree of 50 or perhaps 100 years' growth is felled; the bark is stripped off, and a milky juice, which exudes from the lacerated surfaces, is collected into a trough formed by the hollow stem of the plantain-leaf. On exposure to the air the juice quickly coagulates. From 20 to 30 pounds is the average produce of one tree. However, this is needless, shameful waste—injuries in the bark, without destroying the tree, would answer every purpose, and prevent the present apparent probability of a speedy and entire failure of the article, resulting from such extravagance.

Gutta percha below the temperature of 50°, is as hard as wood, but it will receive an indentation from the finger-nail. It is excessively tough, and only flexible in the condition of thin slips; in the mass, it has a good deal of the appearance and somewhat of the feel of horn; its texture is somewhat fibrous—in colour varying from a whitish yellow to a pink. It is in a great measure devoid of elasticity, offering a striking contrast to caoutchouc, but its tenacity is little less than wonderful; a thin slip, a eighth of an inch in substance, sustained a weight of 42 pounds, and only broke with a pressure of 56 pounds. It offers great resistance to an extending power; but when drawn out it remains without contracting in the same position. When in its hard state, it is cut with incredible difficulty by the knife or the saw. Like caoutchouc, it burns brightly when lighted, disengaging the peculiar odour accompanying the combustion of that substance; like it, also, it is soluble with difficulty in ether and some few other substances, and very readily in oil of turpentine.

We may now properly consider the applications of this substance. The solution appears to be as well adapted as that of India-rubber, for the manufacture of water-proof cloth, and for other purposes to which that liquid is now applied. In the solid state it is used by the Malays as far preferable to wood, principally as handles to weapons and utensils of various kinds. Its value has been readily recognized by our inventors, no less than six patents being in existence bearing reference to this material. Among tedious enumerations of its various uses, there is mentioned a process of so hardening it that in that state it offers itself for a thousand offices: as excellent picture-frames, incredible tough walking-sticks [these last are plentifully manufactured of this material in China], door-handles, chess-men, sword and knife-handles, buttons, combs, and flutes. It has been suggested that it would make a good, certainly a harmless stopping for decayed teeth. It has also been proposed as a material for forming the embossed alphabets and maps for the blind, on account of the clear and sharp impression it is capable of retaining. It is an excellent matrix for receiving the impression of medals and coins, and is valuable on account of its subsequent non-habily to break. By mixing a proper portion of sulphuric acid with it, or adding a portion of wax or tallow, it may be reduced to any degree of solubility, and furnishes a good varnish, quite impermeable to water. It is probable that an extensive application of the discovery will be, the use of fluid for amalgamating colours in printing; it is thought that colours so printed will prove as lasting as the fabrics on which they are impressed.

Time alone, however, can determine the extent to which Gutta percha will be applied in the useful and ornamental arts. There appears no doubt that it will soon become an article of commerce as important, if not more so, than caoutchouc itself; and there is a general belief that its persevering discoverer will have many occasions, and we hope for many years, to rejoice over the benefits he has been the means of conferring upon the present age by its introduction.

IRON MOUNTAIN OF TEXAS.—We have been informed by a respectable gentleman who resides in Fredericksburg, that the surveyors who have been engaged in running the boundary line of the German colony have discovered a mountain near the Concho river that consists entirely of iron ore. A portion of this iron has been smelted and yielded 70 per cent of pure iron. According to the representation of those who have visited this mountain, it resembles the celebrated iron manu-