

stoned with the stones of filth and uncleanness. I wish to say that if thou art permitted to fall into shame and confusion by thy bad life, they will burlesque thee, and will say:—She wishes, and yet does not wish.

See that thou dost not choose among men he that makes the best appearance, as those do in buying mantles in the market. See that thou dost not desire a man merely to better thy condition;—see that thou dost not love him too passionately. If he that asketh for thee is well disposed to receive him, if he is badly situated, and ill-looking, do not cast him off. Take that one, because God hath sent him, and if thou dost not wish to receive him he will make fun of thee and dishonor thee, and will seek to prostitute thy body for a vile purpose, and to ruin and cast thee off for a bad woman.

Take good care, my daughter, that no one makes a fool of thee:—take good care that thou dost not give thyself to a man that thou art not acquainted with, who is as a rogue and swindler. See that thou dost not join thyself to another, but only to him that demands thee in marriage. Persevere with him until death, do not forsake him, although he may wish to forsake thee.

Although he may be a poor laborer, or official, or a commoner of low lineage,—although he has not anything to eat, do not undervalue and despise him; because our Lord is powerful to provide for, and honor us; because he is a knower of all things, and does mercy to whom he will.

This, that I have said, O my daughter, I give thee for my doctrine; that thou mayest know courage, and with this,—do with thyself that which thou oughtest before God. And if thou loosest, or forgettest it, it shall be thine own blame, as I have done my duty.

O my daughter, very beloved, first-born, dear little dove,—be thou blessed, and the Lord have thee in peace and repose.

NIKOLAIEFF.

The following description of the port of Nikolaieff, the great ship-building station of the Black Sea, and the surrounding country, is by Count Demidoff:—

Odessa was soon out of sight, and we began to enter upon the steppes in real earnest. We do not find here, as in Bessarabia, those valleys, looking like long waves of land; the steppe of Southern Russia is level, smooth, and free from irregularities, stretching out, without any visible variation, till its horizon is blended with that of the sea.

A few long lines of khourgans, those conical elevations of which we have already spoken, communicate with each other across this dull and dreary waste. In vain do you hope that traveling so rapidly you will soon see the end of this great disc which surrounds you; the prospect is ever the same—bare, parched and desolate: the flowers which in the spring bloom over these uncultivated tracts had long since disappeared beneath the withering breath of a burning summer; and we might have said, with Rubruquis, the traveler, who crossed these plains in the 15th century—not a tree, nor a hill, not even a stone.

Even these deserts, however, had experienced the effect of the emperor's arrival; the sands awaited his presence no less than the citizens; in some parts the road had been leveled, and the ruts and hollows filled up.

The post houses were resplendent with a fresh coat of whitewash, and in the absence of turf the newly-raked ground in front of the doors completed the holiday appearance.

Add to this an immense number of horses dispersed over the plain in the neighborhood of each station, and you will have an idea of the extraordinary animation pervading the steppes.

Between the stages, posts are seen carefully erected at the end of every verst. These posts are painted with the colors of the empire. On one side is inscribed the number of versts from the last station, on the other the number to the next.

Nothing can give a better idea of the strange and monotonous idea of the steppe than the fact that almost always, from our carriage, we could see two of these posts in front of us, and two behind, making a league, or four versts, as the diameter of the circle described around us by this unchanging horizon. The slight car which we had found tolerably easy over the moist turf lands of Wallachia, had become perfectly insupportable on this hard and parched ground. Nor was this the only infliction under which we suffered. If you should happen to be tormented with thirst (and how avoid it with at least 28 deg. [Reaumer] of heat and clouds of dust?) the people in the villages have nothing to offer you but stinking water, grown putrid in the very barrel in which it is brought, Heaven knows from what distance.

Nothing can be duller or more mournful in appearance than the few villages to be met with along these roads. But of what advantage is it to these inhabitants to live in the midst of fertile lands when they are deprived of every necessary of life? Without shelter against the sun, with no other comfort than a tolerably solid house, though lost in the midst of this immense space, at the cost of how much toil and suffering must they procure the bread which they eat, the putrid water they drink, and the scanty fragments of stubble and mud which shelter them in the winter?

Alas, to such as these, life is indeed hard!—But Heaven, which has refused them so many benefits, has given them the courage to endure every evil.

About mid-day our route began to incline away from the sea, and we struck across the plain in a northeasterly direction, towards the great city of Nikolaieff, which is, at the same

time, a port and a justly renowned military arsenal. Towards five o'clock we came upon the bank of a large canal, supplied by the waters of the Boug and the Ingoul—these rivers joining on the opposite bank, a little above the spot where we stood. Exactly at the confluence of the two streams, of unequal breadth, stands Nikolaieff, where we intended to embark.

A number of carts drawn by oxen were waiting their turn to be carried over; and we were three-quarters of an hour crossing the liman of the Boug, by means of a very primitive contrivance. A rope made fast to the bank, on either side, continually dips in the water; the men weigh upon the rope, and thus the slow machine advances. The bank on which Nikolaieff stands is on a higher level, and presented the prospect of a number of beautiful gardens, the property of the crown, filled with tall poplars.

These trees were planted for the Empress Catharine, by Prince Potempkin, at the time she resolved to visit her new provinces. The landing place is protected by a war schooner in perfect order. On reaching the shore we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of soldiers, women, and German colonists, recognizable at once by their good natured, tranquil faces. The cause of this assemblage was no less a circumstance than the landing of a cargo of pastes, the favorite refreshment of the people of this country.

The Germans have just bought several truckloads of them. We halted, at last, in the yard of an inn of respectable appearance, situated in one of the principal streets of Nikolaieff.

Its appearance was the only thing we could approve of in the inn. While awaiting our supper, which did not appear likely to make its appearance very rapidly, we strolled through the handsome and spacious town we had just entered. At the first glance every thing has an imposing and majestic appearance. The streets, planned upon a gigantic scale, as in all Russian towns, are suitably furnished with houses, but the grandeur of their architecture promises more than it performs; palaces without, they are hovels within.

The immense width of the streets (a silent stricture, though exaggerated, on the cities of the West) leaves the inhabitant too much exposed to the sun, the wind, the dust, and the mud. As for the public squares, on which a battle might be fought, no one would think of crossing them, except during the fine season.

Notwithstanding this pardonable exaggeration in the size of its streets, Nikolaieff, we repeat, presents a very majestic appearance, and is well worthy of its position as a naval arsenal.

The town is not yet completely finished; in more than one quarter a few scattered houses rather indicate than carry out the plan of the street.

The population of this port amounts to about five thousand inhabitants, and consists, as may be supposed, chiefly of individuals connected with the naval service.

The naval establishment, of which we were only enabled to judge from a very pretty promenade, on a height overlooking the mouth of the Ingoul, appears very advantageously situated for its purposes. With the necessary outlay, several large ships might be built at the same time in its docks, which, when launched, could now easily float out of this natural harbor, the entrance to which, formerly too shallow, has of late years been made deeper. Before this important improvement vessels were brought into the liman of the Boug by means of those cumbersome machines called camels, first introduced, we believe, by the Venetians.

In the present day ships of one hundred guns even are launched from the dock yard at Nikolaieff, whence they proceed to Sebastopol to be fitted, without any extraneous assistance whatever.

It is impossible to conceive a building yard better adapted for its purpose than this. Nikolaieff is sufficiently protected against any attack by its situation, so far inland, and at the extremity of a tortuous liman. Nor is it less favorable as regards the supply of materials.

Although the Boug, whose course is obstructed by cataraacts, is not suited to the floating of timber, Nikolaieff receives timber, hemp, and tar by the Dnieper, which flows, together with the Boug, into the deep bay called the liman of the Dnieper. This bay, sheltered from the waves of the open sea, if not from the winds, is navigable by the large rafts which peacefully descend the course of the Dnieper.

In a word, the position of Nikolaieff does honor to the keen glance of Potempkin, the institutor of many great things in this empire, of which he understood all the capabilities. It was impossible, in truth, to find a more suitable spot for the establishment of a building yard, or one so favorably situated in connection with the docks of Sebastopol.

These two ports, formed by the hand of nature, perfected by human skill, and bound together by community of interests, must have been embraced in the plans of the great Empress, who felt the importance of a powerful navy upon the Black Sea.

We were informed that the hidden enemy of the shipping in the bay of Sebastopol, the devouring worm which eats into all timber beneath the surface of the waves, was not less destructive to vessels built and launched at Nikolaieff.

We do not assert this, however, as a fact, our informant not being a professional man; but it is right to observe that this unfavorable character given to the port of Nikolaieff would seem to be borne out by certain observations formerly published relative to this interesting locality.

Meanwhile we were well pleased to eke out the evening beneath the trees of the long walk to which chance has led our steps; the moon had risen calm and brilliant, and her magic light was spread over the great harbor and illuminated several fine ships of war anchored close in shore, and almost at our very feet.

Gold and Corn.

The following beautiful contrast between the gold of California and the gold of agriculture, is from the speech of the Hon. EDW. EVERETT, at the National Agricultural Fair, Boston, October 26th:

The grains of the California gold are dead, inorganic masses. How they got into the gravel; between what mountain millstones, whirled by elemental storm winds on the bosom of oceanic torrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic hands the coveted grains were sown broadcast in the placers, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or reproduction, and that when that crop was to be put in, Chaos must have broken up the soil. How different the grains of our Atlantic gold, sown by the prudent hand of man, in the kindly alternation of seed-time and harvest; each curiously, mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seeming lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a seminal germ, a living principle.

Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, in the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upwards, it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk, revels in the air and sunshine, it arrays itself more gloriously than Solomon in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sounds, as the West wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of the sweet-heart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this (an ear of Indian corn) each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. And now I say, sir, of this transcendent gold of ours, the yield this year will be at least ten or fifteen times that of California.

But it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of California gold by some miserly old fog, who thinks there is no music in the world equal to the chink of his guineas, that though one crop only of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet once gathered it lasts to the end of time; (While he will maintain) our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and when consumed is gone forever. But this, Mr. President, would be a most egregious error both ways. It is true, the California gold will last forever unchanged, if its owner chooses; but while it so lasts it is of no use, no, not so much as its value in pig iron, which makes the best of ballast, whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods, and the more plentiful it is the less its exchangeable value.

Far different the case with our Atlantic gold; it does not perish when consumed, but by a nobler alchemy than that of Paracelsus is transmitted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. The burning pen of inspiration, ranging heaven and earth for a similitude to convey to our poor minds some not inadequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as bare "grain." It may chance of wheat or some other grain." To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human—bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse, heaving lungs, toiling, at! sometimes over-toiling brain. Last June it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sap-vessels, and now it clothes the manly form with warm, cordial flesh quivers and thrills with the five-fold mystery of sense, purveys, and ministers to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped up in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stalwart arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beam-ing eye, till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk which we have seen bending in the corn field, under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff of life," which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

Yer, sir, to drop the allegory, and to speak without a figure, it is this noble agriculture, for the promotion of which this great country is assembled from so many parts of the Union, which feeds the human race, and all the humbler order of animated nature dependant on man.

With the exception of what is yielded by the fisheries and the chase (a limited though certainly not an insignificant source of supply) agriculture is the steward which spreads the daily table of mankind. Twenty-seven millions of human beings, by accurate computation, awoke this very morning in the United States, all requiring their "daily bread," whether they had the grace to pray for it or not, and under Providence all looking to the agriculture of the country for that daily bread, and the food of the domestic animals depending on them; a demand as great perhaps as their own. Mr. President, it is the daily duty of your farmers to satisfy gigantic appetite; to fill the mouths of these hungry millions—of the star-

ving millions, I might say, for if by any catastrophe, the supply were cut off for a few days, the life of the country—human and brute—would be extinct.

[From a recent lecture by G. W. Curtiss.]

The American Aladdin.

When we go out on Saturday afternoons to moralize and see new houses, we usually take our young ones by Aladdin's palace. Aladdin was a Yankee. He started life by swapping jack-knives, then putting the halves of broken marbles together, and passing them off as whole ones. When he had gathered some brass he went to school all the summer to learn the golden rule of arithmetic—addition for himself and subtraction for his neighbor.

At an early age Aladdin was considered to be good at a bargain—which meant that he could always succeed in changing a worse for a better—always keeping the blind side of a horse to the wall when he had to sell it; and the village said that certainly Aladdin would succeed. When he left, "he will be rich," said the village, with more approval than it would say "he will be generous and true." To Aladdin the world was but a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. For him there was no beauty, no history, no piety, no heroism. Vainly the stars shone over him—vainly the south wind blew. In the wake of the great ship Argo, in which Jason and his companions sailed for the Golden Fleece, over the gleaming Mediterranean—where the ships of Tyre, Rome, and of the Crusaders had been before him—through the Pillars of Hercules, through which Columbus sailed to find fame in a new world—now sails Aladdin to find fortune. To him all lands are alike. No Homer sang for him in the Ægean: he only curses the wind that will not blow him into Odessa. No syrens sing for him, but he loves the huge oath of the lively boatswain. With the Bible in his hand and a quid of tobacco in his mouth, he goes about the holy places in Jerusalem, and "calculates" their exact site. He sees the land of the Rameses and the Ptolemies; and the reverend records of the Lybian desert, whose echoes have slumbered since they were tramped over by Alexander's army, are now awakened by the shrill whistle of Old Dan Tucker. He insults the Grand Lama, hobnobs with the Grand Mogul, turns his back upon Emperors, and takes a pinch out of the Pope's snuff-box. He chews with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bride with the Calmuck Tartars.

Aladdin comes home again, and the admiring village points him out to the younger generation as a successful man: "My son, look at him; he began 'with nothing—now see.'" "My son" does see, and beholds him owning a million of dollars—of all societies of which he is not president, a director. His name is as good as gold—he has bought pictures and statues—he has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin and housed her in luxury; but he picks his month with a silver fork. He has a home for a poet, but he makes it his boast that he reads nothing but his newspaper. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher denounces the sinner of Sodom and Gomorrah, and those "tough old Jews" of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with the sermons which have hit and glanced off. He clasps his hands in prayer, but forgets to open them when the poor box is passed around, and he goes home like a successful man, thanking God that he is not as other men are. And after dinner he sits before the fire in his easy chair, lights a large cigar, and looks languidly at Mrs. Aladdin through the thick smoke.

By and by old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are told over as the mourning carriages are called out. The papers regret they are called upon to deplore the loss of a revered parent, generous friend, public spirited citizen, and pious man, and the precocious swapper of jackknives, and the model set up to the younger generation is laid in the dust. Above his grave the stars he never saw now burn with a soft luster which no lamps about a king's tomb can emulate; and the south wind, for whose breath upon his brow he was never grateful, strews his lonely last bed with anemones and violets that his heel crushed when living; and we who are to be formed upon that model, carelessly remark, as we stir our toddies, "So old Aladdin is gone at last; and, by the way, how much did he leave?"

WHALING CHILDREN.

"I once corrected one of my little ones, and put him to bed, for having been stubborn at his letters. Then I waited until he fell asleep, and then I watched beside him until he slumbered out his sorrows. When he opened his eyes, he stretched out his little arms, smiled up in my face, and forgave me. The Lord forgive me for the whaling I gave him! I owe him an apology which I intend to make as soon as he is old enough to understand it. There is nothing so odious to the mind of a child as injustice, and young married people are prone to expect too much, and exact too much of their eldest born. If, then, we are unjustly severe, from our want of experience, it seems to me there is something due, some reparation on our part due to the individual whose feelings we have injured. If we lose temper with a gentleman six feet high, and call him hard names, we often find it convenient to apologize. It seems to me that three feet of wounded sensibility is, at least, entitled to respectful consideration.

What do you think of that Mrs. Sparrowgrass? Mrs. Sparrowgrass said, she thought it was true. "How much," I continued, reflectively, "children occupy the father's mind." "Yes," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "and the mother's." "Children," said I, "are to the father as weights to a clock—they keep him busy." Mrs. Sparrowgrass looked up from the plaid patch of new gingham she was needling into the breast of a faded gingham apron, and nodded significantly, "true," said she, "you are the hour hand, but I am the minute hand. As this was the most brilliant remark Mrs. S. had made for months, I was silent for some time."